

Chubb

hoped to have sent him home to you well. Poor boy, he is having a harder pull back to health than we thought.'

More looked over at Chubb, who was lying on the bed, his little face as white as a moon-beam.

'Then there's dear little Jennie,' rambled on the preacher. 'She only came to see us this morning. You should have seen her up on the bed nursing Chubb. It was one of the sweetest pictures I ever saw in my life. But, Mr. More, she says that you have not kissed her yet. You are a father, and no doubt you are glad to see your children again. Look, Jennie is just hungering for a kiss from you now!'

'I never kiss my children,' growled More, shifting his feet uneasily.

'Then you had better begin now. You are their father, aren't you? Look, how can you keep your hands off a sweet little lassie like Jennie? If you don't kiss your precious girl I'll have to do it for you.'

The rough man stooped to his little girl and kissed her. Jennie threw her arms around his neck, and, hugging him tightly, she said—

'Oh, papa, that's the first time you ever