

Their Hearts' Desire

"There's Jane's—fifty,—fifty-two, that's for Cook; Daddy's—thirty-eight; and seven, that's for me." At the next page he hesitated. On it, in irregular but unmistakable figures was one hundred. "Jesus is a hundred," he finally announced, "and a thousand," turning another leaf, "that's for God. He's the oldest person I know. I haven't got Aunt Sue," he added regretfully, as he closed the book and stood thoughtfully tracing with his fore-finger the gold lettering of the advertising Insurance Company on the cover.

A silence John did not understand but which he felt to be most comfortable ensued, and then "Who is Aunt Sue?" she asked gently.

He slipped the book into his pocket and faced her, his face glowing with enthusiasm.

"Oh, she's my aunt—— She lives in the country in an awful nice place—a big yard—with trees in it 'at you can climb if