

ALWAYS A PLACE FOR THAT KIND OF A BOY.

"O, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?" panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

"In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me."

"Thank you, sir" and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door of the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

"Thank you," said the gentleman. "Now, what is it?"

"My mother slipped and broke her ankle——"

"Yes, yes, I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well."

"It takes time, of course, sir, and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day; I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheel-chair in the back store for a few weeks, and let me work for you to pay for it."

"Did she send you to ask this?"

"O, no, sir, I thought of this myself."

"What could you do? I never have had a boy about the place."

"I know it, sir, but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon."

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied: "How did you happen to notice them?"

"Mother has taught me to care for hers. These are fine ones. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange them so that they would show better."

"I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery waggon goes that way."

"O, thank you, sir!" and the lad's mittens and coat were off, and he was at the

other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

George found real delight, as a genuine plant-lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around, so that it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevers drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford from his desk could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said—

"I am so glad you have George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and the brightest, most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or, what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer-by stops to take a look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside."

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop," or "The Museum," had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by purchasing it at once, saying—

"My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town."

"That picture stood near that window all winter."

"Well, I never looked in your window,