

"He wouldn't think so if he saw you now—starting for a dance," suggested my Aunt Agnes. "But you look mighty sweet, honey—though I don't believe you've got enough on for a chilly night like this. Be sure you have something round you when you're coming home."

"Mr. Slocum will see to that," assured Uncle Henry, his expression interpreting his words.

"Hush," said my mother chidingly; "the child doesn't know what you mean." Every word of that evening's conversation is vivid to me yet, as it well might be; and I have often wondered why my mother held such a sanguine view of my simplicity.

I don't remember much about the succeeding frivolities of that April evening. Sometimes I catch again a few fugitive snatches of the melody that inspired the mazy throng; I remember what I wore—it served long years of umbrageous usefulness as a lamp shade after I was through with it; and I think I danced nearly every dance, no foreboding of soberer days chastening the gladness. And I forgot all about the elder question, wondering no more where he might lay his devoted head. But before Mr. Frank Slocum bade me good-night as I disappeared within the heavy oaken door of my uncle's house, he unwittingly recalled the subject.