

"You have been giving that worthless beggar money again!" she said reprovingly.

"No, my dear," replied Rudd's grandfather, smilingly defending himself, "I didn't give it; he took it."

Hovering between his wife's prohibition as to giving alms to this particular rogue, and his own softness of heart, the kindly old gentleman had laid a sixpence on his open palm and awaited events.

At "Sunnyside," Rudd's grandfather's house, certain toys were kept for grandchildren on their visits—toys which had already satisfied more than one generation; and these alone made a party there a tremendous event.

But there were other things, too, which Rudd always remembered, chief of which was the texture of the cloth which was laid on the dining-room table between meals, and was as thick almost as a carpet, but softer, and in its floral pattern rather like one; and the tick of the wonderful ormolu and marble clock on the mantelpiece under a glass shade. This tick he learned as he played with the ancestral toys on the splendid table-cloth in the afternoon, but so silently as not on any account to disturb his grandfather, who took a nap that time, under a bandana handkerchief.

Parties at "Sunnyside" were naturally anticipated by the grandchildren with the utmost interest. But the finest party of all, and alas the last, was on the old gentleman's seventy-fifth birthday, for then all