

AMARILLY IN IOVE

"I dunno," said Mrs. Jenkins doubtfully.

Lily Rose began an inventory of their prosperity.

"Place paid for. Flam goin' to marry the smartest gal in the county in a year or two, and her pa to start them off with a forty, and cattle, and hogs. Gus with a good milk route, and the others all to school."

"I know," said Mrs. Jenkins, "but the place can't make no more than it's a-doin' now, and there's Bud's voice not bringin' in anything, cause it's changin'; and he'll hev to study when it does git changed. Bobby sot on goin' to college. Iry, Co and Ceely to eddicate and us a-growin' older."

"We're a-doin' the best we can," said Lily Pose hopefully, "and mebbby a ten-strike'll come along. Anyway, I guess it's better to git rich slow than to git poor fast."

"Ten-strikes don't come. You've got to git out after them. I hope Amarilly won't be ditched afore she gits here this time. She'll ketch on as slick as silk. Amarilly was always the go-getter one of the family."

"Ketch on to what?" asked Lily Rose.

"Oh, things," replied Mrs. Jenkins vaguely and yet mysteriously.