

fused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another said "You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "Old Si Brown who was always drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and two of the Women's Christian Temperance Union women went to visit them.

It was a dilapidated house in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a washtub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner; then taking a chair herself, she said "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean and

sickly looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where this family ate, slept, and lived. There was no carpet on the floor; an old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner, in an opposite corner a trundle-bed—that was all.

"Where is your little boy Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well. At this the mother laid her head on the baby's while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the washtubs, and things like that.

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now, and that ain't much goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the washtub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this Winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy, and baby and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I can't ever forget how the little fellow looked," she con-