

the minister saying to Hank? Would Hank talk to him freely?

"O Lord! Lord! Lord!" she cried, suddenly stopping and raising her clasped hands to the ceiling, "do make his heart soft — soft as mush, an' don't let him be sassy. The minister is smooth an' nice, an' he would stand sass, but it's awful bad for Hank. He's got to sober down. O Lord, make him solemn — jus' like an owl!"

She dashed a tear from the corner of her eye, and went on with her occupation of wrapping various articles in a red handkerchief.

When the parlour door opened, she ran to the front hall, and as Mr. Tracy passed her, she caught his hand and pressed it fervently.

He said nothing, but smiling with the more than earthly sweetness of one who truly loved his fellow men, he hurried back to his deserted guests.

Hank followed close at his heels, and as he stood in the hall doorway, looking already straighter and taller, he smiled patronisingly down at 'Tilda Jane.

"You're a mighty fine girl, sissy, how old are you now?"