

JUDGMENT FOR THE PLAINTIFF 431

pulled up at the old house, dismounted, and led their horses in at the gate.

Polly stood a moment looking at the house, her soul in her eyes. "Sam," she said, "it seems as if dear Uncle Ira were here."

"He is, Polly, he is, and I know he always will be," said Sam, deeply moved.

"Oh, Sam," she said, "it is good to be at home." And her bright head lay on his shoulder as they went up the steps together.