wi' th' little curls tossin', an' th' little

wi' th' little curls tossin', sai th' little legs welly flyin', an' soon as iver hoo'd see me hoo'd strike out, 'Daddy, duddy,' Eh, dear o' me! To think hoo's layln' in her grave now!"

Jim quickened his pace but not a word said be.

"But it's nought to thee as how 'tis. Thou's a fancy fur sumat new. Maggie wur a good lass to thee but no's dead now, an' thou reckons to give th' little 'un a step-mother. Hoo'l break her little 'eart—an' th' missus yonder—it 'ull go near to kill her—but thou cares nought. Nay—thou'lt ha' thy Annie Davisea as 'ull niver do fur the little wench same as us. iloo'll be shovin' 'er 'ere an' theer out of the road, un' knockin' 'er shout as like as not. But I tell 'ee what it is, lad—thou may ha' thy Annie Davises to thysel'—hoo'll hu' noam of our little un—we's keep her."

who are the control of the control o far off.

They were nearly home now, and suddenly Curly's little figure appeared trotting towards them, and her voice was heard uttering eestutic crows of welcome

Jim broke into a run, and stretched

Jim broke into a run, and stretched out his arms.

"Coom, little lass, coom to Daddy."

"Nay," cried Jack, hoursely, following Jim at a kind of hobbling cauter.

"Don't 'ee go to him, Curly, come to Daddy Jack, Daddy Jack loves thee.

Daddy Jack 'ull do aught i' th' wide world fur 'ee."

"Daddy Jack and Daddy Jim!" cried Curly running from one to the other with little screams of laughter, and thinking it the best fun in the world. But the two men were tremendously

But the two men were tremendously in earnest.

"Eh, Curly, hasto ne'er a kiss for thy own daddy?" pleuded Jim.
"Nay, coom thy ways to me, little wench,"cried Jack, who was fast losing every vistage of self-control. "Coom, baddy Jim cares nought fur lasses as have no blue e'en an' red cheeks. He's getten a new lass—he wants none o' thee now." thee now.

Curly pansed, pouted, looked from one to the other of the ungry faces,

and finally uttering a loud wall, am-nounced that she wouldn't have no daddy at all, an' sh'd tell her gronny, she would. She went away, whimper-ing; and Jim turned round with a countenance working with fury. "Ah, an' thou'd happen like to hit me now?" suggested Jack, noting the clenched fist.

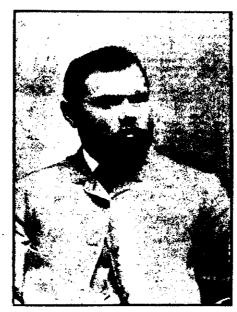
me now," suggested Jack, noting the clenched flat.
"I would," said Jim. "An' I'd do 't too to ony other man. Thou—thou didn't need to say these things to th' little lass."

Then he drew back a little way, and looked at him with a kind of respect-

looked at him with a kind of respectful admiration.

"Well Jim," he said, slowly, "Thou cannot say no fairer than thot. Na.ve, thou connot, lad. Theer, gi's thy hand, 'Dom Annie Divis,' says thous, and 'Dom her,' says I, an' nobody con say more, Eh, shake honds, mon. Thou'rt a good lad, Jim, when all's said an' done."

He grasped Jim's hand warmly, and the two faced each other a moment in



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There was a quaver in his voice, but addy Jack would not let himself be softened.

"It wer nobbut truth," he said.
"It is no truth." shouted Jim, "and thou knows it is no truth. Then knows as —..." knows as -

"I know as thee an' Annie Davis..."
"Dom Annie Davis," interrupted Daddy Jim, with an indignant sob. Daddy Jack's countenance cleared, and stepping hastily iorward, he clapped Jim heartily on the shoulder.

silence, a big tear rolling down the old man's cheek, and Jim's broad chest heaving

Presently Curly peeped round the

corner.
"Daddy Jack!" she said, advancing slowly, all ready to whimper again at the slightest provocation.
laddy Jack loosed his grip of her father's hand and clapped his own together.

together.
"Jest in time, little wench! Hurry now-run to Daddy Jim."

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