

general, adviser-in-chief, and whatever was needed to make a perfect superintendent for his family.

She was succeeding admirably, and the Judge gazed in intense admiration at the slender, graceful figure at the piano. Mrs. Nancy was charming, very ladylike, and very forceful, under a quiet, almost a languid exterior.

The children were charmed with her. Bethany stood close to her, begging her to sing again. Airy sat near by, quiet and watchful, her eyes glued to Mrs. Nancy's face. The Judge knew that both little girls adored her, and he was delighted, for he had given them the young widow as a model.

Airy was spending a part of her Christmas holidays at 110 Grand Avenue—the larger part, the Judge shrewdly guessed it would be.

Mrs. Steele spoke with a slight, a very slight drawl, and to the Judge's amusement Airy had already acquired this, though she had only been in the house a few days with her. She also had put on a black dress, because she so much admired the young widow's trailing, somber garments.

Dallas and Titus were playing some game at a little table and occasionally glancing up at the group by the piano.

Their faces were all happy. "Peace and good will," murmured the Judge. "How I wish my dear wife could look in on this sight. It reminds me of the happy times we had when we first came to this house. For many years this room has been desolate. Now it is again sanctified by the presence of a good woman and promising children. Now if they will only turn out well! God grant it, and give