

sissy," he said, with a shamefaced air. "You may just be sure of that. I've had a great talk with that friend of yours — and sissy, I'm obliged to you."

There was a queer break in his voice. An end had suddenly come to his troubles. He would now be in the way of earning an honest living. And it would be a pleasure to live with his father and this young girl who would look up to him and admire him.

"Sissy," he said, abruptly, "where do you think my new berth is?"

"I don't know — oh, tell me quick."

"In the Waysmith lumber mill. Mr. Waysmith offered a place to your friend Tracy to-day for some young man, and I'm the young man."

"With the Waysmiths?" murmured 'Tilda Jane, "where your father used to be?"

"The same, sissy."

'Tilda Jane could stand no more. "O Lord, I thank thee!" she cried, with a burst of tears, and running into the kitchen, she buried her face in the roller towel hanging on a door.

Hank sauntered after her, and on his way stumbled