

put the cold iron on the hearth. "Thar's nary hawk can swoop down on 'em while that's thar. Hit may hover, and hover, and lueke tol'able like swoopin'; but hit cain't never hurt 'em while the horse-shoe's warm on the hearth inside."

His eyes were not on the horse-shoe to-night. He had forgotten it was there. His thoughts were of warding off evil; but before his mind's eye was a beautiful girlish face, quivering with life. He looked round on the room and its furnishings.

"Hit hain't like she's got, but she could 'a made hit 'most as good as hern," he said wistfully. "I'd 'a built another rue-ume or two, and we-uns could 'a gone away to the store and got a right smart o' things" —

His voice dropped into silence, and left the picture unfinished. The wistful look deepened, and became one of positive pain.

"The third and fourth generation!" he said at last. "Hit 'll stop afore hit gits thar. Thar shain't be more 'n the one generation to bear hit."

He dropped his head on his hands, and the room was still as death.