

"You shall have some fine ones here at Halfway—later on—Jo-ann."

She understood what he meant, and did not answer for a bit.

"That was a beautiful one we did have, wasn't it?" said she after the pause when each of them was thinking of the little quiet and clever hostess of it. "That was the very first time I thought I'd like to love you, Uncle Garret. You looked so splendid, and you were so fine to Pelig," and then fearful lest she might overstep, was silent again.

"The third—was there a third on your list?" he asked, with the scales fallen from off his eyes seeing already what a comrade she was going to be to him. "Or are you quite all settled now about the worries, Jo-ann?"

The dimples that hadn't deepened in her cheeks for many a day, showed themselves for his undoing, and evidently this third was the greatest of them all.

"It's my name, that way you say it. I do wish you would say it like everybody else does, and the way I like myself. Do you suppose you possibly could, Uncle Garret, now while we're starting out kind of new?"

"But I like my own pronouncing of it best," said the great-uncle, not undone by the dimples. And then, as they withdrew from sight and a shadow fell over the cheeks as when the sun shines not, "Suppose you think of it as my own special love-name for you—all the others to call you Joan, but only your old Uncle who is beholden to you for a new grace of heart, to call you Jo-ann."

"O, what a dear nice Uncle Garret," she said, smiles chasing away the shadow. "To think of that lovely way out of it! I wouldn't ever, ever want you to say it like other people now. And hasn't it been the loveliest day? There'll be an awful lot to pray about to-night, I guess."

"You pray, do you?" asked he quietly.

"Of course. Sometimes it's to ask, and sometimes to thank, but often it's just to talk it over, and I like these times best,