

BY MARY J. HOLMES

back he could see through the partially  
opened shutter that Ella was alone. Re-  
maining in a large sofa chair, she sat,  
leaning upon her elbow, the soft curls of  
her brown hair falling over her white  
arm, which the full blue cashmere sleeve

"I never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquilts—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh burst.