

"Not old Skelton!" cried Robin. "I say, isn't this jolly?" And he ran out of doors without his hat, and Aunt Mary after him with a shawl to put over his head, while Laura made still another plate hot. Kingsway took advantage of a lull in all the chatter to grip Jake by the hand, and the two men looked into one another's eager, earnest faces with a sudden leaping forth of old friendship to be renewed.

They talked in low tones together, with a hand-clasp that was better than words; and Sally, with the cat pressed to her breast, watched them with a happy face.

Robin and Jake returned, with Skelton between them, very bashful and quite bowled over with Aunt Mary's warm invitation to stay.

"I hope Mrs. Skelton is well," she was saying. "I shall never, never forget her kindness to poor Robin. It was so nice to feel that he was with a good, motherly woman. What have I said wrong, Sally? Oh, I beg your pardon! I am so stupid! That was one of the things that were not true."

Looking back, everybody wondered how it was they all enjoyed that Thanksgiving dinner so heartily. With all the interruptions and surprises that punctuated it, the vegetables must have been very nearly cold by the time every one was seated at very close quarters about the table. It literally groaned, but rather with the pressure from outside than with the weight of the diminished turkey.

Kingsway was eagerly explaining the big elevator scheme to Jake, in connection with the work which he wanted him to undertake for him. He talked in a deep, low voice, and all the boys were quiet for a bit,