

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

CHAPTER VI. — A LITTLE "HOODLUM'S" VIRTUE KINDLES AT THE TOUCH OF JOY.

"If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."



The next morning when I reached the little tin shop on the corner,—a blessed trysting-place, forever sacred, where the children waited for me in sunshine, rain, wind, and storm, unless forbidden,—there on the step sat faithful Patsy, with a clean and shining morning face, all glowing with anticipation. How well I remember my poor lad's first day! Where should I seat him? There was an empty space beside

little Mike Higgins, but Mike's character, obtained from a fond and candid parent, had been to the effect "that he was in heaven any time if he could jest lay a boy out flat!" And there was a place by Moses, but he was very much of a fop just then, owing to a new "second-hand" coat, and might make scathing allusions to Patsy's abbreviated swallow-tail.

But a pull at my skirt and a whisper from the boy decided me.

"Please can't I set aside o' you, Miss Kate?"

"But, Patsy, the fun of it is I never do sit."

"Why, I thought teachers never done nothin' but set!"

"You don't know much about little boys and girls, that's sure! Well, suppose you put your chair in front and close to me. Here is Maggie Bruce on one side. She is a real little Kindergarten mother, and will show you just how to do everything. Won't you, Maggie?"

We had our morning hymn and our familiar talk, in which we always "outlined the policy" of the new day; for the children were apt to be angelic and receptive at nine o'clock in the morning, the unwillingness of the spirit and weakness of the flesh seldom overtaking them till an hour or so later. It chanced to be a beautiful day, for Helen and I were both happy and well, our volunteer helpers were daily growing more zealous and efficient, and there was no tragedy in the immediate foreground.

In one of the morning songs, when Paulina went into the circle and threw good-morning kisses to the rest, she wafted a dozen of them to the ceiling, a proceeding I could not understand.

"Why did you throw so many of your kisses up in the air, dear?" I asked, as she ran back to my side.

"Them was good-mornings to Johnny Cass, so 't he wouldn't feel lonesome," she explained; and the tender bit of remembrance was followed out by the children for days afterward. Was it not enough to put us in a gentle humor?

Patsy was not equal to the marching when, later on, the Lilliputian army formed itself in line and kept step to the music of a lively tune, and he was far too shy on the first day to join in the play, though he watched the game of the Butterfly with intense interest from his nook by the piano.

After the tiny worm had wriggled itself realistically into a cocoon it went to sleep; and after a moment of dramatic silence, the little one chosen for the butterfly would separate herself from the still cocoon and fly about the circle, sipping mimic honey from the child-flowers.

To see Carlotty Griggs "being a butterfly," with utter intensity of joy and singleness of purpose, was a sight to be remembered. For Carlotty was a pickaninny about four years old, and blacker than ink! Her purple calico dress, pink apron, and twenty little woolly braids tied with bits of yellow ribbon made her the most tropical of butterflies; and the children, having a strong sense of color and hardly any sense of humor, were always entirely carried away by her antics.

Carlotty had huge feet,—indeed, Carlotty "toed in," for that matter; but her face shone with delight; her eyes glistened, and

so did her teeth; and when she waved her ebony hands and flitted among the children, she did it as airily as any real butterfly that ever danced over a field of clover blossoms.

And if Patsy's joy was great in the play, it was greater still in the work that came afterward. When Helen gave him a scarlet and gold mat to weave, his fingers trembled with eagerness; and the expression of his face caused that impulsive young person to fly to my side and whisper, "Oh, why should one ever 'want to be an angel' when one can be a Kindergarten!"

From this time on, Patsy was the first to come in the morning and the last to leave at night. He took the whole institution under his guardianship, and had a watchful eye for everybody and everything belonging to it.

He soon learned the family history of every child in the school, and those family histories, I assure you, were of an exciting nature; but so great were Patsy's prudence and his idea of the proprieties that he never divulged his knowledge till we were alone. Then his tongue would be loosed, and he would break into his half-childlike, half-ancient and reflective conversation.

He had a stormy temper, which, however, he was fast learning to control, and he was not always kind and gentle with his

flock, the dull baby was cared for daily by the Infant Shelter, and Mrs. Kennett went out washing; while her spouse upheld the cause of labor by attending sand-lot meetings in the afternoon and marching in the evening.

So, in the rainy winter afternoons, when the other children had gone, Patsy and I stayed together and arranged the next day's occupations. Slang was being gradually eliminated from his conversation; but it is no small task to correct nine years of bad grammar, and I never succeeded in doing it. Alas! the time was all too short.

It was Patsy who sorted the wools and threaded the needles, and set right the sewing-cards of the babies; and only the initiated can comprehend the labyrinthine maze into which an energetic three-year-old can transform a bit of sewing. It was he who fished the needles from the cracks in the floor, rubbed the blackboards, and scrubbed the slates, talking busily the while.

"Jiminy! (I take that back.) Miss Kate, we can't let Jimmy Buck have no more needles; he sows 'em thick as seed round his chair. Now, now jis' look yere! Ef that Battles chap hain't scratched the hull top of this table with a buzzer! I'd lam him good ef I was you, I would."

"Do you think our Kindergarten would

Jim can get money enough to take care of a wife. He only has thirty dollars a month."

"Well, he's goin' ter get a girl what'll 'go halveys,' don't yer know, and pay for her keep. He'd ruther have a 'millingnary girl—they're the nicest; but if he can't, he's goin' to try for one out of the box factory."

"Oh, Patsy! I wish—"

"Why, didn't I ought ter say that?"

"I wish you had a mother, dear."

"If I had, I'd know more'n I do now," and a great sigh heaved itself upward from beneath the blue jacket.

"No, you wouldn't know so much, Patsy, or at least you would get the right end first. Never mind, dear boy, you can't understand."

"Jim says Mis' Kennett 'nd I needn't set such store by you, 'cause the fust chance you gits you'll git married." (I always did have an elective antipathy for Jim.) "Shall yer, Miss Kate?"

"Why, dear, I think we are very happy as we are, don't you?"

"Yes, ef I could only stay f'rever, 'nd not go ter the reel school. Jim says I ought ter be gittin' book learnin' pretty soon."

"Did you tell him that Miss Helen was teaching you to read and write a little while every afternoon?"

"Yes, I told him. He liked it fust rate. Mis' Kennett said she'd let her children stay f'rever with yer, ef they never larned a thing, 'nd so would I, dear, dear Miss Kate! Oh, I bet God would like to see you in that pretty blue dress!" and he hung over me with a speechless caress; his first and last, indeed, for he was shy and reticent in emotion, and never once showed his affection in the presence of the other children.

(To be Continued.)

CORK.

Cork is the bark of a small evergreen oak which grows abundantly in Spain, Portugal, the south of France, and north of Africa. When the tree is from fifteen to twenty years old, a cut is made around the trunk, just below the branches, and another at the surface of the ground; several perpendicular incisions are then made from one to the other, and the cork removed by inserting a blunt instrument underneath it, care being taken not to injure the inner bark, which would kill the tree. This is done in July or August, and is repeated every eight or ten years as long as the tree lives, which is about one hundred and fifty years. When removed, the cork is slightly charred or scorched; this improves it by closing the pores, and enables it more easily to be flattened by pressure.

It is light, compressible, elastic, impervious to liquids, opaque, porous, inflammable.

It is used for soles of shoes and boots, life-boats, jackets or life-preservers, floats for fishing nets, corks for bottles.

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school-girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls cannot walk with ease and grace.

We see this very plainly on commencement days, when the members of the graduating class are obliged to walk a few steps before the audience. Their dresses are often too costly and splendid; their hair is beautifully arranged; their pieces are creditably written; one thing only they lack: they cannot walk!

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth, must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.

PATIENT WAITING on God, and impudently calling upon God, are not inconsistent.



CARLOTTY GRIGGS "BEING A BUTTERFLY."

little playfellows; for he had been raised in a hard school, and the giving and taking of blows was a natural matter, to him the only feasible manner of settling a misunderstanding.

His conduct to me, however, was touching in its devotion and perfect obedience; and from the first hour he was my poor little knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Meanwhile, though not perfect, he was greatly changed for the better. We had given him a neat little coat and trousers, his hair was short and smooth, and his great dark eyes shone with unutterable content. He was never joyous; born under a cloud, he had lived in its shadow, and sorrow too early borne had left its indelible impress, to be removed only by that "undisturbed vision of the Father's face, which is joy unutterable;" but for the first time in his life he was at peace.

The Duchess of Anna street had moved into a house a trifle better suited to her exalted station in life; one where the view was better, and the society worthy of a fish-peddler's family. Accordingly we transferred the Kennetts into Number 32, an honor which they took calmly at first, on account of the odor of fish that pervaded the apartments. The three or four year old Kennetts were now members of our

bo the pleasant place it is if I whipped little boys every day?"

"No-o-o! But there is times!"—

"Yes, I know, Patsy, but I have never found them."

"Jim's stayin' out nights, this week," said he one day, " 'nd I hez to stay along o' Mis' Kennett till nine o'clock."

"Why, I thought Jim always stayed at home in the evening."

"Yes, he allers used ter; but he's busy now lookin' up a girl, don't yer know?"

"Looking up a girl! What do you mean, Patsy?"

Patsy scratched his head with the "ten-toothed comb of Nature,"—a habit which prevailed with terrible and suggestive frequency when I first came "into my kingdom,"—and answered:—

"Lookin' up a girl! Why, I s'posed yer knew that. I dunno 'zackly. Jim says all the fellers does. He says he hates to git the feed an' wash the dishes orly, 'nd girls likes ter do it best of anything."

"Oh!" cried I, light bursting in upon my darkened intellect when dish-washing was mentioned; "he wants to get married!"

"Well, he has ter look up a girl first, don't yer s'pose?"

"Yes, of course; but I don't see how