

pact with Sis, to read, to study and "figger" each evening; but his small room proved bitterly cold during the winter, and correspondingly hot later on.

He would start upon his studies briskly enough, when some word, such perhaps as "orchard," or "hilltop" or "shepherd," wrenched his thoughts quite away, and lifting hot eyes he would stare through his one dormer window, and again would lie down in green pastures that grew so far away, or lead his sick heart by "still waters."

The boarders all tried to be kind, each in his or in her special way, but the boy's shyness clung, and obscured him as a grey mist on old Painter's Bald.

An all-knowing drummer, who "blew in" for a few days every fortnight, moved by what he considered the frankest and kindest of motives, drew Chris to one side. "You ain't come to life yet, my young buck!" the travelling man said, laughing. "I've caught on to the trouble with you!"

This worldly assertion came forth with a nudge and a wink that somehow turned Chris hot and angry.

"You can manage to have just as much fun in a little old one-horse Southern town like Dunrobin, as you can in Noo Yawk. But of course," the drummer went on, his face full of evil suggestion, "a feller must know where to look. Now, you take me for instance,—there's a covey of girls,—queens,