

A FRIEND IN NEED.

BY HARRIET E. S. CRESSY.

"Over the hills to the poorhouse!" There, that is just my case," said old Mrs Williams, taking off her glasses and laying aside the paper that contained the poem alluded to.

"Not quite so bad as that," replied the neighborly friend whom she addressed.

"Well, I expect it will come to that; next month I have got to be toted down to my daughter's in Jersey. You know I stay two years with Betsy here, and then two years with Emily. I have done that ever since my son moved off West. He said at the time he went I could go with him, but he knew that would be impossible with my feeble health, so it was safe to make me the offer. When our farm was sold in Jersey he took the money, came here to New York State, bought a farm—the one adjoining this where Betsy now lives—and had the deed made out in his own name. He had no right to do it, of course, and why the girls and I allowed him to is now a mystery to me, for they should have shared equally with him, and I been allowed the use of a third; and then my two boys in California should have had something. But we were all so foolish as to allow that selfish Cal to get it into his own hands. The girls got married, or I cannot say how they would have got along, and I am left on their hands."

"Don't he send you any money to help yourself with?"

"No, not a cent; he has got a wife that would prevent his doing that if she could, even if he were inclined to. She treated me shamefully the little time I lived with her before they moved West. She little realized or cared how hard I worked to help earn the property she was then living on. With house-work, dairy, six children—one of whom died when he was twelve years old—to take care of, never having any hired help within doors, but one or two hired men to cook for a good part of the year, I generally had plenty of work to do. For months together, in spring and summer, I arose at four o'clock in the morning, and was so hurried through the whole day that I could not find time to sit down long enough to comb my hair until nine in the evening, and after that hour I often had about an hour's work to do before I could retire. We always had a good deal of company, and a schoolmarm and schoolmas-