

Young People's Department.



A GIPSY WAGON.

STRANGERS PASSING BY.

WHY, that looks like a gipsy wagon, but who ever saw gipsies so late in the autumn!" exclaimed Mrs. Rand, looking out of the window of a comfortable frame house.

"It is a queer-looking rig, but maybe it's a new kind of photograph wagon," answered her husband, who had just opened the door and was brushing snow off his boots.

But the Rand children were sure the people were gipsies, and begged leave to run across the pond and see. They lived so far up the mountain side that any new face was a treat, for they had few neighbors; and as for being afraid of gipsies, it never occurred to them. So they hurried across the pond, which was frozen much earlier than usual, and had a coating of snow besides, and soon were saying, "Good morning, ma'am," to a rosy, good-tempered-looking woman who was hanging a kettle over a fire.

"Good morning to you, little lady! What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you, ma'am; we came to see if we could do anything for you. It's so cold to be travelling," answered Bessie Rand.

"Bless your kind hearts! We are all right. We are terrible late out, but some of our folks were sick, away down in Missouri, and the old

man died, and we had to bring the old woman along, and what with waiting, and the horses giving out, we are out of winter-quarters two months too long. But we are northern gipsies, you see—come from Scotland, our folks did—and we don't freeze so easy as you'd think."

"I'm very glad. Mother was worried about you," said Nell.

"Worried about us? Well, folks generally worry about their pigs and chickens when gipsies come along. It's quite fine to have you worrying about us being cold," said a man who had just brought some firewood.

"Father says gipsies are honest with each other, and they can be just as honest with every one if they want to. He says they can't help wandering, any more than a pumpkin can help creeping all over the garden, instead of standing up in a bush," said Bess.

The gipsies laughed heartily. "Good for your dad! Tell him his barnyard beasts are safe from us," said the man.

"Father had his pocket picked at Greenwood Fair, in September, and he said that when he lost money or anything, or had it stolen, it was to remind him that he owed a charity somewhere, and so he put two dollars in the missionary box," said Nell.

"Well, well, it's a rare good man that is!" exclaimed the gipsy woman. Then she took a