

332 CAPTIVATING MARY CARSTAIRS

that he was, actually achieved a pleasant laugh. "I must show you his note. It's been a long time since I have had anything to please me so much."

He unfolded and held out into the blue empyrean a rather soiled bit of paper, which a small white-gloved hand descended from heaven like a dove and took. Then, presumably, this was duly read:

MR. VARNEY. dear sir: Announcment of Election will be made in the Squair this p. m. around 6 p. m. Would feel onered if you would come to my Poarch where ever-think can be seen & heard & no crouding, Josle ect. Will call at your Yot with horse and Bugy around 5 p. m. this p. m. if agreble though you don't nead no eskort any-wairs in Hunston, the Unfortunit mistaik having been diskovered. Noing your intrest in our Poltix will add that I voated for Mister Hair, first think this a. m. with sorro for the Past and hoapes for your Steady con-  
vlessense,

Resp.

J. HACKLEY.

S. P. — Should you come to my Poarch all would no as bygorns was bygorns.

"Was n't that kind of him?" he asked when the note had again come down into the ornamental lap, which was the upper line of his range of vision. "And thoughtful. But then everybody has been so wonder-fully kind to me. I think I shall remember Hunston as altogether the kindest town I ever saw."

There was quite a silence after that.

"I am like Jim," came the voice beside him, troubled

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