

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Aunt Angelina's Quilt.

(Louise R. Baker in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

It was bad enough to be named Angelina and to be called Angelyna and even Angelyny by ever so many people, but to come into an inheritance of a queer, old-time crazy quilt, simply because your name happened to be Angelina, why that was a thousand times worse. At least, such was the opinion of Angelina Park's cousins, Lucy and Sally.

The heir to the quilt was an orphan girl of sixteen, very tall for her age, with clear, expressive, truthful brown eyes, and a stoop in her shoulders that distressed the country doctor and worried her aunt, Mrs. Simon Wilson, just a little.

'For goodness sakes, Angelina, do try to hold yourself up; folks will think that I work you to death,' was the way in which Mrs. Wilson made known that Angelina's weakness worried her just a little. 'Dear knows,' she invariably added, 'many a sixteen-year-old girl makes herself more usefut about a house than you.'

The old country doctor addressed Angelina on the subject of her stooping shoulders in a much gentler manner. 'You're growing wonderfully fast,' he said, 'r-e-e-markably fast; but make up your mind that you're going to grow straight up, Angelina. You'll be stronger if you grow straight up, you know.'

Angelina Park did want to grow straight up, physically, mentally and morally. Her pretty head was full of ambitious dreams. It was her desire to attend a normal school and fit herself for a teacher. Three scholarships to the State Normal School were to be given in the county, and all the eligible girls, with any brains whatever, in all the public schools were studying in preparation for the examination. Lucy Wilson was studying energetically, although Lucy Wilson could attend the school whether she procured a scholarship or not, whereas, as everybody declared who knew anything, it certainly was rank foolishness for Angelina to be devoting valuable time to her books, for how, in the name of common sense, could Angelina go to the normal school even if she won a free scholarship? A free scholarship, as the teachers had taken pains to explain, had nothing whatever to do with paying a girl's board in the city and most assuredly it wouldn't clothe her and buy her city shoes and a city hat.

Angelina Park, notwithstanding her aunt's remarks about those more capable girls of sixteen, managed to do a good deal of work about a house. She rose early in the morning, fully an hour before Lucy and Sally, and prepared the breakfast; at noon she washed the dishes and in the evening she was kept busy at various minor occupations, while her cousins were studying their morrow's lessons. Angelina had to study her own lessons later in the little back upstairs room. In the vacation Angelina was busy all the day. The reason was that the girl must, of course, in some way, repay her aunt, Mrs. Wilson, for that meritorious act of taking her into her home and family. But all this has nothing whatever to do with Miss Angelina's quilt.

Miss Angelina Park had died after a long but uncomplaining illness. The quilt, worked in her spare moments and

left to Angelina on account of her name—for all the old lady's other meager possessions had passed to the servant girl—consisted of all sorts and sizes of silk pieces, embroidered over with flowers, animals and fowls of every color and description. Humming birds sat stiffly on stiffer blossoming branches, cows showed their four legs conspicuously. There was a horse—but there is no use in saying too much about Miss Angelina's quilt. Suffice to tell that Lucy and Sally Wilson and Marian White, a city friend, laughed uproariously over Angelina's inheritance, while Angelina herself had a good cry over it.

'Things would have been different if she had had her way,' sobbed Angelina, down on her knees in the little back room, with her gorgeous quilt open on the bed and her pretty head buried in it. 'It's unkind of them to laugh at her quilt. She made it for me and she never had any lessons, and it was the only one of her possessions that she considered good enough for me, and she thought it was pretty and, and, and it is pretty and they never, never, never shall look at it again.'

Yes, if Miss Angelina Park had had her way things would have been different for Angelina. She would have been taken in at that other farmhouse, not to be a drudge but in the capacity of a beloved daughter. She would have been sent to school and been provided with suitable clothes. But Miss Angelina hadn't any money and her brother, Jonathan Park, would have been obliged to untie his purse strings and furnish the necessary cash. Angelina's Uncle Jonathan was rich but 'mortal close' as the people put it. The notably benign actions of his life had been few and far between and they had involved the spending of a minimum amount of money. These memorable actions had been accomplished through the intercession of Miss Angelina. 'Yes,' Mr. Park would say, for he was an honest man, 'Angelyna had her finger in this pie, for a fact.'

No one had any idea what Jonathan Park would in the end do with his dollars and cents; it was stated that he would come 'powerful nigh carryin' them along with him.' On one subject everyone was satisfied, Jonathan Park would never in the world leave his dollars and cents to a girl and there was nobody else to get them.'

Occasionally Mr. Park had called to see his niece. People said that his sister, Miss Angelina, had plagued him into calling. When, a week after Miss Angelina's death, the old farmer drove over to Mrs. Wilson's, bringing Angelina her inheritance, people said that it was the spirit of Miss Angelina that caused him to do it. He stayed to dinner this time, took, as was his habit and Mrs. Wilson saw to it herself that there was an extra dish of jelly upon the table, but Angelina performed the duty of waitress as was her custom, while her cousins sat at the board, and the well-off aunt knew that the rich uncle would see no reason why this shouldn't be.

Perhaps if Marian White hadn't been visiting Angelina's cousins at the time that Angelina came into her inheritance, the Wilson girls would never have ridiculed the quilt; but Marian White, looking at the quilt, burst into ringing laughter and cried, pointing here, and there—'Oh,

what is this? And what is this?' and 'Oh, Lucy Wilson, aren't you sorry she wasn't your aunt?' and 'Oh, Sally, did you ever see such a ferocious cow? I'd be scared to death if I were to meet it off in a lonely meadow. O dear! O dear! tell Angelina to take the thing away or I'll expire.'

It was a week after he had brought the quilt that Mr. Jonathan Park surprised the Wilson household by putting in a second appearance. Marian White whispered to Sally that she was sure and certain the gentleman had returned for the quilt, he couldn't be satisfied with the loss of so many head of cattle.

As was his custom, Mr. Park stayed for dinner; but when the meal was over he didn't go; even when asked if he wouldn't 'step over to the parlor' he said nothing about 'gettin' along home.' He stepped over to the parlor and settled himself comfortably in the biggest chair he could find. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters and Miss White entertained him, the mother explaining that Angelina would come to the parlor, too, as soon as she had washed the dinner dishes.

Mr. Park made known his mission when Angelina entered the parlor.

'I've been hearin' about this school examination,' he said, turning his keen little eyes upon his niece and scrutinizing her.

'Yes,' said Angelina meekly.

'I've been hearin',' continued the old man, 'that some of you young folks is thinkin' of takin' that there examination. Is that so?'

'Yes,' said Angelina again.

'Folks is sayin',' said Uncle Jonathan, crossing his legs higher up, 'that if Lucy gits the scholarship she's got a good thing; there's somebody ready fer to foot her bills up yonder to the town; but them same folks is sayin' that if Angelyna Park gits the scholarship she don't git nothin', for who's gunno foot her bills up yonder to the town. This talk sets me wonderin', Angelyna, why in the name of all that's reasonable you're gunno take the examination.'

'I'm wondering, too, Mr. Park,' said Mrs. Wilson, briskly. 'Angelina has a good home, with plenty to eat, and her clothes found for her. What is the use of her wasting her time dreaming dreams that never can come to anything?'

Angelina herself didn't say a word. It was a dismal truth. She was wasting her time dreaming a dream that would never come to anything, that never could come to anything. Her head drooped and her face grew very read.

'There'll be the expense of the books besides the other expenses,' said Uncle Jonathan.

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson, and laughed. 'You put some sense into Angelina's head and try to get her to give up the idea of the examination.'

Mr. Park, however, was thoughtfully scratching his own head. 'Folks say you're smart, Angelyna,' he remarked, with his eyes upon the pretty red face; 'and I reckon some of 'em is sayin' that there ought to be somebody fer to foot them bills up yonder to the town. I dunno, I dunno; I've worked powerful hard for my money. Folks that ain't got no money they're mighty reckless sometimes a-spendin' other folk's, but I cal'late if your Aunt Angelina had had any money