

Love in Youth

I will convey it right over to you, and put it in order for you as well, if you wish. I thought of keeping some horser there. They might amuse you."

"Oh, do!" cried Jenny. "That would be fine. You must stay with us, you know, at least half the time, and you would be lost if you had to live without winning something every year. But I want to furnish our house myself, and arrange your rooms in it, 'oo, Father," she added. "I know what you like."

Mr. Foxwell nodded, smiling.

"I'm afraid a little," he said, "that my company may tire you. My philosophy of life is rather saddening, you know, and I don't want to kill your enthusiasms."

"Oh, you can't do that!" exclaimed Bancroft. "Things you say often shed light to me."

"Well, I sometimes think," resumed the old man, his eyes getting strangely meditative, "that I see the calculation in the world, the adaptation of means to ends; because that's what I am best able to see in it. But I see that all the time. I heard a man the other day complaining that he hadn't a friend on earth, and I couldn't help grinning. He had never given any friendship in his life to anybody; how could he expect friendship? We get what we give in this world, reap what we sow. If you give love and kindness, you will harvest some love and kindness. If you give nothing, you'll get nothing. Nobody can cheat much. . . .

"My motto in this world has always been: 'Get what