

washed, then the muffled ca-thud ca-thud of the churn dash as it rose and fell in the rich cream, but she did not go down. After all sounds in the kitchen ceased and presently she heard her mother call from the foot of the stairs:

"Air ye awake, Deborie? You'd better git up purty soon fur yer pa says Rob Carter and his sister is comin' fur the evenin'."

Rob Carter. Yes, she rembered him. He had dragged her through more than one game of dare-base and black-man to keep her from being caught. She wondered what he was like now. Big and red and akward, no doubt. Oh well, anything was better than this. She sprang up and began brushing her hair. It was beautiful hair, though neither she nor anyone else had known it until she left home. At regular intervals when she was small it had been bobbed off at the ends and thoroughly oiled with kerosene, and every morning it had been combed back smooth and tight from here forehead and plaited into a thick stubbed braid, tied with a piece of tape. It had always looked streaked and dirty, and account of the stubby ends, a malicious boy had dubbed her bob-tail. Others had taken it up and the hated name had clung to her for a long time.

But five years of proper care had produced a mass of long thick hair that many girls envied her. A costly wash, which a hairdresser had proposed, had changed it from the dirty brown to a rich tinted hazel which exactly matched her eyes.

She took pains in waving and arranging it this evening and dressed with dainty care.

Presently she heard a heavy rap at the kitchen door and then her mother's voice. "Good evenin' Jane, good evenin' Rob, walk right in. Yes she's come and 'll be mighty glad ter see yer again. Go right on in the settin' room Jane and make yerself to hum and I'll call her." Then from the stair door, "Deborie, be ye a comin'? Yer company's here.

"Do hush ma, they'll hear you," in a

loud whisper. "Yes, I'm coming," and lifting her skirts from the floor she went down the stairs.

Through the open door of the sitting room she could see her former play mates. Jane, staid and homely as ever—Rob somewhat changed. "Not such a guy if he didn't wear red ties and celluloid cuffs," she mentally commented as she came through the door, but what Lob and his somewhat dense sister heard, as a vision in soft rose-pink appeared, was a delighted exclamation and: "How lovely of you to come and see me so soon! I was really dying of *ennui*."

"You look well enough," remarked Jane. "I hope it ain't the same thing as consumption. But they do say folks that have it has just as rosy cheeks as anybody."

"She seems right pert," answered her mother, for Deb had turned to Rob and was saying: "Yes, I came home last night wasn't it pa?" looking at her father without waiting for an answer. "It seems like I've been here a week. I was really worn out when I got here. Travelling is such a bore. I cannot endure it. And you would not have known me? I shall consider that a compliment. Do you remember what a fright I was when I left? Always the prettiest girl in the country?" with an upward glance and a dazzling smile, "How absurd while your sister is here."

An hour later as she stood in the doorway, bidding the brother and sister good-night, she urged sweetly speaking to Jane but looking at Rob, "Now do come just as often as you can. I shall be so pleased. I shan't go much for we have nothing for me to drive." "There's Doll and the cart," ventured her mother, but Deb, pretending not to hear, continued: "Come next Sunday if you can," and to her airy good night Rob stammered, "I will."

Later that night as old Mr. Dobson struggled with his rheumatism and the boot-jack he remarked to his wife, "Tain't no ways likely this 'll be the last time Carter 'll be here fur Deborie can be amazin