

by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Miss Renley rose and repeated her invocation. Mr.

the trio.

he's a little man, that he ain't dangerous; the littlest

for you until you return," continued Miss Cordelia.

I could hardly wish any one more than that."



he's a little man, that he ain't dangerous; the littlest

Certainly, I gave it to you. And—I'll keep the slave for you until you return," continued Miss Cordelia.

"I could hardly wish any one more than that."

NEXT WEEK: "The New Comer." By Margaret Beauchamp