

'n'-eggs, an' them posies he used to pick an' fetch in to me in his little fat hands. But one day I had to go down the road a piece, of an errand, an' before I could help it I ketcht sight of a big chump of fire-weed shinin' all pink in the sun. Now, fire-weed was my boy's fav'r-ite posy; it growed all around our house in North Woodstock, an' he used to pick it an' fetch in big bunches on it, an' set 'em in the old blue pitcher. He was drefle fond o' that plant, an' when I see it—well, it all come over me so. I jest bust out cryin' right in the road, an' I was 'fraid somebody 'd see me, so I had to stop an' purtend I was lookin' at the posies. An' as I was stoopin' down a-lookin' an' tryin' to get my handk'chief out, I see a big worm on the fire-weed. 'Twa'n't crawlin' or eatin', but jest settin' up on its hind-legs in the humanist way, with its head up an' its hands out, an'—

“You'll think I'm an old fool, but what with the water in my eyes an' the sun a-dazzlin' me, an' my heart just breakin' for that boy, why, I kinder thought that worm looked liked the young one, an' I felt the queerest drawin' to it. I reached out my finger to poke it, an' it put down its head and drawd its chin in for all the world like that boy when he was scaret an' bashful. I tell ye, from that minnit I 'dopted that creeter an' took him right inter my heart. I hadn't cared for a livin' thing afore sence that little coffin went out my front gate, an' I tell ye 'twas good to feel that drawin' towards suthin'. I picked the plant he was on, an' I carried him home jest 's careful, an' then I fixed a box o' dirt an' stuck the plant in, an' jest let it alone till he'd got kind of acquainted like. But, dear me! he made friends to once; he never tried to get away; he never was off his vittles from the minnit he come. The fust time I see him eat my heart come right up in my mouth, he et so like my boy, jest bitin' little bites right reg'lar round an' round a leaf till he'd made a place the shape o' half a cent, like the boy'd do with his cooky. I named him Jacob, after the other, an'— Oh, I can't tell ye what a comfort he was to me! I hadn't had no pervidin' to do for so long, but now I had to go down the road every single mornin' an' get fresh fire-weed for Jacob to eat. I put a cup o' water for him too, but I never see him drink. I guess he licked the water off the leaves, for I used to wet 'em to make 'em tasty an' temptin'. Another thing that made him look like the boy was his colour. He was kind o' blacky-green, with round pink spets on his sides, for all the world like my other Jacob in his little tight jacket with the glass buttons I made for him outer my old invisible green dress. An' he had a little pink face, an' he used to look up at me so peart an' knowin' when I'd talk to him. 'Twas a new thing to me, after all them lonesome months, to have some one at home waitin' for me when I was out, an' I used to hurry back 's quick 's I could jest 's if the boy was watchin' at the winder with his pretty little nose all flat agin the glass.

I had a stick stan'in' up in his box, an' a big piece o' mosquiter nettin' over it like a tent, but I only kep' it shet down when I