

in her tattered clothes. She has been playing for some time. Now her father calls to her in a rough grumbling voice.

"Kate! You Kate, I say!"

Little Kate, not five years old, leaves her play, and goes up to where her parent is sitting.

"Go and get me a drink of water," he said in a harsh tone of authority.

Kate takes a tin cup from a table and goes to the hydrant in the yard. So pleased is she in seeing the water run, that she forgets her errand. Three or four times she fills the cup, then pours forth its contents, dipping her tiny feet in the stream that is made. In the midst of her sport, she hears an angry call, and remembering the errand upon which she has been sent, hurriedly fills her cup again, and bears it to her father. She is frightened as she comes in and sees his face; this confuses her; her foot catches in something as she approaches, and she falls over, spilling the cup of water on his clothes. Angrily he catches her up, and cruel in his passion, strikes her three or four heavy blows.

"Now take that cup and get me some water," he cries, in a loud voice, "and if you are not here with it in a minute, I'll teach you to mind when you are spoken to, I will! There! Off with you!"

Little Kate, smarting from pain, and trembling with fear, lifts the cup and hurries away to perform her errand. She drops it twice from her unsteady hands ere she is able to convey it, filled with water, to her parent, who takes it with such a threatening look from his eyes, that the child shrinks away from him, and goes from the room in fear.

An hour passes, and the light of day begins to fade. Evening comes slowly on, and at length the darkness closes in. But twice since morning, has Warren been from the house, and then it was to get something to drink. The door at length opens quietly, and a little girl enters. Her face is thin and drooping, and wears a look of patient suffering.

"You're late, Anna," says the mother kindly.

"Yes, ma'am. We had to stay later for our money. Mr. Davis was away from the store, and I was afraid I would have to come home without it. Here it is."

Mrs. Warren took the money.

"Only a dollar." There was disappointment in her tone as she said this.

"Yes, ma'am, that is all," replied Anna, in a troubled voice. "I spoiled some

work, and Mr. Davis said I should pay for it, so he took a half dollar from my wages."

"Spoiled your work!" spoke up the father, who had been listening, "That's more of your abominable carelessness!"

"Indeed, father, I couldn't help it," said Anna, "one of the girls—"

"Hush up, will you! I want none of your lying excuses. I know you! It was done on purpose, I have not the least doubt."

Anna caught her breath, like one suddenly deprived of air. Tears rushed to her eyes, and commenced falling over her cheeks, while her bosom rose and fell convulsively.

"Come, now! None of that!" said the cruel father, sternly. "Stop your crying instantly, or I will give you something to cry for. A pretty state of things, indeed, when every word must be answered by a fit of crying."

The poor child choked down her feelings as best she could, turning as she did so from her father, that he might not see the still remaining traces of grief which it was impossible at once to hide.

Not a single dollar had the idle drunken father earned during the week that he had not expended in self-indulgence; and yet, in brutality he could roughly chide this little girl, yet too young for the taskmaster, because she had lost half a dollar of her week's earning through an accident, the very nature of which he would not hear explained. So grieved was the poor child at this unkindness, that when supper was on the table she shrunk from the room.

"Come, Anna, to your supper," called the mother.

"I don't wish anything to eat," replied the child, in a faint voice.

"Oh, yes, come and get something."

"Let her alone!" growls the father. "I never humor sulky children. She doesn't deserve any supper."

The mother sighs. While the husband eats almost greedily, consuming, himself, more than is on the table, she takes but a few mouthfuls, and swallows them with difficulty.

After supper, Willy, who is just thirteen, and who has already been out as an apprentice to a trade, comes home. He has a tale of suffering to tell. For some fault, his master has beaten him until the large purple welts lie in meshes across his back from his shoulders to his hips.

Willy relates the cause, and tells it truly. He was something to blame; but his fault