

the reverence of womanhood, the pride of family, that were such salient features of the old-time patrician of the South.

"What's your say on the subject, Uncle Henry?" my mother asked again, breaking the silence. For my uncle's gaze had wandered from his wife's face and was now fixed upon the fire. It was April, as I have said, but a generous flame was leaping on the hearth. So generous, indeed, that the back window whose tiny panes looked towards the west was open; this is a form of conflicting luxuries which only Southern folks indulge in.

"I just think the other way round," Uncle Henry finally responded; "different from Agnes, I mean," his eyes smiling as they met his wife's. "I'd send him to the attic if he's a preacher; a minister wouldn't be so apt to misunderstand, because they're trained to sleep anywhere at a moment's notice—and they know what it is to have to stow their own company away in every nook and corner. Besides, it's those same preachers that make heaps o' folk sleep sitting right bolt up in church. But an elder," Uncle Henry went on reflectively, "an elder kind o' wants to make the most of it when he's visitin'—it's more of an event to him, you see; they look on going to Presbytery as a kind of rehearsal for going to heaven."

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