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set—supplemented by less gorgeous tumblers—was introduced with telling effect, and one of Maggie's incomparable cakes devoured with relish. The gathering began to take on the look of a party and, indeed, as they stood at the door speeding the parting guests, Maggie sighed and whispered to her husband, "Tim, it just seems as if we'd been entertainin'—don't it?"

"An' so we have, missis," replied her spouse as he kissed her on one rosy cheek and drew her within the house.

Next morning Tim was up bright and early and when his wife came into the kitchen she found a roaring fire and the kettle singing cheerily. It was the first time for many moons that Tim had rendered this domestic service and Maggie's heart beat with rapturous throbbings. The meal was a happy and noisy one and as the factory whistles began to blow, Tim manifested a strange uneasiness, glancing frequently at the clock. He bolted his second cup of coffee, threw his coat over his shoulder, and leaning over, kissed his wife with something of the old tenderness. Her eyes filled and her lips trembled. "Where are you goin', Tim?"

"I'm goin' to work, little woman. I've got to live up to that there pianner. I want Tilly to take lessons right away so's she kin play as well as Susie Publicover." Bending, he kissed her again and murmured in tones strangely unlike his own, "I ain't treated you square, missis, but I'm goin' to cut it out—see? When a feller's got a pianner in the house he can't bum and keep his respect—kin he? That there little party las' night was a hummer an' I reckon we orter have 'em right frequent. The folks enjoyed the music—an' so did you an' me—didn't we, honey?"

"Tim—you're a darlin'!" She rose and threw her arms about his neck. She was almost afraid of this new happiness, but there was something in her husband's tones that made her feel the devils were expelled, that they were already dashing themselves to fragments on the rocks of his new resolution.

"Tim," she murmured, "it's just like our weddin'-day."

"All 'cept the kids—an' the washin'," laughed he. "We'll keep the kids, but you kin send back the washin'—an' tell 'em you ain't goin' to do no more toytin' with their clothes. You're goin' to hev a good time now, Mag, and I'm goin' to do the work for both of us. I got to get rid of this here tissue." The last whistle sounded and he was gone in the direction of the soap-works.

For the last time Maggie sorted the piles of fragrant, clean linen, and an emissary, in the shape of the excited Tilly, was sent to her former patrons.

"Ma ain't goin' to do no more washin'!" announced the messenger with ill-concealed importance. "We got a pianner. Pa's gone to work and I—I'm goin' to take music lessons from off Susie Publicover, be-ginnin' next week."

THE Hollow was a bit dubious as to Tim's conversion but the months sped by and confirmed the announcement that he had made to Maggie on that bleak November morning. The roundness crept into her face as it disappeared from Tim's waist-line. The Golden Lion lost a paying customer and the auction-rooms an enthusiastic devotee. The Slattery abode became the centre of the Hollow's social activities and old Mrs. McGuire, basking in the light of her daughter's popularity and happiness, admitted without bitterness that her prophecy in regard to the silk purse had not come true.