

CHAPTER XXII.

It was seven years after the events recorded in the last chapter that Mr. Jonathan Roscommon, who was making a round of visits to his constituents, in view of a coming election, called at the farm house that was once the residence of the late Major Thompson.

It was a lovely day in September. The window of the dining room was open, and as he pulled up his team and descended from his buggy he heard the notes of the piano. It was a juvenile exercise that was being played, and, taking the liberty of peeping in at the window, he saw a very small performer in the person of a little girl who was sitting on a high music stool.

"Good morning," said Mr. Roscommon. The child turned, saw him, and came to the window. A bright, pretty child she was, with a wealth of golden hair. She looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"What is *your* name, my dear?" said Mr. Roscommon.

"Gladys—Gladys Robinson, and I've got a little bruvver Freddy—Freddy's in the barn I fink—what's *your* name?"