

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"In New York," I replied.

"What you workin' at now, Jimmy?"

"I'm working in a dry goods store."

"Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell o' them city clerks what don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we got nothin' but roast spareribs for supper. We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey."

"I told her that I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just \$800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came, and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'"

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed."

"Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with his trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel and I never got a bite."

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post office. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for \$1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in \$5 and \$10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress, and father had donned his Sunday go to meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was

out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast."

"We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim," he said; and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went a-visitin'.'"

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did so: 'How many spoons, Jimmy?'"

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'"

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out."

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there then on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: 'Put your trust in the Lord, for he will provide.'"

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'"

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all debts, had a good time and came back again to New York. I am going to send \$50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow."—New York Sun.

THE WIDOW OF A CHILD.

It was during the hunting season at the Chateau de Banneville. The autumn had been rainy and gloomy. The red leaves, instead of rustling beneath the feet, rotted in the furrows under the heavy showers.

The well nigh naked forest was as damp as a bathing establishment. As the hunter entered it and trudged along over the wet grass and soggy soil under the great storm beaten trees he found himself enveloped