

cover was removed before all the family, and the happy children saw a pair of pretty meek doves. One was snow-white, the other a soft bluish grey.

“That is a very good shape for the baby to have taken,” said grandfather.

“Oh, yes,” said Sister, looking up from the birds. “We’ll pretend we found two babies and that they turned into doves. Won’t we, Brother?”

“Let’s. And, Sister, really and truly, I would rather have doves than babies. The Nellis boys say that their baby just yells some days, and our doves will never yell. They are just as lovely and good as flowers. Say we name them Lily and—and——”

“And Lupine,” said Sister, clapping her hands.



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