

CHAPTER XIII

CURIOUSLY enough, Mary was thinking about him at that same moment. She had found Judge Adams in his office in the town hall engaged in a labor of love; that is to say, he was leaning over a table and making up a genealogical chart of one of our local families.

"Well, Mary," he said, straightening himself, "How's everything on Black Hill?"

"All right, thank you," answered Mary, hardly knowing how to begin.

They both sat down. The judge was smiling at her in a quizzing sort of way, as old men will sometimes smile at a girl, and that didn't help Mary any.

Moreover, like many of the old-timers in our part of New England, the judge seldom took the initiative in con-