

and let the fire roar just a minute? It's *awful* cold here; my hands are blue."

Mrs. Stone looked up from her seam with a sigh.

"Yes," she said; "of course, it won't do to get cold; the next thing would be a doctor's bill. But we must be as careful as we can, for Reuben said this morning he didn't believe the coal would last until Saturday."

Beth opened the dampers and poked the dull coals a very little, then stooped down before the stove, warming her hands.

"I wish we could have something warm for supper to-night," she said. "Mother, do you remember it is Reuben's birthday?"

"Yes, I do," the mother said, shutting her lips tight; "I thought last week we *would* have something warm for his birthday. I meant to have roast potatoes and a little bit of cake; but I couldn't get those shirts done, you know, and so that plan had to be given up."

Beth drew a little sigh.

"I wish we weren't so awful poor!" she said, drearily; "just think! we can't even have baked potatoes for a treat once in a while! Isn't that horrid?"

"We have them for dinner quite often, you know," her mother reminded her.

"Oh, yes; I know. But I'd like, now and then, to have something for supper. Just bread and milk! Sometimes I'm ugly enough to be most sorry that Reuben gets a quart of milk a day for taking care of