

brought to the premises an air of tidiness and order.

It chanced about the first week of May that a wayfaring man named James Watson, of no known address, stopped at her neat gate and debated the question of going in to ask for a meal. In Mr. Watson's experience the place was too tidy to be hospitable.

"Clean house—cross woman," said Mr. Watson, shaking his unkept gray head. "Still, all signs fail in a dry spell . . . that last house I tried was dirty enough in all conscience, and I got nothing but 'Go to the porridge kitchen' . . . Nothing venture nothing win . . . 'we know not which will thrive, the late or early sown'."

Mr. Watson followed the new board walk to the back door, stood with his muddy boots on Miss Abbie's pearl gray steps, knocked on the cream and green door, and was admitted.

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Two hours later James Watson came into the common room of the Salvation Army and told his story.

"Believe it or not," he began, in a voice that quivered with emotion, "but I found a place today where I was asked to come back." He had the attention of the room at once. Readers looked up from their magazines, and the man who was treating his friend's ingrowing toe-nail with a piece of broken glass carelessly let his instrument fall to the floor.

"You hadn't finished your work, I suppose; or maybe you had borrowed a hoe or something?" he said, being of a suspicious nature and given to caustic speech. "I have been asked back, too."

Mr. Watson resumed: "I was invited to come back, as I was saying when someone rudely in-