

ered until he was thoroughly tired of it.

Then a new thought came into his head. It was such a strong thought that it took Joey off the lounge and drove him into the kitchen, over to the table where cousin Louisa stood.

Joey folded his arms on the table and looked up into cousin Louisa's face.

"I'd just like to know," he said, "what's the reason you have to wash potatoes."

"To get them clean," said cousin Louisa.

"I don't mean that," said Joey. "Why don't we have a great big red girl, with freckles on her face, to wash 'em? That's the way other folks do."

"If you want to know why, I'll tell you," said cousin Louisa, suddenly looking and speaking very crossly.

"Tell away, please," said Joey.

"If you want to know why we're poor and have to go without things, and do hard work, and be picked at by everybody, and have people meddling with our affairs, and half starving us, too, I can tell you, Joey Sheppard: it's because your father's a minister."

"I think papa's pretty rich," said Joey. "He's got a whole pocketful of pennies."

"It takes a hundred pennies to make one dollar, Joey Sheppard," said cousin Louisa, "and half a hundred would fill a pocket. And it takes as much as two thousand dollars a year for a family like ours to live decently on, and your father only gets seven hundred. What do you think of that?"

"I don't know," said Joey.

"Well I know what I think," said cousin Louisa. "I think it's an outrageous shame, and I'm not afraid to say it. Seven hundred dollars!"

"Couldn't we buy a girl to wash the potatoes with seven hundred dollars?" said Joey.

"If we didn't have to buy clothes to cover us, and bread to keep us from starving, with it," she answered.

Joey looked troubled.

"Tommy Cady's mother has got three," he said.

"Of course she has," said cousin Louisa. "Other people can have half a dozen servants, but we can't have one. And I don't believe there's a man in this town works as hard as your father."

"Don't you?" said Joey, drawing back a little from the fingers that she was shaking in the air.

"No, I don't!" said she. "If he isn't writing sermons, or making calls on all sorts of disagreeable people, there's sure to be a funeral two or three miles out in the country, in the worst kind of weather."

"They don't die a purpose, do they?" said Joey.

"I don't know but they do," said cousin Louisa. "They're capable of it."

"And he comes home all tired out, and wet with the rain, too, doesn't he?" said Joey.

"And then sits up half the night writing sermons," said cousin Louisa.

"And then the next morning, somebody's baby gets the croup, don't it?" said Joey.

"Yes," said cousin Louisa; "and a baby can't sneeze without their sending after him. It's ridiculous!"

"You 'member when Mr. Fenton died?"

"Yes I do! They kept your poor father running to see him morning, noon, and night, for a week before he died; and then because he didn't get his sermon done for Sunday, and had to preach an old one, he's never heard the last of that old sermon."

"Who told 'em it was an old one? There!" asked Joey, having suspicions of his cousin.

"Oh, trust them for remembering it!" said cousin Louisa. "It was eight years since he'd preached it, and old Mrs. Lyman remembered it word for word."

"When I'm a man," said Joey, "I'll make 'em sorry for it!"

"When you're a man, don't you ever