

been in 'most every State in the Union, but I find the Kentuckians are the best people in this line."

"What do you think of the South Carolinians?" asked the minister, a twinkle in his eye.

The old pedler caught it, but the knowledge he was to speak of a people to one of them did not influence his answer.

"They're a very fine people, what I know of them, hospitable and kind; but you don't find them as frank and open as the Kentuckian. They are more reserved in their intercourse with strangers, a sort of dignified friendliness. It makes you feel at home with them, however, because you know they are sincere."

"I see," said the minister, smiling, "you are loyal to Kentucky. Though my adopted State for a years only, I admit its people are all you claim them to be. I am from South Carolina myself."

"I thought so by your accent," said the old pedler, lookin' out at the rain and relapsing into silence. Mr. Hetting took up the conversation until the appearance of his wife, with the two children clinging to her skirts.

"Are you a Methodist, Brother Gray?" she asked, and at the negative reply the disappointment she felt showed itself on her comely face.

"Couldn't you a-told that, honey, without askin'?" questioned her husband, with a quizzical laugh. "Ef he was a Methodist, he'd a-had us singin' hymns afore this. As it is, he ain't even quoted a line from the Script'r yet."

His wife's face flushed under the words, as she said to the minister, excusingly:

"Dave oughtn't to talk like that, Brother Gray. He j'ined with the

church when we was married an' tried to do what's right ever sence."

"Yes, I turned my coat to get a wife, Passon," said Dave, taking a seat and drawing the children to his knee. "I was a Campbellite raised. Not that it made any diff'rence, that I c'uld see; an' one 'ud do much fur a gal like Hattie was an' stick to it fur the wife she tu'ned out to be."

"O, hush, Dave!" said the wife, a flush of pleasure chasing away the momentary annoyance from her face.

"What do you say to that, ole man?" asked Dave, leaning over and slapping the pedler on the shoulder, for the grim smile that had crossed the old yellow face during the conversation had not escaped the host's sharp eyes and he wanted to know the thought that had prompted it.

"Just what you said, Dave. It don't make any difference with *you*."

Mrs. Hetting had left the room to prepare the evening meal, so her husband felt free to continue the conversation.

"But it would have with you?"

"Yes, Dave, it would have with me."

"Do you mean to tell me you wouldn't have turned ovah frum the Cath'lic Church fur a woman you loved an' who wouldn't marry you 'less you did?"

"I mean just that, Dave," said the old man.

"Then," laughed Dave, "you nevah was in love!"

The pedler made no reply, but the minister filled up the gap by saying:

"That is too sweeping a statement, Mr. Hetting. There is many a man who sets his conscience above everything in life, yes, even above a woman's love."

"Dave would have done it himself,"