

# How Sarah Was Converted

She Hetty Granger's dead, of served Priscilla Pipp solemnly laying aside her bonnet and sinking comfortably into a rocker and read her soul."

"What she can, mobbe like th rest of us," Sarah suggested harshly. "They say she ain't got no religion," Priscilla added.

"If you think she'd come"—Sarah hesitated—"If you think she would care to come Priscilla I will let her have the front room upstairs for a night or two."

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**The Summit**  
The chill of autumn seemed now to have touched the blood of all things.

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**THOMAS COGGER THE CUT RATE FLORIST OF ROCHESTER**  
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