

another orphan, — the ugliest little orphan they've got, — worse than me, if it's not impossible."

"You just write it down that I will," said Hank, gazing kindly and benevolently at her flushed face.

"We'll do it," cried 'Tilda Jane. "We'll be good to that other orphan. I know they'll have one, but how can I wait? What shall I do? I mus' hug some one, I'm so happy!"

She flashed a glance at the dogs. They were sleepy and comfortable. "Grampa, I guess it'll have to be you," she said, gaily, and, running to the old man, she threw her arms around his wrinkled neck, kissed his bald head, and fulfilled her promise of a hugging so vigorously that at last he called for mercy.

"Now, I'll go take something," she said, demurely, and, with a last caress, "you darlin' ole grampa — I could eat you — Lord, give me a thankful heart for all these mercies," then, reverently bending her head over her plate, she took up her knife and fork with a long and happy sigh.