

Voluyr ${ }_{2}^{\mathrm{r}} \mathrm{V}$.]

## " CHIP."

by etilel 1. beti.s
Rotil had been studying her history lesson over as she sat by the school room stove. Just then there was a tap at the outer door.
"Como in," she ssid, and then the door opened, and a boy nearly her own age with frowny yellow curls sticking out from his cap and poor shoes on his ieet, asked,
"May I get warm? nost froze My name's Caip." And as Ruth pxplained that it was the 'room where she came to school every day he looked around curiously at its fittings bad then at her.
"Kin jou read ?" he said, as he turned his red hands aroun ${ }^{-}$ by the fire. "I can't,䇾口uw nothin'; kin fish, ind watch fur boits to
 ropes over."
al 'Why don't you go to mission school? It's real nice there to tiana."
"I ain't goin" to - 'ichool there, ifthey are "missionaries."
"O Chip! why not?"
"'Cause thay look at a chap so, and they stare when he goes blunderia' over a book, Jike they did when Ratty went in one

"chir."
alvara, and you won't want to sit thore when yun"are a man You know some day you'll bo a big ship-carponter or something like that, and then you'll have mones in the bank, an: you can't write your mame for a check $:^{\circ}$
" Kea ${ }^{2}$ in' ain't wntin ". grumbled Chip. trimmphautly.

- Huw can you write, Clup, if yun don't know what to say! Now if suu'll cuine real early Ill teach you a bit every day before the other buys come. My mother tanght mo when I was a little wee lit of a thing."
"It thust ha' bean nice to have a mother!" and puor Chip picked at his cay until there was a hole all ready for his yellow curls to stick through, "I guess I had one unce, but it was awful long ago. I shet my eyes somewinesand try to member luan she lo.ked. I guess I wasn't Chip when she hived. Lizs calls me Chip cause 1 tat ruad the shiy timbers so rnuch, and she says I am too pour to have any other. 'Ratty'. is the other aftarnoon iI'd rather sit on the dock feller that lives with Liza." timbers in the sun, any lay." "- "Is Liza good to you, Chip ?" said the "Yes, bat Chip, the sun don't shine |little woman pityingly.

