

friendly "Good afternoon!" Very slowly the man withdrew his eyes from the pages and seeing the stranger said in even tones, with a rich Irish accent, "Good evening to you, sir!" His face was yellow and dry as parchment, his eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, his hair was of a peculiar dead blackness and was smoothed so closely over his head it more resembled a tight-fitting cap than the natural covering. His frame was spare, and the sunken chest did not need the short, dry, occasional cough to confirm the indications of ill-health.

"It is going to rain," remarked Mr. Gray, feeling he should give the reason for his intrusion on this strange person, "will you allow me to stand on the porch until it is over?"

The man lifted his yellow face to the sky.

"We are going to have a storm, sure," he commented. "We'd better get inside." Then remembering the other's question, he said: "I'm only a passing guest here myself, but I know Mr. Hetting will be-pleased to see you. They are clever people. I've been putting up here nigh onto three years. I'm a dry-goods pedler," he explained, as they turned toward the house.

The room they entered was large and comfortable, its floor covered with a new rag carpet, its white-washed walls adorned with prints that hideously represented sylvan scenes. In one corner was a tall-posted bed, with a rude home-manufactured couch pushed under it for the children. A rocking chair stood in splendid isolation in the middle of the floor, and at proper distance apart, six hard-bottomed chairs, painted a bright red, were ranged along the wall. A tall clock was on the mantel-piece above the stone fireplace, whose wide mouth was concealed by a

screen made of newspapers, fitted smoothly over a cloth tacked on a slender frame. A pin-cushion hung against the wall under a small mirror, and on a rude stand, covered with a white towel, were a lamp and an old Bible. Mr. Gray took in these simple details as he drew the chair indicated by his fellow guest toward the door, where together they watched the coming of the rain. As the drops began to fall with increased rapidity and force, the master of the house, attended by his great dog, blustered in, but seeing the minister, he drew himself up and taking off his hat acknowledged that gentleman's introduction of himself.

"You're welcome, Brother Gray," he said, extending his hand. "It's lucky you happened to be this near, for I think the rain's a-goin' to keep up all night, an' it's a pretty uncomfortable feelin' to be out in a sto'm in these pa'ts, 'specially when a feller ain't got his hoss."

"How far am I from the Springs?" asked Mr. Gray, a little dismayed at his host's prediction regarding the rain.

"It's nigher eight miles than seven by the pike, but less'n five ef you cut across an' hit the Parks' Ferry road. But you're welcome hyar, Brother Gray. Mr. Daly 'll tell you we Kentuckians hyarabouts are just as glad to see strangers as you fellers uv the Bluegrass."

"I took the liberty, Dave, of extending your hospitality to this gentleman," said Mr. Daly, in his quiet voice. "It's the right disposition to have, sir," he continued, addressing the minister, "this hospitable one. It's fulfilling the Scriptures, taking in, as your own, the stranger at your gate. I've travelled a great deal through the country,