











The Family Circle

THE NEW YEAR STANDS AT AN OPEN END

BY EVELYN L. HERRIN.

"The New Year stands at an open end. And the eyes of the world are turned to it. Just as a magnet is an open end. For the old year has ended. Let us remember what I can trace. The steps on the wondrous track; Let us hear 'Farewell' for a moment's space. I shall never, never, never see you again. Let me look forward and humbly pray. For the path that is closed behind; For all I still ought to remember; What sorrow and joy have been mine. There's the New Year's Eve he said and said. There's the light on the other side. Go through, remember the promise old: Go through, for the portal is wide."

Why I Pay Bills When Due

"O, Joe," said Miss How as she looked at the paper which the servant handed her. "That wretched girl is in a desperate hurry to send her bill for embroidery. Twenty dollars! Just what she tried to pay for the bonnet and gloves which I must have if I go to Mrs. Lorimer's reception. I did not know she would bill me by next month's allowance. Well, she must wait, that's all. I would not make her wait if I were you, Rose," said Miss Grace. "Howan, looking for her sewing."

"Why, it is only ten days," said Rose. "Papa always gives me my allowance on the first day of my month, and to-day is the twenty-first."

"Nevertheless, I would pay her bill to-day," said Rose. "It is not as if I am using any of the money. I would rather lend you the money. I can probably do without it better than she can. Thank you, Miss Grace, but that would not do at all," said Rose. "When papa consented to give me a regular allowance, it was on condition that I should not ask for a penny of any one. But why are you so anxious that the bills should be paid at once? Do you know anything about this girl that you are so sure is in need of money?"

"No," said Miss Howan. "I know nothing about her. It is only on general principles that I am speaking. Not exactly, either. If you choose, I will tell you I never delay a day in paying a bill sent to me by a poor person, above all, a poor young girl."

"It is a story of the days when I was an elderly young girl, living at home with my mother and father. You and the heroine of the story—you remember those flower-paintings which you have so often admired at home, Rose?"

"Remember them, of course I do. But how did they come into your story, my dear?" asked Rose, lifting wide eyes of interest to her aunt's face.

"Only because the painter of those pictures is the heroine of it," said Aunt Grace. "The Hastings had a daughter. She was much younger than I, an orphan, fighting her way, single handed, with the world. Pretty? Well, rather pretty, not very. She had a slight, graceful figure; dark, wistful eyes set in a small, pale face; flexible tremulous lips, and a profusion of dark wavy hair, which framed her broad forehead like a cloud. I met her first at the studio of a friend, and, as she was the only one of her age, we took a mutual fancy to each other. After that I was often at her studio, poor little bare place, with a few chairs and a room served for everything—kitchen, parlor, studio, bed room, yes, and reception room for her pupils. A broad lounge against the wall, and a night, and one corner of the room was partitioned off to conceal the toilet apparatus. Her cooking, such as it was, was accomplished upon a small kerosene stove, which, when not in use, she kept in her closet. A poor little place, as I said, but Cara was very happy in it. She loved her work, and she had one of those bright, happy dispositions which make their own sunshine. She often talked to me of her mother, the one of whom she spoke oftenest was Maud X. I knew the name well, for the father of this Maud was one of the most prominent business men in the city where we both lived. Every one respected him, irrespective of denomination. He was not only an eloquent preacher, but a man of an scholar, of fervid piety and blameless life. He was also a philanthropist, a reformer prominent in the temperance cause, in the work of the League for the Suppression of Vice, in everything that was good and noble. Cara often spoke of him with enthusiasm. "At that time, Maud was such a darling," she said; "but I feel it such an honor to be associated in any way with the family of such a man. "At that time, in the winter of Spring came, and everybody was leaving town. I did not go, although all my family did, simply because I did not care to. There was a pleasant feeling and sense of solitude in a large city through July and August, that I meant to put off my next visit in August. The girls did not go away either, and we saw a good deal of each other. It was not an unalloyed joy to me, though, for, watching her pale and thin day her cheek grew paler and thin-

der, her step slower, and her eyes more feverishly bright. "What is the matter with you, Cara," I often asked anxiously, but she only smiled, and pretended that nothing ailed her, that she was only a little tired by the hot weather. When fall came, she would be herself again. "I urged her to go out of town, or at least to come and stay for awhile with me in our large, empty house; but she would not. "I must work, you know," said Cara, "much harder than ever, now that my pupils have left me. My mind would be occasionally disturbed, and so, my studio is not the best place for me. "Why not work so hard?" I said. "Why not take a holiday? Your lessons of last winter surely brought you in enough to enable you to settle now. There was Maud X's lessons, which alone would bring you in a small fortune, you said."

"In a small fortune, you said. "You are not well," said Cara, slowly. "How do I know that I shall have any pupils next year? How do I know?"

"The summer is short, sharp knock at the studio door, and a letter fell through the slit, upon the floor. Cara sprang to pick it up, glanced at the address, which I saw was a masculine hand, and a faint fusing her pale cheeks. I turned away to look at a picture, while she turned back the flap had faded, and left her pale than before, her eyes were quivering a little, and her lips were set in a hopeless look, which I never forgot. "My dear, you are not well!" I cried. "Dear child, you must come with me. You shall do exactly as you please. I will not ask you to do more than fight and be alone when you like, and one shall ask you a question. We will make excursions into the country, and you shall sketch while I paint. "My dear, you are not well!" I cried. "Dear child, you must come with me. You shall do exactly as you please. I will not ask you to do more than fight and be alone when you like, and one shall ask you a question. We will make excursions into the country, and you shall sketch while I paint."

"But Cara stopped me with a motion of her hand. "No, no," she said. "I cannot do that. It is too hard for me to release you by urging me. I must stay here—there is no other place for me. "Her tone was so decided that I felt it would be useless to urge her further, and sadly and reluctantly I left her. That night came the news of the serious illness of your mother, my dear, and I went to her, as I had promised to do. I would go to her. Of course I went by the first train next morning, leaving only a note for Cara, to explain my sudden departure. "It was the first of August when I left the city, but September had come and Aunt Grace, who had been told of her health, was anxiously re-established to enable me to leave her. "I saw your friend Cara Hastings to-day," said one of the family, as we walked across the street to the first meal after my return. "I am afraid the girl is in a bad way. She was always fragile, but now she is shadowy. She looks like a ghost, and a hectic color. She looks very pretty, but I should be very sorry to see any dear friend of mine looking like that just in the way she does."

"I need not say that the next morning found me on my way to Cara's studio. It was all true. I knew it soon as I stepped in her face. My dear, she herself into my arms with a little cry of delight which changed into a spasm of coughing, and led to the slight form panting and gasping for breath. "Cara, dear child, what have you been doing to yourself," I cried, in dismay. "Cara smiled her own bright, contented smile. "I have had a hard summer," she said. "but I shall soon be better again. Now, that it is all over, I can tell you about the things that I did. I thought that I should never live to do so. "It was a romantic story, for there was no love in it, and no tragedy, and as I plainly forgot, looking into my poor Cara's face. "I suppose I was rather extravagant to the spring," said Cara, "for I had been told that the money for Maud X's lessons would keep me all summer. Maud and her mother left town rather suddenly in June, and she was where they had gone. I sent my bill to the house, however, not doubting that it would be paid at once. I waited a month and no word came, such a funds ran very low, and I found that the strictest economy was necessary. Do what I would, however, the money melted away like dew. I was in despair. I resolved to write to Dr. X. It was a hard thing to do, but I did it, merely telling him that I had not heard from my bill, and that, such a date, and having heard nothing from her, feared that it had not been forwarded. It seemed to me that life would be a burden to me if the answer would send the money at once. His answer came one day while you were

September! And I had just sixty cents in the world! "My poor Cara! I cried, "what did you do? "De? What was there to do?" said Cara. "Fortunately, my rent was paid for three months in advance, so I was not short of a shilling longer. For the rest, I lived for a month upon that sixty cents. Of course, I could not afford to feel, so broad and wide was my heart. Two rolls a day are not very satisfactory, that it was all I could afford. Two cents a day will not set a luxurious table before me. I think I was not so much hungry as weak. The worst of all was that I could not eat. I could not get the strength to stand before the table, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my struggle, and my hand shook so I could not manage the brush, or a sometimes it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not look so badly about it. It is all over now. "O, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?" I sobbed. "Dear, I could not," said Cara, gently. "I should have felt like a beg



