

story. It is more than marvellous, it is true. The people about Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, have grown used to the sight of just such results on just such embryonic outlaws, when they come under the influence of Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer, the boy lover and saver, with her Boys' Industrial Association, which has upwards of a thousand boy members, recruited from the neighboring coal-breakers, mills, and factories, and among the newsboys and bootblacks of the street. The entertainments provided so freely, by the friends of the B. I. A., are the bait to catch the boys. Then come their own debating clubs, with their elements of personal growth, and then the night schools and manual-training departments.

In all its avenues the B. I. A. is an uplift to the boys of the city of Wilkesbarre which is felt everywhere. Is not this particular form of boy-saving worthy of imitation elsewhere?

Lynn's Investment.

(Emily Guillon Fuller, in 'Forward'.)

Lynn Carling had finally gained her parents' consent to buy with her little fortune what she most wished for in all the wide world—an education.

What a long sigh of relief had escaped her father when he had heard read those words: "Two thousand dollars to my dear niece, Lynn Carling." It'll pay off the mortgage—the farm will be hers, some day, an' she'd rather have it clear, o' course.' His wife smiled happily when the good news reached her ears—and then Lynn noticed for the first time how rare that smile was. 'Father'll not have to work so hard to keep up the interest,' the mother had said.

But Lynn had argued and coaxed until the parents put away all thoughts of lighter loads for one another, and if Mrs. Carling wondered a bit why 'father's' hair grew whiter; or if Mr. Carling had a suspicion that 'mother's' face was more deeply lined, the daughter had not been told of it.

'Four years will pass before we realize it, father,' said she, 'and afterwards I shall be able to keep you and mother in comfort. A farm life is too hard for you. A college course is a necessity for a girl who wishes to become a teacher, now-a-days.'

'Ellen Carter never went to college, and she's taught considerable,' said Mrs. Carling.

'Yes, but where? She never got above the primary grade of a village school!' said Lynn, scornfully.

'Mebbe you can't find a place after you've spent all your money,' persisted her mother.

'Oh, no trouble about that! There's always room at the top, you know.'

'Such a chance as Hugh Mayberry doesn't come to every girl, Lynn.'

'Please don't bring up that subject, mother. I'm tired of Hugh Mayberry's name, and I'll live on no farm except father's, even—'

'But Hugh's is such a fine one, and two hundred acres of it!'

Lynn made no reply, she was to leave home next morning, and discussion availed nothing.

The four years passed slowly to the aging parents—swiftly to the girl, who felt herself in the garden of the Hesperides. Just before the beginning of the fall term of Lynn's last year at college Mrs. Carling fell ill; but she now considered her daughter's education of too much importance to allow her to miss even a week of the term for what she herself considered but a slight ailment. However, it was necessary that a servant

be hired, so Mr. Carling dispensed with the 'hand,' and worked earlier and later to meet the extra expense of sickness.

'It comforts me, father, to know that next year I can relieve you and mother. We'll sell the farm, and buy a house in town where I shall support you. I've studied hard to do it, and my teachers tell me that I shall be well qualified.'

'Four years is a long time, daughter, I hope mother'll be able to keep up till its over.'

'It seems a long time; but three of them are past, you know.'

So was the fourth at last, and Lynn, full of honors, returned to nurse her dying mother. No effort could be made to secure a position while her thoughts and care were all for her. And when her mother found rest it was that which God provided—not Lynn. The girl showed redoubled kindness to her father, who was crushed by his loss. Meanwhile she endeavored to find a position in her chosen calling; at first hopefully—was she not prepared? Then anxiously—was it not more urgent, with fresh debts incurred? and last, despairingly, for the school year was approaching and vacancies were fast filling. True, she had an offer from the school board of Gordon village twenty miles distant, but thirty-five dollars per month for an S—graduate! Her services should command at least five hundred a year. Lynn suffered from humiliation as well as disappointment, though her father offered no word of reproach, and when he remarked casually to her, one day, that 'Hugh Mayberry seems to prosper, if he does have to keep some of his wife's kin,' he regretted the words, lest she might misconstrue them.

Lynn had dismissed the servant after her mother's death, and she herself now helped her father about the farm as well as doing the housework. Just before Christmas, Mr. Carling suffered a stroke of paralysis, and then, indeed, Lynn's hands were full.

'If the interest on the mortgage was only paid, Lynn, I could die easier.'

'You are not going to die, father, and I shall pay the interest,' she answered bravely.

'How'll you do that, when you can't set foot off the farm?' he asked.

'I'll earn it right here, father. I've been thinking it all over, you may be sure. I did not find a position, as I felt certain of doing, but since you are sick and helpless, and we cannot afford a man to take your place, I shall do what I can, and you must not worry.'

'That all sounds easy, Lynn, but I've been farmin' many a year, an' I know it's the hardest kind o' work for a man. You've got more book learnin' than muscle.'

'Then my cultivated brain must help my uncultivated muscles to solve the problem,' she answered, cheerfully.

Very early in the spring she began to carry out her plans. The first day that the soil could be worked, she hired a man, and for a week he was kept busy getting ready the ground she designed for early vegetables and setting posts for the fence round a proposed chicken yard.

'Why didn't you hev him nail the pickets on and finish up the fence?' asked her father.

'Because I myself can nail them on, and save his wages. I may as well put my knowledge of architecture to use—since it is already paid for,' she added a little bitterly.

She was up early and late from that time on. The fence was built, and well built,

and prevented the numerous chickens from fattening on the vegetable garden. Many of the seeds for the garden she had started in the sunny windows of the old kitchen, but from the cold frame came her earliest 'truck.' 'More practical architecture,' she said, grimly, as she made the frame from some old old window-sashes, one bitter day in January.

'I wonder if my knowledge of mathematics helps me to drop the seed potatoes with more exactness,' she murmured, as she walked slowly up and down the furrows of newly ploughed ground.

'Seemds like you hev your hands full, Lynn,' said Mrs. Plum, peering over the boundary-fence. 'It do seem a pity that you dribbled your fortune away on an eddication what you can't make no mortal use of.'

'But I do use it every moment, Mrs. Plum. Not precisely as I expected to do, as every one knows, for circumstances seem against that at present.'

'Wal, I raised chickens and truck an' didn't squander no two thousand dollars learnin' how, neither. How're you calculatin' to peddle it—hire a boy and git cheated out o' half?'

'I had not decided about that, Mrs. Plum,' answered Lynn, coldly, turning away—the truth being that she had not thought of that part of it, at all. In the evening she consulted her father about this new perplexity.

'The grocers will not pay as much as private families, yet I cannot leave you alone while I peddle it, though I believe it's something I must do myself, if I want it well done.'

'You don't mean, Lynn, that you're a-goin' to climb into the spring waggon an' peddle—with all your eddication?' Mr. Carling regretted his unconsidered words as soon as he had spoken, and paused.

'Just what I'm going to do, father. You forget that I took the honors in mathematics! I ought to make a first-class peddler,' and Lynn laughed, though the color came into her face. 'That is, if you are well enough to be left alone by the time the early stuff is ready to sell.'

'If I'm well enough to be left, I'll be able to go with you and hold the horse while you deliver the goods—and I'll do it, too.'

So Lynn redoubled her efforts, and worked harder than ever. From four in the morning till darkness came she toiled on, and went to bed so weary that sleep closed her eyelids as soon as her head touched the pillow. She planted and hoed and fought insects and weeds and learned more of nature than four years of college had taught her.

'I'll warrant she thinks o' them two thousand dollars she spent, when she's a-hop-pin' in an' out o' that high old waggon afore every door she comes to, glad to sell a nickel's worth o' ennything. Well, "pride must hev a fall." So spake Mrs. Plum.

Pride certainly had a fall; but, recovering from the shock, arose staunch as ever, and carried Lynn through. Ever before her was the hope of carrying out her plans when God should open the way. Meanwhile her work paid the interest on the mortgage and supported them.

The following fall she was offered a position as teacher, which, though small, she felt justified in accepting. Renting the farm, she and her father moved to the town where she was employed.

At the end of two years Mr. Carling joined his wife on the other shore, and Lynn found herself alone in the world. She rose step