

where he could watch the door, and to wait for the minister to come out.

He waited an hour saying to himself now and then, "If he's out, he'll come back pretty soon; and if he's in, before long he'll come out. So I'll jest wait fer him."

About nine o'clock he saw the minister come out of the hotel, and start toward him. He pulled out his knife and began to whittle.

"I'm settin' a little to one side" said Lish to himself, "but I guess he'll see me." The preacher drew closer and closer, and was now about to pass. "May be he don't know me" thought Lish, preparing to speak, "bein' as he only saw me at night." He hesitated, looked at his dilapidated shoes and his rusty clothes and kept still.

But at that moment the preacher looked around and saw Lish. He stopped and looked at him a minute, then walking up to where he stood said: "Are you Mr. Beadle whom I met at the church last night?" "I be," said Lish. "I looked for you and your wife till nine o'clock," continued the minister, "and I was wondering as I came out of the hotel why you had not come." "Well, my wife's kind o' touchy 'bout her clothes and thought they might 'nt look jest right in a hotel," answered Lish. "Perhaps your wife would not object this mornin' if I were to call on her. I would be very glad to go with you at once, if you like," said the minister. "Well, it ain't very nice lookin' down there; but if you kin stand it I reckon we kin," replied Lish, and added: "We're livin' down this way, mister."

"Guess they ain't quite ready fer us yit" remarked Lish, as he caught sight of a cloud of dust issuing from the door of the shanty. "If y'u don't mind y'u kin sit on that chunk yonder," he said pointing to the block of wood from which his wife had hacked the fuel the night before.

"Mam says yer kin come in now," called a voice from around the corner of the shanty. "All right, middle un," answered Lish, "tell yer mam we're comin'." Guess we'll go in, mister."

"Y'u see we hain't got no fine furn'ture, and not much of it neither," said Lish, as they stepped within the door. "Middle un, kin y'u git up and let the gentleman have the box? Take the box yender, mister, and let me have yer hat." The minister reluctantly seated himself on the soap box, saying to himself as his eye took in the room: "Kind o' cross, and 'pears like she's sot agin r'ligion." The "middle un" joined her mother and sisters who were squatted in a corner upon a heap of bed clothing, neatly covered with the best quilt. Lish found a seat near the wall upon the floor, saying as he did so: "My back's hurtin' of me, guess I'll set down where I kin lean agin some th'n."

"This is Mrs. Beadle, I believe," said the minister presently. "I met Mr. Beadle last night, and I asked him if I might call. I hope you will not think I am intruding?" "O no sir," was the reply. "Yer welcome to come, only we ain't fixed up fer company. I s'pose Lish told y'u 'bout that," she added looking over to where Lish sat, braced against the wall. "Yes, I told him 'bout the furn'ture," answered her husband, "but he 'lowed as how he didn't mind, so I fetched him along."

"Mrs. Beadle," presently began the minister, "last night your husband was thinking of becoming a Christian man. I thought that perhaps you would like to give your heart to Christ at the same time. It is well for a wife and husband to take the step together. It is hard for one to make the start alone. I suppose you have thought of accepting Christ as your savior, have you not?" "Yes; Lish told me two years ago as how we'd have to answer fer the way we was bringin' up the children, and 'lowed that we orter be Christians," replied Mrs. Beadle, and continued: "My mother and father was good Christians, and they brung me up to go to church. But we ain't allus lived where there was churches and since we've been here we ain't looked fit to go to meetin'; and there ain't been nary a minister in this house since we've lived in it. Seems