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Wilford did not care to have his wife domestic, he did not marry her for that, and in a mood anything but favorable to the light, delicate, dessert Katy had prepared with so much care, he went to his luxurious home, where Katy ran as usual to meet him, her face brimming with the surprise she had in store for him, and herself so much excited that she did not at first observe the cloud upon his brow, as he moodily answered her rapid questions. When the important moment arrived and the dessert was brought on, he promptly declined it, and after her explanation that she made it herself, urging him to try it for the sake of pleasing her, if nothing more, but Wilford was not hungry then, and even had he been, he would have chosen anything before a pudding made from a recipe of Betsy Barlow, so the dessert was untasted even by Katy herself, who, knowing now that something had gone wrong, sat fighting back her tears until the servant left the room, when she timidly asked, "What is it, Wilford? What makes you seem so?" she would not say cross, and so substituted "queer," while Wilford plunged at once into the matter by saying, "Juno tells me she called here this afternoon with Mrs. Grandon."

"Yes, I forgot to mention it," Katy answered, feeling puzzled to know why that should annoy her husband, but his next remarks disclosed the whole, and Katy's tears flowed fast as Wilford asked what she supposed Mrs. Grandon thought, to see his wife looking as though fresh from the flour barrel, and to hear her talk about Aunt Betsy's recipes and "our folks." "That is a bad habit of yours, Katy," he continued, "one of which I wish you to break yourself, if possible. I have never spoken to you directly on the subject before, but it annoys me exceedingly, inasmuch as it is an indication of low breeding."

There was no answer from Katy, whose heart was too full to speak, and so Wilford went on. "Our servants were selected by mother with a direct reference to your youth and inexperience, and it is not necessary for you to frequent the kitchen, or, indeed, to go there often than once a week. Let them come to you for orders, not you go to them. Neither need you speak quite so familiarly to them, treating them almost as if they were your equals. Try to remember your true position—that whatever you have been you are now Mrs. Wilford Cameron, equal to any lady in New York."

They were in the library now, and the soft May breeze came steaming through the open window, stirring the fleecy curtains, and blowing across the tasteful bouquet which Katy had arranged; but Katy was too wretched to care for her room roundings. It was the first time Wilford had ever spoken to her in just this way, and his manner hurt her more than his words, making her feel as if she were an ignorant, ill-bred creature, whom he had raised to a position she did not know how to fill. It was cruel thus to repay her attempts to please, and so, perhaps, Wilford thought, as with folded arms he sat looking at her weeping so bitterly upon the sofa; but he was too indignant to make any concession then, and he suffered her to weep in silence until he remembered that his mother had requested him to bring her round that evening, as they were expecting a few of Juno's friends, and among them Sybil Grandon. If Katy went he wished her to look her best, and he bent so far as to try to check her tears. But Katy could not stop, and she wept so passionately that Wilford's anger subsided, leaving only tenderness and pity for the wife he soothed and caressed, until the sobbing ceased, and Katy lay passively in his arms, her face so white, and the dark rings about her eyes showing so distinctly that Wilford did not press her when she declined his mother's invitation. He consoled her, she said, urging so many reasons why he should go, that, for the first time since their marriage, he left her alone, and went where Sybil Grandon smiled her sunniest smile, and put forth her most persuasive powers to keep him at her side, expressing so much regret that he did not bring his "charming little wife, who so childlike and simple-hearted, laughing so merrily when she discovered the flour on her hair, but not seeming to mind it in the least. Really, she did not see how it happened that he was fortunate enough to win such a domestic creature. Where did he find her?"

If Sybil Grandon meant this to be complimentary, it was not received as such. Wilford, almost grating his teeth with vexation, as he listened to it, and feeling doubly mortified with Katy, whom he found waiting for him, when at a late hour he left the society of Sybil Grandon, and repaired to his home. To Katy the time of his absence had seemed an age, for her thoughts had been busy with the past, gathering up every incident connected with her married life since she came to New York, and deducing from them the conclusion that "Wilford's folks" were ashamed of her, and that Wilford himself might perhaps become so if he were not already. That would be worse than death itself, and the darkest hours she had ever known were those she spent alone that night, sobbing so violently as

to bring on a racing headache, which showed itself upon her face, and touched Wilford at once. Sybil Grandon was forgotten in those moments of contrition, when he ministered so tenderly to his suffering wife, whom he felt that he had wronged. But he could not tell her so then. It was not natural for him to confess his errors. There had always been a struggle between his duty and his pride when he had done so, and now the latter conquered, especially as Katy, grown more calm, began to take the censure to herself, lamenting her shortcomings, and promising to do better, even to the imitating of Sybil Grandon, if that would make him forget the past and love her as before.

Wilford could accord forgiveness far more graciously than he could ask it, and so peace was restored, and Katy's face next day looked bright and happy when seen in her new carriage, which took her down Broadway to Stewart's, where she encountered Sybil Grandon, and with her Juno Cameron.

as seamstress or dressmaker, Marian Hazelton had ventured to call upon Mrs. Cameron, remembering her promise to give her work if she should desire it.

"Who is Marian Hazelton?" Wilford asked himself, as he threw down the missive. "Some of Katy's country friends, I dare say. Seems to me I have heard that name. She certainly writes as Geneva did, except that this Hazelton is more decided and firm. Poor Geneva!"

There was a pallor about Wilford's lips as he said this, and taking up the picture he gazed for a long time upon the handsome, girlish face, whose dark eyes seemed to look reproachfully upon him, just as they must have looked when the words were penned, "God will never forgive the wrong you have done to me."

"Geneva was mistaken," he said, at least if God has not forgiven her, as she prospered, he which amounts to the same thing, and without a single throb of gratitude to Him who had thus prospered him, Wilford laid Geneva's picture and Geneva's note back with the withered grass and flowers plucked from Geneva's grave just as Katy's ring was heard and Katy herself came in.

As thoughts of Geneva always made Wilford kinder to his wife, so now he kissed her white cheek, noticing that, as Mark had said, it was whiter than last year in June. But mountain air would bring back the roses, he thought, as he handed her the note.

"Oh, yes, from Marian Hazelton," Katy said, glancing first at the name and then hastily reading it through. "Who is Marian Hazelton?" Wilford asked, and Katy replied by repeating all she knew of Marian, and how she chanced to know her at all. "Don't you remember Helen wrote that she fainted at our wedding, and I was so sorry, fearing that I might have overworked her?"

Wilford did remember something about it, and then dismissing Marian from his mind, he told Katy of his plan for taking her to the Mountain House a few weeks before going to Saratoga.

"Would you not like it?" he asked, as she continued silent, with her eyes fixed upon the window opposite.

"Yes," and Katy drew a long weary breath. "I shall like any place where there are birds and rocks, and trees, and real grass, such as grows of itself in the country; but Wilford," and Katy crept close to him now, "if I might go to Silvertown, I should get strong so fast! You don't know how I long to see home once more. I dream about it nights and think about it days, knowing just how pleasant it is there, with the roses in bloom and the meadows so fresh and green. May I go, Wilford? May I go home to mother?"

Had Katy asked for half his fortune just as she asked to go home, Wilford would have given it to her, but Silvertown had a power to lock all the softer avenues of his heart, and so he answered that the Mountain House was preferable, that the rooms were engaged, and that as he should enjoy it so much better they would make no change.

Katy did not cry, nor utter a word of remonstrance; she was learning that quiet submission was better than useless opposition, and so Silvertown was again given up. But there was one consolation. Seeing Marian Hazelton would be almost as good as going home, for had she not recently come from that neighborhood, bringing with her the odor from the hills and freshness from the woods? Perhaps, too, she had lately seen Helen or Morris at church and had heard the music of the organ which Helen played, and the singing of the children, just as it sometimes came to Katy in her dreams, making her start in her sleep and murmur snatches of the sacred songs which Dr. Morris had taught. Yes, Marian could tell her of all this, and very impatiently Katy waited for the morning when she started for No. 4 Fourth Street, with the piles of sewing intended for Marian.

It was a fault of Marian's not to remain long contented in any place. Tiring of the country, she had returned to the city, and thinking she might succeed better alone, had hired a room far up the narrow alleyway of a high, sombre-looking building, and then from her old acquaintances, of whom she had several in the city, she had solicited work. More than once she had passed the handsome house on Madison Square where Katy lived, walking slowly, and contrasting it with her own room which was not wholly uninviting, to where Marian went there was always an air of comfort; and Katy, as she crossed the threshold, uttered an exclamation of delight at the cheerful, airy aspect of the apartment, with its bright ingrain carpet, its simple shades of white, its chintz-covered lounge, its one rocking-chair, its small parlor stove, and its pots of flowers upon the broad window sill.

"Oh Marian," she exclaimed, tripping across the floor, and impulsively throwing her arms around Miss Hazelton's neck, "I am so glad to meet some one from home. It seems almost like Helen I am kissing," and her lips again met those of Marian Hazelton, amid her joy at finding Katy unchanged, wondering what Mrs. Wilford kissing a poor seamstress whom they would have spurned.

But Katy did not care for Cameron then, or even think of them, as in her rich basquine and pretty hat with emeralds and diamonds sparkling on her fingers, she sat down by Marian.

"Tell me of Silvertown; you don't know how I want to go there; but Wilford does not think it best, at present. Next fall I am surely going and I picture to myself just how it will look; Morris's garden, full of the autumnal flowers—the ripe peaches in our orchard, the grapes ripening on the wall, and the long shadows on the grass, just as I used to watch them, wondering what made them move so fast, and where they could be going. Will it be unchanged, Marian? Do places seem the same when once we have left them?"

your face, or Mrs. Grandon will think we have been quarreling," Wilford whispered, as he lifted his wife from the carriage, and with a great effort Katy tried to be gay and natural, but all the while she was fighting back her tears and wishing she were away. Even Marian's room, looking into the dingy court, was preferable to that place, and she was glad when the long day came to an end, and with a fearful headache she was riding back to the city.

The next morning was dark and rainy; but in spite of the weather Katy found her way to Marian's room, this time taking the—avenue cars, which left her independent as regarded the length of her stay. About Marian there was something more congenial than about her city friends, and day after day found her there, watching while Marian fashioned into shape the beautiful little garments, the sight of which had a strangely quieting influence upon Katy, sobering her down and maturing her more than all the years of her life had done. Those were happy hours spent with Marian Hazelton, and Katy felt it keenly when Wilford at last interfered, telling her she was growing quite too familiar with that sewing woman, and her calls must be discontinued, except, indeed, such as were necessary to the work in progress.

With one great gush of tears, when there was no one to see her, Katy gave Marian up, writing her a note, in which were sundry directions for the work, which would go on even after she had left for the Mountain House, as she intended doing the last of June. And Marian guessed at more than Katy meant she should, and with a bitter sigh laid it in her basket, and then resumed the work, which seemed doubly monotonous now that there was no more listening for the little feet tripping up the stairs, or for the bird-like voice which had brought so much of music and sunshine to her lonely room.

## CHAPTER XLV.

For three weeks Katy had been at the Mountain House, growing stronger every day, until she was much like the Katy of one year ago. But their stay among the Catskills was ended, and on the morning they were going to Saratoga, where Mrs. Cameron and her daughters were, and where, too, was Sybil Grandon, the reigning belle of the United States. So Bell had written to her brother, bidding him to hasten on with Katy, as she wished to see "that chit of a widow in her proper place." And Katy had been weak enough for a moment to feel a little throb of satisfaction in knowing how effectually Sybil's claims to belle-ship would be put aside when she was once in the field; even glancing at herself in the mirror as she leaned on Wilford's shoulder, and feeling glad that mountain air and mountain exercise had brought the roses back to her white cheeks and the brightness to her eyes. But Katy wept passionately tears of repentance for that weakness, when an hour later she read the letter which Dr. Grand had sent in answer to one she had written from the Mountain House, confessing her short-comings, and lamenting that the evils and excesses which shocked her once did not startle her now. To this letter Morris had replied as a brother might write to an only sister, first expressing pleasure at her happiness, and then reminding her of that other life to which this is only a preparation, and beseeching her so to use the good things of this world, given her in such profusion, as not to lose the life eternal.

"Do you remember any of the names upon the stones? Perhaps I may know them?" Marian asked; but Katy did not remember any, or if she did, it was not "Geneva Lampert, aged 22." And so Marian asked her no more questions concerning Alwick, but talked instead of London and other places, until three hours went by, and down in the street the coachman chafed and fretted at the long delay, wondering what kept his mistress in that neighborhood so long. Had she friends, or had she come on some errand of mercy? The latter most likely, he concluded, and so his face was not quite so cross when Katy at last appeared, looking at her watch and exclaiming at the lateness of the hour.

Katy was very happy that morning, for seeing Marian had brought Silvertown near to her, and airy as a bird she ran up the steps of her own dwelling, where the door opened as

by magic, and Wilford himself confronted her, asking, with the tone which always made her heart beat, where she had been, and he waiting for her two whole hours. "Surely it was not necessary to stop so long with a seamstress," he continued when she tried to explain. "Ten minutes would suffice for directions," and he could not imagine what attraction there was in Miss Hazelton to keep her there three hours, and then the real cause of his vexation came out. He had come expressly for the carriage to take her and Sybil, whether his mother, Juno and Bell, had already gone. Mrs. Grandon must wonder why he staid so long and perhaps give up going. Could Katy be ready so soon, and Wilford walked rapidly up and down the parlor with a restless motion, his hands which always betokened impatience. Poor Katy! how the brightness of the morning faded, and how averse she felt to joining the picnic, which she knew had been in prospect for some time, and had fancied she should enjoy! But not today, with that look on Wilford's face. Still she could think of no reasonable excuse, and so an hour later with Sybil Grandon, who received her apologies with as much good-natured grace as if she too had not worked herself into a passion at the delay, for Sybil had been very cross and impatient; but all this vanished when she met Wilford and saw that he was disturbed and irritated. Soft, and sweet and smooth was she both in word and manner, so that by the time the grove was reached Wilford's he was himself again, ready to enjoy the pleasures of the day as keenly as if no harsh word had been said to Katy, who, silent and unhappy, listened to the graceful badinage between Sybil and her husband, thinking how differently his voice had sounded when addressing her only a little while before.

"Pray put some animation into your face, or Mrs. Grandon will think we have been quarreling," Wilford whispered, as he lifted his wife from the carriage, and with a great effort Katy tried to be gay and natural, but all the while she was fighting back her tears and wishing she were away. Even Marian's room, looking into the dingy court, was preferable to that place, and she was glad when the long day came to an end, and with a fearful headache she was riding back to the city.

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CHAPTER XLV.

### THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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