

A GOOD DEED.

OLD Ann was an "apple woman," and for years she had enjoyed the sole privilege of peddling fruit and candy in a large office building occupied almost entirely by unsentimental business men.

Every day, Old Ann, untidy, uncouth and ignorant, pattered about from door to door, offering her wares to occupants of the various rooms. Her fruit was not always fresh, and often it was not of the best quality; and her candy was, in truth, apt to be very stale; but the men bought it—and, when she was gone, very likely consigned it to the waste basket.

They paid little heed to the fact that Old Ann's footsteps grew slower and slower, and that the great basket on her arm became more and more of a burden.

One day she fell heavily in one of the corridors of the building. Several men heard her fall, and rushed out of their offices.

"What's the matter with you, old lady?" asked the stock-broker.

"I—I—hardly know, sir; I guess I—I've kind o' give out."

"It looks like it. I guess you've peddled fruit about long enough. You'll have to give it up."

"Oh, no, no! don't say that!" pleaded the frightened old woman. "I don't know what'd become of me and Jinny if you'd stop me from selling fruit in this building."

"Who is Jinny?" asked one of the men.

"She's my granddaughter, and she's got a weak spine, an' can't do a thing to s'port herself, an' what I makes here s'ports us both. We live alone, just us two, an' we manage to git along. There ain't much profit in fruit nowadays, but we can live—if only you won't have me shut out of this building. You won't, will you?"

"How old are you?"

"I'm past seventy, but I ain't so feeble

as some be at that age. I've felt kind of run-down of late, but I'll pick up again; I know I shall."

"Well, you take a week off, and we'll all chip in and give a week's profits to you, so that you won't lose anything. Come, gentlemen, bring forth your nickles."

The speaker passed his hat, and it would have taken Old Ann many a weary week to make profits equal to the sum the hat contained when it had gone the rounds.

The poor woman's gratitude was unspeakable when the money was poured into her trembling hands. She said nothing with her lips, but her eyes and her face spoke volumes.

She never peddled fruit in the building again. Something in the worn-out old woman's silent thanks; something touching in the helplessness of her poverty-stricken age, appealed to one of the money-getters whom the world might have called hard and cold.

He called a carriage and went with Old Ann to the place she called her home. Its extreme destitution distressed and sickened him. Within twenty-four hours he had established her and her helpless granddaughter, a young woman of twenty-five, in two pleasant rooms in a good neighborhood, and the old woman's name had been added to his weekly pay-roll. Every Saturday she receives, and will receive for life, if the noble young fellow lives, a sum sufficient for the needs of her granddaughter and herself.

There are many such deeds of kindness which never receive public mention, and they are all the more worthy because they seek no fame.—*Exchange.*

When e'er I take my walks abroad

How many poor I see!

What shall I render to my God

For all His gifts to me.