

The Sobbin' Women

Stephen Vincent Benét

They came over the Pass one day in one big wagon—all ten of them—man and woman and hired girl and seven big boy children, from the nine-year-old who walked by the team to the baby in arms. Or so the story runs—it was in the early days of settlement and the town had never heard of the Sobbin' Women then. But it opened its eyes one day, and there were the Pontipees.

They were there but they didn't stay long—just time enough to buy meal and get a new shoe for the lead horse. You couldn't call them unsociable, exactly—they seemed to be sociable enough among themselves. But you could tell, somehow, from the look of them, that they weren't going to settle on ground other people had cleared. They were all high-colored and dark-haired—handsome with a wilderness handsomeness—and when you got them all together, they looked more like a tribe or a nation than an ordinary family. I don't know how they gave folks that feeling, but they did. Yes, even the baby, when the town women tried to handle him. He was a fine, healthy baby, but they said it was like trying to pet a young raccoon.

Well, that was all there was to it, at the start. They paid for what they bought in good money and drove on up into Sobbin' Women Valley—only it wasn't called Sobbin' Women Valley then. And pretty soon, there was smoke from a chimney there that hadn't been there before. But you know what town gossip is when it gets started. The Pontipees were willing enough to let other folks alone—in fact, that was what they wanted. But, because it was what they wanted, the town couldn't see why they wanted it. Towns get that way, sometimes.

So, it was mostly cross questions and crooked answers when the Pontipees came into town, to trade off their pelts and such and buy at the store. There wasn't much actual trouble—not after two loafers at the tavern made fun of Pa Pontipee's fur cap and Pa Pontipee stretched them both before you could say "Jack Robinson." But there wasn't a neighborly feeling—yes, you could say that. The women would tell their children about the terrible Pontipees and the men would wag their heads. And when they came in to church—which they did once a year—there'd be a sort of rustle in the congregation, though they always took a back pew and listened perfectly respectful. But the minister never seemed to be able to preach as good a sermon as usual that Sunday—and naturally, he blamed the Pontipees for that. Till, finally, they got to be a sort of legend in the community—the wild folks who lived up the valley like bears in the woods—and, indeed, some said they turned into bears in the winter time, which just shows you what people will say. And, though the boys were well set up, they might as well have been deaf-mutes for all the notice the town-girls took of them—except to squeak and run to the other side of the road when the Pontipees came marching along.

While, as for the Pontipees—nobody knew what they made of it all, for they weren't much on

talking. If one of them said “It’s a fine day” and another admitted it was, that was conversation that would last them a long while. Besides, they had work enough and to spare, in their own valley, to keep them busy; and, if Ma Pontipee would have liked more society, she never let on. She did her duty by the boys and tried to give them some manners, in spite of their backwoods raising; and that was enough for any woman to do.

But things never stand still in this world, and soon enough, the boys weren’t boys any more, they were men. And when the fall of a tree took Pa Pontipee, his wife didn’t linger long after him. There was a terrible fuss about the funerals too—for the Pontipee boys got the minister, but they wouldn’t let the burials take place in town. They said Pa and Ma wouldn’t feel comfortable, all crowded up among strangers in the churchyard, so they laid them to rest in the Valley where they’d lived, and the town found that queerer than ever. But there’s worse places to lie than looking out over the fields you’ve cleared.

After that, though, the town thought some of the boys, at least, would move in from the Valley and get more sociable. They figured they’d have to—they figured with their Pa and Ma gone, the boys would fight amongst themselves—they figured a dozen things. But none of the things they figured happened at all. The Pontipee boys stayed out in the Valley, and when they came to the town, they walked through it as proud as Lucifer, and when they came to the church, they put just the same money in the collection-plate they had when Ma and Pa Pontipee were alive. Some thought it was because they were stupid to count, but I don’t think it was that.

They went on just the same, as I say, but things didn’t go quite the same for them. For one thing, the hired girl couldn’t keep the place the way Ma Pontipee kept it. And besides, she was getting old herself. Well, pretty soon, she up and died. They gave her as good a funeral as they knew how—she’d always been part of the family. But, after that, though the farm went ahead as well as ever, things in the house began to go from bad to worse.

Menlike, they didn’t notice what was wrong at first, except there was a lot of dust around and things didn’t get put away. But, after each one of them had tried a week of cooking for the others and all the others had cursed out the one who was cooking something proper, they decided something had to be done about it. It took them a long time to decide that—they were slow thinkers as well as slow talkers, the Pontipees. But, when they decided about a thing, it got done.

“The flapjacks are greasy again,” said Harry Pontipee, one evening—Harry was the oldest. “You know what we’ve got to get, brothers? We’ve got to get a woman to take care of this place. I can lay a tree within two inches of where I want it to fall. I can shoot the eye out of a grey squirrel in a treetop. I can do all a man should do. But I can’t cook and make it taste human.”

“You’re right, brother,” said Hob Pontipee—Hob was the youngest. “I can tan deerskin better than an Injun squaw. I can wrestle underholt and overholt and throw any man in this county. I can play on a boxwood fiddle—but I can’t sweep dust so it stays swept. It takes a woman to do that, for there seems to be a trick about it. We’ve got to get a woman.”

Then they all joined in saying what they could do—and it was plenty—but they couldn’t cook and they couldn’t dust and they couldn’t make a house comfortable because that was woman’s business, and there seemed to be a trick about it. So they had to get a woman to keep house for them. But where were they going to get her?

“We could get a hired girl, maybe,” said Hosea Pontipee—the middle one—but, even as he spoke, there wasn’t much hope in his voice.

“That hired girl we had was the last one left in the East,” said Harry Pontipee. “Some may have growed up, since her time, but I don’t want to go back across the Pass on the chance of an out-and-out miracle.”

“Well then,” said Hob Pontipee, practical, “there’s just one thing to do. One of us has to get married. And I think it ought to be Harry—he’s the eldest.”

Well, that remark nearly caused a break-up in the family. Harry kicked like a cow in fly-time at the bare idea of getting married, and tried to put it on to Halbert, who was next in line. And Halbert passed it on to Harvey, but Harvey said women was snares and delusions, or so he’d heard, and he wouldn’t have a strange woman around him for a brand-new plow.

So it went on down to Hob and he wouldn’t hear of it—and it wasn’t till a couple of chairs had been broken and Hob had a black eye that the ruckus quieted at all. But, gradually, they came to see that one of ’em would have to get married, as a matter of family duty, or they’d all be eating spoiled flapjacks for the rest of their lives. Only then the question came up as to who it was to be, and that started a bigger disturbance than ever.

Finally, they agreed that the only fair way was drawing straws. So Hob held the straws and they drew—and, sure enough, Harry got the long one. Sick enough he looked about it—but there it was. The others started congratulating him and making jokes—especially Hob.

“You’ll have to slick up, tomorrow,” said Hob, glad it wasn’t him. “You’ll have to cut your hair and brush your clothes and act pretty, if you’re going to be a bridegroom!”

Next morning they got him down and cut his hair and put bear’s grease on it and dressed him up in the best clothes they had and sent him into town to look for a wife.

It was all right when he started out from the Valley. He even took a look at himself in a

spring and was kind of surprised at the young man who looked back at him. But the nearer he got to town, the queerer and trembler he felt, and the less able to go about doing what he'd promised.

He tried to remember how it had been when his Pa and Ma had been courting. But, naturally, as he hadn't been born then, he didn't know. Then he tried to think of various girls in the village, but the more he thought of them, the more they mixed in his mind till, finally, all he could think of was a high, wild bank of rhododendron flowers that mixed and shimmered and laughed at you the closer you came to it.

"Oh, Lordy! It's a heavy responsibility to lay on a man!" he said and mopped his forehead with his sleeve.

Finally, however, he made up his mind. "I'll ask the first woman I see, pretty or ugly!" he said to himself, with the perspiration fairly rolling down his face, though it was a cold March day. And he gave his horse a lick.

But, when he got into town, the first woman he saw was the storekeeper's wife. The second he saw was a little girl in a pinafore—and the third was the minister's daughter. He was all set up to speak to her—but she squeaked and ran to the other side of the street as soon as she saw him and left him standing there with his hat in his hand. That sort of took the courage out of him.

"By the whiskers of Moses!" he said to himself, "this marryin' job is a harder job than I bargained for. I guess I'll go over to the tavern and get me a drink—maybe that will put some ideas in my head."

It was there he saw her—feeding the chickens out in the poultry-yard. Her name was Milly and she was a bound girl, as they had in those days. Next door to a slave she was, for all she'd come of good stock and had some education. She was young and thin, with a sharp little thoughtful face and ragged clothes, but she walked as straight as an Indian as she went about the yard. Harry Pontipee couldn't have said if she were pretty or plain, but, as he watched her through the window, feeding the chickens, something seemed to tell him that he might have better luck with her than he'd had with the others.

Well, he drank his drink and went out.

"Hello, girl," he said, in one of those big voices men use when they're pretending not to be embarrassed.

She looked up at him straight. "Hello, backwoodsman!" she said, friendly enough. She didn't look a bit scared of him and that put him off.

“It’s a nice morning,” said Harry, louder, trying to lead up to his point.

“It is for some,” said the girl, perfectly polite but going on feeding the chickens.

Harry swallowed hard at that. “It’d be a nice morning to get married, they tell me,” he said, with the perspiration breaking out all over him again. He’d meant to say something else, but when it came to the point, he couldn’t.

Well, she didn’t say anything to that so he had to start all over again.

“My name’s Harry Pontipee,” he said. “I’ve got a good farm up the Valley.”

“Have you?” said the girl.

“Yes,” he said. “It’s a right good farm. And some folks seem to think I’d make a good husband.”

“Do they?” said the girl. I guess she was smiling by now but Harry couldn’t see it—she had her head turned.

“Yes they do,” said Harry, kind of desperate, his voice getting louder and louder. “What do you think about it?”

“I couldn’t tell on such short acquaintance,” said the girl.

“Will you marry me and find out?” said Harry, in a perfect bellow, shaking all over.

“Yes, I will, if you don’t ask me quite so loud,” she said, very prim—and even Harry could see she was smiling now.

Well, they made a queer pair when they went up to the minister—the girl still in her chicken-feed clothes, for she didn’t have any others, and Harry in his backwoods finery. He’d had to buy out her time from the innkeeper for twelve beaver pelts and a hunting knife.

But when the wedding service was over, “Well, we’re married,” said Harry, with great relief. “And now we’ll be going home.”

“Oh, no we won’t,” said she. “We’re going to the store first and buy me some cloth for a decent dress—for landless I may be and dowryless I may be, but I’m a married woman now, and what’s fit for a chicken-girl isn’t fit for a married woman.”

In a sort of daze, he saw her lay out the price of twelve more beaver pelts in cloth and woman's fixings, and beat down the storekeeper on the price, too.

He only asked her a question about one thing—a little pair of slippers she bought. They were fancy slippers, with embroidery on them. “I thought you had a pair of shoes,” he said. She turned to him, with a cocky sort of look on her face. “Silly,” she said. “How could anyone tell your wife had pretty feet in the shoes I had?”

Well, he thought that over, and, after a while, something in the way she said it and the cocky look on her face made him feel pleased, and he began to laugh. He wasn't used to laughing in front of a girl, but he could see it might have its points.

Then they rode back to the Valley, her riding pillion, with her bundles in the saddlebags. And all the way back, she was trying him and testing him and trying to find out, by one little remark or another, just what kind of a man he was. She was a spunky little girl, and she had more education than she let on. And long ago, she'd made up her mind to get out of being a bound girl the first way that offered. But, all the same, marrying Harry Pontipee was a leap in the dark.

But the more she tried and tested Harry, the better bargain she seemed to think she'd made. And that took courage to admit—for the way was a wild one and a lonesome, and, naturally, she'd heard stories of Pontipee Valley. She couldn't quite believe they lived with bears, up there, but she didn't know.

And finally, they came to the house, and there were dark things moving outside it. “Bears!” thought Milly, kind of hopeless, and her heart went into her throat, but she didn't let on.

“W-what's that, Harry dear?” she said, holding on tight.

“Oh, that's just my brothers,” said Harry, kind of careless, and with that those six hungry six-footers moved into the light.

“Oh!” said Milly, “you didn't tell me you had six brothers.” But her voice wasn't reproachful, just sort of soft and quiet.

“I guess it was the wedding kind of knocked it out of my mind,” said Harry. “But, there—you'll see enough of 'em anyhow, because we all live together.”

“Oh,” said Milly again, kind of soft. “I see.” And the brothers came up, one by one, and shook hands. They'd intended to cut quite a few jokes on Harry if he did come home with a wife, but, somehow, when they looked at Milly, they forgot about that.

Well, they brought her into the house. It was a handsome house, for the times, with genuine window-glass. But Milly rubbed her finger along a window sill and saw it come off black and then she wrote her name in the dust on the mantelpiece.

“What a lovely big house!” she said, coughing a little with the dust she’d raised.

“It’s mebbe a little dusty now,” said Harry. “But now you’re here——”

“Yes,” said Milly and passed on to the kitchen. Well, the kitchen was certainly a sight. But Milly didn’t seem to notice.

Presently, “What a great big jar of flapjack batter!” she said. “And what a big tub of salt pork!”

“That’s for tonight,” said Harry. “Me and my brothers is hearty eaters. We haven’t been eating so well since we had to cook for ourselves, but now you’re here——”

“Yes,” said Milly and passed on to the laundry. The laundry was half full of huckaback shirts and such that needed washing—piles and piles of them.

“What a lot of wash!” said Milly.

“That’s so,” said Harry, kind of pleased. “Me and my brothers is kind of hard on our clothes—all seven of us—so there’s lots of washing and mending, but now you’re here——”

“Yes,” said Milly, swallowing a little. “And now all you men clear out of my kitchen while I get supper. Clear out!” she said, smiling at them, though she didn’t feel much like smiling.

I don’t know what she said to herself when they’d left her alone. I know what a man would have said and I guess she said that, too. I know she thought at least once of the money in her stocking and how far it was back to town. And then her eye happened to fall on that great big jar of flapjack batter—and, all of a sudden the whole thing struck her as funny, and she laughed till she cried.

But then she found a clean handkerchief and blew her nose and straightened her hair and set about her work.

Those boys hadn’t had a supper like that in months and they treated it respectful. And Milly didn’t say a word to them about manners then, though, later on, she said plenty. She just sat and watched them, with a curious light in her eyes.

When it was over finally, and they were stuffed, “Mrs. Harry,” said Howard. “You’re a

wonder, Mrs. Harry!” and “You’re sure a wonder, Mrs. Harry!” chorused all the rest of them, down to Hob. She could see they meant it, too.

“Thanks,” she said, very polite and gracious. “Thank you, Howard, and you, Hosea, and all my brothers.”

At the end of three months, there wasn’t one of those boys that wouldn’t have laid down his life for Milly, and, as for Harry, he just worshipped the ground she walked on. With all that work to do, naturally, she got thinner and thinner and peaked and peaked, but she didn’t complain. She knew what she wanted and how she was going to get it—and she waited her chance.

Finally Harry noticed how thin she was getting and he spoke to her about it.

“Can’t you ever sit down and rest, Milly?” he said one day, watching her fly around the kitchen, doing six things at once.

But she just laughed at him and said, “I’m cooking for you and your six brothers, and that makes work, you know.”

Well, he thought that over, inside him, but he didn’t say anything, then. But he came up to her in the laundry another time, and when she was dusting the house another time—she was looking peaked each day—and asked her if she couldn’t rest a spell. The last time, he brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

“This has got to stop!” he said. “Me and my six brothers is wearing you to skin and bone with our victuals and our shirts and the dust we track in the house, and I won’t have it no more! It’s got to stop!”

“Well, Harry,” she said, sort of quiet, “if it’s got to stop, it’s got to—and pretty soon, Harry. Because, I’m expecting, and a woman that’s expecting can’t work like a woman in her usual health.”

Well, after he got his sense back, after hearing that, he called the whole family into consultation that evening and put it to them plain. They’d do anything for Milly by then.

She led the conversation where she wanted it to go, though she didn’t seem to, and finally they decided it was up to Halbert, the second oldest, to get married, so his wife could take some of the work off Milly’s hands. So next day, Halbert spruced up and went to town to look for a wife. But when he came home, he was alone and all dejected.

“They won’t have me,” he said, very mournful. “They won’t none of ’em have me—and I

asked fourteen of 'em."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Milly.

"Well," said Halbert, "it seems they've heard about the seven of us and the lot of victuals we eat and the wash and all—and they say only a fool would marry into a family like that and they don't see how you stand it, Milly."

"Oh, that's what they say, is it?" said Milly, with her eyes as bright as candles. "Well, your turn next, Harvey."

So Harvey tried it and Hosea tried it and all of them tried it. But none of them had any luck. And then, finally, Milly let loose at them, good and proper.

"You great big lumps of men!" she said, with the cocky look on her face. "There's more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream. If they won't marry you after you've asked 'em—why don't you marry 'em first and ask 'em afterwards?"

"But how can we do that?" said Harvey, who was the stupidest.

"Well," said Milly—and here's where her education came in that I've made such a point of—"I read in a history book once about a bunch of people called Romans who were just in your fix." And she went on to tell them about the Romans—how they were settled in a country that was unfriendly to them, just like the Pontipees, and how they all needed wives, just like the Pontipees, and how, when they couldn't get them in [Pg 152]the ordinary way from the other people of the country who were called the Sobbin's or the Sabbin's or some such name, they raided the Sobbin' town one night and carried off a lot of the Sobbin' women and married them.

"And, if you can't do as well for yourselves as a lot of old dead Romans," she ended, "you're no brothers of mine and you can cook your own suppers the rest of your lives."

They all sat around dumbfounded for a while. Finally Hob spoke up.

"That sounds all right, in history," he said, "but this is different. Supposing these women just cry and pine away when we've carried them off—supposing that?"

"Listen to me," said Milly. "I know what I'm talking about. Every one of those girls is crazy to get married—and there's not half enough men in town to go round. They think a lot of you boys, too, for I've heard them talk about you; but they're scared of your being backwoodsmen, and scared of the work, and each one is scared of being the first to leave the others. I'll answer for them, once you've married them. Is there anybody around here who

can marry people, except the regular minister?”

“There’s a sort of hedge-parson just come to town,” said Hob. “I reckon he can tie a knot as tight as any preacher in the county.”

“All right,” said Milly. “That settles it.”

It was the evening of the big sociable that it happened. They held it once a year, around Thanksgiving time, and those who had rifles and weapons left them at the door. The Pontipee boys had never attended before—so there was a good deal of stir when they marched in, all seven of them, with Milly in the middle. The brothers were shaved and clean and dressed up spick and span and Milly never looked better, in a dress she’d made out of store cloth and her embroidered slippers.

There was quite a bit of giggling from the town girls, as the Pontipees entered, and a buzz around the hall, but then the fiddler struck up and people began to dance and play games and enjoy themselves, and pretty soon they forgot the Pontipees were there at all, except that the Pontipee boys acted very polite to everybody—Milly’d taught ’em that—and, I guess, before the evening was over, some of the town girls were wondering why they’d turned down boys like that just because they lived in the backwoods.

But they didn’t get much chance to think about it, at that. Because, just as they were all going to sit down to supper—“Ready, boys?” called Milly, in a voice that cut through all the talk and commotion. Everybody turned to look at her. And then there was a gasp and a cry, for “Ready!” chorused the six bachelor Pontipees; and suddenly, each one had one hand on a rifle and the other holding a girl, while Harry and Milly trained a couple more rifles on the rest of the community to keep them quiet. It happened so sudden, half the folks didn’t even know it was happening—till the Pontipee boys had their girls outside in the street, and the big doors locked and bolted behind them.

Then there was Cain to raise for fair in the meeting-hall, and people started to beat and kick at the doors—but they built solid, in those days. There wasn’t any use in trying to shoot the locks off, because the Pontipee boys had tied up the guard over the weapons and dumped him and them outside in a shed.

It wasn’t till pretty near dawn that the doors gave way—and when they did, the townspeople took one look outside and groaned. For it was snowing, lickety split, till you couldn’t see your hand before your face—and when it snows, in our part of the country, it certainly snows. The blizzard didn’t let up for four days, either, and by that time, the pass through the hills to Pontipee Valley was blocked solid, and nothing to do but wait for Spring and the thaw.

And, meanwhile, Milly had her work cut out for her. It wasn't an easy job, convoying three sleigh-loads full of hysterics all that long, cold ride. But she let them hysteric away, and, by the time they got to the Pontipee house, the stolen brides were so tuckered out that they'd quieted down a good deal.

Still, at first, they swore they wouldn't take bite or sup till they were restored to their grieving families. But Milly had some tea ready for them, in a jiffy—and a woman will usually take tea, no matter how mad she is. Well, Milly let them get warm and a little cozy, and then, when they were on their second cups, she made her little speech.

"Ladies," she said, "this affair makes me mighty sad—to see fine girls like you stole away by a lot of uncouth backwoodsmen. And I'd never have lent a hand to it if I'd known the truth of the matter. But, you and me, we'll turn the tables on them yet. You can't get back to your families till the blizzard lets up, but, while you've got to stay here, I'll see you're treated respectful. And just to prove that"—and she took a bunch of keys from her pocket—"I'll lock this house up tight, with us inside it; and, as for those backwoods Pontipees, they can sleep and eat in the stable with the livestock. That'll teach them they can't fool us!"

Well, that little speech—and the tea—cheered the girls up quite a bit. And by the time Milly showed them to their rooms—nice-looking rooms, too—and let them bolt themselves in, they were pretty well convinced that Milly was their friend.

So a week or so went by like that—the girls keeping house for themselves and never seeing hide nor hair of a Pontipee.

At first, it was a regular picnic for the girls. They allowed as how they'd always wanted to live without any men around, and, now they were, it was even better than they'd thought. And Milly agreed with them as hard as she could agree. She made them little speeches about the worthlessness of men in general and husbands in particular that would have raised the hair off any man's head. And, at first, the other girls listened to her and chimed in, and then they listened, but you could see they were being polite. And, by the end of the week, it was awful hard for her to get a real audience.

So, when she began to catch them looking out of windows when they should have been dusting, and peeking from behind curtains to try and get a sight of the terrible Pontipees, she knew it was time for the next step. For things got duller and duller in the house and little spats and quarrels began to break out among the girls. So, one afternoon, she suggested, tactfully, just to break the monotony, that they all go up and rummage in the garret.

They rummaged around and had quite a bit of fun, until finally the minister's daughter opened a long box and gave a little squeal of joy.

“What a lovely wedding-dress—whose was it?” she said, and pulled out the long white veil and the dress itself, while the rest stood round and admired.

“Oh, shucks, that’s just an old wedding-dress those backwoodsmen made me make when they thought you were going to marry ’em,” said Milly, in a very disgusted voice. “Put it back!” But the girls weren’t paying attention.

“Will it fit me, I wonder?” said the minister’s daughter.

“It’s bad luck, trying on wedding-dresses, if you’re not going to have a wedding!” said Milly. “Let’s go downstairs and have tea.” But the minister’s daughter was stepping out of her regular clothes already. The other girls helped fix her up—and then they oh-ed and ah-ed, for, I must say, she made a handsome-looking bride.

“That Pontipee boy named Hob’s got curly hair,” said the minister’s daughter, trailing out her veil. “I always did have a liking for curly hair.”

“Hob’s not nearly as good-looking as Halbert,” said the lawyer’s niece, quite violent, and another one said, “Handsome is as handsome does—the one they call Harvey isn’t so handsome, maybe, but he certainly has nice eyes.”

“There’s something about a man around the house that brisks things up remarkable,” said a fourth one. “Not that I want to get married, but Howard’s a nice name, even if Pontipee is hitched to it and——”

“Girls, girls—are you crazy, girls?” said Milly, shocked and horrified. But the minute she started to reprove them, they all turned on her, most ungratefully, and there was a regular revolt. So, at last, she had to give in and admit that there were five more wedding-dresses in the garret—and that if anybody was thinking of getting married, there just happened to be a hedge-parson, spending the winter with the Pontipees. But one thing she was firm about.

“Get married if you like,” she said. “I can’t stop you. But I’m responsible for you to your families—and, after the ceremony’s ended, your husbands go back to the stable and stay there, till I know your families approve of them.” She looked very fierce about it, and she made them promise. The hedge-parson married them all—all six in their wedding dresses—and then the boys went back to the stable. And, at dinner that night, the minister’s daughter burst out crying.

“I hate men just as much as ever!” she wailed. “But it’s terrible to be lawful married to a man you can’t even see, except now and then out of a window!”

So Milly saw she had to make some new rules and she did. Three afternoons a week, the boys were allowed to call on their new wives, and once in a while, for a great treat, they could stay to supper. But, always with Milly to chaperon.

Well, at first, the husbands and wives were mighty stiff and formal with each other, but, gradually, they got better and better acquainted. Till, pretty soon, the minister's daughter was letting Hob hold her hand, when she thought Milly wasn't looking, and the lawyer's niece was asking permission to sew a button on Halbert's coat—and there was a general atmosphere of courting around the Pontipee place that'd make an old bachelor sick.

Milly took it all in but she never stopped chaperoning.

Well, finally, it was one day along in January. Milly woke up in the morning—and she knew she was near her time. But, first thing in the morning, as always, she reached underneath her pillow for her keys—and then she smiled. For somebody must have stolen them while she was sleeping—and when she got up, and went to the window in her wrapper, the door of the house was wide open. And there was Hob and his wife, helping each other shovel snow from the doorstep, and Halbert and his wife were throwing snowballs at Harvey and his, and Howard was kissing the doctor's eldest behind the kitchen door. "Praise be!" said Milly. "I can have my baby in peace"—and she went down to congratulate them all.

Only then, there were the families and the relatives still to fix. But Milly had a plan for that—she had plans for everything. When they stole the girls away, they left a letter she drew up, signed by all the boys and expressing all the honorable intentions you could put a name to. But she was afraid that wouldn't cool down the townspeople much, even when they thought it over, and it didn't.

One day when the first thaws had come and Milly's baby was about six weeks old, Hob came running in from his lookout post.

"They're coming, Milly!" he said. "The whole dum town! They've got rifles and scythes and ropes and they look mighty wild and bloodthirsty! What'll we do?"

"Do?" said Milly, perfectly calm. "You get the boys together and keep out of sight—and tell the girls to come here. For it's women's work, now, that'll save us, if anything will."

When she got the girls together, she gave them their orders. I guess they were a bit white-faced, but they obeyed. Then she looked out of the window—and there was the town, marching up the road, slow and steady. She'd have liked it better if they'd shouted or cried, but they didn't shout nor cry. The minister was in the lead, with his lips shut, and a six foot rifle in his hand, and his face like an iron mask.

She saw them come up to the gate of the Pontipee place. The gate was wide open and nobody there to hinder. She could see them take that in—and the little waver in the crowd. Because that made them feel queer.

Then they caught themselves and came tramping along toward the house, the minister still in the lead. Milly caught her breath, for they still looked awful mad. She knew what they'd expect when they got near the house—every window barred and every door bolted and red-hot bullets spitting through the loop-holes in the walls.

But the windows were open—you could see white curtains in them; there were plants on some of the sills. The door of the house stood ajar and Milly's cat was asleep on the doorstep, there in the sun.

They stood outside that door for quite a little bit, just milling around and staring. It was very quiet; they could hear their own breath breathe and their own hearts knock. Finally the minister brushed his face, as if he were brushing a cobweb away from it, and he gripped his gun and went up on the porch and knocked at the open door. He'd intended to stomp up those steps like a charge of cavalry, but he walked soft, instead. He couldn't have told you why.

He knocked once and he knocked again—and then Milly was standing in the door, with her baby in her arms.

Somebody at the back of the crowd dropped the scythe he was carrying, and another one coughed in his hand.

"You're just in time to christen my child, your reverence," said Milly. "Have you brought that rifle to help you christen my child?"

The minister's eyes dropped, after a minute, and he lowered his rifle but he still held it in the crook of his arm.

"Your child?" he said, and his voice was as low as Milly's, but there was a fierceness in it. "What about my child?"

"Listen!" said Milly, raising her hand, and the whole crowd fell dead still. Then from somewhere in the house came the hum of a spinning-wheel, low and steady, and a woman's voice, humming with the wheel.

"That's your child you hear, your reverence," said Milly. "Does she sound hurt, your reverence, or does she sound content?"

The minister hesitated for a moment and the crowd fell dead still again. Then they all heard the hum of the wheel and the hum of the woman's voice, humming back and forth to each other, as they did their work in the world.

"She sounds content—heaven help me!" said the minister, and a twist went over his face. But then there was a sudden outburst of cries and questions from the others. "My child, what about my child?" "Where's Mary?" "Is Susy safe?"

"Listen!" said Milly again, and they all fell silent once more. And, from somewhere, there came the splash of a churn and the voice of a woman talking to the butter to make it come; and the rattling of pans in a kitchen and a woman singing at her work; and the slap of clothes on a laundry board and the little clatter a woman makes setting table.

"There's your children," said Milly. "Hear 'em? Don't they sound all right? And—dinner will be ready in about half an hour—and you're all staying, I hope."

Then the daughters came out and their folks rushed to them; and, after all the crying and conniptions were over, Milly introduced the parents to their sons-in-law.

Downloaded from www.libraryofshortstories.com

This work is in the public domain of Australia. Please check your local copyright laws if you live elsewhere.