

"Stop, teacher, stop!" she cried. "Oh, you *must* stop! Don't you *see*—he'd do anything you told him, if he could! He can't take it off! Oh, you've never been poor, as we are out here, and you don't know how he may be dressed: but you ought to know that Morgan'd do anything you told him to, if he could! You ought to know that—you ought to understand!"

The sternness and the combativeness went out of the young man's face, and the little girl saw gentleness and pity and deep remorse supplant them, as he felt how dastardly a thing he had done, and how pathetic was the poor boy's battle for the sacred right to conceal his poverty. The girl went sobbing to her seat, when he gravely told her to go, her force all spent, soul and body convulsed and torn by the great impulse which had caused her to do this awful thing.

"Morgan," said Emerson gently, "is this the reason you can't remove your coat?"

The boy passionately tore open the lapels, and showed his bare breast through great gaps in one tattered shirt.

"There!" he cried. "Now, are yeh satisfied? Do you want me to take it off so everybody may see the shape I'm in, and talk it over afterward? You think, because you have all you want to wear, that everybody can if they amount to anything! What do you know about it? What do you know! You try livin' in a sod shanty, with no woman, and Jim Mather for boss, and no money, and see! I've got no socks on my feet. I made my own mittens out of grain sacks—the drought and hot winds fixed it so we didn't need the sacks! I can't mend, because there ain't anything to mend or mend with. And when I

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