

court by which they judged and estimated things.

'Who is Hugo?' she asked.

'He's the fastest runner in the town, an' the bes' swimmer on the river,' they told her, with pride.

'Why don't you bring him to Sunday school?'

The class gave itself to unrestrained mirth at the thought of Hugo in a Sunday school.

One day she caught a glimpse of him as he played with the others. He was bare-footed and his clothes were much more ragged than whole, but he carried himself in them straight as a young Indian, so that his fourteen years gained an added height. A tousled mass of hair fell over a forehead that was tanned deep brown to the line where his cap had covered it and showed white above. His eyes were hazel and changed with every passing mood. One minute restless with health and mischief, the next they were defiant or flashing with anger, then again they softened into something very pathetic. Elizabeth could not get the boy out of her thoughts, and the self-sad, half-merry face haunted her.

'If he can be won, I will win him,' she said.

The day was crisp with the breath of frost and the leaves were yellowing to their fall when she bent her footsteps to the boys' playground one afternoon, hoping that something might bring Hugo to her.

As she drew near the church, she saw that the Preston Hill gang were in the thick of a battle royal with the Pitchfork crowd, their bitter rivals and annoying foes, for the supremacy of the football field. She saw, too, with inward satisfaction, that Hugo was the captain of his team, and she was glad she had not forgotten to wear the blue and yellow colors of the Preston Hills.

Hugo shouted, danced, yes, and even swore, at his men until they carried the ball to the goal and came back with victory perched on their standard. Then they saw Miss Gray on the church steps, and their pride was great. She reached them before the young captain could escape.

'And this is Hugo, isn't it?' she said, as she smiled into the hot face.

'Yes, it is,' he answered, boldly, 'and I ain't comin' to your Sunday school, neither.'

She laughed merrily, and the boy's face softened in spite of himself.

'I am very glad, 'because I wasn't going to ask you to. I only wanted to tell you what a splendid game that was. The Preston Hills couldn't help winning with such a captain.' Hugo plainly did not understand such tactics, and he resented it somewhat.

The lady had not even offered him a tract. Still his natural courtesy prevailed, and he said: 'It wan't so much. Them other boys is bigger an' heavier than we, an' so we's got to be lively.'

'The boys tell me you are the fastest runner in the town, Hugo; is that so?' asked Elizabeth.

'Say,' said Hugo, suddenly, 'I thought you was one of them religious people. What's de game?' Again her merry laugh rang out, this time swelled by the chuckles of the boys, who rejoiced exceedingly to see their hitherto invincible champion put to confusion by Miss Gray, whose many virtues and gifts he had persistently scoffed at and refused to believe in.

Hugo joined in, too, at last, and then proposed, 'Come on, fellers, let's race from here to the tree and back.'

Like a flash they were off, but Hugo's flying feet put him farther and farther in the lead until he was back at the starting place again—the others, far behind. Elizabeth's shining eyes and impulsive enthusiasm as she cried, 'Splendid! Hugo, splendid!' seemed to touch the boy, for he said, shyly: 'I reckon mebbe you can't help teachin' in a Sunday school. I never seed a girl what could be such a good feller before.'

She knew the winning of this boy must be a delicate task, as she only said, 'We say it in different ways, but I think we mean the same thing.' Then she turned homeward.

The sun had gone down behind a wall of purple clouds, and its last long light lay on the river. Like a shimmering veil, the beautiful colors rested on the water and broke into a thousand rainbow tints that rippled to the shore. The miserable houses that had

been so repulsive a minute before stood bathed in golden light, each tiny window blazing like a ruby. The evening glory fell on the boys, still gathered in a group, talking, and as she looked, the beauty of it all stole into Elizabeth's heart, mingled with a feeling of deep rest and peace.

After this, Hugo drew a little nearer, though he still held sturdily aloof from the Sunday school. But she knew that he was always on the lookout for her. Once he brought her some flowers and watched her pin them in her belt with a proud, pleased look. Then again they were marbles that he brought.

'They is the bes' shooters there is, specially when you'se playin' for keeps,' he explained.

'Yes, and I am playing for keeps,' she said, but Hugo had not yet learned that the same thing said by two people may have different meanings.

One day something happened, and Hugo became Miss Gray's willing subject, defender, and friend. It was late when she started down to see the boys at their favorite meeting place near the chapel, though how late she did not realize, but after she had started she did not like to turn back.

She sat on the steps and watched them for awhile. The boys stopped playing soon and gathered round her. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, 'Crip, there comes yer daddy, an' he's drunk! Yer better hide or yer'll git a beatin'.'

'Crip,' who was lame and brave, and a favorite with the others, stood in desperate fear of his drunken father, for his mother was dead, and to that father's tenderness he owed his crippled foot.

There was not time to hide, and even the boldest of the boys was frightened as the angry man came toward them. He did not notice the girl, and with an oath he caught the little fellow by the collar and brought his stick down on the shrinking form. Before another blow could fall, Elizabeth, with a white, set face, caught the cane in her hand, and with the other drawing the child to her, stood before the half-crazed man with blazing eyes:—

'How dare you strike the boy!' The man drew back and stared at her. The fair, refined face, the brilliant eyes, the indignant voice dazed him for a second.

But the evil spirit got the better of him, and with another maudlin oath, as he shook her hand off, he said, 'He's mine, ain't he?'

Elizabeth put the child behind her and said, steadily, 'You will have to strike me first.'

The uplifted stick waited in the air, but there was a wicked look in the bloodshot face, and she was afraid. Then an unexpected ally came to the front, and both Elizabeth and the man turned. It was Hugo, his boyish figure tense with excitement, his fists clenched, and his face pale with passion. Behind him, lined up in a row, were the rest of the gang.

Hugo spoke, and there was a ring of scorn in his voice that the girl, terrified as she was, noticed.

'Look here, Joe. I reckon yer don't need no introducin' to dis gang. Yer hev bin acquainted wid us before. An' it's de truth I'm givin' yer now. If yer don't drop that stick an' git out of dis, yer hev got dis gang to fight, an' if yer wants ter try it—jest come on now.'

The man looked at the row of young but determined faces, but neither moved nor spoke.

'An' if yer afraid,' the boy's contempt was superb, 'here's somethin' more: If yer dares to touch Crip ag'in, you'se goin' to settle that, too, wid us. An' yer knows what de judge said about it de last time yer was up. It's fer you ter say what you'se goin' ter do about it, but we dares you—that's all!'

It was clear that Joe was not so drunk but that he realized the situation as serious, and that he took in the threat which Elizabeth did not understand, for he turned on his heel without a word and slunk away.

Elizabeth tried to comfort the frightened child, but her hands trembled and she could hardly control herself.

'Don't yer mind about de kid,' said Hugo. 'I'll take keer of him.'

When she rose to go, the Preston Hills followed. 'Jest to see none of dese hobos fool wid yer,' Hugo explained.

When they reached the corner where she

took the car for home, he said, bashfully and without any of his customary defiance: 'I yer ain't no objections, I'm comin' to Sunday school now. I wants ter know about dis Frien of yourn what yer says helps yer along. I ain't never had no real friend, and I hev bin fightin' all my life, but if yer think there's any chancet he would look at a feller like me, I'd like to come.'

It was a long speech for Hugo, and he paused before he added, 'I know it ain't anything common kin made a leddy stand up like that 'fore a drunk man fer a little boy what ain't no kin ter her.'

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears as she took the boy's hand. 'He is a good Frien, Hugo, and he wants to be yours, too.' The boy's face was transfigured by the light that broke on it, but the only hint the amused passengers had of the victory so lately won was a crowd of ragged street boys waving their caps in the air and yelling, 'Three cheers fer Miss Gray,' as a girl in a dainty white dress took her seat on the car.

Toys.

To tell the whole story of the art of making toys, it would first be necessary to find some means of exploring the ages that antedate history. The love of toys is as instinctive as it is universal. No barbarous land has yet been found which was so uncivilized that its children did not have their playthings, shapeless and clumsy, perhaps, but still capable of fulfilling the purpose for which they were created; and there is no record of any time when little ones have not possessed some kind of puppets with which they might divert themselves. Archaeologists, in delving among the tombs of ancient Greece and Egypt, made the surprising discovery that the art of toy-making was not only known, but had attained a high degree of development as far back as five thousand years ago. In those days both Grecian and Egyptian children had their dolls, and they were jointed dolls at that. As compared with the magnificently attired French conceptions of the year 1905, they were crude inventions, of course. Their bodies were made of wood, or clay, or of stone, and their little limbs were wee laths, fastened to the body by means of a wire. The carving of the bodies, however, was not badly done, and bany a child since that time has been glad to mother a more unsightly doll.

By the side of the dolls of the children of ancient Egypt the archaeologists unearthed other playthings which children still love to possess—the doll's furniture, the utensils for cooking, and, what is even more interesting from an antiquarian's point of view, the articles used in the making of sacrifices, cleverly duplicated in miniature, that the children might be able to conduct their dolls through the ritual of their religious exercises—a circumstance that suggests that the word 'sacrilege' had not then the same meaning which it has to-day.

It is a long step from the year 300 B. C. to the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, but it was within that time that the art of toy-making was both brought to a high state of perfection and then once more forgotten. Like other arts, it could not survive the neglect and vandalism of that period known as the 'Dark Ages.' Just what the children used for playthings during these long centuries of darkness and ignorance one can only surmise; but it is safe to say that they found some things to play with, not only because the making of toys was one of the first objects to which man devoted his attentions when he plunged into the renewed activities of the Renaissance, but also for the reason that, as the psychologists have recently taught us, playthings are, and always have been, quite as necessary a constituent of human health and development as food and medicine. In other words, children crave toys because it is natural for them to want them. They need them, and to deprive them of these pleasures would be to retard their progress in their work of becoming men and women.—'Public Opinion.'

'If time is short, many tempers are yet shorter.'—Christina Rossetti.