

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

them singing snatch/s of revival hymns. Mrs. Pompey and Melissa somehow found themselves together and arm-in-arm walked silently along the frozen street. Silence seemed golden, for not a word was exchanged until they neared the general store. A light was still burning, and Mrs. Pompey suddenly halted at the door and withdrawing her arm from Melissa's, exclaimed in a strangely high-wrought key: "I must step in 'n' get some fixin's fer my plum puddin'." And Melissa followed her in.

The store was deserted save for Limpy, who was lounging, pipe in mouth, before the fire. Upon their entrance he suddenly straightened up and pursing his mouth smothered a bursting chuckle.

"Them 'livivals done et," he mentally calculated, as he handed Mrs. Pompey her parcels and stumped to the postal corner, from which he returned with a letter and paper, exclaiming in admirable unconcern: "Theer's been a letter 'n' paper lyin' here fer ye, 'Lissy, well nigh unto three days."

"Another o' them pesky cirklars, I'll warrant," she remarked as she stowed the letter and paper in her muff and joined Mrs. Pompey at the door.

"Ever sin' I was ailin' las' fall, 'n' took that 'erb treatment, I've been pested with cirklars," she remarked by way of conversation as they continued their walk.

"You've no idee how I fretted 'bout you then, 'Lissy. We've jest been two childre' till them 'livivals."