

to the fellers, an' explain that you're goin' to stop bein' a town loafer, an' are goin' into decent ways."

Tom was so astonished by this demonstration of spirit that he made all the desired promises at once, and was released.

But Tom was not the only juvenile member of the family who was in need of reformation. Mary, little Mary, not far beyond twelve years of age, demanded money to replenish her own wardrobe.

"Mary," said her father, "we're poor; we can't afford fancy fixin's. This ain't very cold weather. You've good enough clothes on you to keep you warm; what d'you want o' somethin' else?"

"What do I want o' somethin' else?" echoed the child, going to the door and tossing an imitation doll into the ash-heap; "why, I want better clothes, so 't the fellers about town 'll pay some 'tention to me, like they do to sister Jane."

The slight, bent form of the father straightened up as he asked quickly—

"Does the fellers around town pay attention to your sister Jane?"

"Why, of course they do," said little Mary, entirely unable to translate the gaze which her father bent upon her. "Jane never gets through her work at the hotel before there's a lot o' fellers hangin' 'round the door an' wantin' to see her, an' takin' her out to get ice-cream, or sod-y-water, or to go to the circus if there's one in town, or to go the dramatic representation—that's what they call it on the bills—if there happens to be one in the village that night."

"Wife," said Sam, turning to his helpmeet, "what wages does Jane get?"

"Six dollars a month," said the wife.

"Does she bring any of it home? Does the family get the good of any of it?"

"Not one cent," said Mrs. Kimper, with a pitiful whine. "She says she has to wear decent clothes at the hotel or they won't keep her there any more."

Sam Kimper stayed awake all that night, although his manners to his family next morning were those of a staid and respectable citizen who had nothing upon his mind but the ordinary duties of the day.

Nevertheless he was out and about soon after breakfast, and he wandered through every street of the village in which any business was being done. Again and again he asked for work, and as often the offer was refused, or declined, or relegated into the uncertain future for a decision. The surplus in his pocket had grown lamentably small. As he made his way homeward in a physical and mental condition which made it impossible for him either to argue to himself or to express a sense of hope to any extent, he passed the shop of

Larry Highgetty. Larry was a shoemaker. Sam had worked at shoemaking while he was in State prison. He felt, although Larry might have been offended at the imputation, that there ought to be a fellow-feeling between them; so he ventured into the shop. Larry was sitting at his bench with a lady's shoe in one hand and with his head leaning against the wall of the room. From the stertorous noise which escaped his nostrils it was quite evident that he was asleep, and an odor which filled the room left the visitor in no doubt as to the nature of the opiate which had induced Larry's mid-day nap.

"You seem to be takin' business very easy, Mr. Highgetty," said Sam, with an apologetic air, as he closed the door behind him, and Larry awoke. "Pay must be gettin' better?"

"Better?" said Larry, rubbing his eyes. "I don't want it to be any better than it is now. Besides, people's comin' in all the time faster than I can 'tend to 'em; ev'rybody wants his work done first an' is willin' to pay extra price to get it. Better, is it? Well, yes; I should say that no such luck had struck shoemakers in this town in a long while."

"You haven't half finished what you're on now, Larry," said Sam, taking the shoe from the cobbler's hand and looking at it.

"That isn't all of it," said the cobbler, with a maudlin wink at his visitor. "I don't know when I'll have it finished, if I keep on f.elin' as I do now. It's pretty tough, too, bekase that shoe belongs to Mrs. Judge Prency, an' she's comin' for it this afternoon; but I'm that sleepy that —" Larry's head gently sought the wall again.

"An' a very good woman she is, Larry. Brace up, my boy, why don't you, an' finish your work?"

"Eh? Say 'brace up' to somebody that's not got anythin' in him to brace him down. She kin wait for her shoe while I'm havin' my aise an' forgettin' all about work."

"When did you promise the shoe to her?" asked Sam.

"Oh, some time this afternoon," said Larry, "an' she hasn't come in here yet. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, ye know the Good Book says, Sam. Maybe she won't come in till to-morrow; she's a busy woman; nobody knows where she's goin' or what she's doin' throughout the day, an', to tell ye the truth, I thought to myself I'd shut up the shop an' go home, so if she came there'd not be anybody left here to tell a loie about it."

"Well, Larry, wouldn't it do just as well if there was somebody here to tell the truth about it?"

"Oh, there, now, Sam," said the shoemaker,