

How Betsy Baker earned her money for the Mite-box.

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It was a cool evenin' in July, and I was a-settin' out in the porch a-thinkin' about the first miss'ary meetin' I hed attended that arternoon. As I hed been gettin' the dinner ready in the mornin', a purty lookin' young lady hed cum up ter the door. She give me a good mornin' and said she had jest cum to see ef I would go ter a miss'ary meetin' in the arternoon. I thought about it all the time I was gettin' dinner, an when my ole man cum in I jest told him what she said, an he told me fer to go, so I went.

'Twas a real nice meetin', the lady what hed cum in the mornin' was there and said she was very glad to see me. They talked about the Chinees and Injuns, and then a lady got up an said a piece about givin' all we could ter the heathen people, who were a-cryin' fer help acrost the sea, an how we ought to pray fer them and fer the people what went out ter help them! Wal I never hed heard of it talked about in that way afore. I allus thought it was the heathens own fault they worshipped gods and all that, I thought they knew how to be good but didn't want ter. But that meetin' jest cleared my mind, jest one bit, it did." Then another lady got up and read about the poor young widders in Indy, and the tears jest rolled down me face as I thought of 'ow I hed been a livin' in comfort without onct a-thinkin of them worse off nor meself. An afore I cum away I asked the lady ter giv' me one o' them boxes, what she said was fer puttin' money in fer the heathen. And how ter fill that are leetle blue box is what I've been a-thinkin' of! We aint got much money to spare, least ways we got enough to live comfortable like, but not much ter give away. So if I was to give anything I would hev to earn somethin' extry, or else do without somethin' that I hed. I went to bed arly like that night, an afore I went to sleep I hed a way fixed so as to git the money for me mite box. The nex' mornin' I was up by five, an afore I went downstairs I didn't forgit to pray fer the heathens nuther. I hed jest got the fire lit and the kittle sot on to bile when a leetle boy cum up ter the door. "The cows in the barn, mum, an I've cum fer the milk pail." "Well Bobby here it is" says I "an afore ye goes home cum in fer a minute." Little Bobby Ellis was the boy what fetched my cow from the pastur' every mornin' an night and milked her. We kep her in a pastur' jest back of the village, with some other cows be-

longin' to our neighbors. I was awful afeerd of a cow; even if I went into the stall ter feed our own gentle Jersey, I felt ruder skeered like. But fer the sake o'them poor heathen widders an the others, Chinees, Injuns, Jappys and all, I was a-goin' out arter me own cow every mornin' an night, among all the rest, and what was more I was a-goin' to milk her. An I think them people ought to be purty thankful, dont you? I was jest puttin' breakfast on the table when Bobby came in. "Now Bobby" says I "you've ben a good boy all the time you've been with me, an I know you spent yer money fer your mother, mostly, but thar's poor heathen worse off nor you by a long bit," says I "an I'm a-goin' after me own cow an milk her an give the money ter them heathen. So ye kin jest cum on Sunday an I'll giv' ye 15 (fifteen) cents!" I gave him 10 (ten) cents every week day and that would be 60 (sixty) cents a week fer me box.

So I lit the fire and sot the table, an then takin' up a swich, I started off for me cow. When I got to the bars I saw a lot of other cows there, but no sign of our Dolly (afterward I found she had a kind of hankerin arter solitude an meditatatin' and would wander off by herself.) Now thinks I to meself, them cows is very sassy like standin' there a-chewin' right afore my face. I got so kinder exasperate standin' thar a lookin' at those impertinent cows, that I says ter meself says I, ef yer a-goin arter that cow, go, and dont stand here foolin' away yer time." So a quakin inwardly I let down one bar and crawled through. The cows hed begun to eat again and didnt seem ter notice me so I didn't feel so awfully skeered. "Now" says I, "I'm a-goin to walk right past them cows, I'll jest keep a-thinkin' of those widders and heathens So I went a passed them a-sayin' to meself all the time—

"Think of the heathen who to wooden idols bow
And Betsy Baker go right arter your cow."
I reckon its wonderful how people's thoughts carry them along. The next thing I knowed there was I standin' alone side of Dolly. I drove her home an tied her up in the stall and give her some hay, an I didn't feel much skeered either. I went in an got the pail and stool an begun to milk her, an I got along real splendid. She must a knowed I was a milken her for the heathens, cause she only slapped her tail onct, it made me kinder skeered but I kep a sayin' to meself,

"Remember the widders and the poor Chinees,
Remember the Injuns and the Japanees."
And every night and mornin' since then, exceptin' Sunday, I've drove Dolly home and milked her, and every week I've put 60 (sixty) cents in my mite box. Hampton.