

L'ENVOI.

I said in the introduction of this story that I was young, and I know I have much yet to learn, so before I committed these records to cold type I read them to my mother, for it was only the other day I was in knickerbockers. I still value her opinions and judgment above any one else. So I read them to her, my sister Miriam and cousins close by listening.

"What do you think of them, mother?" I asked.

"My son," she answered, "they will do very well, for there is heart in them, and that pleases me."

"Did you say 'art' or 'heart,' mother?" I asked. Then, looking into my eyes, she answered, "Mephibosheth." (She never calls me by that name but to say something very tender, for her eyes filled with tears.) "Both, my son, both."

Then Miriam spoke out: "Play us a minuet on the harpsichord, brother, and I will 'sound the loud timbrel,' while cousins Gladys and Vera will dance to the music in honor of your story, and cousin Howard and baby 'Bosh' will shout 'hurrah!'"