

at this time he was alone and miserable in a cheerless house. Now his son was with him, a brisk young girl was flying about his kitchen, a bright fire burned in the stove, a fire that was not unpleasantly warm to his aged limbs even on this summer night. A white cloth covered his formerly bare and uninviting table; he was going to have pie, and coffee, and toast and cake for supper, — surely the coming of this orphan had been a fortunate thing for him, and he slowly chafed his hands as he gazed at the glowing bed of coals.

Hank was following 'Tilda Jane from kitchen to pantry, and from pantry to kitchen.

"You're getting to be a great housekeeper," he said, admiringly; "but we must not forget the schooling. It's a great thing to be educated. You can't hold your own in this world unless you know something. You wrote me Mrs. Tracy was teaching you some, didn't you?"

'Tilda Jane paused as she filled a sugar-bowl.

"Yes, three evenin's a week. She's a boss — I mean a good teacher. I learned some at the 'sylum, — no, the asylum, when I warn't — no, when I