

The first day she was with me she let a teacup fall and broke the handle off, and she began to whimper and beg me not to beat her with the waggon whip. As if I would beat her with anything! She'd start up in her sleep, and scream and say, "Oh, don't whip me any more! please don't!" She seemed to expect me to beat her a dozen times a day. And she's the awfulest coward in the dark, because she's been scared to death and told all sorts of wicked stories about the darkness. Sometimes we have been out as late as nine at night, and that child would snuggle up to me and shiver and cry out at every little sound, or at an owl hoo-hooing. It's a burning shame to treat a child so!

"Indeed it is!" said my mother, heartily. "I think so, and I think it is my duty to be mighty kind to the poor child to make up for all the unkindness she has met with in her hard life. I don't expect to keep up the peddling business only in the summer-time, so Janie can go to school in the winter. She will be company for me. It's terrible hot to-day, isn't it?"

"Very hot, indeed."

"I think likely it will end in a thunder-storm. We need all the rain that will come. I noticed the fields were awfully dry and parched as we drove along. Old Tod seems to have felt the heat more to-day than any time this summer. He's gone a little lame, so I guess I'll stay here and let him rest until along toward the cool of the evening, if you don't mind."

"Oh, do stay! Don't go out in this heat."

"Well, I won't. I feel kind of all het up myself, and I'd rather sit out here on your back porch than go trailing round in the dust and heat. If you have any carpet-bags or any other plain sewing, you fetch 't out and let me work on it. I'll get the 'dgets if I'm idle."

Mrs. Doane sat on the porch with my mother, sewing and 'visiting,' until nearly six o'clock. Then she looked up suddenly and said:

"My! How it is clouding up out in the west! I must hitch up and jog along home, or I'll get caught out in the rain."

"You'd better stay until after supper."

Mrs. Doane 'reckoned' that she 'had better not,' but finally concluded to do so. It was nearly dark when she started for home.

"I shan't mind being out after dark," she said. "It's only five miles, if I take the short cut through Tobey's woods. It's the loneliest road in this country, but I'll have Janie for company. Looks as if we'd get a wetting 'fore we got home."

The western sky had grown blacker and blacker, and it seemed even more sultry than during the earlier part of the day. We noticed that Old Tod walked with a decided limp when he came out of the stable. Mrs. Doane had said, when Janie was not within hearing:

"I never saw a child so scared of a storm as she is. She'll screech out at every clap of thunder. I guess she'll be scared enough before we get home."

They drove up the road, and in a few minutes we saw them disappear in a strip of timber. Thirty minutes later it was so dark that we had to light lanterns to finish doing the chores about the barn. The wind had begun to rise, and there was an occasional ominous roar of thunder. We expected the storm to break at any moment, and were surprised when it held off for about two hours. Then it burst with terrific fury. The wind blew a gale. The

roar of the thunder was almost continuous. The lightning was blinding, and the rain came down in torrents. We thought at one time that a real cyclone was at hand, and were about to seek refuge in the cellar, when the fury of the storm abated a little.

"I do hope Mandana Doane and that child reached home before this awful rain came upon them," said mother.

"Whether they did or not, has depended upon Old Tod's lameness," father answered. "He was limping badly when we lost sight of them. I pity that child if they are out in this tornado."

The storm raged with almost unabated fury until about ten o'clock. By eleven o'clock the wind had died down, and there were only occasional roars of thunder and flashes of lightning. The rain still came down in torrents.

We had all gone to bed, and only mother lay awake. Thinking she heard some one call in the darkness, she sat up in bed and listened. A shrill, tearful voice cried:

"Mr. Horner! O-o-o, Mr. Horner!"

"Do get up, Henry!" cried mother. "There is a child calling out in the rain! Listen!" Father sat up in bed, and he, too, heard the cry. He ran to a window and called out:

"Who is it?"

"It's Janie. Mrs. Doane's hurt. Oh, I'm afraid she's killed away off there in the woods! The wind blew the waggon over, and Mrs. Doane fell out on a stone wall. I couldn't get her to speak to me, and I came away back here for you! Oh, do come!"

She began to sob aloud. Father was out at the gate almost immediately, and mother reached the door just as father came into the house leading the sobbing girl. She was drenched with rain. She had evidently stumbled in the darkness, and fallen again and again. One hand was bleeding, and there was a cut on her face. Never was there a more forlorn-looking object.

"Now tell us all about it," said father, kindly.

"Well, Old Tod got so lame he could hardly walk, and we were in the woods when the storm came. We had driven out into a little open place, when the wind blew the cart over against a stone wall. Mrs. Doane fell out and the horse fell down. I couldn't make Mrs. Doane speak, and I couldn't get the horse up, so I walked all the way here. Oh, dear, dear!"

She began to cry, and to beg father to hurry.

In a very few minutes father and his hired man were in a waggon on their way to Mrs. Doane. They found her four miles from our house, lying on the ground, moaning with pain and only partly conscious. Her right leg was broken, and she had been stunned by striking her head on the wall. They had taken a mattress with them, and they put the injured woman on it, and then, after seeing to the horse, started on the way to our house.

"To think of that little girl walking those four long miles in all that storm!" said father, as they drove along. "She would probably have lost her way but for the stone walls on either side of the road. How she must have suffered! She is a little heroine! What a pitiful-looking object she was, drenched and bleeding. My wife will have all she can do trying to calm the girl down—poor child!"

The doctor father brought from the town said that the injury to Mrs. Doane's head was not serious. Her broken leg was set,

and for five weeks she and Janie were at our house. On the day they were to leave, Mrs. Doane said, with tearful eyes:

"I never can repay you for all you have done for me, Mary Horner, and I never can be too good to that child for the way she has acted. I'd died there in the woods if it hadn't been for her bringing help. And was there ever a girl kinder or more loving than she was while I lay here? I had to almost drive her out to play, she was that anxious to be doing for me. Look how she'd sit and fan me for hours those hot days! Look how she'd jump and run for anything I wanted! She ain't ever going to lack a friend while I live. Don't let any one ever say to me that there ain't any such thing as kindness and gratitude in the world! It isn't so. I have had good proof of that in the last five weeks. Why, Mary Horner, there's kindness everywhere!"

Speak Up, Boys.

(‘Success.’)

Next to standing erect, and having a manly bearing, I like to have a boy speak up when he is spoken to. He can never make a good impression if he mumbles or ‘mouths’ his words when he is talking to others. Clear and distinct enunciation is a valuable trait for a boy to possess. I was in the office of the president of a great corporation, one day not long ago, when he rang his bell for his office boy. The boy came in a moment, and the gentleman said:

‘Did you take that package over to Brown & Smith’s for me?’

‘Mum-mum.’

‘Did Mr. Brown send any message to me?’

‘Mum-mum-mum—’

‘What did he say?’

‘Mum-mum-mum—’

‘Oh, speak up so that I can understand you!’ said the gentleman, a little sharply. ‘I do not know what “mum-mum-mum” means.’

It sounded exactly as if the boy were saying ‘mum-mum-mum’ every time he opened his mouth. When he had finally held up his head and had spoken more intelligibly, and had then gone from the room, his employer said:

‘I really think that I shall have to let that boy go. He mumbles everything he says so that I can hardly understand what he means. I do not like to send such a boy with messages to our customers. I like a boy who can speak up like a man. He can do that and at the same time be a perfectly modest and respectful boy. Somehow, I feel rather suspicious of a boy who hangs his head and mumbles everything.’

I think that a good many people have that feeling, although a boy may be excessively shy and mumble all that he says, and at the same time be a perfectly honest boy. But he makes a very poor impression, and will not advance so rapidly as the boy who looks one squarely in the face and speaks up like a man when he has anything to say.

The voice has much to do with a boy’s success in life, and it should be well cultivated. There are boys who speak up so that they can be heard a long distance every time they open their mouths who are even more objectionable than a boy who mumbles. An over-loud, brassy voice, with a kind of defiant ring in it, is extremely unpleasant, and is sure to make a