

One or two stoutly declared they'd "be sorry to hurt the lady's feelin's by talking of things she didn't want known *outside of Glinderses*."

This made outsiders more curious and respectful at the same time. So no harm was done.

The child, Dick, grew apace in stature and in knowledge, for his mother devoted herself to his training,

too soon. The young 'uns have it all their own way now. There's oceans o' larnin' waitin' for 'em to swallow as fast as they can take it in. Maybe, I'd better say will, for willin'ness has a deal to do with it."

"My mother, blessin's on her mem'ry, was as good a soul as ever lived, and had sense out o' the common; but she didn't know her A B C, so it stands to



"HE KISSED IT REVERENTLY."

and did all that could be done amid such surroundings. Everybody wondered at the result of her care, Old Roger most of all.

"You've done miracles for the boy, ma'am," he would say. "May the Lord spare you till he grows into a fine man to pay you back again. What a grand thing it is to be a scholar! I should ha' been one myself, if I'd had a ghost of a chance. I had it in me to larn; but I were born a many years

reason she couldn't teach me. How I should ha' vally'd larning! But it's too late now. It's too late."

Thus spoke Old Roger to little Dick Holgate, and as he finished, he would bid the lad do his best for his mother's sake, and not be like those lazy "raskills" that would run away from the sight of a book if they could.

By way of rendering his lectures more palatable, Roger would slip a rosy apple or luscious pear into Dick's