

lonely rooms by a score of ways, and, what was next to best of all, telling them such wonderful stories of her own childhood and youth, as well as of dozens of other children who were her play-mates then, but were now, many of them, staid heads of families with grandchildren as large as even Robbie, that she could only have happy thoughts associated with her.

Nancy had an unfailing stock of anecdote,—histories for which she could vouch, and others, also, which she could only tell on trust—wonderful ghost stories which would make the blood curdle, and hair stand on end, as she mysteriously related them, in wide, dimly lighted kitchens, to audiences whose grey-haired members seemed as deeply interested as the little boy or girl who crouched tremblingly near its mother's knee. Only once or twice had the Meredith children been feasted on their friend's ghastly fare. Their mother strictly forbade the narrator from telling them, at the same time commanding them not to listen to such stories. Fortunately neither party