

But there was something else, that was new and a question.

"You 're fond of him, Sis," said David.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I been fond on him—this two years." Silence again. Then, suddenly, a quick little sob.

"But I be awful fond—o' *thee*."

She had her arms about his neck. He drew her to him, and they stood together mutely, like lovers.

"I 'm—rich," said David Bold, with a catch in his voice.

. . . . .

The wooden-legged man glanced at the carriage at the head of the lane. Two young figures were turning in at his own gate. One, tall and gracious, wore a dainty white gown and a plumed hat. He pulled up crossing the field. The thing flabbergasted you a bit. Surveying his right palm, he rubbed it vehemently on his white trouser-leg, having first well