

vides for keeping a register, otherwise I wouldn't bother."

"But does the law only stipulate the registration of the people whom you do not know?"

"No, oh, no," answered Mr. Van Hasset, shaking his head. "Everybody is alike in the eyes of the law and I s'pose I should have everybody register, but then you see 't'ain't handy and, besides, lots of the folks around here ain't handy with a pen and it would rather seem like showing up their ignorance. I know everybody around here and everybody knows me so they won't make trouble over it. Then I'm the only justice of the peace in these parts and I guess by the time that I had the complaints made out that I could succeed in convincing the man that it was against his best interests to bring it. Strangers from a distance expect to register and so I let them."

A pen, in much the same condition as the register, having been found the stranger inscribed his name and address. Mr. Van Hasset read it slowly and distinctly, "Edward R. Delancy, New York." Then he stretched forth his hand across the counter and grasped that of Delancy.

"How-do, Mr. Delancy," he said. Now we're acquainted my name's Van Hasset, Jacob Van Hasset, Jake, sometimes Van, for short, use either at your discretion. Now, I suppose you would like a wash-up and something to eat. It's a nice long drive from the valley up and kind of makes a man ready for his vittles just about the time that they are ready for him. Come along upstairs and I will show you your room."

He lead the way up a long and broad stairway and at the top threw open a door. Delancy glanced in and a load was taken from his mind. If outward appearances went for anything the bed was all right. The windows, there were two of them, for the room was large, looked out upon the bit of scenery he had particularly admired. A huge bowl of roses standing on the table filled the room with their fragrance.

"Why, this is nice," he exclaimed, almost in astonishment.

"Of course it is," complacently replied his host. "You don't suppose that I

have been running this hotel twenty-three years without learning that you give a man nice fixings and he is easier to get along with. Phyllis, my daughter, fixed it up. Phyllis is a genius at fixing up things."

Delancy agreed with him and thought that if Phyllis and Phyllis' taste were anything alike that both would be charming and he began to think that after all it wouldn't matter so much if the chickens were not quite as well broiled as they should be. He did manage to find fault in the best restaurant in the city and why should he imagine that he was going to find perfection in this out of the way spot.

"I'll send up your trunks at once and if you want anything else just touch this button. It's one of them new fangled electric bells that my son put in last summer when he was home on his vacation. He's in a electricity factory in Springfield. He's got a great head, that boy," and with this exhibition of parental pride Mr. Van Hasset disappeared.

Delancy changed his travelling suit for lighter and more comfortable garments and then found his way downstairs. The landlord met him as he came down and led him into the dining room. As they entered a tall and slim girl in a plainly cut dress of grey came forward.

"My daughter, Mr. Delancy. He's come to spend a couple of weeks with us, Phyllis, and you must fly round and make him as much to home as possible. We don't have many city folks down here and we must make them comfortable when they do come."

Delancy did not feel "to home" at that moment. In a casual glance he had satisfied himself that Phyllis was more than an ordinary pretty girl. The young lady held out her hand and Delancy took it and mumbled a very common-place remark. It appeared common-place to him. "I am sure," she said, "that we will do all we can to make you comfortable."

Then Jacob went away, and Delancy was seated at a little table that stood beside an open window looking out on the great wide verandah and through a wealth of green vines that covered it into the valley far below, now hidden in a faint evening mist. Phyllis brought him his tea and as