

LIMPY'S NEW YEAR

boarder, was busily engaged in the laborious task of "brushing up."

Limpy had made his home with the Batterson family for many years. In fact, he had lodged there from the day he had arrived crippled for life from one of the logging camps of the timber limits, whose woody profusion still stretched far and wide. His accident had been considered the forerunner of a useless life, but it early proved to be the beginning of a very active one which saw the erection of the corner store and the installation of a proprietor who slowly but surely feathered his nest for moderate comfort.

Long before he had opened his eyes that New Year's morning, Billy's wife and eldest daughter had been early astir, and in the round of duties had first and foremost carefully aired and pressed afresh a broadcloth suit.

Its advent from the cedar chest which stood in Limpy's room always signalized an event, for it was seldom that the key of the padlocked box was turned to release the suit save when the gloom of a funeral procession pervaded the village.

When Limpy winked his eyes to wakefulness that morning the suit hung very primly over the one chair in the room. It was the first object which arrested his attention, and a little later as he stood before them an air of indecision lined his face as his gaze travelled uncertainly from them to the well-worn "every-day's" slouched over the bed-post. His preference for the latter was very evident, but after sundry men-