

Chubb

'So did I, and we shall investigate presently. But, Hewitt,' he added abruptly, turning the subject, 'I fear we shall have some trouble over Chubb.'

'Why so?'

'His father is on the war-path with his gun.'

'Is that so?'

'Yes, and some one is going to get hurt.'

'I've no fear of More.'

'Neither have I when he's sober, but he's being filled with Dodge's bad whisky. I accidentally heard of him last night from two sources. So we had better be on the look-out.'

After some more conversation, the two men returned to the Parsonage.

'Somebody is in there, for I hear talking,' said Mr. Hewitt, again getting anxious about Chubb.

'Hush!' said the teacher, with a deprecating action to the preacher. Then, on tip-toe, he went up and shoved the door in a little.

'Just look here,' he whispered.

Curled up on the bed was little Jennie. Chubb's head was in her lap, and while she was petting him, he was telling her about his many adventures. It was a sweet picture of purest love and simplicity.