HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE. (National Publication House, N. Y.) CHAPTER V.

PRISSY TARBOX.

Content.

"Once on the stormy seas I rode,"

"Was granny's favorite hymn; and while her weak old voice quavered up and down, and yellow in it, made the floor soft as the grans, under the occan that "yawned," and the "bark," that so "rudely tossed," state, and the old lounge had been re stuffed and covered with red calico. In the middle of the room stood Prissy Tarbox, and she spoke h's welcome, thus:

"One on the stormy seas I rode,"

"On on the stormy seas I rod

spoke his welcome, thus:

"Young man, you can came to see granny whenever you like, but please to remember I like to have folks knock. Death is about the only caller now-a-days uncivil enough to enter without as much as asyin; by your leave."

"I'll knock next time," said Billy, meekly ly; and then Prissy, mollified, exclaimed:
"See there now, don't she look like a new pin!"

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"Well, I rode a canal mule once five moths. I washed dishes two days in acity loarding-house. I had a boot-blacking stand once in front of a cigar store, with a char for my men right under the Indian queer.

time of mass, her P'
"Hush up; Brownie was milked hours ago," put in Prissy, offering Silas a chair and saying: "I suppose you dropped in for that basket Mrs. Ellery sent me those house plants in. I am ashamed I kept it so long."

My sakes, Si, I could have fetched that

"Pilk nock next time," said Billy, meek ly: and then Prissy, molilified, exclaimed: "See there now, don't she look like an boarding-house. I had a boot-blacking standing which were now, don't she look like an early one in from of a cigar store, with a distance of the result of the

Prissy fell into a brown study, with her plump hands folded over her neat pink calico dress. She was as bright and attractive as any young girl. The kitten, whose one lean sides had grown full and sleek of late nopped up into granny's lap. The old lady began to sing to her, as if she were baby, and puesy, in return, purred in loud content.

"Once on the stormy sear I rede,"

Was granny's favorite hymn; and while her weak old voice quavered up and down. Billy wondered if the ocean that "yawned" and the "hark," that so "rudely tossed," were really pictures of her actual experience. He asked Prissy, and she quickly returned.

"Why, you don't let Brownie go till this perine. He asked Prissy, and she quickly returned."

"On, the hymn goes that way; though she's had a rough enough life, I'll warrant."

"So have I," said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I," said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I," said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy, with the tone of the shown so have I, said Billy with the tone of the shown so have I, said billy with the tone

ment the first time in his me that were new had received so many ideas that were new to him in the day time. A man actually had sold a horse for a small sum in preference to ome any time; you must be awful particular," commented Billy, with the harrowing thick-headeness of a boy who has never known a sentimental emotion. However, a little later, he refrained from saying openly that Silas made things stupid, but thinking just this, he frolicked with the cat, talked a little with granny, and then statted for feruelty, he lingered on the threshold to say:

"Coming now, Si? If you'll go around by the clearing, I'll show you that trap I bid you about."

Si was not going. He blushed a little, and squirmed more. Prissy began to tell an endless and rather, for her, dull story. Billy, getting tired, finally took himself off. I twas a fine evening, and not at all late, so Billy loitered along, listening to the frozs, and, after a while, thinking about Stan bllery. What an easy life the young fellow had. Si said he was coming into a fortune when he was of age. He had plenty of money now, and more liberty than the farmer thought good for him. He owned his pony. Hehad an off-hand, friendly manner that everybody seemed to admire. Yes,

many thousands of years ago the Emperor of China, perceiving the wretchedness and destitution brought upon his people by the destitution brought upon his people by the use of intoxicating beverages, issued a decree which closed every liquor shop in the Empire. And the strangest thing about it was that for three days after the decree went unto effect, the heavens rained gold. It came down like manna from the skies and the people, being in possession of their senses, were able to gather enough to make them rich and happy for years thereafter. While the latter part of this story can hardly be accepted as literally true, we have no doubt the results of a general closing up of the dram-shops were better even than a shower of gold upon the land. An abundance of wealth is not so sure to bring peace, joy and contentment to the homes of the people as virtuous and temperate living.

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