

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"Children?"

"A few. I take it you don't care for children," commented Jerry, noting the tone of dismay.

Courville winced.

"My only child, a little boy, died four years ago," he said briefly.

Jerry's eyes softened.

"The Jenkinses have made your place their playground. You'll have hard work to keep them out."

"How many are there?"

"You count while I run them off. There's Flamingus, aged seventeen; Gus, sixteen; Milton, fifteen; Bobby, fourteen; Bud, thirteen; Cory, twelve; Iry, seven —"

"Don't go any farther!" cried Courville in consternation.

"There's one more, but not a Jenkins. A man and his wife live there with the family. They have a little girl. I don't know their names, as they never get any mail. The Jenkinses call the man, The Boarder; and his wife, Lily Rose. When are you calculating to move on to your place?"

"Soon. I've run down to be introduced to it."