

hands rapturously,—“I love the river, love it, love it! We went to George Washington’s home. I love that too.”

“Is that all you have done?”

Bona Dea perked her head thoughtfully on one side and looked down at the sick woman.

“I’m not making you feel worse, am I?”

“No, you make me feel better.”

“Yesterday it rained so I stayed here with Teenie. She says it is a burnin’ sin that I’ve never been taught to sew. While I hemmed a thing she talked for me.”

“Talked what?”

“Her strange language with wonderful r’s in it. Did you ever hear her say ‘the worm squirms’? Like this, ‘the wor-r-r-rm squir-r-r-r-rms.’”

“No,” laughed Cynthia, “I never did.”

“I will ask her to say it for you. Besides, she sings.”

“Does Teenie sing? I don’t think I have heard her sing. Oh, did Shamus come with you?”

“No.” The child looked mysterious. “Somebody else did.”

“Who, not Jane Hagner?”

“No, she wanted to come terribly, but Mr. Reuben was ill. Guess again.”

“I can’t.”

“Miss Troup.” Bona Dea clasped her hands. “Isn’t she beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!”