

said, gasping, "an' that bread's sour agin." He shook his head pitifully.

His eyes at last settled on her, and he recognized her. He broke into a giggling laugh; the surprise was almost too much for his feeble mind and body. His hands reached and clutched hers. "Liddy! Liddy!" he whispered, then added peevishly, "The bread's sour an' the boneset and camomile's no good. . . . Ain't to-morrow bakin'-day?" he added.

"Yes, dad," she said, smoothing his hands.

"What danged—liars—they be—Liddy! You're my gel, ain't ye?"

"Yes, dad. I'll make some boneset liquor now."

"Yes, yes," he said, with childish eagerness and a weak, wild smile. "That's it—that's it."

She was about to rise, but he caught her shoulder. "I bin a good dad to ye, hain't I, Liddy?" he whispered.

"Always."

"Never had no ma but Manette, did ye?"

"Never, dad."

"What danged liars they be!" he said, chuckling.

She kissed him, and moved away to the fire to pour hot water and whisky on the herbs.

His eyes followed her proudly, shining like