

She would soon see that those old coats, which hung from a wooden strip high on the wall, and that row of boots under them were put out of sight. They savored too much of the barn-yard. The only thing really inviting in the whole room was the stove. A red blaze roared up the pipe shining in red streaks, through many cracks, and bright sparks popped gleefully as they fell on the hearth. It looked actually companionable. A table, covered with an ugly oil-cloth and loaded with milk pans and wooden covers, stood by the door. Deb laid her umbrella on it and kissed her mother lightly, saying she expected to find her in bed from what her father had written. Then she moved toward the stove answering innumerable questions from her mother concerning her trip.

Deb smiled at the young man, showing two rows of small white teeth between her red lips, and asked him to take off her rubbers, then told him that her father was waiting for him to help with her trunk. After the door had closed she said crossly, "Don't ask any more questions, I'm dead tired and want to go to bed right away."

"Of course you air, well I'll git the lamp right now," and so saying she took one from a shelf, lifted a hot iron from the stove and wrapping an old apron about it, led the way up stairs, saying the while, "Law! law! I never would hev knowed you from Adam if I hadn't knowed it wuz you."

Deb was glad to be left alone in the big feather bed. She cuddled up in the soft blankets and drowsily asking to be allowed to sleep late the next morning, she dropped asleep.

II.

The next day near noon Deb opened her eyes and looked wonderingly at the white walls and rag carpet. Surely this was not her elegant little room at Madame Raymonds, then remembering, she shuddered and drew the bed clothes closer around her, but finally got up and dressed.

As she went down stairs she could smell

the dinner cooking and hear her mother moving across the kitchen. Bars of bright sunshine fell through the half closed shutters of a south window on the steps and altogether things did not seem quite so dismal as they had the night before.

Dinner was soon called. Mr. Dobson came in, John following, and they all sat down to the table.

While thanks were being returned, Deb glanced over the table to find something edible. Corn bread, molasses and boiled potatoes might be all right for those that liked them but she saw nothing but some canned raspberries that looked at all tempting.

Pushing back her chair she asked languidly, "Is there an egg and a little toast I may have? I'm not very hungry."

Poor Mrs. Dobson with her hundred and seventy pounds of avordupois, rose wearily and went to the pantry for the desired egg and bread for toast.

While her dinner was being prepared Deb watched her father eating his, and finally said scornfully, "Can't you eat with your fork as well as your knife?"

"Wny ain't my knife jest as good fur eatin' purposes as my fork?"

"For the simple little reason that civilized people used their fork and make a little less noise about it too."

Then a painful silence followed which lasted until the meal was almost finished. The berries had been passed and each one was intent on his own plate when Deb heard a sharp grating sound and looked up just in time to see her father snatch the upper set of his false teeth out and take two or three little seeds off the plate.

"I ain't hed no peace with these teeth sence I got 'em," testily remarked the old man.

This was *too* much. Deb got up abruptly, upsetting her chair as she did so, and sailed up stairs. Here she remained until late in the afternoon. She heard the prolonged rattle of the dishes being cleared away and