

A loag panse,
 Futher-Yes, Trominy. Tommy-And after dinner?
Father-Yes, Tommy: you to

Tommy (his face brightening up) Well, then, 171 havo my ten now.

Dellghted, the girl mede hasta Bwer. "But 1 dor't want to teif' his an untrubt."
"Well, you toll htm that and Ax it aftervara," the bahful atammered.

