

awhile, not I! and I'm riding, this time, from clear choice, not necessity. I'm nearly sixty, maybe, but my muscles are hard as a goat's knee, and I could knock the side of a barn in if I had to!"

"It's great fun hearing you talk, Phoebe; I truly don't believe you ever will get stiff or old, and I know what you mean about feeling so strong, for I do, too, as if I would just have to have something awfully hard to do, to use it up."

"Well, you've your Uncle to tackle for a few days, and that will exhaust some of your energy. I've thought of something I can bring you back. You were fretting because you had no keepsake to give Pelig when he went off, and if I mistake not I've got something home that he'd prize all right, it's an old daguerreotype of his grandfather, Uncle Jock he was always called, taken when he was a young fellow like Pelig, all rigged up fine—gentleman style, in high collar and silk stock, a pink colour in his cheeks and his curly hair all over his forehead. Nat looks like him, I've heard. I never thought about it till yesterday when I was dusting over the lot of them there are in the cabinet here, and it came to me that you might like to have it to give Pelig, so he can grow up to it as he goes along."

Phoebe got her hug for that, all right. "O, it is just exactly what I would like to give him, Phoebe. But we ought to call him John, now, his new name, you know."

"We will when we think of it, and when we don't he'll suffer nothing thereby. One is as good as the other, to my liking."

"Yes, but you see the new one stands for what he's going to do, ahead," explained Joan. "I do wish somebody would give him a lot of money so he could get on quick instead of having to wait so long to earn it all."

"Money isn't the sole thing that gives you a place in the world," said Phoebe wisely. "Those poor rich people the Collins, who have only dollars and cents to their credit, couldn't turn a phrase at the courts of heaven or earth to