

afraid of depriving you, Harold, and because she will not have things beyond her means, though she needs them badly. Did you know she has not had a cook lately, and that she has done all the housework?

'No, I did not know that,' replied the young man. 'It shall not be so long. I will send her money next month, and insist on her using it.'

'That is noble of you,' replied the old lady as she turned to go; 'but remember what I have said about coming to Franklin, and do not disappoint her. Good-by.'

All that morning Harold worked with a fretful frown on his face. He had not decided to take Mrs. Redwood's advice, and yet he could not divest himself of the feeling of irritation that a new view of his duty had brought to him. At noon Charley Johnson came over to his department.

'Ready for lunch?' he asked.

Harold nodded, took down his hat and joined him.

'I have been trying to get over to you all morning,' said Johnson, when they had reached the street. 'We thought a hundred dollars would put us through our trip; but we must have tennis suits to be thoroughly in the swim at such a swell place. I know where we can get them on credit. The price is only ten dollars; we can easily lay that aside next month.'

'I suppose so,' replied Harold, his mind on Mrs. Redwood and her talk. At that moment if he had had sufficient courage to ask Johnson to excuse him he would have been glad to give up the Saratoga trip altogether. 'I don't want to buy anything on credit,' he said, finally.

'Well, you needn't; I'm going to have mine though; I'm going all the guts while I'm there.'

Nothing further was said on the subject; but Harold did not enjoy his luncheon. Everything he ate seemed to lodge in his throat. He was half-vexed with Charley, regretted having seen Mrs. Redwood that day, and was generally nervous and upset.

Up to the day before his vacation began, Harold was still determined not to be deprived of his visit to the great watering-place. That afternoon he received by post a note from Mrs. Redwood:

'Dear Harold,' she wrote, 'forgive a childish old busybody for interfering in your affairs; but my two sons have brought home with them from Philadelphia, three of their boy friends, and they are expecting you to go with them boating on the lake and fishing. You must see William's new boat. To use his expression it is 'a hummer.' I have seen your mother several times since I returned home, and she is counting on seeing you Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. I did not tell her that you had had any idea of going elsewhere. You said you were going to write to her about your Saratoga trip; but, as she has heard nothing to the contrary, I presume you failed to do it, and the failure shows you are coming to Franklin. I shall be on my veranda to see you go by.'

'Your old friend,
'S. Redwood.'

Harold started when he read the reference to the letter he was to write to his mother. Surely, he remembered having done so; he recalled what an awkward task it had been to explain why he had promised to go to such a fashionable resort as Saratoga. But why had she not received it? could he have failed to post it? He went to the table in his room and opened a drawer. The letter was there.

What was to be done? It would not do to disappoint her now. He hurriedly con-

sulted a time-table. There would not be another train to Franklin till eight o'clock in the evening, which reached that place at ten. That was his only chance; his things were already packed. He sat down and wrote Charley Johnson the best explanation possible, considering his haste, sent it by a messenger, and took a car for the station. A great load seemed to have been taken off him, and yet he shuddered to think how his mother had suffered when he had not come on the three o'clock train as she had expected.

When he arrived at Franklin, the streets, contrasted with those of the city, looked dark and cheerless. On his way home, and just before arriving there, he came to the large house occupied by the Redwoods.

He saw lights in the sitting-room and parlor. He was about to pass on when he heard his name called, and a figure emerged from behind the vines which clambered up the lattice-work on the veranda. It was Mrs. Redwood, her head covered with a shawl. She hurried down the walk to the gate where he had stopped.

'I thought it was you!' she said, excitedly. 'Oh, I am so glad you have come! I sent a telegram to the store, and one also to Saratoga.'

He started at her in amazement.

'Wh—has anything happened?' he gasped.

'Your mother fell to-day and hurt herself. The doctor is with her now and some of the neighbors. She had been to the train to meet you, and as she was going up the steps of her house her foot slipped. I had just told her about your intention to go to Saratoga—I had to explain—she was so uneasy after missing you at the train.'

'Is she seriously hurt?' Harold asked, feeling his heart sink in dread of what Mrs. Redwood might next tell him.

'She was unconscious a while ago; but she may be better now. All the afternoon she has been crying and begging for you to come to her. I am so glad you got my message!'

'I did not get it,' he returned, as if in a dream; 'I found that I had not mailed my letter telling her I was going to Saratoga, and did not want to disappoint her. I had better go on. I—I hope—'

His voice broke; and Mrs. Redwood took his arm caressingly as they walked on to his mother's cottage.

As they entered the door he heard his name called from his mother's room, and he went in. The doctor was bending over her, trying to ease her pain by administering small doses of morphine.

'Oh, I want my child; I want my baby boy!' cried Mrs. Dubose, as she tossed about restlessly. 'Why does he not come to me? You are all trying to kill me. I have never done you any harm.'

'Here he is, Mrs. Dubose,' cried Mrs. Redwood, coming forward. 'He missed his train.'

'Where?' gasped Mrs. Dubose, raising herself on an elbow.

'Here, Mother, dear,' Harold said, amazed at his mother's ghastly face; and he took her in his arms.

'Oh, my baby; I'm so glad you came!' sobbed Mrs. Dubose, as her arms clasped him about the neck. 'I fell and hurt myself; but I will be all right soon, now you are here.'

'The very medicine you needed, Mrs. Dubose,' said the doctor; 'now you won't want anything to make you sleep.'

Harold sat by her bedside the rest of the night. As long as she could feel the touch of his hand and know that he was present, she slept soundly.

The next morning she was better, and from that time on she gradually improved until she was quite her old self again.

It was during the last week of his vacation that Harold noticed a continual shadow on her face.

'What is the matter?' he asked her one night. She had come into his room to close a window that the draught over his head might not give him a cold. He had heard her sigh and noticed her face looking sad and wan in the light of the lamp she held in her hand.

'I simply can't bear to think of your going back next Monday,' she said; 'you have no idea how lonely I am. It seems to me that I have such a short time to live anyway that I ought to have you with me more.'

She was turning away, and he drew her to him.

'Mother,' he said, 'I have been thinking that it would be better and more economical for us if you would come to the city and live with me. I have almost enough to furnish a little flat. In that way, I could keep my position and have you with me also.'

She started; the lamp in her hand shook. He saw that she was making an almost painful effort to speak with calmness.

'Harold, do you really mean it?' she managed to say.

'Yes, Mother, we could begin to pack to-morrow. It would be glorious! I don't like to live in a boarding-house.'

She put the lamp on a table and sat down. She held her hand to her mouth to hide the twitchings of her lips. She was trying to keep her great joy to herself, as if it were a weakness to be disowned.

'I have always wanted to get back to New York,' she confessed. 'The happiest years of my life were spent there, when your father was alive. I was afraid we could not afford it. Do you really think we could? I—I don't like to count on it, and then be disappointed.'

'The easiest thing in the world,' he answered. 'Now, go to bed, Mother. I have made up my mind to have it so.'

Late in the night she came to add another quilt to the covering over him, and as she did so bent to kiss him again. And then he found that her face was wet with tears of joy.

The next morning when he told Mrs. Redwood what he was going to do, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him on both cheeks.

'You are the best-hearted boy in the world,' she said. 'It is what I have long wanted you to do. It will make your mother young again.'

The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the Isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be when I was young,
The Land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart,
He treated shamefully!

When girls and boys their tasks would
slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow!'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap,
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tents a long way off
From the Land of Anyhow!

B. W. Manson.