

"Well, then, I must hurry up," and was about starting off at once.

"Here, Jolly," said the soft voice again, "why didn't you help yourself to enough out of this big pile to buy half a dozen oranges? No one would have known it."

"O, sir, that—why, that would have been just like stealing; and I wouldn't steal for any money."

"Who told you not to steal?"

"I dunno, sir," said Jolly, looking confused; "maybe 'twas mother."

The truth was, that honesty was so early a part of his being, that he could about as soon tell when his arms grew on, as when honesty and truthfulness were drafted into his character.

"Look here, Jolly," said Mr. Herndon, in one of those sudden, quick ways, by which little Jolly would ever after remember him, "you ought to have a birthday present. Come and take enough out of this nice pile to buy just one orange, mind; and then you can go right home and make your purchase."

Helping him to guess at the right quantity, the kind gentleman saw that Jolly was surprised enough, and grateful enough, though he only said, "thank ye," in a very low tone indeed. He made his funny little bow, though, and was going off happy as a king, with the heavy sack over his shoulder, and the pick in the opposite hand.

"Here, Jolly, you needn't carry it so far to the store, just put it back here, and I will buy it of you," said Mr. Herndon, at the same time taking out a silver half-dollar.

Jolly looked at the gentleman, looked at the mineral heap, looked up at the sky and down at his feet, and then at his hands, when the coin seemed to have a restorative influence, for he breathed and put the money in his pocket, and turned out the mineral. Seeming to fear that something else quite as astonishing, but not so pleasant, might occur next, he said, "thank ye," jerked his little bow, and ran off home to tell his mother all his strange adventure. She was but little less astonished and pleased than Jolly had been; told him it was a reward for his good behavior, which the Lord had sent directly to him, and he might go and get the orange at once.

Off he ran as if the clouds were under his feet, and a great white bird wafted him along.

"Oh, now! what if they are gone," he thought, and down under the clouds he went, and off the white bird flew, leaving him far behind. On he went to the store, where he stood a moment, not daring to

look toward the window for fear he should miss the box of oranges, which had stood there two days already.

Then looking, "Oh, they're not gone!" he cried out aloud, and hastened in on white wings again. "Well, Jolly Namara, what do you want?" said the gay young clerk, looking the other way, rather on purpose, for he saw the yellow stained clothes, but not the pure white wings of joy underneath them.

"I want a norange, sir," said Jolly, smiling all over.

"Oh, no doubt. Many little boys wants oranges, but you see they're fifty cents apiece," said the clerk, in a tone which seemed to settle the business.

"Here's the money sir," said Jolly, who feared they were not for sale to little boys at any price.

"That alters the case, as most circumstances does," said the clerk, taking the money and selecting a fine orange. Jolly took it, and I ask whether Napoleon entering France as her Emperor, or little Jolly in possession of his orange, was the happier?

Seizing the yellow ball, about the color of his clothes, hands, feet, face, and all, he rushed out, not forgetting, even in this trying and peculiar moment, his bow. Out, and up the street, he ran; the clouds under his feet light as air, and the white bird carrying him on so bravely. He had gone a couple of squares toward home when he met little Julia Criswell at the gate of Dr. Snowball's office, where she had been for some medicine.

"O Jolly," she said, "do come'n see poor Jim. He is so sick with the fever'n the doctor says he might 'a got well, only he hain't had nothin' good to eat. Mother's set up with him two nights. She does all she can, 'n cries the rest, 'n if we wasn't so poor; 'n mother can't go out a washin' now, 'count o' Jim's bein' so awful sick, and we're all half starved, let alone poor Jim," she rattled on, regardless of pauses, nor seeming to lack for breath. "Why, Jolly, a norange! my! if poor dear Jim—" She suddenly checked herself, for that would seem exactly like begging, to say, "if only Jim had an orange!" and she wouldn't beg even if they all starved, but it was pretty hard.

Yes it was hard. Jolly knew it all, felt it all, decided it all in a very few moments. Jim should have the orange, the precious orange which Jolly had dreamed so much about, and now possessed at last. Jim should have it. How far off hovered the