

1953

The story of Welthy Ann

Gladys Sylvester Tweedie

Follow this and additional works at: https://digicom.bpl.lib.me.us/books_pubs

Recommended Citation

Tweedie, Gladys Sylvester, "The story of Welthy Ann" (1953). *Books and Publications*. 41.
https://digicom.bpl.lib.me.us/books_pubs/41

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at Bangor Community: Digital Commons@bpl. It has been accepted for inclusion in Books and Publications by an authorized administrator of Bangor Community: Digital Commons@bpl. For more information, please contact ccoombs@bpl.lib.me.us.

THE STORY OF
WELTHY ANN

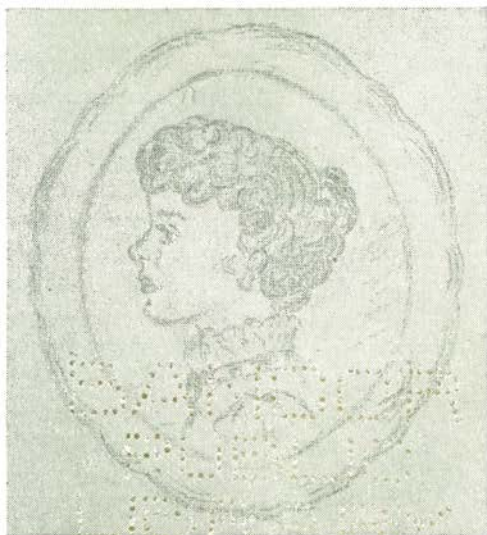


by
Gladys Sylvester Tweedie

THE STORY OF WELTHY ANN

by

Gladys Sylvester Tweedie



Norma Smith Tweedie - illustrator

PRESTILE PUBLISHING COMPANY
Westfield, Maine

Copyright 1953 by Prestile Publishing Company
All Rights Reserved

ALONIAE
CLUB
YFARLI
IN BOBAG

Printed by Northern Printers, Presque Isle, Maine

To BUN, NORMA, IRENE and SONYA

By GLADYS SYLVESTER TWEEDIE

=====

MARS HILL, TYPICAL AROOSTOOK TOWN (History)

THE STORY OF WELTHY ANN (Factual Novel)

PREFACE

I will attempt to explain the reason for writing "The Story Of Welthy Ann," by saying that I have always been interested in learning "what makes people tick," to use a slang phrase. I had lived a few miles from the Shain farm all my life without knowing that such an unusual person as Welthy Ann* ever existed. Mere chance brought her to my attention.

My grandparents were among the first settlers in Mars Hill, and when I was a little girl my grandmother amused me for hours at a time relating the stories of the hardships and pleasures of life in the "old days." I decided to attempt to write a "home-spun story" of the town in which I was born. Going from place to place gathering material for "Mars Hill, Typical Aroostook Town" I stumbled upon some information, and some misinformation, regarding the Shain family, especially Welthy Ann. I was amazed, but not satisfied, until I had run down every possible clue.

A friend advised me to go to Washington, and read for myself, the old newspaper accounts of the sensational trial in which she was a principal figure. Welthy Ann was a beautiful, proud, eccentric woman who was very desirable to men. With rapid strides she traveled from a log cabin in Maine, to a mansion in Washington. She knew complete happiness and deep despair; she was a victim of circumstances and of her own unwise decisions.

*Welthy Ann, also
Wealthy Ann
Welthea Anita

I became so absorbed in the story that I lived every part of it. I was angry with Samuel Emmons; I wept for Anita in her hour of tragedy, and I suffered with Welthy Ann many times.

The task of this book, is to relate the highlights of the short and stormy career of Welthy Ann. I trust that the readers of the story will feel the human quality that it embodies.

I am grateful to those who gave me the information that led to the birth of "The Story of Welthy Ann" and offer my sincere appreciation to: The Washington Post, The New Brunswick Museum of St. John, N.B., Gordon Haynes, Philip Phair, Ada McCrum, Mina White, Stetson Hussey, Fred Sylvester, H. O. Hussey, Ouida Bamford, Leland Jones, S. H. Hussey Jr., Morris Shain, Joseph Smith, Annie B. Farley, Patricia Murray, Rena Margison, Librarian in room 5010, in the Library of Congress, H. W. Sylvester, and C. G. Hume.

G.S.T.

The following, is a copy of an original article written by A.E.W., a reporter for The Washington Post.

THE WASHINGTON POST

January, 1887.

Reminiscences Of The Eccentric Lady In The West.

by A.E.W.

As the through passenger on the Union Pacific halted at Cheyenne for dinner, the passengers as they emerged from the train saw a couple approaching on horseback. They were strangely at variance with any Easterner's preconceived notions of the frontier.

Astride one of the horses was a lady — a most ex-

quisite figure attired in a splendid riding habit. "Splendid" is the word to describe the effect. The gauntleted hands, gilt riding whip, superb saddle, dark, prancing horse; all were in corresponding magnificence.

The lady was accompanied by a gentleman, English in his get-up, from the long boots to spurs.

It looked as if they might have halted in Central or Hyde Park in their canter, but they had reined their steeds close to the station to watch the outpouring of passengers from the East. The dinner gong was clanging, the engine panting, a wooden town sprawled beside us, and before us the trackless plain. The flag from the local fort was flying gently in the morning breeze.

Remaining in Cheyenne for a week I became acquainted with Professor and Mrs. Samuel Emmons; Mrs. Emmons invited me to stay with them, at their ranch home.

Welthy Ann Emmons was the most singularly beautiful woman I ever saw, with every feature flawless, and every tint so vivid. Blue black hair framed a heart shaped face; Her complexion was of an ivory hue accented by eyes of velvety darkness.

The Emmons residence was an attractive, western type, wooden dwelling, with piazzas shielded by hanging baskets and potted plants. On the patio, sheltered by the branches of a giant tree, was a cage containing a happy winged family, a pigeon, a red bird and several wild birds. The driveway was guarded by three aristocratic greyhounds as tall as Mrs. Emmons' waist — the handsomest dogs — with gentle eyes and a haughty bearing. I have seen Mrs. Emmons come home from a horseback ride, throw the reins to the hostler, kiss "The Judge," as she called her pony, walk toward

the door jostled by the three beautiful dogs, and give a call to her birds. Flying from their cage they would perch on her hat or shoulders, all vying for the attention of their lovely mistress.

Mrs. Emmons gave a "luncheon" the day of our departure. It was an elegant affair; the hostess in her soft, clinging, white gown and the dainty atom of a lace cap on her silken hair was a picture to remember.

I can see her now, breaking the crisp lettuce with her white, jeweled fingers and concocting the exact proportions of oil and mustard, while the two colored waiters, in their dress suits and white gloves waited upon us. Her husband feasted his eyes upon the beautiful picture she made.

That handsome table and gracious hostess was something lovely to take along in memory.

I think with tenderness of her love for birds and strange pets, and her power over them. Her superb horsemanship, her control over all wild and vicious creatures; her kindness to the poor and humble; and her rare taste in beautifying her little home in the western town.

That Welthy Ann Emmons appeared as an unusual woman in this little frontier town, was no accident, for she had a most unusual life. Few women have experienced the degree of happiness, or the depth of despair, that fate decreed should be Welthy Ann's portion.

CONTENTS

Birth and Early Life of Welthy Ann

Albert Munson

Samuel Emmons

Mrs. Welthy Ann Emmons

Imprisonment and Trial of Welthy Ann

FOREWORD

Aroostook County, Maine, land of the lumber baron who ravaged its mighty forests; now, the great potato empire whose soil is tilled by an energetic, earth-loving people. The beauty of the potato blossom is rivaled only by the glorious colors of the sunset. Cattle graze on the rolling hills, and the waving grain in the field looks golden beneath an August sun.

But this is not the story of Aroostook, only as it pertains to Welthy Ann, beautiful daughter of an English Army officer and a sultry Spanish maid, Anita.

To prove that truth is stranger than fiction, I have written "The Story of Welthy Ann." I trust that readers of this book will remember that hers was an unusual heritage.

Her Mother belonged to a restless race that "loves with intensity" and hates in like manner; in lightning succession they smile and frown; a gallant gentleman draws back a chair to seat a lady, and as casually he draws a knife.

A proud daughter of England; a tempestuous daughter of Spain.



CHAPTER I

1850 — NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

The handsome young major was pacing the floor of the barren room when he heard a noise outside the door. He paused, looked at his

watch, and frowned as he bade the comer to enter. A messenger entered the room and hurriedly gave the major the news he had been waiting for.

"They have arrived, Sir, and are waiting for permission to start the show."

"I hope by all means that they are a more interesting lot than the last troupe we endured. If I see any more jugglers and fat Hula Dancers I shall send them packing," replied Major Earle.

"There are three men and three women in the group, and one girl is a beauty, Sir," the young soldier said with enthusiasm.

Major Earle strode out of his quarters and hurried across the street to the crude building in which entertainments of various kinds were given for the men. Canada was a far cry from England and home, and the soldiers were restless and homesick here. From time to time troupes were brought in to entertain the boys, but the performers who were willing to come to the frontier were not of the highest type. Major Earle was unprepared for the sight which met his eyes.

A tall, well-dressed man of about forty came forward and introduced himself.

"I am John Loude, Sir; we have come from Boston, and wish to present our show here. May

I introduce to you our star, Anita, a Spanish girl. Her parents were loath to let her come with us for fear her delicate state of health would not permit her to fulfill her role on her return to Boston, but I persuaded them to allow Anita to accompany us here. With your kind permission we will begin our show at once."

Major Earle allowed his roving eyes to pass from one member of the troupe to the other, until they rested upon the beautiful girl in front of him. At sight of her his pulses quickened and his blue eyes smiled into her velvety dark ones. Here was the girl of his dreams; the girl he had been waiting for, and his face sobered as he realized that she was only here for a few days at the most. Smiling again he addressed the young lady.

"Would you care to freshen up a bit before your act, Miss?" he asked. "I'll take you to the Tavern and the maid will make you comfortable. Shall we go at once?"

Promising to return as soon as possible, Major Earle escorted Anita across the street to the Tavern.

Picking up her skirts Anita daintily stepped along through the dust in the street. She allowed Major Earle to take her arm as they walked. He had been so eager to have her to

himself, and now he was as bashful as a school-boy. He wondered what Sarah would think of her, and what Anita would think of the crude accommodations at the Tavern. Reaching the Tavern, Major Earle saw Sarah and his self-confidence returned.

"Sarah, I have brought a beautiful lady to you for safekeeping," Major Earle said with a smile, as he greeted the friendly waitress. "She has just arrived from Boston and will be here a few days. See that she is made comfortable. I will return her to you when the show is over to-night."

What had happened to this stern young officer to make him so concerned, thought Sarah. He had been very gallant toward the few women employed at the Tavern but in a detached sort of way. Now he was smiling and when Sarah looked at the girl with him she understood why. The "little thing" was as fragile as a doll. She must be about Sarah's age but what a difference in the two. Sarah was a rugged, capable Irish girl who scrubbed floors, waited on tables, and helped with the cooking at the Tavern. Her good-natured banter kept many a young soldier from loneliness in the wilderness so far from home and friends. Sarah took Anita to her heart at once. She led her away, leaving the hand-

some young officer smiling as they disappeared up the rough stairway.

A few minutes later the two girls reappeared, and Major Earle with Anita on his arm returned to the make-shift theatre in the mess-hall. Reluctantly he released her arm and she passed behind the curtain with Sally and Daisy, the other two female members of the troupe. All through the show he had eyes for no one but Anita. What a beautiful girl she was; her blue black hair was like silk, her skin like ivory, and her cheeks like a rose. She was as graceful as a swan and her voice was like music in his ears. Blast it, he was in love with the girl.

The show was over and Major Earle was at the door when the soldiers gathered around the entertainers. The boys had never seen this type of thing since they had left home and were jubilant over it. This evening would be long remembered by them all.

Major Earle waited impatiently while the boys filed out of the building, then with a smile, and a "by your leave" took Anita's arm and they walked to the Tavern where the company was to stay. She was such a dainty little thing, and her fragrance reaching his nostrils was so heady. How could he prolong the "goodnight" at the door? He hated to take leave of her, but just

then the manager appeared and announced that it was time all the young performers were in bed if they expected to do their best work on the morrow. With a sigh the young man said good-night and pressing Anita's arm hurried away into the darkness.

Sleep did not readily come to Major Earle; he tossed about for hours. Finally, falling into a troubled sleep he dreamed about the beautiful girl he had so recently met. Just as she was within reach, cruel hands reached out and snatched her from him. He cried out and awoke to find it was only a dream. This was no way for a soldier in Her Majesty's Army to act, like a schoolboy who had been smitten with his first case of puppy love. He was a man now with a military career ahead of him. He would forget his feelings and remember only his duty.

Morning came, and with it a desire to see Anita. He ate breakfast, then strolled over to the Tavern. Seeing Sarah busy at the bar he went over to inquire after Anita. Sarah informed him that the whole company had gone out riding some time before.

"Ain't that girl the prettiest little thing you ever seen?" Sarah wanted to know. "She told me her Pa and Ma didn't want her to come up here but she coaxed 'em awful hard to let her

come. She wasn't a bit lonesome all the way and likes it here, and I think I know why too," teased Sarah. "She was glad you brought her over to see me 'cause she likes friendly folks; besides, she thinks you're handsome, and she's anxious to see you again."

Major Earle blushed and walked away. He could hear Sarah's pleasant laugh as he left the place.

Night came and Major Earle went to the show with one idea in mind. He must see Anita again, and he would tell her he loved her. He had hardly heard anything the men said to him all day, he could think of nothing but the lovely girl he had met only the night before.

Anita was as beautiful as he remembered her from the previous night, and her performance was superb. In that fluffy dress she looked like a fairy dancing in the moonlight. Sally and Daisy were good in their comedy act, but rather commonplace after a real star had performed. The men were jugglers, did a wrestling act, sang, and in general it was a good bit of entertaining. John Loude announced that they would remain there for a few more evenings.

It seemed natural to escort Anita home. As they reached the Tavern Major Earle asked permission to go in with her. They entered the

long, low building and found it nearly deserted. A few men stood at the bar, where the bartender was preparing to close his labors for the day. Closing time came early in that frontier town, where people rose before daylight to begin their day's work. They sat down on a bench and spoke in low tones, each very conscious of the nearness of the other. Time passed and still they sat there.

Finally, Sarah, on her way to bed, called softly to Anita. "You had better come with me, morning will soon be here and you need some rest."

The girl rose and followed Sarah up the stairs.

* * *

During the days that followed Major Earle and Anita were together constantly. They rode, they danced, they sat together in secluded spots, silent, yet understanding each other. Both dreaded the time when Anita must go away.

One evening they were walking together and Major Earle drew Anita tenderly into his arms.

"You cannot go away and leave me now," he murmured. "I could never stand this place without you; stay here and marry me, and we will be together until my period of service is over. Then we will go to my home in England, or, if you wish we will go to 'The States.' Say you will stay here with me."

Anita, silent, but soft and warm in his arms, seemed to give consent.

CHAPTER II

John Loude looked very solemn as he spoke to Anita.

"What will your father say when I tell him you aren't with us? He will blame me for leaving you in this God-forsaken place. I am sorry I persuaded him to allow you to come here."

Anita smiled and clasped Major Earle's arm more tightly. She looked across the room at Sarah Steeves and smiled warmly at her. She felt secure in the love of these two people, and turning to Mr. Loude she replied, "I have found love here and wish to stay. Tell my folks I will come to them soon. We wish to be married before you go away. Now, shoo out of here, you men, while Sarah helps me get ready for the wedding."

Major James Earle smiled and left the room followed by Anita's erstwhile manager who also managed a smile, but one mingled with hesitation and bewilderment.

The marriage vows were taken and John Loude and his company prepared to leave. The boat was waiting in the harbor and Major Earle

and his bride accompanied by Sarah and a group of soldiers wished the travelers Godspeed on their journey home.

Major Earle carried his lovely bride over the threshold, as they entered the room over the Tavern which was to be their home. Sarah had made a rather futile attempt to transform the



barren room into a home. It was spotlessly clean, and "love has the power to transform a hovel into a home."

* * *

Several weeks later, while the Major was away on duty, Sarah noticed that Anita was not her usual bright self. She was listless and pale.

"What's the matter, Darlin'?" asked Sarah, "Ain't you feelin' well?"

"No, Sarah, I'm not feeling well and I will be so glad when Jim comes home. It seems such a long time since he went away," was Anita's answer.

At once Sarah was concerned and decided to have Anita visit the post doctor. Dr. Adams confirmed her suspicions and when Major Earle arrived home Anita had important news for him.

"Darling, I'm going to have a baby — the little soldier you've been wanting," Anita told Jim happily.

"He will be a general in the English Army, or may even be President of the United States," teased Jim.

The culmination of their love was such a precious thing to them and daylight came before they finished making plans for the expected child. Life seemed so beautiful and serene, with no storm clouds on the horizon.

Anita and Sarah fashioned many dainty garments from Anita's dancing costumes which she did not expect to wear again. When Anita was not able to ride, she and Jim took long walks together. As her body became ungainly she was content to just sit on the rude porch of the Tavern.

Time passed and a baby girl was born to Major Earle and his beautiful wife.

"I can forgive her for not being a boy because she is exactly like you, Anita," Jim laughingly told his wife.

The baby was an exact replica of Anita, with velvety dark eyes, cheeks like a peach, dark hair, and a perfectly formed little body. She was christened Welthy Ann Earle. Life was now complete, secure, and so very pleasant. If Anita was lonely for her own people she did not reveal it.

"I am going away for a few weeks, but will return as soon as possible, so don't worry about me," the Major said to Anita one day. "Sarah will stay with you nights and I'm sure you'll be all right."

Anita was busy with the baby and learning to keep her house in order with the efficient help of Sarah. It was very lonely without Jim, especially at night. This was a quiet, remote place, but she was comforted with the knowledge that Jim would soon return to her. She couldn't banish the thought though, that without Jim at her side, life would be an empty thing.

"I have a feeling that Jim will be home soon," Anita said to Sarah one evening as they sat by the window sewing. "The baby has grown so

fast, he will hardly believe it's Welthy Ann when he sees her." The young mother gazed fondly at the sleeping baby on the bed, as she spoke.

Sarah got up and tiptoed over to look at the baby before replying.

"She's a darlin' and I love her so much myself, just like she was my own."

The next afternoon while Sarah was busy at the Tavern she saw four men approaching the place, bearing a stretcher. As they drew nearer she noticed that they were the men who had gone with Major Earle, on the mission. With her heart beating very rapidly she hurried to the door to learn what had happened. The grave faces of the men told her that something was wrong. Even before the blanket was raised from the face of the man lying on the stretcher, Sarah was sure it must be Major Earle. She touched his brow; it was burning with fever.

"I'll look after Major Earle while you go for the doctor," Sarah said to one of the men. "We'll put him to bed here while you are gone," she added.

Anita, hearing the noise, came down the stairs.

"I thought I heard voices and — Jim," she cried, as she rushed to his side.

"What happened to Jim?" she asked, raising stricken eyes to meet the eyes of the soldier.

"It's the fever, Ma'am, two of our men died with it before we could get them back here. Major Earle took sick and we thought we'd try to bring him back. The doctor may be able to save him."

The doctor came, ordered the sick man put to bed, and stayed with him all that night. Early the next day Major James Earle died.

* * *

Anita's grief was pathetic to see. Sarah comforted her as best she could, but Anita seemed to have lost her zest for living. She who had danced and sung because her heart was merry, now rarely spoke. She was not anxious to leave the place because, as she said, she would be so far from Jim. The baby demanded attention, but as the days passed Sarah found herself taking care of the little mite most of the time. Anita continued to decline and Sarah became alarmed. The doctor tried to rouse her from her state of lethargy, but to no avail.

One day when Sarah was in the room attending the baby, Anita turned to her and said, "When I am gone, will you take the baby back home?"

Sarah was alarmed, but knew that Anita would not live unless she willed to do so.

"Don't talk like that, you've got to live for the baby's sake. I can't bear to see you like this, you with that darlin' baby and all. Come now, eat your dinner and then we'll take a walk. It'll do you good to get outdoors."

* * *

The light burned low; a woman's wasted form lay upon a bed in the corner of the large room; a baby slept soundly in her crib; a woman kept vigil over all. The doctor entered the room and went softly to the dying woman's side. Anita stirred and murmured Jim's name; Sarah passed silently to the bedside where the doctor stood waiting; the door opened and two women accompanied by the Post Chaplain entered.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," repeated the Chaplain.

The baby stirred in her bed and Sarah hurried to her; Anita lay still upon the bed; the room was silent except for the labored breathing of the men, the sighs emitted by the women, and the drowsy noises of the sleeping child.

The beautiful, laughing girl of a few months ago had passed into the valley of death.

* * *

After the death of Anita, Sarah took the baby

into her room and sat down in the big rocking chair by the window. Could it be possible that the handsome Major and his lovely wife were dead? What queer twist of fate had brought them together, only to dash them apart again. Sarah wept as she rocked to and fro.

What would be the fate of this baby she held



in her arms? Would the same cruel fate bring tragedy into her life, as it had into the lives of her parents? Sarah held the little girl closer to her breast as if to protect her from the evil forces that seemed to lurk in the darkness around them. She prayed that God in His great mercy would guide her in the rearing of this baby who had been given into her keeping. With a lighter heart she put the baby to bed and pre-

pared for bed herself. Sleep did not come readily; there were so many things to think about. Events of the past few months passed through her mind. She had promised Anita that she would take Welthy Ann to 'The States' and of course she must keep that promise. In the morning she would make plans to go. Her decision made, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER III

"I am taking Welthy Ann to 'The States' in a few days and would you give me a letter to take with me?" Sarah inquired of the Tavern keeper.

"You have been a faithful servant ever since you came from the Old Country and I'll help you all I can," the man replied. "It's too bad the Major and his wife died and left the little girl. I remember the night the folks came and put on their first show here, the Major fell in love with the pretty girl and wouldn't be satisfied until she married him. This was no place for her, but she seemed happy until Major Earle died. I hate to see you have to take the responsibility of bringing up the little girl, Sarah," the kindhearted man concluded.

"I promised Anita I'd take care of Welthy Ann and I'll do it. The men at the Post have given me some money, they took up a collection for her, and with what Anita and Major Earle left I'll be all right. I want to go on the next stage, so I'll be gettin' ready."

Sarah packed her few belongings, and those of Anita's that she was able to take, took the baby

in her capable arms and with tears in her eyes, said goodbye to her friends and boarded the stagecoach.

* * *

"The stage will reach Bridgewater, Maine, in about two hours," the young man at Sarah's side said. "Will anyone be on hand to meet you?"

"No, but I'm not afraid," returned Sarah, "I'll just find me a place to stay until I get work."

The young man had ridden over from St. John on the stage and to his earnest inquiries Sarah had told him all about Anita, Major Earle, and the baby she held in her arms. He was deeply impressed with the straight-forward young woman and determined to help her in any way he could when they arrived at their destination.

Sarah felt better after telling William Shain, for that was the young man's name, about Anita and her great love for the handsome soldier, of their life together, and of the tragic end of both.

The stagecoach pulled up to the Tavern at Bridgewater Corner and the waiting people spilled out of the door into the street. The Tavern was a long, low building with a false front. Near it stood a "General Store" also the

property of Mr. Hume. Kidder and Collins owned places nearby.

Will jumped out and helped Sarah to alight. He took her valise and together they entered the building. The proprietor came forward and Will inquired for a room for Sarah.

"You want one for yourself, your wife and kid, do you, Son?" asked the kind-faced man.

Will blushed and said, "This ain't my wife, but she's come a long ways and needs a place to rest up for a few days. I just met her on the trip over and was helping her with her bags and the baby."

"That's a right pretty baby you have there, Ma'am," continued the Innkeeper. "We will find a place for you as soon as the stage leaves. My wife will be out in a few minutes, she's putting our baby to bed. Sit down and we'll take care of you soon."

Sarah was given a room and was made comfortable and welcome by the pleasant Inn-keeper's wife. Mrs. Hume had a little daughter, Helen, about the age of Welthy Ann.

"I have money for my keep but I'd like to find a job," Sarah told Mr. Hume. "I worked in the Tavern in New Brunswick and Mr. Gallagher gave me a letter of recommendation. I am

strong and can do hard work, and the baby will not be a bother to you."

"We will see what my wife has to say about it," Mr. Hume answered.

Sarah went to work at the Inn and was quite content. Welthy Ann grew rapidly and received a great deal of attention from all who came to the Inn. She was an artful little minx who learned how to get her own way very readily. If she cried, someone would pick her up and rock her, or walk around with her. Often Mr. Hume sat in the rocking chair with Helen on one knee and Welthy Ann on the other, singing to them in his own inimitable way. Drummers found themselves playing nursemaid to two little girls and enjoying it.

William Shain got a job shaving shingles and built a small cabin for himself, on the Snow Road, a few miles from the Inn. He was lonely and came to see Sarah often. Before the summer was over he persuaded Sarah to marry him and they lived in the log house he had built. Will began to clear a plot of ground on his place. They were very poor but in love with each other, and Sarah was content to have someone look after her and Welthy Ann. Will was kind to the little girl and took her into his heart just as Sarah had done. Even after their own children began to

arrive at regular intervals Welthy Ann was still the darling of the household. She "minded the youngones," carried wood, fetched water in her little pail, and carried a lunch out to Pa in the field.



CHAPTER IV

"Welthy Ann, fetch a pail of water from the spring, your Pa and the boys will soon be in for dinner," called Sarah.

The girl took the pail and ran off in the direction of the spring. She soon returned with the water and an astounding revelation. Breathlessly, and with shining eyes she exclaimed, "Ma, I'm pretty, I leaned over and saw my face in the

water.” With no mirrors in the house Welthy Ann had been blissfully unaware of her beauty.

* * *

Welthy Ann at fifteen was blossoming into womanhood. She was tall, beautiful, and altogether desirable. Men looked twice, and women sighed with envy when they saw her.

Bedford Hume, owner of the Inn at Bridge-water Corner, drove out to Shain’s one day.

“My waitress left yesterday and I’d like to have Welthy Ann come and help us out for awhile,” he said. “Drummers are thick as flies this summer, and with the Fourth of July Celebration coming soon, we need help. My wife will look after her, so you needn’t worry about her at all.”

Sarah was willing for her to go, and Welthy Ann needed some new clothes for which they had no money. Will might not want to let her go to work in the Inn, but he usually could be persuaded.

“You wait ’till Will comes in from the field and I’ll ask him if she can go,” was Sarah’s reply. “Welthy Ann is out picking berries now, but she will be home directly. She has been selling berries to get some money for herself. It’s hard for a young, pretty girl not to have the things she wants. Now me, I don’t care no more,

but with her it's different. Her Ma was a beauty and she had nice clothes and things. I made 'em over for Welthy Ann as long as they lasted. Now, with our own youngones we can't do much for her but give her enough to eat," Sarah sighed and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Now, Sarah, you shouldn't think about it, you've been so good to Welthy Ann and she loves you like her own Mother."

Mr. Hume was a kindhearted man who understood what a hard struggle Will and Sarah had had on their farm. The bare little log house was always swept clean, and the scanty supply of dishes washed and placed on the table under a clean cloth. Will had made the furniture himself and as they entered the house Mr. Hume sat down on one of the stools. He looked at Sarah and thought what a change had come over her since he first saw her on that long ago day when Will brought her to the Inn. Hard work and child-bearing had taken their toll, but she was still a good-looking, wholesome woman. Will and Sarah loved each other and poverty had failed to dim the light in their eyes.

Voices were heard outside and soon Will, Welthy Ann, and the young Shains appeared in the doorway.

"Howdy Mr. Hume," said Will in his boom-

ing voice. "Sarah, set him a place, looks like we're havin' company for dinner."

Sarah smiled and drew the cover off the table, revealing the dishes underneath. Company was a rare thing, but dishes were scarce too, and some of the youngones could see that they must play outside and wait until the older folks ate. They were fond of Mr. Hume, and he usually had some peppermints to pass around so they didn't mind waiting for their dinner.

"I was just tellin' Sarah that I need help at the Tavern and I'd like to have Welthy Ann come for awhile. She can sleep with Helen and my wife will look after her while she's there. Can she come?"

Will looked at Sarah, then at Welthy Ann. He could see that his wife was leaving the decision up to him, and the pleased expression in the girl's eyes told him that such an arrangement was pleasant to her.

"We'll miss Welthy Ann, but if you need her help she can go," said Will slowly.

Sarah smiled at her husband, and Welthy Ann jumped up from her seat and running around the table, gave him a resounding kiss.

"Here, here, don't be so anxious to leave your Pa and Ma, Girl," Will said with a fond smile at the girl.

"You'll want to take Prince along, Welthy Ann," Mr. Hume said. "You can't leave him here to get lazy while you're away working."

Later, Welthy Ann picked up her few belongings and was ready to go. She kissed Sarah good-bye, waved to all the others, and climbed into the buggy beside Mr. Hume. Her horse, the one extravagance of her life, was tied behind, and he followed the buggy into town.

"Will and Sarah are nice folks, Welthy Ann," began Mr. Hume.

"I love 'em just like they was my own," Welthy Ann answered without hesitation. "Ma told me that when my own Mother died, she took me for her little girl and she ain't been sorry for it. I try to help her, but I s'pose I'm more trouble than help to 'em both. Some day maybe I can do somethin' for 'em to pay back for all the trouble I've been," concluded the girl with a sigh.

"You've already paid for any trouble you might have been to them, so, don't look so sad, little girl," Mr. Hume said with a smile.

They jogged along in silence, each busy with his own thoughts.

"You'll be leading the Fourth of July parade, Welthy Ann," said Mr. Hume when they were

driving up the road toward the Inn. "We want to have a big celebration this year."

"I wondered why you wanted me to bring Prince along if I was going to work," Welthy Ann happily replied. "I love that horse, Mr. Hume. I haven't any good clothes to wear when I ride in the parade, but it don't matter. The folks will be lookin' at Prince anyway."

Glancing at the girl at his side, Mr. Hume was sure that no matter what she wore she would command attention. His wife could fix up something for Welthy Ann to wear when she led the parade.

When they reached the Inn, Mr. Hume said, "I'll have Jim look after your horse, you go right in and find the womenfolks, Welthy Ann."

"Hey, Jim, come look after these horses, will you," Mr. Hume called.

The hostler appeared in the door of the small shed where he slept. He was rubbing his eyes and smoothing his hair.

"Reckon I went to sleep after the stage left," he said. "Sure I'll take care of the horses," Mr. Hume. "Who's horse is the black one?" he asked.

"Belongs to Welthy Ann Shain, she's come to help us awhile; she couldn't get along without a horse to ride."

Welthy Ann went to the stable door and whistled to Prince. She heard Prince paw, and neigh, in answer to her call. The hostler came into the stable to see what was going on.

"That your horse?" he asked the girl. "Where'd you get him?"

"Mr. Bradstreet gave him to me, he was a wild colt and the boys couldn't do nothing with him. He said if I could tame him I could have him, and Pa let me try. I'm gonna take a ride now."

"Let me help you — Jim Tilley's my name, and I'm the hostler here."

"I don't need no help with Prince," the girl replied with scorn, and quickly mounting the horse she rode away.

The young man watched her ride away with admiration in his eyes. There was a girl, and a horse. Strange that she would rather ride alone than have company. Most girls wanted a man to pay attention to them, at least that had been Jim's impression of them. Mr. Hume had told him that she was more interested in her horse than in the men, but he'd find out for himself. She wouldn't be gone long because it would soon be dark, and girls were usually afraid of the dark, they let on they were anyway.

* * *



"Thought you'd be home before dark," Jim greeted Welthy Ann when she returned from her ride. "I'll help you put the horse in the stable."

"All right Jim, you can if you want to," the girl replied.

"Have a good ride?"

"Yes, I like to ride Prince, he's a beautiful horse and loves me too," the girl said as she gave the horse an affectionate pat on the head.

"Can I go with you next time you ride?" Jim asked.

Giving him an odd look Welthy Ann hesitated, then said, "Yes, if you want to."

She's going to be my girl, Jim thought, as he watched her go into the house.

During the days that followed Jim Tilley was with Welthy Ann as much as possible. His duties as hostler at the Tavern kept him busy most of the time, but he took excellent care of her horse and they rode together often. She outshone all the other local girls, Jim thought. He was a goodlooking young fellow and his attention would have been welcomed by a number of girls, but he was completely absorbed in his devotion for Welthy Ann.

Jim resented the attention traveling salesmen paid to "his girl." These men passing through Bridgewater on their way to the northern part of Aroostook County always stayed at the Tavern at Bridgewater Corner, and many of them were attracted to her unusual beauty. On a few oc-

casions Jim revealed his regard for her by physically backing up his claim upon her; and on one occasion a cocky young salesman left his room at the Inn only long enough to eat his meals, until his black eye had lost its color. Jim assumed a very possessive attitude toward Welthy Ann, he wanted everyone to know that she was his girl.

CHAPTER V

"Who is the pretty waitress?" a smooth looking young salesman from Boston asked Mr. Hume.

"That's Welthy Ann Shain, a local gal. Ain't she a beauty? Better be careful how you pay attention to her, she's Jim Tilley's girl and he resents any fellows paying court to her."

"There's no harm in admiring a beautiful girl is there?" asked Albert Munson with a smile. "All's fair in love and war. Besides, she's a bird of too brilliant plumage to be content in the sort of cage he is able to provide."

That evening when Welthy Ann waited upon Mr. Munson he studied her carefully. What a gorgeous creature she was; a perfect form, perfect features, and with the grace of a queen. A queen in rags he thought. What a sensation she would be in his home city. She didn't belong here in the woods where she would probably end up by marrying some local woodsman and after much childbearing would be a nondescript woman with pendulous breasts and sagging stomach. By Jove, he wouldn't let that

happen to her; he would take her away from this place. Then he realized that he had been indulging in extravagant daydreams. Probably the girl was satisfied with this humdrum existence.

The old Tavern keeper had told him that the girl inherited her ability to ride and dance from her Mother, who had been an entertainer of note in her day. Dancing and horseback riding were her only diversions.

At the same time Welthy Ann's thoughts ran parallel to the young man's thoughts. This man was plainly a man of the world. He represented all that she longed for, the outside world which held a peculiar fascination for her, and escape from this backwoods environment. There was rebellion in the heart of Welthy Ann, and the drums of mutiny rolled every now and then. She had a secret, consuming desire to leave the place. Sarah knew she was eager to taste life; often she had noticed a faraway look in her eyes, when the unrest in her soul was mirrored in them.

Welthy Ann decided she must stop this dreaming and serve the young man his dessert. Besides, she wanted to go out to the stable to see if her horse was all ready for the parade tomorrow, so, she must get her work done in a hurry.

Later, Munson asked Mr. Hume where he could find Welthy Ann.

"I reckon you'll find her out in the stable with her horse; she's leading the Fourth of July parade tomorrow and she has to be sure the horse is all right before she goes to bed. She loves that horse more than most men love their wives," Mr. Hume said with a chuckle.



When Munson reached the stable he could hear the girl talking softly to the horse.

"I wish you had a silver saddle to wear, Prince, but you don't need no silver saddle to make you outshine all the other horses around here," she said.

The girl was startled to hear a step behind her, but pleased when she saw who it was. Albert Munson stepped into the stall beside her,

and patted the horse on the neck. The horse turned its head and gave the girl a playful nip on the arm, then bobbed its head around and nipped Munson's coat sleeve. Welthy Ann's musical laugh rang out and she said, "He loves you too, just like he loves me." Then dreamily, "Some day I'm going to buy him a silver saddle."

"Miss Shain — Welthy Ann, are you happy here?" Munson asked. "I've been unable to get you out of my mind ever since I first saw you. A stable is a funny place to court a girl, but Mr. Hume said I'd probably find you out here, so I came out. Let's go into the parlor where we can talk." Gently he led her into the Inn, and found a secluded corner where they could be alone.

"I want to go to Boston where my Mother's folks lived," Welthy Ann said with a sigh. "Will and Sarah Shain are all the folks I ever remember, because my own Pa and Ma died when I was a baby. Sarah told me all about 'em, how handsome my Pa was, and how he loved my Mother. She says I look like my Mother, and she knows I want to go away from here. I just feel smothered in this place. I'm going to work hard so I can earn the money to pay my way out to Boston when fall comes," concluded the girl. "I'll surely find a job there."

Albert Munson put his arms around the girl and drew her closer to him. She seemed to melt against him in her shy, sweet way. His lips groped for hers and found them; the glow of passion he had felt for her had melted to an aching tenderness. He longed to shield her from every care. The thought of her setting out alone on a weary quest for work was revolting to him. What chance had she, inexperienced and untrained, among the million bread-seekers of the cities?

With a low goodnight, he released the girl and went to his room.

* * *

The Bridgewater Band, decked out in new uniforms, was a colorful sight. Everyone was in a festive mood.

Welthy Ann Shain, in a forest green riding habit, led the parade through the main street. Children and dogs tagged alongside, the children shouted themselves hoarse.

Albert Munson, watching the parade pass the Inn, saw no one but the girl in the green habit. He remembered the sweet fragrance of her nearness, and had made up his mind that he wanted her for his wife. He planned to tell her and was sure she would accept his proposal of marriage. He had lain awake a long while liv-

ing over the short time they had been together, and his pulse had quickened when he thought of her warm response to his embrace. He would help to polish this "diamond in the rough" and was sure it would be a delightful process. He was impatient for the celebration to end so that he could be near her again. He strolled back to his room, to await her return.

Liquid refreshments flowed freely; the tin cup and spigot at the Inn were duly exercised. Munson was not interested in stimulants, and he scarcely glanced at the men lined up at the bar, on his way to his room.

* * *

Welthy Ann returned to the Tavern very tired and dusty, but happy. She loved riding and the thrill of a parade. The day had been pleasant and she had thoroughly enjoyed it.

Albert met her in the yard, as she dismounted. She greeted him with a smile.

"Let the hostler take care of your horse," he said, and calling to Jim, he walked into the Inn with the girl.

Jim Tilley glared in Albert's direction, but smiled at Welthy Ann as he led her horse into the stable.

"I have something to tell you, and as Mr. Hume says, I've been as restless as a hound dog

with a burr in his foot, all day," Albert said with a smile. "Change your clothes and let's take a walk."

* * *

"Welthy Ann, I want you to marry me and go home with me," Albert began. "I love you and want to take you away from this place. You are not content here, and I'm sure I can make you happy; say you will be my wife."

"I want to leave here, but I ain't sure I love you," the girl replied. "I've been Jim's girl, but I don't want to marry him and stay here. I want to go to the city and Ma says I can go, even though she don't want me to leave her. I know I'll miss Ma, and Pa, and the kids, but I can't always stay here. If they say I can go with you I'll go," she concluded.

"I believe you love me already; I can't get over the memory of your lips as you returned my kiss last night," Albert whispered softly in her ear. "And just to prove to you what I mean I'm going to repeat the kiss."

She was soft and yielding in his arms and the fervor of her kiss caused Albert to believe that she was aware of an awakening response to his feeling for her.

"I'll drive out to see Mr. and Mrs. Shain in the morning, and try to persuade them to let

you return home with me," said Albert as he left Welthy Ann at the Inn. "Goodnight, I'll see you in the morning, Darling."

Albert went to look for Mr. Hume; if he wanted a horse and buggy, he had better engage it tonight. Tomorrow promised to be an eventful day for him.

Albert decided to ask Welthy Ann to go out to see her parents with him. He was sure she would be very pleasant company, and she could help persuade them if they saw that she was determined to go away with him. Rising early, he found that she was already up and busy with her duties around the Tavern. As soon as he was seated at the table Welthy Ann came to serve him his breakfast.

"Would you like to drive out to your home with me today?" he asked.

Her face lighted up and she replied, "I'll go ask Mr. Hume, I'd love to go. I ain't seen Pa, and Ma, and the kids since I came here. We can have dinner with 'em and I'll ask Ma to make some of her biscuits that I like. I'd like to ride Prince instead of driving in a buggy, but you don't like to ride horses so well as I do."

She was bubbling over with enthusiasm over the prospect of seeing her folks. Her dark eyes were shining and she made a lovely picture as

she stood beside Albert's chair talking to him. Seeing Mr. Hume enter the room, she hurried away to ask his permission to go with Albert.

Jim Tilley brought the horse and buggy around to the door and glowered while Albert helped Welthy Ann into the buggy.

As they drove along Welthy Ann chattered away telling Albert who lived in the houses they passed, how many children each family had, and other bits of news about them. The ones who recognized her, waved and called to her as she passed by.

It was a warm day and the horse walked along slowly over the rough road. The sun was high in the sky before they arrived at the Shain cabin. The boys saw them coming and ran to meet them, shouting as they came. Will and Sarah appeared in the doorway and called to Welthy Ann. Lincoln took care of the horse and Welthy Ann and Albert went into the cabin, followed by the younger children.

"We knew 'twas you, Welthy Ann, when we saw you comin' up the road, didn't we, Amos," said Enoch.

"Ma and Pa, this is Albert Munson; he's from Boston, and he wanted to come out to see you on some important business."

"We're glad to make your acquaintance, Mr.

Munson," said Will, and he and Sarah shook hands with Albert. "We're just havin' dinner and I know Welthy Ann will be able to eat lots of her Ma's biscuits. The boys found a honey tree, and we've got plenty of honey to go with the biscuits."

Sarah set a plate for the two young people and resumed her place at the table. She had missed Welthy Ann and was so glad to see her again.

Dinner over, the children were sent out to play, and Albert Munson stated his errand at once.

"I've fallen in love with your daughter and want to marry her. I came up on a business trip and must return home soon, so I'd like to have your permission to take her back with me," he said, smiling at Sarah. "I know it's rather sudden news, but I feel sure I can make Welthy Ann happy and she wants to go to Boston she says."

Sarah looked at Welthy Ann and said, "Do you want to marry this man and go away with him?"

"I've wanted to go to Boston for a long time and you said I could go this fall, when I had money enough, Ma," the girl replied. "I don't know for sure if I love him, but he's been

nice to me ever since he came to stay at the Tavern, and I like him."

"I know what a chance a girl takes when she goes to the city alone to look for work. I don't want her to do that, I want to take her there as my wife."

Albert sounded convincing, and both Will and Sarah liked the straightforward young man. He was not handsome, but he had shown that he was a man by coming to them instead of trying to persuade the girl to go away without their permission. To think of losing Welthy Ann brought tears to Sarah's eyes, and she wiped them away with the corner of her apron. They couldn't expect to keep the girl much longer; a pretty girl like her would have lots of suitors and was sure to marry young.

"We'll have to talk it over together, me and Will," Sarah finally said. "We can let you know, Will has to go in to the village in a day or two."

While Sarah and Welthy Ann washed the dishes, Albert and Will went out into the yard.

"I want to buy a piece of land when I'm able to," Will told Albert. "We've had a hard time here, trying to bring up the young ones and all. The land is pretty good but I ain't done much farming so far. I shave shingles most of the

time, and plant a few vegetables in the summer. I've worked in the mill some too, but it takes all I can earn to keep us goin' and I can't get enough money ahead to buy a farm big enough to support us," he concluded with a sigh.

"Your luck will change one of these days and then you can farm on a good big farm that suits you," Albert replied.

Welthy Ann came out to join them in the yard.

"We'd better go back to town now, it's getting late," Albert said to her.

Will called to the boys and soon they led the horse out of the low hovel and hitched him to the buggy. They decided that the "feller was in love with Welthy Ann" and had brought her out home for a "drive."

Everyone said goodbye at once and Albert and Welthy Ann drove away.

Albert had a feeling that both Will and Sarah would agree to allow the girl to marry him. He pitied them; they were honest, hard-working souls who had known nothing but poverty. However, he saw the happiness in their faces whenever their eyes met, and knew that poverty could never dim the light shining there.

"I liked your folks, Welthy Ann," he said to the girl sitting by his side. "I'm sure they will

let you marry me, and I'm glad we went to see them."

"I'm glad too, Albert," Welthy Ann replied. "They like you, I could tell they did."

Albert put the reins over the dashboard and let the horse plod along at his own gait. He placed his arm over the back of the seat, and gradually let it slide down around the girl's shoulders. He was perfectly content to ride along the rough road as long as she was so near to him. There was no need for conversation, each felt the enchantment of the hour. The ride ended all too soon; the lantern by the Tavern door revealed the waiting hostler, who led the horse away.

Albert kissed Welthy Ann goodnight and went to his room. For a long time he lay in the darkness thinking over the events of the day. He hoped Will would come to town tomorrow with the news that Welthy Ann could marry him. He could hardly wait to hold her in his arms and make love to her.

He had already spent too much time in Bridgewater; he must go on to Mars Hill, Presque Isle, and Caribou, before returning to Boston. His father had sent him on a business trip, not on an extended honeymoon. He would explain it all when he got home, his father

would understand when he saw Welthy Ann. They didn't come any prettier in Boston, than his little backwoods sweetheart.

With those pleasant thoughts in mind, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI

1871 — HOULTON, MAINE

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" the preacher asked. "Do you promise to love and cherish her as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," answered Albert Munson.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," concluded the preacher.

Albert had persuaded Will and Sarah Shain to allow Welthy Ann to marry him and return with him to Boston. The newlyweds went back to Bridgewater to bid the folks good-bye. They hired a horse and buggy to drive out to the farm.

"Remember when we drove out to ask your folks if we could get married?" Albert asked Welthy Ann. "I was afraid they might say, no, and I'd have to go away without you," he went on.

Welthy Ann moved nearer to him and he put his arm around her. Now she was really his, and the thought made him happy.

* * *

Tearfully Sarah kissed Welthy Ann. This girl had been like a daughter to her and she loved her as much as she loved her own girls. It wrung her heart to say good-bye to her. The stagecoach was due in an hour, so Albert was anxious to get back to the Tavern.

The little boys gathered around the buggy. The girls gave Welthy Ann sticky kisses; they were eating bread and molasses and halted the procedure long enough to bestow the kisses upon her. The young couple waved as they drove away. Welthy Ann looked back at the group of people standing in front of the humble log cabin. Sarah and Will stood like statues, but the children were already playing around, unaware of the solemnity of the occasion. When she could no longer see the buggy, Sarah allowed Will to lead her into the house where she cried without restraint. He comforted her as best he could. He knew that the loss of Welthy Ann was hard for Sarah to bear; he hated to have the girl leave, she was like a daughter to him, too.

As the stagecoach rattled along Welthy Ann drank in the scenery. Now they went through dense woods and the trees reached out their branches to strike the sides of the coach; now they came to a clearing and the inhabitants

shaded their eyes with their hands as they gazed at the stage passing by. For many, this was the only event to break the monotony of their otherwise drab lives.

Unconsciously, Albert put his arm over the back of the seat as if to shield his bride from the bumping, swaying motion of the stage. He glanced at her and mentally took note of the happy expression on her face. The other occupants of the coach smiled as they saw the overt display of tenderness the young man manifested toward his beautiful wife. He had the manner of a man who was completely at peace with the world and who would not have things other than they were at the present.

Catching his wife's eye Albert smiled at her. In return he received a most dazzling, pulse warming smile, and Welthy Ann moved closer to him. When darkness came her head rested lightly on the young man's shoulder and he could hear her breathing evenly.

Could this gorgeous girl be his, to have and to hold for a lifetime? Albert fell to dreaming as to what life held for them, then forgetting all care he too fell asleep. Only the noise of the horses, the voice of the driver, and the churning of the wheels broke the stillness of the night, as they journeyed on.

Arriving in Calais they took the boat for Boston. Welthy Ann was enchanted with it all. Could this really be happening to her? She had dreamed about escape from her monotonous existence, but had never realized that such grand things were in store for her. Her husband might not look like the knight in shining armor, but she knew she could be happy with him. She began to wonder whether or not his family would accept her as readily as he assured her they would.

"We will go straight to my room and get settled, and then look around for a home, Dear."

"Albert, do you really think your Ma will like me?" Welthy Ann asked.

"Whatever made you ask that?" he replied. "Of course they'll love you, as much as I do; anyway, we'll visit them as soon as possible, and you will find out for yourself. Enjoying the boat ride? The sky is so blue today, and the water so calm."

"I'm happy to be with you and as long as we're together I'll be all right," and the girl moved closer to the young man as if to reassure him that she spoke from her heart.

* * *

Boston, with its hurrying crowds and busy markets awed the young girl from the country.

It was not long though, before she was very much at home. She was especially eager to visit the theatre where her Mother had performed. Albert sensed that she wanted to link her past with the present, so he took her to the place. An old attendant remembered Anita, and told Welthy Ann that after Anita's parents had learned of her death they went away.

"Well I remember the girl; she could sing like a nightingale and dance like a fairy," the old man said. "You look like her, except that you're taller than she was. Her folks let her go to New Brunswick with John Loude; he was disappointed when the girl decided to stay there and marry some officer, but her parents didn't blame John; they knew she was happy there and she was always taught that love was the important thing to look for in life. Her Father told me that her going away would break up their act, but if Anita was happily married that was the best thing for a girl. Brokenhearted over the death of their lovely daughter they just told the manager one day that they were going away and we never heard from them after that," the old man concluded with a deep sigh.

Welthy Ann thanked the old man, and with moist eyes and a heavy heart she followed Albert out to the waiting carriage. She had hoped

to learn the whereabouts of her grandparents. Now there was nothing to hope for, she must be content with what Ma had told her about her family background.



CHAPTER VII

Returning home one evening soon after they arrived in Boston, Albert had news for his wife.

"Do you recall the teacher friend I told you about?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, can she take me now?"

"You are to go with me tomorrow to meet

her, she is anxious to see you and wants to take you to her dressmaker too. You will need new clothes, as well as to go to school to learn the customs here. Not that I do not love you as you are, but I know you will be happier if you know the right things to say and do when we meet people. You'll meet my business associates and will enjoy it much more if you are well dressed and poised, Dearest."

Welthy Ann was so excited that she could hardly close her eyes. The thought of having all the clothes she wanted was too much for her. She lay a long time thinking about Pa and Ma and the children back home. When she was able she would do something for them. Maybe she could help buy a farm for them so that life would be a little easier for them all. Happy and very tired she fell asleep at last.

* * *

"Ready, Honey," Albert called, "It's time to go. I can hardly wait until I see you all decked out in your new finery."

Albert gasped when Welthy Ann appeared, dressed to go out. She was a queen among women that was certain, but now she was clothed in suitable garments. She stood, awaiting his approval, but the man sat there with his eyes wide and his mouth open.

"Don't you like my dress? I was scared you'd think it cost too much, but your friend said it just suited me. The dressmaker said she'd like to sew for me, and see how soon others would want her to make them look like me," Welthy Ann childishly concluded.

"You are so much more beautiful than I thought you could be, that I'm afraid of what you'll do the hearts of the men you meet," her husband rejoined. "I'll have to tell Fanny how much I appreciate what she's doing for you and me. Fanny is a good friend of Mother and Father and I hope you two will get along. Now, come, let's have dinner and then take a walk."

Albert was pleased with the change that came over his wife during the next few weeks. She was already acquiring better speech habits for which he was very glad. Her ready wit and sense of humor made her popular; she was accepted by his friends and admired wherever they went. Everyone seemed anxious to meet the lovely girl and invitations poured in, for the theatre, for dinner, and for all types of parties. They were soon drawn into the "social swim."

* * *

"Father and Mother will arrive tomorrow for a visit with us, Welthy Ann," Albert informed his wife after reading a letter he had just received.

"I'm afraid to have them come, and yet I'm anxious to meet them too," she replied. "Ma always told me that people would love me, but I'm afraid just the same."

"Just wait and see, Dear," Albert said with a fond smile at the lovely girl sitting near him.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Munson were delighted with their daughter-in-law, and Albert and Welthy Ann were happy that she was so well received. Albert was now a partner in the manufacturing concern headed by his father, and it was good to know that his wife had received his parents' approval.

One evening while they were waiting for Welthy Ann to dress for the theatre Mrs. Munson approached her son and questioned him regarding Welthy Ann's background.

"Her father was a Major in the English Army and her mother was a Spanish girl, a dancer, and performer of unusual ability. They both died very young and tragically, and a kind-hearted Irish girl brought her to "The States" and cared for her. I loved Welthy Ann the moment I saw her in her old clothes, as she waited upon me at that Inn in Maine where I was staying. I know you'll be very kind to her, Mother, I would be most unhappy if you weren't. It's funny, I've courted several girls

and had almost made up my mind to propose marriage to one of them, when I went on the business trip to Maine. Now, I believe I've found the right girl and I mean to cherish her always."

"You are very convincing, Son, and I quite agree with you. Your wife is a natural beauty and I'm fond of her already; I only hope you will be very happy together. Your father and I discussed her last night and he has been entirely captivated by her charm."

With a fond kiss on his Mother's cheek, Albert left the room. He entered his wife's room to find her nearly dressed.

"Ready, Honey?" he asked.

"I need someone to button up the back of my dress, and Annie is out, so I will allow you to serve as my maid, Sir," Welthy Ann said in a teasing voice.

She was dressed in a gown of rose, with a rose tucked in her shiny black hair. She was breathtakingly lovely and her husband looked at her with his heart in his eyes. Taking her arm he escorted her from the room, and in company with his parents they left the house.

Many envious glances were cast toward Welthy Ann that evening and inquiries made as to who this strange, beautiful woman was.

A group of Harvard students were among those present and one young fellow was completely enslaved by her Castilian beauty. He vowed that he would learn who she was.

The delightful evening came to an end all too soon. The Munson party left the theatre and took a cab home. The elder Mrs. Munson was aware of the sensation that Welthy Ann had created; Welthy Ann was apparently pleased that people found her worthy of the attention she was now receiving. The four people in the room were stirred by mixed emotions. The elder Mr. Munson was thinking what a beauty his son had married, and wondering if he would be able to hold her love; his wife was thinking a little wistfully that Welthy Ann was only beginning to enjoy the attention of men; Albert was painfully aware that the eyes of the people in the theatre had paid tribute to his lovely wife; Welthy Ann was thrilled to learn that she commanded the rapt attention of both sexes. Her very bearing had a touch of the arrogance displayed by her English father, and the natural grace and charm of her mother, which made her even more desirable to Albert.

In the privacy of their room Albert spoke his mind.

"Do you realize how desirable you looked to-

night? Everyone turned to admire you at the theatre. I had a strange feeling that I must guard you closely or I'd be in danger of losing you. My parents have fallen in love with you and say that I am a very lucky man to have won you. I am almost afraid of losing you after the attention you received this evening."

"You're my husband and I love you, Albert," Welthy Ann answered. "There is no danger that I would fall in love with other men; I'm so happy with you."

She rested her head on his arm and with a contented sigh, like the purr of a kitten, settled down beside her husband. Her nearness was balm to the wound of suspicion he had suffered, and he shut out all unpleasant thoughts from his mind and drew her tenderly to himself.

Passion nurtures the delicate flower of love when there is marital oneness; it can also be a demanding, sensual thing that destroys love.



CHAPTER VIII

Time passed swiftly and pleasantly for Albert and Welthy Ann Munson. She acquired the grace and polish of a woman of the world. They were readily accepted by the cream of Boston society. The girl who had so recently left her log cabin home was now at ease in the drawing room of the best homes. Women were attracted to her, and men readily laid their hearts at her feet. In addition, good fortune smiled upon the business that Albert was engaged in.

"We should go to visit your folks, Welthy Ann," Albert suggested to her.

"I have been thinking about Ma so much recently, and it would be so good to see her," the girl replied, giving him a warm smile.

"I think we can make plans to go in a few days. I'll combine business with pleasure; I can go on to the northern part of Aroostook County while you spend a few days with your family. I'll make reservations on the stagecoach today, so get your pretty clothes packed for a vacation in Maine."

When the Munsons arrived in Bridgewater the town turned out en masse to welcome them.

"Welthy Ann, is it really you?" asked Mr. Hume with a broad smile as he shook hands with her. "Where did you find such a grand lady, Munson?" he went on. "We've spoken of you folks so many times, and I always ask Will if they've heard from you. Come in and have dinner with us, and we'll send you out to Shain's in the best horse and buggy we've got. Helen ain't home now, but my wife will be glad to see you."

After much talk about business, politics and the price of shingles the Munsons started for the Shain place.

The Shain family was overjoyed to see Wel-

thy Ann again. They were a little shy of this grand lady in her fine clothes.

"We'd like to do something for you, Mr. Shain," Albert said. "Business has been very good and now we are able to help out."

The two men were sitting outside the cabin, while the women folks talked inside.

"I shouldn't tell you about it, but there's a farm on the West Ridge Road in Mars Hill, that I'd like to buy; I'm sure we could have a better living than we've ever had before, if we could get the farm. My boys, Lincoln and Enoch, can take the place of any man, and Amos is getting to be quite a help too."

"We'll go to see the owner tomorrow, and possibly the deal can go through while we are here. Welthy Ann and I are very happy together and we are both anxious to see you folk in a more pleasant situation. Talk it over with your wife tonight and tell us what you have decided, in the morning."

"Sarah, they're goin' to buy us a farm," Will told his wife when they were alone that night. "While Albert and I were outdoors talking he told me they'd come up to see us and to help us out. Ain't it wonderful to think about? We've had a hard time, but with land of our own we can do fine. I am so glad that Welthy

Ann has such a nice man, and I'm so happy I could shout. We'll go see the owner of that farm in Mars Hill, and if he'll sell reasonable, we'll own a farm before Albert and Welthy Ann go back to Boston."

"I am almost scared of Welthy Ann, she's so grand," Sarah confided. "Albert's made a lady out of her and I can see that he loves her so much. She said his Pa and Ma were to visit them and they were real nice to her. Some of the clothes she's sent us, his Ma gave her. Now it don't seem real that they're goin' to give us a home. It's so wonderful ain't it? I can hardly wait for morning to come, I'm that anxious about it."

Finally, after much planning, Will and Sarah went to sleep. Sunrise found them up and busy with the morning chores and breakfast. Over their mush and milk Albert outlined their day. They'd go to Mars Hill to look at the farm. Albert said he didn't know much about the value of a piece of land, but he'd trust Mr. Hume's judgment; hadn't Mr. Hume told him that Welthy Ann was the woman for him, and he gave her a look that told her he thought Mr. Hume's judgment was perfect.

"We can't get back tonight, if we go to Mars Hill, Sarah," Will said.

"We can find lots to talk about if you're gone for a week," Sarah laughingly responded, "but hurry back 'cause we'll be wanting to know what you find out," she said in a serious tone.

After the men had gone the two women sat down to talk. There was so much to say and the heart of each one was full, but words did not come easy. Minutes passed, each glancing self-consciously at the other.

She's such a grand lady with her fine clothes and manners, Sarah was thinking. Can this be the girl we brought up in this log cabin? She seems so far from me now, and I can't say the things I'd like to say to her.

Welthy Ann's mind was busy, too. I love this woman sitting near me, but she seems far removed. I'm the girl she took to her heart so long ago, and slaved to give a home to; what has happened to our relationship as mother and daughter?

"Hurry up, Ma, the old cow is out in the garden," one of the boys shouted.

Sarah rushed out of the house without a word and Welthy Ann, holding her skirts high, was close behind. They chased the cow back into her pen, and the ice was broken for the two women. A rush of small talk was kept up for hours. The only interruption was time out for

Sarah to make some biscuits that Welthy Ann had always liked.

The next day the men returned and related all that had taken place during their absence. The farm had been duly purchased and they would move in a few days. The neighbors were glad for the Shain's good luck and called to tell them so.

The days passed all too soon, and Albert and Welthy Ann were going home. The girls had listened with avid pleasure to the tales about life in the city that Welthy Ann told them. To them, she was a goddess in silk and lace, and they hated to see her go away.

Good-byes were said and Welthy Ann embraced Sarah for the last time.

CHAPTER IX

"Glad to be home again, Dear?" Albert affectionately inquired.

They were dressing for a dinner party several nights after their return from visiting the Shains, in Maine.

"It was so nice to see them again, and to know that they're well provided for now," Welthy Ann replied. "Albert, I do appreciate what you've done for them, and of course you've made them all so happy."

"I did it for you, My Dear," returned her husband. "I want you to be happy and that's one way to secure your happiness."

"I wonder what interesting people we'll meet tonight. Mrs. L ---- always prides herself on the number of celebrities she can entertain at a dinner party," Albert said, changing the subject from Welthy Ann's folks to their own mutual interests.

"There are several young government geologists in town, who have been attending a Harvard home-coming, and Mrs. L ---- plans to invite them. They are leaving for Denver,

Colorado, in a few days and will no doubt be glad of the opportunity to enjoy an evening at her palatial home before committing themselves to the loneliness of a wilderness camp," Welthy Ann said.

Albert glanced at his wife while she was speaking. He never ceased to admire this lovely creature who was his. No wonder other men were attracted to her, she was as lovely as Venus, but with arms. Picking up her cloak, he put it around her shoulders; he couldn't resist the impulse to kiss her as he did so.

Arriving at the mansion of Mrs. L ---- they found a large company assembled there. As they entered the hall their hostess came toward them, followed by a young man.

"Samuel has been telling me that he must meet you, Welthy Ann," the lady said with a smile, as she presented the young man to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Munson. Welthy Ann smiled as she acknowledged the introduction, and Albert shook hands with Samuel Emmons, a young geology professor at Harvard.

Welthy Ann was seated next to Emmons at the table and soon they were engaged in a conversation.

"How long have you been in Boston, Mrs. Munson," he wanted to know.

"A few years—since I was married," was her reply.

"I saw you at the theatre and decided I must meet you," he continued.

Welthy Ann was beginning to feel embarrassed by his attention to her, but he went on talking.

"I'm sorry that I'm leaving so soon myself, but we're going to Denver to make a survey. It shouldn't take long and I'll be coming back here on my way to Washington. I plan to see you then."

"You certainly made a hit with Samuel, Mrs. Munson," teased Mrs. L ---- as she bade them goodnight. "Better take care or he'll be running away with your charming wife, Mr. Munson," she continued, smiling.

Albert had little to say as they went home in the cab. Once inside their own house, he turned and faced his wife.

"What Mrs. L ---- said wasn't pleasant to hear. The thought of losing you is unbearable to me; I try not to think about the possibility, but people seem to delight in reminding me of it. This man, Emmons, has much to offer a woman, but why should he desire another man's wife? Forgive me, Dear, let's forget it and retire."

It wasn't so easy to forget that another man found his wife so desirable, and as the days went by Albert found his mind occupied with unpleasant thoughts.

On the surface things seemed the same but he noticed a restlessness in Welthy Ann, which seemed to grow as time passed. Childless women often became restless he had heard, so this might be the time to suggest having a child. When an opportunity presented itself he would take advantage of it.

Strolling along the street one day Welthy Ann stooped to pat a dirty little urchin on the head and to speak kindly to him. Seeing the tender look in her eyes when she spoke to the child, Albert seized the opportunity.

"I think we should have a child of our own," he said bluntly, not at all as he had so carefully planned to say it.

"That has been my desire for some time," his wife sweetly answered. "A child is a bit of heaven sent to earth, to make parents glad," she added with feeling.

They made plans which unfortunately never materialized, and as time passed Albert and Welthy Ann became reconciled to the fact that they would never have a child.



CHAPTER X

Welthy Ann learned to content herself with her home, her social engagements, and charities. Her restlessness had subsided and life flowed along smoothly.

One morning when she returned from visiting a needy family she was surprised to find Professor Emmons in the parlor waiting for her.

"I told him to come in and wait for you, Ma'am," her maid whispered as she entered the house.

"I told you I'd see you when I returned home, did I not," the man said with a smile as he came forward and took her hand. "You are more

beautiful than when I saw you last, and I hope to see you often during my stay in town."

Welthy Ann flushed with embarrassment at what she saw in the man's eyes. She knew she should send him about his own business; but being young, restless and extremely flattered by his attention she mentally shrugged her shoulders and with a smile invited him to resume his seat while she shed her cloak.

"I was on my way to lunch and would like to have you join me," he said.

The woman knew that her husband would not be pleased to learn that she had been so bold as to accompany a strange man to lunch, but something within seemed to urge her on, so she accepted the proffered invitation.

"It's so much more pleasant to eat lunch with a beautiful woman across the table; I'm tired of male company and you have made me very happy by coming with me today," Professor Emmons confided as he leaned nearer to Welthy Ann.

The look in his eyes warned her that he was making love to her, but delicious little shivers ran up her spine as she listened to him. His low voice intrigued her and his eyes caressed her as they sat there together.

Luncheon over, they strolled out into the bright sunlight.

"I really must go now," Welthy Ann said. "We have a dinner engagement tonight and I always ride in the afternoon, and take a nap before dressing for dinner. Thank you for the lunch."

"I'll call for you soon, I want you to attend the concert at the B----."

He pressed her hand as he helped her into the carriage; stood watching while she rode away, then hurried across the street.

Arriving home, Welthy Ann changed into her riding habit and rode along the bridle-path. The sky had darkened and looked like a shower might come up. The lightning flashed and made patterns in the sky. She loved a storm and failed to understand why most people were so terrified when a sudden storm came. It was raining very hard when she turned her horse toward home; she was drenched by the deluge by the time she reached the house. Quickly she changed into dry clothes and stretched out on the bed to rest.

Welthy Ann said nothing to Albert of her luncheon date with Professor Emmons. She had a guilty feeling and decided it would be best not to mention the incident. It would, in all prob-

ability, not happen again; the young man would be gone and besides, she didn't wish to worry her husband unnecessarily. No harm had been done; that sort of thing happened every day; women lunched with men who were not their husbands. Albert had seemed so upset over the attention the young man had paid her, and she promised herself that it would not be repeated.

While they were dressing for dinner she feigned interest in what Albert was saying.

"You weren't paying attention to what I was saying to you, Darling," Albert said, "I asked you if you'd like to move to New York. Father thinks I'll be able to look after the business to a better advantage from there. If you wish, we'll sell this place and move. Wouldn't you like to go with me to find a house?"

Aroused from her dreaming, Welthy Ann began thinking of how much it had meant to her to come to Boston. It had literally been the land of her dreams; now she could go to New York if she chose to do so. She had been quite content here; happy, as far as Albert was capable of making her happy. Lately she realized that she didn't care for him in the same way that Sarah cared for Will. Why did she hide from him the fact that she had been to lunch with a man they had met recently? There was really nothing to

hide, but she knew that he would not be pleased to learn of it.

"I would like to live in New York if you wish to, Albert," Welthy Ann replied after a period of silence.

* * *

The Munsons moved into their New York home in a flurry of excitement. Welthy Ann had shopped extensively to find just the right color brocades, the proper furniture, and suitable servants. Those who attended their "open house" remarked that Mrs. Munson showed exquisite taste in furnishing her home. They began to entertain on a grand scale. The "best people" were to be found at their parties.

* * *

One evening without warning, Professor Emmons appeared at the Munson home, unheralded and unannounced. The maid told Welthy Ann that a man who had been there twice that day, was waiting in the parlor for her. Wondering who it could be, she stepped into the room. She was disturbed to find Professor Emmons there. He was his usual debonair self.

"I came to call as soon as I learned where you were living, Welthy Ann. It is so good to see you again, and you recall that I said I *would* see you again, and soon. I'll be in town for

several days and I wanted to take you to lunch tomorrow. I'll call for you at one; do not disappoint me, My Dear."

With no further word he was gone.

"Who was that, Welthy Ann?" Albert asked as he entered the room from his study.

"Only Mrs. Hudson's coachman," lied Welthy Ann automatically.

Why had she given Albert that false reply? She didn't know. Why should she try to conceal the fact that a casual acquaintance had called on her? She regretted it, but now it was too late to undo it. Better to just let it pass, anyhow, she wouldn't go to lunch with him the next day.

* * *

Professor Emmons arrived promptly at one the next day and was ushered into the parlor to wait for her.

"Do you wish to lunch at Squires'?"

"I do not wish to go to lunch with you, Sir," Welthy Ann said in reply to his query.

"But Welthy Ann, I'm all alone in the city, and lonely for your exhilarating company," he said with feeling, "come with me today and cheer me up."

"When you put it that way I can hardly re-

fuse, although I'm sure I *should* refuse your invitation," she answered as she rose.

The man feasted his eyes upon her as she went from the room to dress. What a beauty she was: high-breasted, slim-waisted, and smooth-hipped, with the carriage of a queen. The price might be high, but she would be worth it; he must have her, no matter what the cost might be.

She soon returned, ready to go; with a nod of approval the man took her arm and they left the house.

"Do you know that I have broken my routine, in pursuing you to New York?" Professor Emmons asked when they were seated in the restaurant. "It isn't my usual custom to pursue a lady, especially when she has a husband, but I find myself so infatuated with you that I am powerless to do otherwise."

Surprised, Welthy Ann could find no suitable answer for the man. He was presuming a great deal, she thought.

"It is very flattering to learn that so famous a man finds one interesting," she said.

The burning look in the man's eyes spoke more eloquently than mere words could have done. Suppose he really was in love with her, what then? She kept her eyes averted and

toyed with her food; her appetite had abruptly forsaken her.

Life was no simple, staid affair; it had become a moving, tumultuous current that carried one along with no regard for convention, and with the normal pattern suddenly disturbed.

* * *

Professor Emmons left Welthy Ann at the door of her home after bidding her a reluctant goodbye.

* * *

During her daily canter on Prince, Welthy Ann mentally reviewed the events of the past week. Trying to unravel the mystery was like trying to fit together the pieces of an unfamiliar puzzle, after someone had juggled them around. She finally gave up the mental struggle and thoroughly enjoyed her ride. It was a fine day and the horse was eager to go. She rode farther than was her usual custom, and when she decided to return home she noticed that it was growing dark. She loved this time of day, and the cool air against her face as she rode along gave her a feeling of contentment and well-being.

CHAPTER XI

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," the secretary announced, "he didn't give his name."

"Send him in," Albert Munson replied with a puzzled frown.

Who could be calling at this late hour? It was time for dinner and he wanted to go home. Welthy Ann was very punctual and expected others to display the same quality.

Professor Emmons entered the room and without preliminary stated his business.

"Munson, I'm in love with your wife and I mean to have her. Since the first time I saw the woman I haven't been able to get her out of my mind. I'm sure she feels the same way about me too. I haven't tried to steal her from you behind your back; I decided I would come to you and lay my cards on the table. I can give her the sort of life she is destined for, travel and security. She is restless and bored with the sort of thing she is enduring now, you must realize that. I have taken her to lunch or dinner several times and that is all; I am not a coward to steal from a man when his back is

turned, but can resort to that method if necessary. She's in my blood and I must have her for myself. Think it over and give me your answer, but don't be too long."

The scholarly Professor finished his astounding revelation and left the room. Albert found it difficult to believe what the man had said. Could it be true that Welthy Ann preferred the dapper gentleman?

He could recall the effect she had had upon him the first time he saw her. To possess her had been his first thought. It had not been physical only, this feeling he had had for the girl. If he chose to yield to the preposterous demand the Professor had made would it make Welthy Ann happy? It was too great a surprise to have a ready answer, better to take time to think it over and get his wife's answer to this riddle.

Albert put on his hat, took his cane and left the office. He'd better walk a bit before going home, blows like this were seldom aimed directly at the solar plexus, and he needed time to collect his thoughts before facing his wife.

"Albert, have you forgotten that we were to have dinner with the Hudsons?" Welthy Ann inquired as he entered her room.

The man looked around the room that his

wife had so beautifully arranged. It was a symphony of color, just the sort of place an exquisite person like herself should occupy. She had furnished the whole house in the same manner. He hadn't fully realized before what a taste for beauty the woman had. Her personal beauty had been his only interest.

As he removed his hat he saw his reflection in the mirror. He was getting heavy, not a little bald, and he flushed as he thought of the slightly built Professor who had a heavy head of hair.

He loved his wife, but if she was pining to have a change he couldn't find it in his heart to deny her the privilege. After all, what man wants a woman who wishes she was in another man's arms. Not that she had been; he didn't believe Emmons had made love to her, or that she knew Emmons had come to see him. He'd see the man and tell him it was up to him to make all the unpleasant arrangements for the separation. Summoning his courage he said with a smile.

"I don't feel like having dinner with anyone tonight, just call Mrs. Hudson and tell her that we are unable to come. Come sit beside me, I have something to tell you."

"What's the matter, Albert? You look so strange."

"Welthy Ann, I have decided that you and I are no longer suited to each other, and that we'd better go our separate ways while we're still on a friendly basis. I've never been one to advocate marriage after love has fled. I wish you luck, My Dear, and should you need me, I shall be ready to come to your aid. Now, if you'll excuse me, I will retire to my room."

Welthy Ann sat stunned as he had left her. What did he mean, she hadn't given him reason to feel as he did. She had seen Professor Emmons a few times, but aside from his admiring glances he hadn't given her any intimation that he was seriously interested in her. Albert was a man who knew what he wanted, and now he evidently didn't want her. She sighed, rose from her chair by the window and began preparations for retiring. She did not feel like eating, so summoned the maid to bring her a glass of warm milk. Possibly Albert would change his mind by morning, but she had a feeling that what he said was final.

Sleep did not come readily; she thought of the folks at home and longed for the understanding and comfort that Ma could give in time of trouble and discouragement.

Succumbing to her fears and loneliness Welthy Ann wept, and for the first time in her life there was no one near to console her.

* * *

A few days in the quiet house were all Welthy Ann cared to endure. Even her horse failed to occupy much of her time. Albert had been in earnest when he said their separation was final. What to do was the important question now. She was roused from her dismal thoughts by the maid.

"A gentleman to see you, Ma'am," announced the girl.

She had a feeling it was Professor Emmons, so she asked,

"Is it Professor Emmons?"

"Yes, Ma'am, it is," the maid replied.

"Tell him I'll be down right away."

Dismissed, the maid closed the door softly and hurried below to inform the waiting gentleman that her mistress would see him.

When she entered the room where Professor Emmons was comfortably seated, he rose and came eagerly toward her with his hand outstretched.

"I am so happy to see you again, My Dear," he said with a smile. "Please sit down, I have something to tell you. Not so far away, sit here

near me," and he indicated a place on the Chesterfield beside himself.

Welthy Ann's brows raised as if to inquire what it all meant; enlightenment came as he explained his visit.

"I have wanted you ever since I first saw you that night in Boston, and I have tried without success to get you out of my mind. I love you, and I must have you. I want you to marry me and to make it easy to do that, Mr. Munson, your husband, has agreed to a divorce. You are to go to Connecticut without delay and apply for it. Take Annie, your personal maid, with you, or let her go and secure another one, whichever you prefer. I have arranged everything and the procedure should be a very simple one. I have also arranged passage on a boat to Europe for you, and will meet you in London when you arrive. We can be married immediately and spend our honeymoon there."

Welthy Ann sat as if she had been hypnotized during the astounding revelation. This man had coolly made all the necessary plans for her separation from Albert, her subsequent divorce, her journey to London, and her marriage to himself. She could now understand Albert's action in leaving the house and thus attempting to remove himself from her life. It was like a

fantastic tale and she must have time to ponder it by herself. She rose to leave the room, then turning to face the man by her side she said,

"I must think over this plan of yours; it has been such a surprise to me that I cannot give you an immediate answer. Excuse me, I must go to my room."

"Tell me that you are not angry with me for what I've done," the man pleaded.

Quickly taking the woman in his arms he drew her close and kissed her warm lips. This woman moved him as no other had ever been able to.

Welthy Ann could feel the beating of his heart as he embraced her. The emotion of the moment was shared by her. This man had the power to thrill her. Was the thrill she was experiencing, love, or sheer physical desire?

Satisfied that the woman in his arms was mutually aroused, Professor Emmons gently released Welthy Ann, took his hat and cane and left the house.

Welthy Ann sat down on the sofa to recover her composure before ringing for Annie. She was disturbed by the Professor's visit, much more than she cared to admit, even to herself.

Annie appeared as soon as Welthy Ann rang for her. Entering the room she asked,

"You called me, Ma'am?"

"Sit down, Annie, I have something to say to you."

Annie sat stiffly on the edge of her chair waiting for her mistress to begin.

"I'm going to Connecticut in a few days, Annie. Do you wish to go with me? I'll not return here, but will sail for Europe after my stay in Connecticut is over."

Annie was unable to conceal her surprise at what her mistress had said.

"I'd like to go anywhere you go if you want me, Ma'am."

"We will close up the house when we leave. Do you think we could be ready in a week?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I'm sure we could, I'll get the other servants to help me right away. We'll need to get busy today, if we're to leave in a week."

One week later Welthy Ann and Annie left for Connecticut to take up residence there.

The divorce secured, they sailed for Europe, where they were to meet Professor Emmons.

CHAPTER XII

Brief social notes in the local papers revealed the following items:

Mrs. Welthy Ann Munson and her maid, Annie, sailed for Europe on July 21. They were met by Professor Samuel F. Emmons and Professor Emmons and Mrs. Munson were married in London. After a brief honeymoon on the Rhine they returned to the United States.

* * *

Professor and Mrs. Samuel F. Emmons visited his mother in Massachusetts before returning to New York, enroute to their ranch home in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

* * *

Mrs. Welthy Ann Emmons of New York and Cheyenne, Wyoming, was injured in a fall from her horse. She was riding in company with her husband, Professor Samuel Emmons, and a party of friends.

* * *

"We will stop briefly in New York, on our way to Cheyenne. I want to call at the jeweler's to get something I ordered for you before

I came to meet you in London, Darling," the tall dark man said to his lovely companion as they stood on the deck of the steamer that was bringing them back to the United States.

"Oh, Samuel, something more for me? You've showered me with gifts already," his wife said as she leaned closer to him. He raised her chin with his fingers and looked full into her velvety eyes, then kissed her warm, moist lips. The moon was bright now and he could feel the thrill of her nearness, and see the smile on her lovely face as he released her.

"Let's go below, Mrs. Emmons," he said, "these other passengers are too curious."

Welthy Ann laughed her low musical laugh and followed her husband.

* * *

Arriving at their hotel Professor Emmons said,

"I won't be gone long, Baby, remember I have a date with a jeweler."

True to his promise he returned within an hour and entered their room. With the infectious excitement of a young lover he dropped a small package into Welthy Ann's lap. She opened the box with trembling fingers and was amazed at the beauty of the ring inside. The

stone blazed upon its velvet pillow, a thing of rare beauty.

"Like it, Darling?" he asked.

"It's gorgeous, Samuel, I've never seen anything so magnificent," she replied. She allowed him to place the ring on her finger, then impulsive Welthy Ann put her arms around his neck; he held her in a long embrace, then as he gently released her he said teasingly, "For such a fitting reward, I shall bring the lady pretty baubles more often."

"It's a larger stone than the one you bought in France."

"Yes, that one was a three carat, and this one is four the jeweler said. They must be fine gems, to grace the hand of so lovely a lady as my wife," he answered fondly.

"We'll leave for Cheyenne tomorrow; I'm anxious for you to see our ranch home. You'll enjoy furnishing it," he concluded.

* * *

Professor Emmons and his wife were established in their comfortable ranch home. To make life complete Welthy Ann must have a horse to ride, and they visited nearby ranches looking for just the right mount.

One day Welthy Ann heard a noise outside the door of the house. She hurried to the win-

dow and looked out. Her husband was riding up the driveway leading a spirited pony behind his mount. She heard him call to her just as she opened the door.

"Come out, Baby, and see what I've brought for you."

"Is the pony for me?" she asked in an eager tone, as she walked over and patted its neck. "He looks so serious, Samuel, I'm going to call him, The Judge."

The groom appeared and led the two horses to the stable, and the man and woman went into the house.

"One of our neighbors called in today and said he would bring over three puppies soon, they don't want them and I would love to have them. He asked where I got the birds and I told him about finding them. He was surprised that I left the cage door open, said he reckoned they'd soon fly away," Welthy Ann gaily chattered away, glad to have her husband home for a time. She was very lonely when he was away on business.

They sat down in the spacious living room and Professor Emmons looked around the house which his wife had so tastefully furnished. Turning to her he said,

"You have made this place so homelike that

I hate to leave it, Darling, I didn't dream that you were such a treasure, it's no wonder I felt I couldn't live without you."

"I am glad you are so satisfied with me, Samuel, it would break my heart to lose you. Do not be gone too long in Denver this time. I love this place, but I am so lonely without you," she finished with a sigh.

"Don't sound so tragic, Baby, I shall be home in two or three weeks. Invite some friends to visit you while I'm away. A group of men from back East are due in a few days and our work should progress more rapidly with their help."

The maid announced dinner, and a carriage rolled up to the door.

"I do believe it's Miss Crandell, Welthy Ann," her husband said. "I'm so glad she has come to visit you at this time, now you won't be lonely while I'm away."

Welthy Ann greeted her guest from the doorway, "Come in Anna, we were just ready to sit down to dinner. I have had a surprise today, Samuel brought me a darling pony and I am going to call him 'The Judge' because he looks so serious. I'm so lonely when Samuel is away, but now that you are here I won't miss him so much," she said with a smile at her husband.

Fate had no long periods of happiness in store for lovely Welthy Ann Emmons. Her husband's business kept him away from home for weeks at a time and she could feel that he was not the ardent suitor that he had been during the first years of their life together. A woman longs for her husband who is absent, and a man's arms feel very empty when he is separated from his wife by long miles of distance. Women who are less attractive than his wife become more alluring when desire burns within.

* * *

"I believe I will ride Samuel's horse today," Welthy Ann told the groom.

"I don't think he's safe for you to ride, Ma'am, he's thrown the boys, and he acts wild whenever the saddle is put on him. Mr. Emmons would be awful mad if I let you take that horse and you got hurt," the boy said in a worried tone.

"I won't be gone long, and I haven't ridden since my husband went away, so I would like to."

The groom brought the horse out into the yard. He did prance around and looked frightened, Welthy Ann thought, but she wasn't afraid of him. A short ride would calm his fears and be fun for her. She felt depressed today and

welcomed an opportunity to forget her own problems while she helped the horse banish his fears. She spoke softly to her mount and urged him along; soon he was moving at a fast pace and she forgot everything but the pleasure of the ride.

Annie came out on the piazza when she saw Welthy Ann returning from her ride. The groom stood near the stable door, with a worried look on his face.

"We've been worried ever since you went for your ride, Ma'am," said Annie, "and we're glad to see you back safe."

"I had a grand ride and Prince enjoyed it too, made me remember the horse named Prince that I used to have when I was back home. He was a very spirited horse and I tamed him myself, after a neighbor gave him to me."

As Welthy Ann reminisced, her velvety eyes grew soft and misty. Annie knew that she was lonely for her family because often lately she had a faraway look in her eyes. This charming woman should have the love of those closely related to her; she was capable of deep affection for others and without close daily companionship there was a deep void in her life.

Welthy Ann dismounted and walked slowly into the house. There seemed to be an air of

expectancy about the place; could it be possible that her husband would arrive home soon. She changed into a dress hurriedly and sat by the window; she could look down the long driveway and watch for an approaching rider or carriage.

Her heart beat rapidly as she recognized the familiar form of Samuel, riding along slowly and enjoying the lovely picture the house and gardens made. There were two men coming along behind Samuel; they also were reveling in the unexpected sight of this paradise that had been carefully transplanted in the wilderness.

Welthy Ann went out on the piazza to welcome the travelers. Did she detect a coolness in her husband's greeting, or was it merely her imagination? He seemed aloof, and far removed from her.

Dinner over, the men settled themselves for a game of cards.

Welthy Ann retired early; she lay awake a long time listening for her husband's step outside her door. Her body ached for his embrace and she longed to be assured that all was well between them. She could hear the low drone of voices and the faint whispering sound of the leaves on the tree near her window.

At last, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII

WASHINGTON, APRIL 1884.

"Here's your mail, Ma'am," said Annie as she passed her mistress a pile of letters.

Among the letters was one addressed to Mr. Howard Emmons, and in care of a post office box. It was addressed in purple ink and written on scented paper. The handwriting on the envelope was definitely a woman's.

To read the letter, thought Welthy Ann, would either confirm, or dismiss her suspicions of her husband.

She turned the letter over in her hands, hesitated, tore it open, and began to read.

My Dear Howard,

When are you coming to see your Dear Cora? I have missed you so much and we have so many things to talk over. The house is ready and the furniture we ordered will be delivered in a few days. The maid will be ready to begin her duties when we move into the house. I hope you will be able to come soon.

With love and kisses

Cora

So this was the reason that Samuel had to go to Philadelphia on business so often.

Welthy Ann sat with the letter in her hands a long time. Annie called her to lunch, but she answered that she was not hungry just now. Annie saw her bowed head and longed to comfort her, but left the room quietly. This strange,



beautiful woman was unhappy of late and Annie was unable to help her.

* * *

"A strange letter came today," Welthy Ann said to her husband. "It was addressed to Mr. Howard Emmons and was in care of a post office box. There must be some mistake, unless you know what it means," she added as she passed him the letter.

"I'm sure I do not know why such a letter

should come here," her husband replied with eyes averted.

"Very well, it doesn't matter, I shall return it to the sender unless you would care to tell the truth about it now," Welthy Ann stated very casually.

Glancing at his wife, and quickly turning to face her, he began in a low voice, "I had better tell the truth it seems."

Professor Emmons began pacing the floor and without looking in the direction of his wife he continued,

"I became involved with the woman in a weaker moment, but I assure you that I have regretted it many times. One is not aware of the proportions that such an affair may reach, until it is well advanced. I have even written letters to her that I would give much to have in my possession now."

"I will go to get those letters if you so desire, Samuel," Welthy Ann said without hesitation.

He attempted to take her in his arms, but she avoided him and left the room. At last she had learned the truth about a matter that had bothered her for months. "A woman scorned is a dangerous thing, but a woman neglected is a pitiful thing," thought Welthy Ann as she went to her room.

"Annie, I will be away for a few days," Welthy Ann said to her maid. "Mr. Emmons' Mother is expected today, so will you see that she is made comfortable until I return."

She was tempted to tell Annie just where she was going, but decided against it. Annie had known for some time that all was not well with her mistress, in fact Annie had found a white glove in Mr. Emmons' pocket some time ago, which she knew did not belong to his wife.

* * *

Arriving in Philadelphia, Welthy Ann went directly to the address her husband had admitted was the place where she would find his paramour. It was not an imposing looking place, but summoning her courage she rapped on the door.

A slattern opened the door a crack and demanded to know who she was looking for. When informed that she was looking for Cora York the woman called "Cora" in a loud voice. After some delay Cora made her appearance.

"Come in," Cora invited, and led the way into a large room that evidently served as her living quarters. She motioned toward a chair and invited her visitor to sit down.

"I'm movin' soon, and to a better place than

this," Cora remarked as she looked around the room.

Taking the letter from her purse, Welthy Ann passed it to the woman before her and asked,

"Did you ever see this letter before?"

"Of course I've seen it before, I wrote it," Cora replied at once. "Where in heaven's name did you get it?"

Then it evidently occurred to Cora that the letter might have gone astray and someone recovered it, for she said boldly, "I wrote that to the man I'm going to marry soon."

"He is already married, and to me," Welthy Ann informed the lady. "His name is Professor Samuel Emmons."

"Well, you've got my sympathy if you're married to him," Cora said when she learned who her visitor was. "He's a fine lover, but not a very faithful husband it seems. I'm keeping the letters he wrote me though, they might come in handy sometime."

To the woman's allusion to letters Welthy Ann did not reply; her nimble mind was already devising a scheme whereby she might obtain possession of those letters.

"I will be going home in the morning, but I'd like to come back to visit you tonight," Welthy Ann said in parting. "We might have a little

party and if you will tell me what your favorite "tipple" is, I will bring some along with me."

"Oh, I like Sherry best of all, we've had lots of Sherry when Howard was here, I mean your husband, Mr. Emmons. Excuse me, Ma'am, I didn't mean to bring it up to you like that."

"That is all right, Mrs. York, no offense, good-bye until tonight."

Welthy Ann took a cab to her hotel and made plans for the night's diversion. She ordered "Sherry for the lady" in abundance.

* * *

"You're back just like you said, and I thought all the time that you were only foolin' me," Cora greeted her upon arrival. "Come in, I have company, but you don't care. I don't like to stay alone when I'm waitin' for Howard to show up, so Eddie here comes to see me now and then. Eddie likes a little somethin' to drink too, don't you Eddie," and she smiled fondly in Eddie's general direction.

Eddie looked embarrassed but didn't bother to reply. He got up as if to go, but Welthy Ann indicated the chair he had just vacated and invited him to stay. He gave her an odd look but resumed his seat.

Cora brought out glasses for the three of them, and filled them from the bottle of Sherry

that her guest had furnished. Welthy Ann had heard that Sherry was a good thing to "oil" a tongue with, and as it was Cora's favorite "tip-ple" she aimed to see that Cora's thirst was slaked.

Eddie was the first to succumb; his heavy breathing indicated that he was asleep, and while he snored loudly on, Cora became voluble.

"You know I've been in Washington with Howard, and he took me out West where he had a big ranch, but I was lonesome for Eddie and I didn't stay out there very long. He said he was coming down here a long time ago, and I waited and waited, and then I thought I'd just write him a letter and find out what he was goin' to do about all the things we'd bought. He acted kinda funny the last time he was here and maybe he didn't mean to come back no more."

"Why don't you let me see the letters he wrote you?" Welthy Ann ventured again. "I would like to see them; how do I know you have any letters, I haven't seen any."

"I got letters all right," and Cora made her way to the bed and reaching under it came up with a small chest. She passed the chest to her guest and admonishing her to "be careful of

'em" she watched while Welthy Ann opened the chest and took out a packet of letters tied with a ribbon.

Cora was rather drowsy by now, and making sure that the letters in her hands were written by her husband, Welthy Ann replaced the ribbon around them and reaching for her purse she said, "I will give you \$500.00 for these letters."

Cora snatched at them and mumbled that they had been written by her "Dearest Howard" and that she wouldn't let them go, then remembering that her "Dearest Howard" was this woman's husband she said, "Yes, you take 'em, he's no good for you or me either. You tell him I won't look for him no more, this money will keep me and Eddie awhile. I pity you too, if he's really your husband, Dearie," and clutching the money Cora succumbed to the effect of the "Sherry."

With tears in her eyes Welthy Ann left the room with its sordid occupants sprawled upon the bed, snoring. Morning would greet them in the usual way, bleary-eyed and thirsty.

* * *

Back in her room, Welthy Ann placed the letters in her valise. She was glad she had acquired the hateful things, but she wondered if this was

the end of such unpleasant business. Her husband was evidently anxious to retrieve any evidence that could be used against him, and willing for his wife to attend to the unsavory details. How could a man of his intellectual ability find companionship with a woman of Cora's type? He had no doubt shared the room with her in Eddie's absence. It must have been a stench in his immaculate nostrils, when he paused to consider it all.

Unable to find an answer to this enigma, Welthy Ann went to bed. She would return home in the morning and decide what solution to her problem she would pursue.

CHAPTER XIV

"I am so happy to see you, My Dear," the elder Mrs. Emmons greeted Welthy Ann on her return home. "It was so lonely here in the house without you last night, and I am sure that Samuel felt the emptiness too, for he paced the floor a long time after we retired. I could hear him walking to and fro in his room. It makes me happy to know that my son is so happy with you."

The old lady talked on in her cheerful tone, asking questions about her son's work, their plans for their forthcoming trip to Europe, and all the time Welthy Ann was trying to concentrate on what the woman was saying her mind was busy with the problem at hand. She must see her husband and tell him that she had been able to secure the letters from Cora. She wondered what his reaction would be. She had not long to wait; her husband appeared in the door of her room and greeted her warmly.

"I am so glad you are back home again, Baby," her husband said with a smile. "The house was like a tomb without you."

"I am happy to be home after a tiresome journey," she replied.

The man came forward and embraced his wife, to the evident satisfaction of his mother and the discomfort of his wife.

"I have something to show you, Samuel, will you come into the library," Welthy Ann said.

Professor Emmons followed his wife into the library and closed the door. Turning to her he asked in an expectant voice,

"Did you get the letters?"

"I got the letters," Welthy Ann replied, as she passed the small package to him.

He looked them over, and turning to her said in a low voice, "Shall we burn them in the fireplace? I am as anxious as you are to see the things destroyed."

Welthy Ann nodded her head without replying audibly. Her husband dropped the packet into the fireplace and watched the flames lick at the edges of the letters. He was thinking that he would erase from his mind all thoughts of the letters, just as the fire was erasing the visible evidence of them.

His wife was busy with her thoughts too — if only the memory of those letters could be destroyed as finally as the letters themselves were being done away with.

"Can you forgive me for the unhappiness I have caused you, Welthy Ann?" her husband asked in his usual low voice.

"I had no idea you were interested in other women to the extent you have been, and it has made me so very unhappy," she replied sadly.

"I promise you it will not happen again; say that you forgive me," he pleaded. "I love you and you alone, and cannot bear to see you suffer," he continued. "Come, let us return to Mother, she will think we are having a lovers' quarrel," he added lightly, attempting to encircle her with his arms.

Welthy Ann was in no mood for his caresses and without a glance in his direction, she went from the room.

* * *

"I am making plans to go to London for awhile," Welthy Ann announced at dinner. "I will be gone for some time, so will take Annie with me.

"So soon, Dear?" her husband asked, and as an after-thought he said, "I will meet you in Vienna and we will visit in Berlin and Dresden before returning home. I can hire a housekeeper, to look after things while you are away. I expect to be in Denver most of the time, but that will not interfere with my going to meet you in

Vienna. Also, I have settled a larger allowance upon you, so that you will be able to travel wherever you wish to go, while in Europe."

"Thank you, Samuel, you are very generous with me," Welthy Ann said, giving her husband one of her rare smiles.

The man was dazzled by the smile and inwardly promised himself that from now on, philandering was for others and not for him. This beautiful woman across the table from him was his, and he was a lucky man to possess her. She was a little difficult at times, but very desirable. What a fool he had been to waste his time, and jeopardize his position, with women like Cora.

Plans for the trip went forward; the housekeeper arrived and was duly installed; Professor Emmons left for Denver, and Welthy Ann and her faithful maid, Annie, were ready to sail.

* * *

Traveling is very interesting, but a poor compensation for a home and husband, so Welthy Ann became bored with it all. She was pleased to see her husband when he arrived in Vienna. Together they visited places of interest in Berlin and Dresden, and with an understanding that they would meet in Washington, in July, the

Professor sailed for the United States to finish his survey in Denver.

Welthy Ann arrived in Washington on July fourth, and went to the new house her husband had purchased during her absence. The cabman rang the bell without success. Laughingly she told him that she could arouse her husband with a deer call she had learned in the West. She stood beneath the window and gave the deer call.

Professor Emmons appeared at the window and seeing his wife said,

"Baby, are you here? Come to the door and I will let you in. I'm so glad to see you."

Her homecoming was pleasant and Welthy Ann began to shop for furnishings for the new home. She did not care for the housekeeper that her husband had engaged, but the woman seemed efficient, so she accepted her assistance as a matter of course.

Professor Emmons was very attentive to his wife and they seemed to recapture the old feeling for each other. They went to Cheyenne for a month, and upon their return he suggested a vacation on the Riviera.

"I will not be able to go due to the pressure of work, but you might take Mrs. de Cormis, the

housekeeper, for a companion. She would be more efficient than Annie."

"Very well, if you have decided that I should take Mrs. de Cormis with me, I shall do so."

"Before you leave it might be wise to see the doctor, to be sure that you are well physically."

This announcement came as a surprise to Welthy Ann. She had not slept well of late, but thought it was due to the strain she had been through, in fact she had not slept well since her trip to Philadelphia. It was all so upsetting, to learn of her husband's indiscretion. It might be wise to consult the physician before leaving for Europe.

Mrs. de Cormis accompanied her to the doctor's office. He proceeded to give her a routine checkup, asking questions about her daily habits, her appetite, and her sleeping habits.

Mrs. de Cormis appeared to know more about her than a mere housekeeper should know, and Welthy Ann wondered about it after leaving the doctor's office.

"What did the doctor say today?" Professor Emmons wanted to know.

"He seemed to think I was healthy enough," Welthy Ann replied. "Was there any special reason for me to consult him?"

"No, only that you haven't slept well for some

time and I was worried about you," he quickly replied to her question.

There was a question in her mind that she did not give voice to, an uneasy feeling that all was not well. However, she went on with her plans and was soon ready to sail for Europe.

CHAPTER XV

When the "Servia" sailed for Europe the passenger list contained names of three women, one of whom was familiar to residents of New York and Washington, namely, Mrs. Welthy Ann Emmons, her companion, Mrs. de Cormis, and her maid, Annie Watters.

Two days out to sea found Mrs. de Cormis resentful of the lack of attention she received from Mrs. Emmons. One morning as they were sitting in the stateroom Mrs. Emmons remarked,

"I almost wish I had stayed at home instead of taking a trip at this time."

"You would have stayed at home if you weren't a lunatic," Mrs. de Cormis replied with malice. "As for me, I wish I had stayed with the Professor as his mistress, instead of traveling around with you."

Welthy Ann was shocked at Mrs. de Cormis' remark. Now she could understand what the doctor had meant by the strange questions he had asked her. Her husband had sent her to the doctor for a purpose, and had sent Mrs. de Cor-

mis with her to learn what the doctor said about her. It was now plain that Mrs. de Cormis was in her husband's employ and that she was not merely a companion to herself.

"I do not care to have you accompany me as my companion, therefore, I am releasing you from further duties as such," Welthy Ann said.

"As I told you before, I am sorry I did not stay at home with your husband, I find him a more congenial companion than you've turned out to be," returned Mrs. de Cormis.

"What do you expect to do in London?" Welthy Ann asked. "You might find a man there who would suit your taste as well as my husband does."

"I have not led a life of shame yet, have you?" Mrs de Cormis asked spitefully.

"I don't think I have," Welthy Ann replied.

"Any good woman would not have to hesitate about an answer to that question," said Mrs. de Cormis.

The reply was a resounding slap across the face. Welthy Ann was strong and she wrestled with her companion a good while, boxing her ears sharply, but finally Mrs. de Cormis managed to lift her off her feet and carry her out of the stateroom where she set her down on the outer deck. As she did so she said,

"I will make you pay for this, you lunatic."

Welthy Ann did not leave her stateroom often during the rest of the voyage, so she did not see Mrs. de Cormis again until they reached London.

One evening when Welthy Ann and Annie were taking a walk, a policeman accompanied by a heavily veiled woman accosted them and Welthy Ann was arrested on a charge of insanity. Annie pleaded in vain, for the officer paid no attention to her and Welthy Ann spent the night in jail. The next morning Mrs. de Cormis did not appear to testify against her, so Welthy Ann was released.

Mrs. de Cormis realized what a monstrous thing she had done, so she came to Welthy Ann and asked her forgiveness, promising to do something to make up for the inconvenience she had caused her.

Annie tried to comfort her mistress, but Welthy Ann was most unhappy and brooded over the awful treatment she had received from her husband. It was now plain that he was willing to use drastic measures to get his own way. She returned home to find that Professor Emmons had moved out of the house, and through his lawyer had entered into articles of separation with her.

CHRISTMAS EVE — 1885

Welthy Ann decided to do something for her servants and poor families that she knew. She trimmed a Christmas tree with all sorts of odd things — a pair of Professor Emmons' shoes for a poor old man; an old opera hat for her eighteen-year-old footman, who said he'd like to wear it when he courted his sweetheart; small Washington monuments made of soap — an insinuation to the servants to keep cleaner; toys and clothing for poor folks who would otherwise have no gifts on Christmas Day. She had finished trimming the tree and called Annie to see it. Together they admired it and discussed the happiness and surprise the different ones would feel when they saw the gifts in the morning.

Their enjoyment came to an abrupt end as Dr. Kempster was announced. He entered the room and stood as one turned to stone when he saw the strange assortment of gifts, on the Christmas tree.

Annie left the room immediately, with a feeling of impending disaster. The grim look on Dr. Kempster's face haunted her through the long evening and far into the night. Welthy Ann had been as happy as a child over the tree, until the doctor had appeared. All the happiness had drained from her lovely face at sight of him,

and Annie longed to go to her and comfort her in her hour of need.

* * *

Christmas morning, 1885 — A bright and frosty morning. The invited guests arrived early at the mansion and were welcomed by their hostess. The gifts were distributed, a fine breakfast was served, and it was truly a Merry Christmas for them. Welthy Ann looked exquisite in her clinging gown, presiding at the table. The sad look left her velvety eyes as she ministered to the unfortunate ones she had sought to make glad on the "day of all days," the birthday of the Saviour.

A tired but happy company left the somber mansion after the festivities were over. Welthy Ann retired to her room to dress for dinner.

The winter passed slowly for the lonely woman in the house on Connecticut Avenue. She went out seldom and entertained only a few friends during that time. Her weekly visits to needy families occupied much of her time, but the periods of loneliness she experienced were times of heartbreak for her. The shadows under her eyes, deepened, and the color left her cheeks. Annie tried to rouse her from the state of lethargy she had fallen into, but without success.

CHAPTER XVI

MARCH 10, 1886

Professor Samuel F. Emmons, the geologist, petitioned the Equity Court to appoint a jury to inquire into the sanity of his wife, Welthy Ann Emmons, and to devise some means by which her estate may be managed if she is found to be insane. He filed the affidavits of Drs. Kempster and Johnston certifying that she is insane.

He states that he entered into articles of separation in November 1885, with her. He left her in possession of his home and resided elsewhere, that his absence might prove beneficial to her.

Previous to this he had presented to her 180 shares of Bell Telephone stock worth \$27,000.-00. She also had \$7,500.00 in jewelry which he had previously given to her, and that she has full power to dispose of, or assign, the vast property.

He states that she is now a patient in the Bloomingdale Asylum in New York.

* * *

Under writ of de lunatic inquirendo issued

from the Equity Branch of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia on Professor Emmons' petition, the jury declared Mrs. Emmons insane, and had been since November 1885, at which time a legal separation was arranged between herself and her husband. Her husband was appointed to manage her estate and she was confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum, the place designated by her husband.

Her husband anticipated the verdict of the jury and had her confined in advance, thus Mrs. Emmons was not present at the trial and was not represented by counsel.

* * *

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

In July Welthy Ann attempted to escape from Contentment Island, in Connecticut, where she was then being held. She had been removed there from Bloomingdale at her husband's request.

She escaped and pursued by a nurse fled through the woods to the nearest railroad station. She led the nurse a merry chase, but when they reached the station, unable to elude her, resorted to stratagem. She had just succeeded in having the nurse arrested as a fugitive patient from Contentment Island, when an officer ar-

rived and reinforcement being too strong, Welthy Ann was taken back to the retreat.

RELEASE OBTAINED

Correspondence had been going on between Dr. Clymer, of New York, representing Mrs. Emmons, and Dr. Allen Lane Hamilton (a grand-nephew of the U. S. Minister to France), representing Professor Emmons.

Professor Emmons was determined to send his wife to the Utica Asylum. Dr. Clymer objected strongly and managed to have her sent to the Butler Hospital in Rhode Island instead. Dr. Clymer had faith in the principal physician there and being a physician of long experience and high-standing there himself, succeeded in making Mrs. Emmons' sanity so apparent that an agreement was signed by Professor Emmons regarding her early release in case certain physicians should declare her sane.

In pursuance of this Mrs. Emmons was released in September. Her husband tried hard to have her sent to the Utica Asylum which for some reason he favored more than any other place.

Dr. Hamilton signed one medical certificate and endeavored to get Dr. Clymer to sign, telling him that if he did not sign it another medical

gentleman was ready to do so. The gentleman in question was Dr. McDonald who was in charge of the asylum on Blackwell's Island. However, Dr. McDonald had given drugs to Mrs. Emmons some years before and was afraid to appear in the case, so, Mrs. Emmons was taken to Rhode Island and not to Utica.

Upon her release in September, Welthy Ann returned home, a disconsolate, heartbroken woman.

THE WASHINGTON POST

January 6, 1887

IS MRS. EMMONS INSANE?

THIS QUESTION IS TO BE DECIDED BY LAW. AN ARRAY OF LAWYERS AND PHYSICIANS WILL BE PRESENT AT HER TRIAL TOMORROW, WHEN THE INVESTIGATION OF HER MENTAL SOUNDNESS BEGINS.

Several experts in insanity including Dr. Allen Lane Hamilton of New York, and Dr. Edwin Everett Smith of Connecticut, arrived in town for the Emmons trial.

Mrs. Emmons declared that this trial would not be conducted as the one of March 1886, had been. Henry Wise Garnett had been retained

to take charge and had been in almost constant consultation with Mrs. Emmons at her hotel.

"The case will be stubbornly fought," her counsel stated.

* * *

THE WASHINGTON POST

January 7, 1887

*INVESTIGATION INTO THE SANITY OR
INSANITY OF WELTHY ANN EM-
MONS BEGINS BEFORE MARSHAL
WILSON. MR. HENRY WISE GAR-
NETT CAUSES A SENSATION WHEN
HE REVEALS WHY THE DAPPER
PROFESSOR WANTED HIS WIFE DE-
CLARED INSANE AND CONFINED
IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.*

The publicity given to Mrs. Emmons' peculiarities caused the courtroom to be crowded early. Many were anxious to hear the trial which was sure to be sensational.

The proceeding is under a writ issued by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia upon the petition of Professor Samuel F. Emmons of the Geological Survey, to have his wife declared insane and imprisoned in an insane

asylum, and to have her property placed in his charge.

Had the old Circuit Court Room in the City Hall been twice as large it would not have held the crowd that had come to the hearing. On the opening day only a few women were present and they seemed to feel out of place.

Professor Emmons, sad-looking and red-eyed, arrived early with Dr. Allen Hamilton and Dr. E. E. Smith, the superintendent of the asylum in Connecticut where Mrs. Emmons had been confined. Dr. Hamilton was a close friend of Professor Emmons and a stand-by whenever the Professor wanted a certificate of Mrs. Emmons' sanity.

The courtroom was crowded when Mrs. Emmons arrived, escorted by her counsel, Henry W. Garnett. He took a seat in front of the bench and found Mrs. Emmons a seat close beside him.

Welthy Ann was well dressed in a rich brocade dolman over a tailor-made woolen dress of russet hue. Her hat, a brown felt, was set forward on her head to show just a fringe of her black hair in front. She was quite self-possessed and good humored. She was accompanied by Annie, her favorite maid, and Miss Crandell, a close friend.

LINDEN KENT DELIVERS THE OPENING

ADDRESS TO THE JURY

Linden Kent, representing Professor Emmons, delivered the opening address to the jury. It consisted of a recapitulation of the strange behavior of Mrs. Emmons. He said that when Professor Emmons married her in London she had no money, no property, and no known relatives. Her husband gave her enough Bell Telephone stock to bring in an income of \$2,000.00 a year. Also, the last time she went to Europe he augmented this allowance so that she would have over \$600.00 a month to spend as long as she wished to stay there.

"His only motive," said Mr. Kent, "is the existence still of the same loving affection with which he took this woman to his heart when he married her in London. If ever the marriage vow has been fulfilled, Professor Emmons has fulfilled it."

HENRY WISE GARNETT'S SURPRISE ATTACK ON PROFESSOR EMMONS

Mr. Kent's allusion to the marriage vow gave Mr. Garnett the cue for a very effective opening on behalf of Mrs. Emmons.

"In the spring of 1884, Mrs. Emmons dis-

covered that her husband had been unfaithful to her for several years," he said.

As he delivered these words with great stress of eloquence he pointed the denunciatory finger at the Professor which directed the eyes of the entire audience there too. That declaration was the sensation of the day.

The audience was hardly prepared for such a charge which had never before been publicly made and Professor Emmons was pained very perceptibly.

As the words were spoken Welthy Ann almost rose out of her seat and looked straight at her husband to see how it affected him. Her smile melted away and she resumed her former attitude with a tear in her eye.

Mr. Garnett now undertook to explain his version of Professor Emmons' motive.

Mrs. Emmons had found him out in his unfaithfulness and had followed him. She traced his footsteps to women who gathered about him, and with whom he traveled about. She finally traced him to a woman in Philadelphia and gave the woman a sum of money for a bundle of letters he had written to her. The Professor was anxious to avoid exposure; he was afraid of the charge she might make against him; he destroyed the letters and wanted to put his wife

in a madhouse so that if she proposed to make the charge nobody would believe her.

Mr. Garnett called the jury's attention to the fact that Professor Emmons' motive was to force his wife into an asylum without a trial as he had done the previous year.

"I promise you that I will put Mrs. Emmons herself on the witness stand, and give you a chance to judge from her own conduct and from the evidence of experts whether or not she is insane." Mr. Garnett closed his remarks to the jury with this dramatic announcement.

* * *

LINDEN KENT JUSTIFIES MRS. EMMONS'

IMPRISONMENT IN THE ASYLUM

"Mrs. Emmons' imprisonment last year was justified by the fact that Dr. Lincoln and other eminent physicians had pronounced her insane," Mr. Kent said.

"Dr. Lincoln and Dr. Johnston are now on the side of those who stand for her sanity," replied Mr. Garnett.

Welthy Ann followed closely every word that was said. She continually whispered suggestions into Mr. Garnett's ear.

* * *

MRS. DE CORMIS CALLED TO THE
WITNESS STAND

"You know the defendant?" the lawyer said.

"Yes, I accompanied her to England as her companion," was the reply.

Mrs. de Cromis, a demure, portly, matronly-looking lady of about forty, had a diary which she used to assist her memory in telling her story.

Welthy Ann listened very carefully while the witness told her story and sometimes she shook her finger in contradiction or disapproval. She never spoke — excepting in a whisper — but she gesticulated all the time.

"Mrs. Emmons' most striking peculiarities were in the manner of eating," said Mrs. de Cormis. "She would often eat off my plate, but she was sure to make me eat first. She had a suspicion that she was going to be poisoned."

When Mrs. de Cormis told the jury that one of Mrs. Emmons' peculiar fancies was that she could converse with the departed spirit of her mother through a picture of the Virgin Mary which hung in her house, Welthy Ann shook her head; but when it was told that she looked upon the baby of one of her colored servants as her mascot, and as endowing her with supernatural powers, she laughed as one laughs when he

hears in grave earnest something very ridiculous that had first been told as a joke.

Mrs. de Cormis looked embarrassed and uncomfortable as she left the witness stand and resumed her seat near Professor Emmons.

When court was adjourned for the day, and Welthy Ann was passing to her carriage she saw her husband talking with Dr. Hamilton and some other friends. Forgetting all his faults she walked up to him, patted him on the cheek and kissed him. The smile that suddenly illuminated his face, so lately the picture of deepest misery, was something seldom seen.

Welthy Ann laughed and skipped away to her carriage, leaving the crowd wondering about this rare and beautiful creature who could transform a man with a kiss on the cheek.

THE WASHINGTON POST

January 1887

*GREAT CROWDS ATTEND THE TRIAL
OF WELTHY ANN EMMONS. WOM-
EN ARE COMING IN INCREASING
NUMBERS. PROFESSOR EMMONS'
CASE EXPECTED TO CLOSE TO-
DAY.*

The courtroom was filled to overflowing the

second day of the trial. Ladies in "high society" became regular attendants.

Welthy Ann with her maid Annie on her right and her friend, Miss Crandell on her left, occupied the same seat beside her lawyer during the trial. She was cheerful all the while and smiled often at those near her.

Professor Emmons sat at the opposite end of the table. He pulled his short, black mustache and kept his eyes fixed on the wall over the heads of those in front of him. He was elegantly dressed in a plaid suit and an overcoat with a fur collar.

DR. KEMPSTER IS CALLED TO THE WITNESS STAND

"Dr. Kempster, do you know this woman?" and the lawyer indicated Welthy Ann.

"Yes, I was called to observe her strange behavior, which plainly indicates insanity," the doctor answered.

"On what do you base your statement, Dr. Kempster?"

"The ridiculous things she has said and done when I called upon her. I believe the woman to be insane and unable to manage her financial affairs," he said sternly. "When I called at her house on Christmas Eve she had a tree in her

house trimmed with all sorts of odd things: old shoes, old hats, and old clothing of all kinds."

"When I called to see her she said," and here the man paused to look at Welthy Ann,

"I am going to turn this house into a colored orphanage, Dr. Kempster."

"One morning she met me at the door with this greeting,"

"Good morning, Dr. Kempster, I'm so glad you've come, I have hydrophobia as a result of a dog biting me yesterday."

When Dr. Kempster told of all the ridiculous things she had said and done Welthy Ann laughed aloud as though she enjoyed the joke of having imposed her nonsense upon serious people.

"I am sure Mrs. Emmons is insane," said Dr. Kempster as he concluded his study of her.

"A woman may be eccentric and yet be sane," replied Dr. Goldstone. "As for being able to manage financial affairs not many of us are very well qualified, yet we do not consider ourselves insane."

"Insanity leaves its mark upon the features of a person, and it surely has left its traces upon Mrs. Emmons," Dr. Kempster insisted.

"Will you please explain exactly what you mean," Mr. Garnett asked.

"I am unable to describe the traces," admitted the doctor.

"Get a newspaper reporter to describe them," said Welthy Ann as she glanced over at the reporters and smiled.

Mrs. Emmons' lively repartee during the otherwise dry procedure was what kept the crowd interested enough to wish to attend the hearing.

"Mrs. Emmons' conduct in court is not consistent with anything but insanity," Dr. Kempster declared.

Mr. Garnett asked,

"Do you believe that any of the strange things Mrs. Emmons said, or did at various times were not said or done in fun; did you ever enjoy a good joke yourself?"

"I sometimes laugh," the severe looking man replied.

Welthy Ann laughed at this point and everyone in the room but Professor Emmons and the doctor joined. The Marshal threatened to clear the room at this, but he had no intention of doing so.

DR. HAMILTON IS CALLED TO THE WITNESS STAND

"Mrs. Emmons said she wished to be buried

beside her first husband, when I called upon her," Dr. Hamilton testified.

"In summing up her case, I would say that I believe she is suffering with chronic mania implanted in the neurotic temperament," he concluded.

"In the what?" Welthy Ann asked amid the laughter of the audience.

DR. EDWIN EVERETT SMITH TESTIFIES

"Dr. Smith, when you received Mrs. Emmons at your institution, what was her physical condition?" Mr. Garnett asked.

"When I received her at my Connecticut Asylum she was in very good physical condition. She went out walking with us in the garden. We sat by the pool watching my children play. One day as we sat there she said,"

"Do you know that I have Castilian blood in my veins, and twice I have felt the desire to avenge the wrongs put upon me. Once I thought of throwing one of your children into the water, and when my husband was standing between me and the water, I thought of how easy it would be to push him over. You could not punish me for doing either, because you say that I am insane."

"Dr. Smith, do you believe Mrs. Emmons is insane?" Mr. Garnett asked.

"Yes, I believe she is insane," he answered.

"Do you believe it is a sign of insanity for a woman to be jealous of her husband?"

"No," was Dr. Smith's reply. Then the doctor continued,

"One night I heard Mrs. Emmons screaming, and rushing to her room I heard her call,

"Annie."

"When I touched her she opened her eyes and seemed all right."

"She must have had a nightmare; didn't you ever have one?" quickly returned Mr. Garnett.

Professor Emmons' case was closed.

* * *

*WELTHY ANN EMMONS CALLED TO
THE WITNESS STAND TO DEFEND
HERSELF AGAINST THE SERIOUS
CHARGE BROUGHT BY HER HUS-
BAND, PROFESSOR S. F. EMMONS.*

When called to the witness stand Welthy Ann Emmons grasped the Bible and with heaving breast and tearful voice she promised to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth — she pointed a burning look at her husband as he sat cold and immovable — she repeated after the deputy marshal the words, "So help me, God."

The changes from gravity to gaiety, from liveliness to severity, were probably never made with greater rapidity, and the varied moods never displayed in greater intensity within the same compass of time than by Welthy Ann on the witness stand. It was apparent that while she lived on excitement and cultivated abandonment, she was a creature of delicate sensibility and capable of acute sorrow.

It was in sorrow, not in anger that she spoke of her husband's failings.

At every critical point, when something was said calculated to make her husband blush; when his intimacies with his several mistresses were aired, she hesitated, looked down, sighed, then rallied her courage, laughed heartily and proceeded, explaining that in order to sustain her courage she must look on the whole thing as a joke, which she found it extremely difficult to do. Bedroom scenes are not pleasant, especially if the man happens to be your own husband and the lady in question not yourself.

"Mrs. Emmons, will you tell your story in your own way?" Mr. Garnett asked.

"In 1878, after visiting in Quincy, Massachusetts, and Passadumkeag, Maine, we went to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where Professor Emmons had a ranch. His office was in Denver, Colo-

rado, so he was not home much of the time. I was lonely without him, so at his request I took a trip to Europe. I went with a friend who was a music teacher in Cheyenne."

"I saw Oxford — the Oxford University, I mean. On my return I visited several American cities before going to Denver. You remember, Mr. Emmons," said Welthy Ann with a sweet smile at her husband, "that Mr. Rogers was with you? We still had a home in Cheyenne and I went to break it up, not to smash the furniture, you understand, but just to remove it to Denver. I stayed there long enough to settle, then went on to Washington where we were to spend Christmas. Life went on smoothly for a few years, for my husband and me."

"In 1884 the fatal letter came, addressed in purple ink to a post office box, but the postmaster very indiscreetly forwarded it to the house. I had been suspicious of my husband for some time, so I opened the letter and read it."

At this point Welthy Ann paused, glanced around the room, then bowed her head a minute before continuing with her story. The expectant crowd waited —

"The writer of the letter wanted to know when 'Howard was coming to see his Dear

Cora' and even the subject of housekeeping was discussed."

"Mr. Emmons' mother was expected for a visit any day and I was anxious to have the unpleasant situation remedied before her arrival. At my husband's request I went to Philadelphia and secured the bundle of letters from Cora, in order to help him escape from an association that had become hateful to him."

"My husband burned the letters, in my presence, and begged my forgiveness for what he had done. He made countless promises and I wanted to believe that he meant them. I knew that women constantly sought his company, but I wanted to hold his love." Here, Welthy Ann hesitated and looked at Mr. Garnett.

"Will you please explain your feeling for Dr. Kempster and why you talked to him as you did?" Mr. Garnett asked kindly.

"I talked of ridiculous things to Dr. Kempster because I disliked him so much. I could have explained the odd gifts on the Christmas tree, but I did not realize that I was being watched and regarded as a lunatic."

"I suggested turning the house into a colored orphanage because the house was so large and I was living alone at the time. So many poor

babies have no chance in life and I pitied them so much."

"I called a little baby I had just bathed, 'The Christ Child' because he was so shining and sweet. Those are some of the things I said to Dr. Kempster and I didn't realize that he believed them all."

"When Mrs. de Cormis accompanied you to a physician's office what excuse did she offer for that?" asked Mr. Garnett.

"Mrs. de Cormis took me to a doctor for an examination for insanity under guise of a sight-seeing tour; she also gave me letters that she came into possession of while she was with Mr. Emmons, which shows, that he was as faithless to her as he was to me."

"Mr. Emmons' character is not on trial," remarked Mr. Kent.

"Mr. Emmons has no character to put on trial," replied Welthy Ann.

THE ABDUCTION AND IMPRISONMENT OF WELTHY ANN EMMONS

"Mrs. Emmons, will you tell the jury of your abduction and imprisonment in the asylum," Mr. Garnett asked.

"I was drugged by my husband's doctor, kidnapped away on a midnight train, and carried

under false pretenses, backed up by actual force, to the Bloomingdale Asylum."

The outburst of feeling in the room, at this revelation of brute force and cruelty, was very demonstrative. There was no doubt as to where the sympathy of the crowd lay.

"I believed that I was to go to New York to be treated for a nervous condition, brought on by the unhappiness I had suffered. Annie, my maid, did not know Mr. Emmons' plans or she would have tried to prevent him from carrying them out."

"While we were driving along I regained my senses and looked at my companions, Dr. Kempster, Mrs. de Cormis, and a nurse. Soon I saw the Bloomingdale Asylum and I cried out, My God, have mercy upon me, my husband has carried out his threat. Terror filled my heart," said Welthy Ann with emotion.

"When we reached the place, Mr. Emmons stood on the back porch. I will never forget the diabolical, fiendish look on his face. He gave orders to the coarse, brutal men who were in the habit of handling mad people and they dragged me from the carriage and carried me into the house. I struggled but it was no use. They took me to a small room and put me to bed. There

was no unnecessary ceremony about it; they just stripped me and put me to bed."

"When they pulled my rings from my fingers and removed my clothes, leaving me stark naked, my husband looked on calmly. How could a man be so cruel?" Tears filled her eyes, and the women in the audience openly wept.

"I have in my possession letters and documents containing opinions of many eminent medical men who state that I was no more insane when confined last year, than I have been since childhood, or will be while I live. I have a number of curious letters which passed between Mr. Emmons and Dr. Hamilton, regarding placing me in an asylum at their earliest convenience, and keeping me there as long as possible."

"In spite of the agreement, looking to my early release, Mr. Emmons frequently called on Dr. Clymer and endeavored to 'win him over' to his side. Dr. Clymer expressed his opinion of the bad faith of Mr. Emmons, and declared his intention of retiring from the case unless Mr. Emmons kept his word and had me released."

"Explain your conversation with Dr. Smith at his institution, and their treatment of you while you were confined there," Mr. Garnett said kindly.

"When I talked to Dr. Smith about harming his child I was only getting his reaction. He was aware of the fact that I was not insane, I could tell because he trusted the children near me at all times. I would not harm them, I loved them. I had longed for children of my own, but that longing was never satisfied."

Looking at Professor Emmons she added, "It might have been different if we had had some children."

"While I was at Dr. Smith's his wife was very kind to me. I needed something to occupy my time, so she persuaded her husband to allow me to entertain the inmates. I read to them, told them of my trips to Europe, of life on our ranch home, and made myself useful around the place. I shudder when I think of the poor creatures whose reason has deserted them." She sighed, wiped a tear from her eye and bowed her head. Then looking at the audience, she said,

"Thank God, I did not have to stay there long, my own mind might have been affected by those around me."

Welthy Ann's thrilling account of her abduction and ill-treatment by those in her husband's pay, had an electrical effect upon the audience. She told her story with tragic vehemence. She

arose in her chair to look straight at her husband and the applause from the audience must have been extremely disagreeable to the ears of Professor Emmons.

* * *

WELTHY ANN'S DRAMATIC APPEAL

"Now," continued Welthy Ann, "Mr. Emmons wishes to deprive me of my liberty. He has been my husband and I have loved him; I have been very happy with him and he has also made me sad."

"Now it is finished and he must know it. He has tried to strip me of everything but my first name and my last dress."

She spoke with a broken voice, and what she said was punctuated with sobs and tears. Her bosom was heaving but not with remorse, and her words were not the rash tentative words of indecision.

Mr. Kent, her husband's counsel, did not wish to question her.

Praises and blessings were showered upon Welthy Ann when court was adjourned, and the more violently inclined gathered along the passage through which Professor Emmons and his lawyers were to pass, and excited and flushed with rage shook their fists and made forcible re-

marks. Dirty kidnapper, murderer, and deceiver, were often heard.

Dr. Hamilton received his share of attention also. Maddening ridicule, piercing wit, biting sarcasm, scathing denunciation, and downright Billingsgate abuse were all brought into play to mangle the doctor and amuse the by-standers.



From present appearances the impetuosity of the women may assume a violent form.

* * *

ALBERT MUNSON CALLED TO THE STAND

There was a sudden suspension of the breathing functions among the audience as his name was called. He looked a man of forty-five or fifty, well-preserved, stout, and low-set; he had a large head, very bald, and a strong face of

rather a Hebrew cast which could be stern and rigid if necessary; but with blue eyes rather inclined to smile, and a fair mustache curled up at each side like a shepherd's crook. Well dressed, with his overcoat on his arm and his silk hat in his hand, he had the appearance of a prosperous business man, and the manner of a man of the world. He had all the bearing of a sleek gentleman, of smooth and easy ways, who allows nothing to worry him.

"Your name is" — before Mr. Garnett could finish, Welthy Ann broke in with —

"Albert Leroy Munson."

Then with a look of auld lang syne and a warm smile toward the man, she continued,

"I know his name."

"Your occupation, Mr. Munson?"

"I am a member of a Writing Box Company, manufacturers of paper boxes in Newark, New Jersey."

"Do you know this woman?" Mr. Garnett asked, indicating Welthy Ann.

"Yes, she was my wife for a few years. Then she divorced me, by mutual consent."

"Do you see any difference in the lady from what she was when you married her?"

"I don't see any difference whatever," said Albert Munson, and the eyes of Welthy Ann

met those of her former husband and they both smiled in a way that showed there was no ill-feeling.

"Oh, I'm older," she said blushing somewhat. Then she asked, looking straight up at Munson,

"Have we been good friends since?"

His only reply was a warm smile which showed that silence gave consent.

Professor Emmons prompted Mr. Kent to ask Mr. Munson some questions.

"Mr. Munson, where did your marriage to this woman take place?"

"In Houlton, Maine."

"What was her name when you married her?"

"Welthy Ann Shain. She was christened Welthy Ann Earle, but after the tragic death of her parents, she was brought up by Shains and she bore their name."

"Where did you first meet her?"

"In Bridgewater, Maine."

"At what place or circumstances?"

(A pause). "That's my business."

The ladies applauded the gallant gentleman.

"We went to live in Boston," Mr. Munson continued.

"When were you divorced from her?" Mr. Kent asked.

"She obtained a divorce from me in Connecticut. It was done very quietly. It was an amicable affair; no fighting or fuss about it. She did not know it at the time, but Professor Emmons was infatuated with her and determined to have her, so he came to me, and believing that it would make her happy to be his wife, I allowed him to make all the necessary arrangements for the separation. It was not my idea, I only agreed to it for her sake."

The look of complete surprise on the face of Welthy Ann was ample proof that the man spoke the truth.

"You have seen Mrs. Emmons frequently since that time?"

"I think I have seen her four times."

"Have you had frequent correspondence with her?"

"I wrote her one letter."

"Have you seen Mr. Emmons frequently?"

"Once, he called on me after he had confined Mrs. Emmons in an insane asylum."

"That is all, Mr. Munson."

Court was adjourned — and when Welthy Ann passed from the courtroom to her carriage a crowd followed her.

THE WASHINGTON POST

January 17, 1887

*THE CHARGE TO THE JURY EXPECTED
TOMORROW, IN THE EMMONS
TRIAL.*

*DOCTORS TO BE ON THE WITNESS
STAND-TO TESTIFY AS TO THE
SANITY OR INSANITY OF WELTHY
ANN EMMONS.*

The evidence is completed in the Emmons trial. Sympathy appears to be with Mrs. Emmons. Her dramatic appeal to the jury did not fail to interest the large crowd that has followed the hearing since it began. The brutal treatment she received at the hands of her husband and his henchmen may have a great deal of weight with the jury, when they are ready to decide the case. Reverend Dr. Sunderland, the President's pastor, is following the case very closely.

DR. GODEN CALLED TO THE STAND

"Dr. Goden, do you believe Mrs. Emmons is insane?"

"I believe Mrs. Emmons is sane but with an exaggerated eccentricity. She is a very peculiar woman, but sane."

DR. LINCOLN CALLED NEXT

"Dr. Lincoln, do you believe Mrs. Emmons is insane?"

"I declare her to be sane: —peculiar—eccentric — but sane. I believe the stories told by Mrs. Emmons because of the strange actions of her husband. When I saw him take his wife by force, from a hotel, and attempt to drag her through the streets to an insane asylum, I thought it was time to appeal to the law."

"I have dined with Mrs. Emmons on many occasions and declare her sane. She is a lady of refinement. I do not consider her levity in the courtroom is an evidence of insanity; on the contrary, if she had been quiet in the courtroom, I should have been surprised and should have regarded it as an evidence that her mind was disturbed."

Tears filled Welthy Ann's eyes, and the women in the room wept. The men sat with bowed heads.

The crowds were both curious and interested in learning what was to become of this beautiful woman who could move them to tears one minute and cause them to laugh the next. They awaited the jury's verdict with mixed emotions.

Mr. Davis, foreman of the jury, wanted to make a few inquiries regarding Welthy Ann's

fate. If they found her insane, could she be committed to an insane asylum? He did not want to be held responsible for that.

After the charge was given to the jury, the members were locked up for the night.

* * *



Anxious heads tossed upon sleepless pillows in the District of Columbia that night.

* * *

Welthy Ann, unable to sleep, called Annie into her room and they discussed the future, each confident that the jury would return a verdict favorable to her.

* * *

Albert Munson, wide awake, was planning the future of the woman who had once been his wife.

* * *

Samuel Emmons, not so confident of favor with the jury, spent a sleepless night berating himself for his stupidity.

* * *

JURY FINDS WELTHY ANN EMMONS SANE

"The jury finds Mrs. Welthy Ann Emmons sane."

The statement was received with loud cheering. Women laughed and cried spasmodically; men slapped each other on the back. Marshal Wilson rapped sharply for order.

As soon as order was restored, Albert Munson rose from his seat; walked steadily toward Welthy Ann, smiled fondly at her, took her arm and escorted her from the crowded courtroom. The crowd fell back to give them room to pass out to the waiting carriage.

FINIS

*Twisted, Gladys Lybrate
"H. M. W."*

* Accounts of trial and trial dialogue actually from The Washington Post. Used by permission of The Washington Post.

