

"yook, yook! mother's sitting on fawver's knee—
rock-a-by, fawver, rock-a-by!"

But Ralph had no eyes for anything but the old sunbonnet in which the piquant flower face of Mistress Five-year-old Winifred was all but lost. He stooped and kissed it, and the face under it. It was frayed and faded, and it had again lost both strings.

Then he looked up and kissed the wife who was still his sweetheart, for the love the lilac sunbonnet had brought to them so many years ago was still fresh with the dew of their youth.

THE END