

in the world, so Bradley thought. And over their shoulders beamed Grandmother Baker and Clara.

"Hurry up!" cried Miss Prissy, waving the bell. "Turkey's on the table and gittin' cold."

"What *have* you been talkin' about all this time?" asked Miss Tempy.

The Captain answered. "Oh!" he said, "bein' as it's Thanksgivin', Brad and me have been holdin' a special service—kind of a grace afore meat. Now, Tempy, live up to your name and go easy on the pepper tea. It biteth like a sarpent—that's no joke—and stingeth——"

"Hum!" interrupted Miss Tempy serenely; "some folks take their pepper in tea, and others seem to like to git it hy the wholesale out of the box in the closet."

At this most unexpected retort everybody laughed, and Captain loudest of all.

"Hold on there! hold on!" he protested; "I'll holler, 'Nough!' Tempy, don't hit a feller when he's down."

"If you don't march right into that dinin'-room," observed Miss Prissy, "you won't git any dinner—pepper tea or anything else."

They went in, laughing.

THE END.