

guessed we could stand that, and I said: 'That's my proposition; and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. 'It'll show disposition, anyway.'

'Well, I suppose you'll have your own way,' says he; 'you most always do.' And I said: 'Isn't it most always a good way?' Then I brought out my subscription paper. I had it all ready. I didn't know jest how to shape it, but I knew it was something about 'the sums set opposite our names,' and so I drewed it up, and took my chances. 'You must head it,' says I, 'because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go next, because I'm the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks.'

So 'Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, and took his pen, but did not write. 'What's the matter?' says I. And he said: 'I'm sort o' shamed to subscribe 25 cents. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the gospel. 25 cents a week! Why, its only 12½ cents a sermon, and all the prayer-meetin's throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents I am sure.' So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sunbonnet went onto my head pretty lively; and says I: 'Hezekiah, there's some cold potato in the pantry, and you know where to find the salt; so, if I am not back by dinner-time, don't be bashful, help yourself.' And I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy. Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were talkin', and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and next, on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and bein' trustee he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. 'To be sure,' says I, 'I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a leetle sooner.' Then there was sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we

ought to be looking after 'the sperrito-alities.' She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be just as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was a shame to be 'tarnally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dreadful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd had been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allus wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her 25 cents and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept gainin' till I had jest seven hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well towards candle light when I got back, and I was that tired that I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've bilged soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and boilin' soap all together, and it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, 'Well?' I was past speakin' and I put my check apron up to my face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein, how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a steepin' and when I had had my drink with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying "I never, I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" 'Why, don't you know?' says he. No.' I said, I ain't quick at figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us up this year three hundred dollars or so."

'Amy' says he, you're a prodigy—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at 25 cents each gives us \$25 a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of them is good and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty. That paper of yours'll give