

and, an' he don't use no sweat talk, an' he don't fight. He never struck me in all my life—not once. Even if he does drink, he's a good man; an' he ain't no drunkard, no, not if no body in the world will hire him."

Farmer Brownie's face had lost its severity during this explosion. Now he laid his hand detainingly on the boy's knee.

"No, I don't believe your pa is all bad," he said, gravely, "an' maybe I said more than I meant. I'll think it over to-night, an' you come round ag'in in the mornin'. I once had a brother who must 'a' been some like your pa, but that's a long time ago. Well, good night."

Bob watched him until he was lost in the shadows, then he slipped down from the fence and went across toward the Perkins' farmhouse.

In the morning he was back again long before Farmer Brownie was astir. When the old man appeared he was examining the beets and carrots.

"H'm! more weedin' for you," chuckled the old man, as he approached. "Well, about your pa. How'd you like to farm it a little for yourselves?"

Bob looked at him wonderingly. "How can we?" he asked, "we ain't got no land."

"I'll fix that. I can't hire you and your pa both, but I've lots of idle



THE FARMER BOY

land. I can let you have that house an' about forty acres round it for all nothin'. An' you can work the rent out. I'll hire you all the time, or both you an' your pa part of the time, an' you'll be able to get considerable work among the neighbors. Spare days you can work your own land. If you're careful, as I believe you will be, you can lay up money. An' as for your pa, there ain't a liquor-shop in nine miles. Does that suit?"

Bob did not answer, but the look on his face made the old man's eyes twinkle, then suddenly grew misty.

"I'm in," he said, as he turned away, abruptly, "s'pose we go over and look at the house. Then you can go to the Perkins an' tell 'em you're goin' to stay with me this mornin' when it's time for your pa to get back, you can go to the city and bring him down."—Frank H. Sweet, in *Epworth Herald*.

The Girl Who Pays Her Way

"You probably have no conception of your importance as a unit. Few of us have," writes Margaret E. Sangster in *Woman's Home Companion* for July. "Yet society is so constructed that we depend on one another, and, without quite understanding it, we constantly assist in molding the opinions and shaping the conduct of people whom we may never meet, and who apparently never approach our

neighborhood. For instance, I knew intimately a young girl who was born in a tenement house on the East Side of New York, who scrambled up as best she could through a meager and poverty-stricken childhood, working as a cash girl in a department store when she was fourteen, and later earning her livelihood in a tobacco factory. Her work when she first became one of my girls was very hard and unwholesome. Her face was pale, her fingers were stained, her hours were long, and her weekly wage, most of it given to her mother, was a sum that many girls in well-to-do families spend on candies and clothes without a thought of economy. But she had a dauntless air, was fastidiously neat, arranged her hair very prettily and was gentle and attractive in speech and manner. She had the sweet and refined air of a lady. How to account for it would have been a puzzle had I known girls of only one condition and training. I asked no questions, yet I found out without much trouble what I wanted to know. My little friend was spending a Sunday with me, and she said incidentally, When I was a "Fresh Air," the year I was ten, I saw a young girl who must have been fifteen. She was the loveliest thing you could imagine. She used to drive down the road past the farm where we were staying, and I knew she was going to the train to meet her father. Often she stopped with her mother and visited a little with us, and I made up my mind that I would be like that girl. I tried to talk as she did. I made her my pattern. Afterward, when I was a "cash," I sometimes saw her in the store, and oh! what a joy it was when at last she came to the Settlement and sang for us in the evenings. That girl has been my ideal."

"Did you ever tell her about it?" I asked.

"I have never spoken a single word to her," was the reply. "I don't want to. I like better to think of her as a star of a beautiful flower. She belongs to me and I belong to her, and if we were acquainted maybe it wouldn't be so perfect."

Wishes of All Ages

I asked a little child one day—
A child intent on joyous play,
"My little one, pray tell me
Your dearest wish, what may it be?"
The little one thought for a while,
Then answered, with a wistful smile:
"The thing that I wish most of all
Is to be big, like you, and tall."

I asked a maiden, sweet and fair,
Of dreamy eyes and wavy hair:
"What would you wish, pray tell me
true,
That kindly fate should bring to
you?"

With timid mien and downcast eyes
And blushes deep and gentle sighs,
Her answer came: "All else above
I'd wish some faithful heart to
love."

I asked a mother, tried and blest,
With babe asleep upon her breast:
"Oh, mother fond, so proud and fair,
What is thy inmost secret prayer?"
She raised her calm and peaceful eyes,
Madonna-like, up to the skies:
"My dearest wish in this," said she,
"That God may spare my child to
me."

Again, I asked a woman old,
To whom the world seemed hard and
cold:

"Pray tell me, oh, thou blest in
years,
What are thy hopes, what are thy
years?"

With folded hands and head bent low
The answer came, in accents slow:
"For me remains but one request—
It is that God may give me rest."

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