

have reason to weep for him—he was my best friend." Mr. Tully's voice sank to a choking whisper, and as he turned towards the coffin he put his handkerchief to his eyes, as if in tears.

"Then what made you laugh?" demanded the boy, with sullen obstinacy of unbelief.

The door opened and a slender figure robed in black entered the room and laid a gentle hand on the irate boy. "Oh, Auntie Dell," he sobbed against the arm which had been thrown about him, "that nasty man laughed at me and said I was a little fool!"

"I beg your pardon, but I did nothing of the kind, Miss Browning. I smiled in surprise at his fierce demand that I should instantly quit the premises, but I did not call him a 'little fool' or speak unkindly to him," Mr. Tully explained with the nearest approach to embarrassment Miss Browning had ever seen him betray.

"He laughed, Auntie Dell," persisted the boy, "and his eyes said—said the nasty words."

"Aha! my little man; you go too fast, and might have made Miss Browning think me rude and unfeeling to the son of my old friend and partner. But you wouldn't have believed it of me, would you, Miss Dell."

"Of course I would have believed it if Jack had said so," she answered softly, while she stroked the boy's soft red-brown hair.

"What makes you let him call you that," demanded Jack, sharply pushing her hand from his head.

"Call me what, Jack?"

"Why 'Miss Dell'! You ain't his Auntie Dell—only mine. You don't like him, do you?" (Interrogatory pause.) "Say, do you, Auntie Dell? I hate him!"

Jack threw out the last idea as a suggestion of the answer he desired her to make, but Auntie Dell refused to concur.

"You should not talk so loud or seem so cross, Jack. What would your poor papa say if he could hear you?" She spoke in gentle reproof, but in an instant she saw her mistake. The boy, reminded of his bereavement, sprang from her side and threw himself upon the pulseless breast of his father, with wild protestations of love. "Nobody loves Jack now! Everybody hates him!" he sobbed hysterically.

Mr. Tully looked displeased, even disgusted. Dell Browning tried to comfort the wailing child, but Jack refused to quit his place beside the dead or cease his outcries. At this moment the door again opened, almost concealing Mr. Tully, who stood behind it.

"Oh, Dell, take him out, or he'll scream himself to death. How could you be so thoughtless as to let him come here, when you knew