

" Say, folks," he said slowly—" say, folks, I guess this is some Thanksgiving ! "

Laura said, amid the clinking of glasses, that if Gerald was going to make a speech she was going to retire, and in the general laughter Sally slipped out of the room.

Mr. Fayce rose to go.

" My wife's expecting me," he said. " I'll have to be there and stuff some dinner down. It's our first Thanksgiving since we were married, you see ! "

" I'm glad he's gone," said Laura. " She's so fond of him, poor little thing. I hope she will never find out he married her for her money. What is a jack-pot, Gerald ? He told me he was in a jack-pot, and but for her thousand dollars he would have got it where the chicken got the axe. I hope she will never know he married her for her money."

" Guess I'll go and stoke up," volunteered Jake. The offer was quite superfluous, for the house was as warm as anybody could wish.

He had heard feet going down into the basement

Alberta said, " Please do, Jake ! Thank you so much."

It was nearly dark down in the basement, but when Jake looked twice when he got down the ladder, he made out Sally, sitting cross-legged on a box, with the glow from the little vent-hole flickering on her set, resolute face. She was staring in at the peep of fire, and her hands were folded tightly over the plump black sides of the Meritorious Cat. Jake stood silent for a second, and there was not a sound but the ecstatic purring of the cat.

" There's room on the box," said Sally, moving a few