

LIMPY'S NEW YEAR

collar and new plaid tie. So intently was he absorbed in the reflection before him that it was some moments before a heavy footstep from behind caused him to turn, and as he did so he came face to face with Billy. Both laughed heartily, and as he reached for his old mink ear-lapped cap and silver-headed cane, he half chuckled, "Aye, aye, Billy, there's no fool like 'n' old un."

After a hasty breakfast that morning, accompanied by Billy, who was similarly "done-up," they wended their way up the village street, quite conscious that many eyes were upon them, for even upon a work day few passed up or down without being observed. But that morning the quick movement of a blind or the deft adjustment of a face in an unfrosted pane did not disconcert either as they walked along the frozen path, halting only when they reached a small white-painted green shuttered cottage which stood quite pretentiously at the head of the street. Several of the curious, who had been watching their progress from an upstairs window, suddenly rubbed their eyes in non-belief and looked once more, and just in time to see Limpy, followed by Billy, enter the cottage unannounced.

"Well, if that don't beat all," was the general exclamation. "Something he a-doin' ter Widow Pompey's."

It was the first time in the history of Sunshine-Shadder that Limpy had been known to enter Widow Pompey's home, and various were the surmises as to