

the woman who owed the little bill.

Mrs. Grant kept a small "candyshop," behind the counter of which she dealt out "one cent candies" to dirty faced youngsters, who generally came in batches of about ten, one going inside to buy, the rest standing outside each one pointing eagerly, the while, to that particular kind of candy which he liked best. When the buyer emerged from the shop he was instantly surrounded by his "pals" who strongly urged him to "divie up squeeer now." If he were smaller than his chums he "divied up" very promptly and very squarely.

The stock in trade of Mrs. Grant's little store was small, very small; but what there was, she had arranged so as to make it look as large as possible.

Mrs. Grant herself, looked a weak, nervous little woman; and no wonder, for she had five children, the eldest barely seven years old, to provide for. How she managed it would be difficult to explain.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Grant," said Mr. Freeman, as he walked in.

"Oh! Mr. Freeman, is that you," exclaimed Mrs. Grant, emerging from the little back room, which served as a kitchen, sleeping apartment, and living room, all in one, for herself and her children.

"I suppose you have come for some money? I wish I could pay it all. You have no idea, Mr. Freeman, how much anxiety and worry it causes me. It preys upon me so. I can't sleep sometimes for the thought of it.

"I know its hard, Mrs. Grant," replied Mr. Freeman. "But how can I help it?" I've explained how it is, to Mr. Scruff, but he won't take any explanations.

Then he muttered to himself "something must be done. Something must be done."

"I'm thoroughly worn out," con-

tinued Mrs. Grant, speaking more to herself than to Mr. Freeman.

"There's baby, he's so sick, poor little mite, but I can't afford a doctor. Then the constant running backwards and forwards, first here, then there, never a moment's rest; poverty all around me, and not a single friend to help me. Oh! my husband, my poor husband! I never knew what want was when you were here!

Tears rolled down the careworn cheeks. Mr. Freeman looked at her in silence. A vision rose up before him. He fancied that he saw his wife struggling on alone, and unaided, battling with poverty and fighting against despair, as this woman was doing. He wondered if anyone would lend a helping hand to her, should she ever be in a similar position.

He tore up the note he had in his hand, and resolved in his mind, to help her. He would have to scrape and save a long time to pay it. He might even lose his position. He knew how enraged his employer would be when he returned without the money and told him his purpose. But he had made up his mind to help her, and help her he would, come what might.

With a little cough he began: "Er—, as I was about to say, Mrs. Grant, about that bill; Mr. Scruff and myself have arranged, or, at least, we are going to arrange about it. So you need not worry any more."

"What do you mean, Mr. Freeman, I don't understand;" broke in Mrs. Grant.

"Well, er, that is, I mean that Mr. Scruff and I are,—are, going to fix it. It will be paid. Well, good evening, Mrs. Grant. Oh, by-the-way, I have a brother, he is a doctor, I'll get him to come and look at your little child."

Saying which he hurried out, before she had time to speak to him again, or thank him.