

tropics as a missionary," he declared. "To think the tree's there, and nobody to eat of it and become immortal but monkeys! An immortal ape, ma'am, is a very unquieting thought, I assure you."

"So 'tis then, an' a creepy beast best of times. Such things better not be spoke even by you. Now tell a bit if you'm rested. Theer's many matters I want to put afore to-day."

Mr. Newte sat down, took the great Book upon his knees, scanned the family history boldly written upon the first leaf, and then, turning to the New Testament, read the first verse that met his eye, and proceeded to expound it in an amiable, pedestrian fashion. The humorous bent of his mind led him in one direction; the necessity of keeping his reputation with Mother Hatherley chastened his tongue. He spoke for half an hour with glib choice of words, then ceased and asked for some cider.

With grunts and groans the old woman rose and bid her friend accompany her into the house. Here certain old chambers above stairs were turned into sleeping-rooms, a back place was used