

she'd a left it to you fer to foot them bills.'

'Miss Angelina left the girl a very beautiful quilt,' said Mrs. Wilson, and the city girl giggled.

The giggle bewildered Mr. Park. 'Yes,' he said, looking all around, 'it certainly was a beautiful quilt. I ain't much fer the styles and sech, but I seen that quilt a-growin' and kind o' miss it. I tell you what, Angelyna, about this here school business, you git the money for the first year's books and I'll do the rest. It won't come quite so hard on me if you raise the funds for the first year's books. There!' exclaimed the old gentleman, heaving a deep sigh, 'ain't that fair and square, ain't I ready to do my part?'

Angelina did not speak, but her face changed from red to white.

'Folks got into a habit of tellin' it about,' explained Mr. Park, rising and laying hold of his hat, 'that Angelyna had a sort of a hand in several things, that I done, a finger in the pie, and so she had, so she had; but I can't for the life of me see how anybody is gunno say that Angelyna has a finger in this here pie.'

He put his hat firmly upon his head, said good-evening, and departed.

Angelina Park sped out of the parlor and up to that little back room, where she fell on the bed in a passion of tears.

'No,' she sobbed, 'no, Aunt Angelina, you haven't anything to do with this; you have nothing to do with anything as mean, as miserable as this.'

The insignificant sum of ten dollars at most lay between the weeping girl and the fulfilment of her ambition, and it might as well have been ten hundred dollars as far as her ability to possess it was concerned.

By and by Angelina sat up and rubbed her hot hands over her hotter face and said fiercely that it was a foolish thing to cry, to act like a baby. The voices of her aunt and cousins and Marian White came up to her, her aunt was declaring that old Park was bragging, that was all; that if someone were to give Angelina the money for the books he would immediately back out of his generous offer.

'Of course,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'if I for a moment thought that he really meant what he said why I most certainly would give Angelina the money.'

Then Angelina's cousins, Lucy and Sally, echoed 'of course,' and Marian White said 'of course' vehemently.

But these people below were not honest, Angelina told herself, and her Uncle Jonathan was. He did not expect anybody to give her the money and he must know that she couldn't earn it—that was where its cruelty came in. But if she were to astonish him by getting the money he would keep to his promise. Again a great whiteness came into the orphan's face; her eyes darkened, her lips quivered. All her life she would be poor, despised and ignorant. She did so hate to be ignorant.

'Angelina, Angelina!' called her aunt, 'where are your wits? Don't you see here's a storm rising? For mercy sakes lon't let the chickens get a wetting.'

Angelina sped down the steps and out into the yard. The wind blew her hair over her face and away from it and flapped her frock about her slender figure as she coaxed and drove the chickens under shelter. Marian White stood on the porch, with her friend Lucy watching.

'My' said the city girl, in a half whisper, 'wouldn't things be different for Angelina, if the old gentleman meant what he said and if somebody were to give her the book money?'

Now, although Mrs. Wilson was very certain that Mr. Park was merely boasting when he promised to pay Angelina's board in the city and furnish her with the necessary clothing provided the girl managed to procure that insignificant sum necessary for the purchase of the first year's books, she entertained no doubt whatever of Angelina's procuring a free scholarship should she persist in taking the examination. Neither had any doubt entered the head of Uncle Jonathan, neither had it entered the heads of the country people.

'Yes,' said old Mr. Park, speaking his mind right out in the stores and down at the mill and over at the blacksmith shop, 'yes, I have said to that there niece of mine, if she gits the money for the first year's books up yonder to the school I'll step in and defray the other expenses; yes, I'll hand out the money fer them other expenses let 'em be what they may.'

A great and solemn respect for the farmer entered into the hearts of those people, and then a great and solemn pity for Angelina. How was a slip of a girl ever going to get the ten dollars?

It is just possible that these people, who were also 'mortal close,' would have thrust their hands into their pockets, brought forth their greasy pocketbooks and counted out the necessary ten dollars, had they not known full well that Angelina Park was, like her mother before her, a proud being who would scorn the gift with tears and thanks.

'Yes,' said the idlers, seated about in the stores and hanging around the blacksmith shop and the mill, 'yes, Angelyny is smart as gals is made but proud—proud as was her mother, and that's saying a good deal. She'll accept that money from nobody, unless her aunt was to give it to her in wages. Mrs. Wilson ain't gunno offer the wages, then how is Angelyny to git the first year's books. She ain't gunno git them first year's books and that's all there is about it.'

Angelina Park and her cousin, Lucy Wilson, took the examination, and Angelina won a free scholarship while Lucy failed to pass. Marian White offered condolences to Lucy over her failure, telling her that the girls at the normal school had to study 'dreadful,' that they were obliged to sit up half the night making out papers, and ten chances to one in the end were not allowed to graduate. She further consoled Lucy by saying again and again: 'You certainly are better off than Angelina Park in possession of a free scholarship that will never be a bit of use to her.'

Angelina's triumph was hard upon her mentally and physically. Her white face and heavy eyes told of sleepless nights and headaches. She lost all interests in her daily tasks. She no longer had any studying to carry her out of the work-a-day world and her dreams, when she did dream, were wildly unsatisfactory.

Since Lucy Wilson's failure at the examination and since Marian White's tales of the laborious life of the Normal school pupil, the Wilson family began to regard Angelina as more and more foolish. By and by the girls found pleasure in teasing her about her free scholarship and her generous uncle. They wondered in what

manner Mr. Park would dress his niece when he boarded her in the city and whether he would allow her to ride to school on the street cars in rainy weather. They suggested to her innumerable ways of possessing herself of the ten dollars for her first year's books, begging her to dry apples and regretting that the cherry season was at an end.

'Angelina,' inquired Marian White, one day, 'how much money have you anyway?'

Angelina's temper was being sorely tried. She was pouring the water from the pitcher into the glasses while the others sat at table, and she didn't answer but kept on pouring the water.

Now Mrs. Wilson required politeness on the part of the orphan she was raising, and she spoke the girl's name sharply, bidding her answer when she was spoken to.

'One dollar and a quarter,' answered Angelina, and as she said it she overflowed Sally's glass.

'O think of it!' cried Miss White, throwing up her hands, tragically, 'she only needs eight dollars and seventy-five cents.'

'Besides several hundred dollars,' said Mrs. Wilson, dryly. 'Angelina, why can't you have some sense about the matter and not look quite as forlorn as if you didn't have a friend in the world. You have a friend in the world who isn't half a mile away, either.'

Notwithstanding the proximity of her friend, poor Angelina had a good cry in her little room that day after washing the dishes. The world seemed a very cruel place to her. Of course the girls were only in fun and didn't understand how their foolish jests cut her to the heart, and of course her aunt, Mrs. Wilson, considered that she was reasoning with her for her good. When she finished her good cry she looked at that little bit of money, tumbled it out of its box upon the bed and counted it. One dollar and twenty-five cents; it wasn't any use to try to make it more. It was in small change and she had arranged it in different little piles in the hope that it would come out a little better, but it wouldn't; it was one dollar and twenty-five cents and of no earthly use to her. Her cousins' jokes repeated themselves in her mind as she regarded her sole wealth. Seventy-five cents of it represented a great bag of dried apples sold to the market man who regretted that the evaporated fruit had sunk the price of the sun-dried. The rest of the money she had obtained for her dried cherries. She was sorry she had ever dried the apples; she wished the birds had eaten the cherries on the trees.

Lucy and Sally Wilson and Marian White did not know that Angelina had been crying; they imagined she was indulging in a fit of the sulks. The three of them tip-toed up the back stairs and the city girl put her lips to the keyhole of Angelina's door. 'Angelyna,' she whispered, pronouncing the name with a regular twang, 'why don't you sell your quilt?' Lucy and Sally laughed and the three girls ran back down the stairs.

It was wicked to hate people. Angelina told herself that she wouldn't hate her cousins and Marian White, she wouldn't do a wicked thing like that, her heart was full of bitterness. She tumbled her money into its box and put the box in the bureau drawer and went to work at her sewing. Angelina was hemming a kitchen apron.

There are strange occurrences in this