STEPHEN JUDSON'S PRICE.

To Miss Martha Bascom church going was as much a matter of habit as the weekly mending, and neither to be more neglected than her daily meals. But Jennie was not so orthodox, and many a solemn word of warning did her aunt deliver in the little dressmaking shop where they served alone. I say "alone," because being only a dress model I am not taken into account. But though made of wood and supposed to be inanimate, little escapes my observation, and I marked a sudden change in Jennie's religious observations. It came with the advent of the new preacher. "Goin' to meetin' tonight, Janey?" he aunt invariably asked, and she went occasionally—latterly, always. One evening a visitor whispered to Miss Martha, as the woman of the prophet's goats to Micah, "Mis' Bascom—Jennie—she's shoot her heart." Miss Martha sniffed. The visitor went. The girl sat on, idle, dreaming of town and city, of the life she knew, of the pleasures she had enjoyed, of the lover who alone had spoken to her of love. Her aunt, who had lived her life in a little country town, was ignorant of the existence of such a passion as that of which Jennie spoke. But in spite of the pride of her heart, in spite of the pride of her race, she felt a jealous pang at the thought of her niece's lover.

As for Jennie, she hardly meant to do so, but I fear she put the blame on to the shoulders of the preacher. It was he who had awakened her from the lethargy of her life. The women who had lived their lives in the little country town had never stirred her as he had done. Her father, who had died long years before, was a dim memory, but he had been a man who had lived his life, who had loved and been loved, who had taught his daughter to love him, who had left her with a heart full of the memory of love. But in spite of the pride of her race, in spite of the memory of her father, she felt that she could love the man who had awakened her from her lethargy.

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shop, when the door was dashed open and a neighbor's lad entered, carrying a parcel. This he set carefully upon the floor, then shrank to the elder woman's side, his frail body trembling, his face aspen. "Leave it there! Don't touch it—" "Good gracious! Dynamite?" But the laughter on Jennie's lips died when the lad faltered: "It's the head of John the Baptist! Don't you remember the preacher said 'the disciples took up the body and buried it?' He didn't tell what became of the head, but I found it in our house." "There it is." He pointed to the bundle, his face aport in a state of frenzy. Miss Martha was horrified into helpless silence. Jennie glanced out of the window. "There is the preacher now," and she rushed to the door and called, "Brother Judson! Stephen!" He came briskly in and Jennie explained. "This little creature has always been half-witted and he seems entirely daft now," and she took him all. Miss Martha added, sternly, "You have turned the poor child's wits inside out. See if you can turn them back." At the preacher's command the boy, grasping his gift, untied the parcel. Papers, typewritten documents fell to the floor. "These, child, are you not ashamed to disgrace with such unholy theories?" And he carried the sobbing boy to the lounge and soothed him in low and gracious words. Pity for the witless sufferer made Miss Martha severe with her favorite. "Your talk has robbed the poor thing of the little sense he had! The child has listened to you all summer, and I must say, Brother Judson, the result ain't to your credit." And she left the room abruptly. Jennie tiptoed to the preacher's side and resting her hand upon his shoulder looked down at him with worshiping affection. But he rose, pushing her away almost roughly, a stiff, stern expression clouding his dark Puritan face. The girl followed him to the door, chagrin and amazement on her pretty, pale features. "What is it, Stephen? What have I done?" "Nothing, child, nothing, the sin is mine. I thought to follow him who cast out devils, and see, this stricken lad possessed of them, through me, through me. The Lord is wroth with his servant, and why? Ah, Jane, the answer is not far to seek. Because I have dared to hunger and thirst for a woman's love rather than for the sake of righteousness. The flesh warrieth against the spirit." Without another word he left her. That evening Jennie remained at home alone. About 9 o'clock she stooped to arrange a chest of drawers just back of me. While she was thus engaged Miss Martha entered and after her the preacher.

"I invited you in, Brother Judson," "and the little woman's voice and behavior were as far as her natural warmth would allow, to ask you to explain yourself. I heard part of your remarks to my niece this afternoon, and I must say they surprised me. I ain't used to seein' Jennie fretted by the men folks. As a rule, they do the worryin'." Stephen's manner had lost some of the ministerial and he answered low. "There is nothing to explain, madam, I was sent that poor boy has told me that he also [illegible] me, and [illegible] Well, one [illegible] lady interrupted [illegible] Jennie's face [illegible] Martha's [illegible] Jennie [illegible] Stephen [illegible] Martha [illegible] Jennie [illegible] Stephen [illegible] Martha [illegible] Jennie [illegible] Stephen [illegible] Martha