

"O, quite," said Miss Lee, with a long sigh.

"And then your brother has his own house, an' his own fambly matters."

"O, yes."

"I ben thinkin' of this for a long time," said Uncle Moses, after a pause. "I saw how it was, — it's allus the way with the young folks, — an' I thought you'd be lonely, jest like me. Now you know I'm allus lonely."

"Are you?" said Miss Lee, looking at him in a very sympathetic manner.

"Allus," said Uncle Moses. "Do you ever feel lonely? I s'pose not."

"O, yes," said Miss Lee.

"Often?" inquired Uncle Moses, in a tender voice.

"O, always," said Miss Lee.

"Dear, dear, dear! on'y think of that," said Uncle Moses. "An' do you feel very lonely?"

"O, very," said Miss Lee.

"So do I," said Uncle Moses, in a rueful voice; "an' when you go, it'll be wuss than ever."

Miss Lee sighed.

Uncle Moses drew nearer, looking at her with meek inquiry. Then he took her hand.

"Don't go," said he, in a low voice. "Don't leave me, my dear, dear Miss Lee. Stay with me. I never saw anybody that I liked half so well. It's true, I'm a leetle old; but, then, better late than never; an' I don't see how I can live, if I lose you