

Ossie gave a quick gesture that checked him, yet her smile was indulgent. "Ye'll fergit all them po' mounting frolics when ye onct is made friends to the city."

"I won't never make friends," wailed the boy. "That air jes' what I'm sayin'. Do a kildee make friends with a beaver?"

"Leezer has," answered Ossie. "She's writ me. She don't hanker no mo' fer the mountings. You'll fergit 'em, the same ez she's done. Ye jes' watch."

Chris shook his great, tumbled, fair head. He knew he should never forget them.

In Dunrobin, Miss Ossie had pre-engaged rooms in the most select of lodging-houses. It was that of Miss Abby Quigley, a two-storey structure of wood, with a cramped gabled attic and shaded verandahs that ran on three sides of the first floor. It was almost directly across the street from the brick home of the Gaithers.

The blissful young husband and Leezer had insisted on having the brother and sister come to them as a matter of course. Indeed, when refusal persisted, Leezer dissolved into tears, the first since her marriage.

But Ossie knew her own mind: that was certain. There was still much "book-larnin'" before her. She knew she required exactly the sort of seclusion and privacy that her small, paid-for chamber afforded.