

"My name is Tracy," he said, kindly, "and I have come to this town since you left it, but I know your family."

"I know you, too," said Hank, bluntly, "from her letters," and he jerked his head backward, but 'Tilda Jane, after softly closing the door, had disappeared.

Mr. Tracy sat down again, and Hank sat opposite him. A slight and awkward pause ensued, broken speedily, however, by the minister.

"Young man, you are in trouble."

"Yes, I am that," said Hank, gruffly.

"State your trouble," said the minister, kindly.

Hank hesitated an instant, then his words came with a rush. "You've visited creameries, sir?"

"I have."

"Well, there's good creameries and bad creameries. A few years ago, when I was casting about in my mind for something to do, I got in with a Chicago firm known as the White Elephant firm—owing to so many States being spotted with their buildings, loaded on the farmers, and costing too much to keep up. Being a Maine man, they sent