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MECHANIC:

FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

A Story of Kow a Man Can Rise in America.

CHAPTER VIII.

Can you draw?

Yes, sir, yes, interrupted John, raw atmosphere of March.

gerly. 'I kin draw. I've draw'd As he comes out, he pauses at the door

Mr. Baldwin looked astonished. Well, you're a queer compound, I must say, of knewledge and ignorance, shrewd sense and child-like ignocence. I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. The say that the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class, it opens next week, I've no more to say. If you want to join the night class is open not necessary to the nature of the nat

all. Good night.'

And he turned away, leaving John in a state of puzzlement which lasted him all night, and from which he had not all night, and from which he had not all night, and from which he had not all night. fully emerged next morning when he emerged next morning when he according to promise, to call on people got that steamer contract. Wish

a bashful mood. His hands and feet had never seemed so large before, nor his in deep mourning, with a tall craperound his hat, but looks the reverse of mourning. dirty or shabby, for he had spent a good fu!. his clothes and those of other men. As ever, I'll give you a hint. Had your he passed No. 81, he saw Jim Stryker, uncle been alive, we might not have got in the carelessly-elegant dress of a well-the contract. Good day. I'm rather apparently recovered from his drubbing And he bows slightly and strikes away.

sank within him as he thought: 'I whipped him, to be sure, but he's

above me for all that.'

CHAPTER IX. ANOTHER ROUND UP.

Two summers have passed away; twice has the anow come and gone; the mud of March is in the streets, and the flowergirls are beginning to hawk bunches of voilets and pansies about, when we come once more on John Armstrong walking out of the door of the Vulcan Iron Works,—out of the office door—not the

gate of the general hands.

And what a transformation! It is the 'There! Yes, you do. You spoke good enough English there, save that you meant 'exactly' for 'rightly.' I mean this: Your clear the same old John in the face, perhaps, yet not altogether-so, even there, He is clean shaven, all but a thick blonde moustache, and his face lead to be same old John in the face, perhaps, yet not altogether-so, even there, He is clean shaven, all but a thick blonde moustache, and his face lead to be same old John in the face, perhaps, yet not altogether-so, even there, He is clean shaven, all but a thick blonde moustache, and his face lead to be same old John in the face, perhaps, yet not altogether-so, even there, He is clean shaven, all but a thick blonde moustache. I moustache, and his face has lost much of the bronze of former days, while the mean this: Your education now is of the bronze of former days, while the enough to answer for the foreman of fashionable cut of his hair gives it a difenough to answer for the foreman of tashionaole cut of his hair gives it a different look. He is dressed plainly, yet to be head of a shop, could you write a proper business letter? Could you make the calculations for an estimate on an estimate on an increase of the could be coming from the office, and his fine, erect the calculations for an estimate on an estimate on an estimate on the control of the could be control of the control of the could be control of the could be control of the could be control of the big ulster he wears to fend off the cold.

a moment to say something, in answer to Mr. Abel Handy, and the last words

and I shall be happy to help you. That's street, humming an air to himself, till he turns the corner and comes almost on

Mrs. Morton at 143, Ashley street.

He arrived there about ten o'clock in a bashful mood. 'His hands and feet had'

Armstron' smiled slightly. Stry you luck of it, but don't see how you

deal of spare cash in smartening up, and looked respectable enough, but he had noticed the difference between the cut of told me once, business is business. How-

The same John Armstrong in figure, the Jim looked so handsome, and was at- same shrewd sense, the same henest ring tired so faultlessly, that John's heart of the voice; but, besides all this, something that was not there before—the quiet consciousness of wakened intellect, bove me for all that.'

It was in this humble frame of mind trained strength of a man who has read

And he went out without another than one? There are plenty of hacks

The old man laughs. notice. I've got my old knapsack, and nothing else. Don't wan't no hack. The old boys used to march twenty miles a day regular in July, and now I'm well I don't want no hack.

Then he turns to the ship and calls : 'Hello, Charley! You sailor man. Heave me that 'ere knapsack on the

And forthwith comes flying through I goin' to git it out?" the air a venerable black knapsack, all bulging out with its contents, with the number 198 on the back.

Old Armstrong pats it affectionately. over. 'That's the reg'lar old thing. How table.'

we used to hate it once, and carry noth-in' but a blanket and a gun, to save floor.

fore with old Steve Barker, and where then you came to Gettysburg at last, the old man is soon in talled in a large Well, did you run? Did you give in to room, with all the modern conveniences, them? at which he stares, in his simple wonder

'Not as much as you think. Besides, get a very comfortable selection. I get a very comfortable salary now—
the next to Mr. Hardy; and they talk and said with a radiant smile:

'No, no. President of the Vulcan Company. He can do better work outside than in; and I can tell you, father,

'Yes, father. You must never put And

His son makes no answer, save a pressure of the arm and a fond smile, as he carries the knapsack himself, and leads his father to a carriage, when they are driven off rapidly up town to a boarding house very different from the tenement in which John had lodged two years because the carries to grateful the old army of the Potomac, father.

How often I've heard you tell of the way the enemy drove you, again and again, all through Virginia, till it seemed as if ill, luck was never to leave you! And these matters even without the sound of the remaining the same to grateful the seemed as if ill, luck was never to leave you! And these matters even without the sound of the remaining the second of the remaining the same to grateful the second of the remaining the second of the second of the remaining the second

The old man's eye flashed. and says, in a low tone:

'Oh, John don't it cost a heap to live in this grand place!'

'No, by George, boy! We giv' it to 'em good at last. They might lick us; but the old boys was all there, ready for

John ran his arm through his father's your losing me?

Mrs. Morton put the clinging arms

The wind shade is not all marked to most an internal to the shade the most and the shade is not all marked to most an internal to the shade of the s

'Here's a clean one, father. You'll head and looked as dignified as a queen; low, mother-built like a Greek stafind the bureru drawer full of all you while Eda stood patting her foot angrily tue' need in dress. That's why I had you on the floor, turning irresolutely to and Trunk? Catch an old sojer with a measured at the tailer's. I was just the trunk, John. No, no; I travel light, boy, so I kin break camp at a moment's to watch myself even now to keep from to watch myself even now to keep from sobbing again, and hugged her mother But you must own he is a grand figure

'Mistakes I mean, father.'

'Well, John, I'll try. But ain't there into thin' else I mustn't do?'

'Yes father V' and I can't lidn't mean it, but I can't liel it.'

And the old lady melted instantly at your knife in your mouth, nor pick your the cry of her child, as her own thoughts teeth with a fork.'--But I've got a holler tooth, and if a tury before, when a like confession had chunk of meat gets stuck, John, how am escaped her own heart, if not her lips, all unconscious till then.

meet who never saw each other before,

And he is about to adjust it, when his son says gravely:

'Not now father. I's not necessary.

We don't use them in this city, and folks will stare at us. We'll ride in the hack, if you don't object, for we've two or three miles to drive to our boarding.

'All right, John—you know best,' says of money a'ready, and I thought we might as well save hack hire, now I'm well.'

His son makes no answer, save a pressure of the arm and a fond smile, as he is not necessary.

And he is about to adjust it, when his is so fine of your old dad—you can't help it, boy—I won't blame ye. Reckon I'd better git back to Painted Post, where folks ain't so fine, if they be honest. You'b better leave me he shining braids with her old caresing touch, as she whisperel:

There was a moarnful ring in the old man 'But I've cost you a heap of money a'ready, and I thought we might as well save hack hire, now I'm well.'

His son makes no answer, save a pressure of the arm and a fond smile, as he fy, and I ask you to help me. Think of

Ella looked up wistfully. 'Why not, mother?'

mothers must expect to be misconduct-When the time comes'-here Mrs. Morton heaved a slight' sigh- 'when the time comes for a mother to lose her only by a gentleman.

Ella-caught her mother round the neck, crying vehemently:

'Lose me, mother! You shall not — How con I read it in the twilight?'

Ella jumped up instantly, radiant Don't talk that way. Who thinks of with joy, and ran to hug her mother,

the next to Mr. Hardy; and they talk of electing him president.'

'What,' exclaims his father. 'President of our States! Why, boy, 'tain't 'lection year.'

'Then don't let the fine folks whip you make it. There goes the dinner bell. Stealy in the ranks!'

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

'When the time comes, it is a loss, my darling—a Doss that you will one day understand. We women have to suffer it, sooner or later. We lose all we love, one after the other, till only one thing is left the hone beyond the grave. But it is quietly away, and went on:
When the time comes, it is a loss, my so happy? —the hope beyond the grave. But it is well, Ella. I knew it would come some mit to a surgical operation for had burner.

'Humph! I see. When it comes to

to watch myself even now to keep from sobbing again, and hugged her mother committing solecisms.'

Sobbing again, and hugged her mother vehemently, with a stiffed cry of:

of a man, looked at artistically alone.'

The old lady pursed up her lips.
I saw that he was a big, strong man, like most blacksmiths. His face might have looked decent, only his hair was cut so vilely, and as for his hands'---The remembrance caused a grimace Ella turned away her head with an-

other pout, observing:
'Well, you're prejudiced.' You won't You'll have to wait till dinner's over, or use a toothpick very secretly. It's not allowed generally till after dinner's over. You'll see the toothpicks on the or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The plant of the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The plant of the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither? The plant of the woman or whither? The man and the woman or whither wh

The old lady looked yexed. That's the reg'lar old thing. How we used to hate it once, and carry nothin' but a blanket and a gun, to save weight; qut I tell ye there ain't no discounit on it to hold something' more all the time.'

And he is about to adjust it, when his is about to adjust it, when his is a consequence of the country of the country

not been to see us for two years, and 'Now he writes like a man and a gen-

tleman, that there may be no miscon-struction of his motive in coming,' said Ella, in a tone of triumph, waving the letter that had caused all the trouble. Please read it over again, mother, and say, if you can, that it was not written

The old lady made a pettish move-

'You dear old mother, I knew you'd give in. I'll light the lamp. Oh, I'm TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Fortunate Escape Mrs. Berkenshaw, 26 Pembroke St.,



there back safe and well is the