

unsavory dinner she had served him, a tempting supper, in which his taste had been consulted, was waiting his coming.

Meanwhile, out in the forest, the hard luck of a woodsman had overtaken Jack. For several hours after reaching the clearing he worked away steadily, one tree after another going down under the blows of his axe. But towards evening a false step threw him under a falling tree, pinning him securely to the earth. He tried to call for help, but could not. Then he began a fierce struggle to free himself, which, despite his great suffering, he kept up until all was darkness around him, and he seemed to feel himself slipping away from earth.

While he lay there, unconscious of everything that was going on around him, Joan waited for his return to the home. Not until the evening deepened into black night, did she begin to fear for his personal safety. The clearing extended over a large tract of land, and quite frequently it was after dark when the men came home from their work.

Several times during the early hours of the night she took Danny in her arms and walked down the long lane, calling loudly for Jack, but nothing except the echo of her own voice came back to her. In her suspense she forgot her timidity, and as soon as Danny was asleep for the night she lighted the lantern and locking the door, set out alone for the clearing. She went through the woods, calling Jack's name and listening eagerly for the answer that did not come. Not a sound, except the occasional snapping of a twig under her feet, or now and then the twitter of a bird, startled from its sleep in the boughs over her head, reached her ears. At last, however, she came upon the freshly fallen trees, where she felt sure Jack had been at work during the afternoon. His saw and maul were there, giving evidence of his late presence, and a little further search she found what she was seeking, Jack held fast to the hard, cold earth under the trunk of a prostrate tree.

For one moment she stood as if paralyzed, and then with a brave effort, she knelt by the unconscious boy and began her attempts to free him. But she could not raise the tree an inch. It was two miles to the nearest neighbor's dwelling, and the time spent in going for help might be fatal to poor Jack, almost lifeless already. Whatever assistance he got must come from herself, and quickly, too. She realized this, and looking round she came upon a pick and spade, by the aid of which she soon hollowed out a place by Jack's side, and then from this cavity undermined the earth under him, thus lowering him sufficiently to drag him into the hollow, and from thence out upon the green sod. Then from a stream near by she brought water, and bathed and rubbed his hands, face and breast, until his blood began to circulate freely.

When he could swallow she heated the coffee she had brought with her, the hot drink infusing new warmth and strength into the boy's shivering body, so braced him up that a start was soon made for home. It was a tedious journey, however, for with a broken arm and bruised body he could take but a few steps without stopping to rest. But at last, half-carrying, half-dragging the sufferer, Joan opened the cottage door and helped him to the couch near the fire. A hot bath, followed by a liberal use of arnica, warm poultices

and bandages to support the broken arm, brought much relief. As soon as she thought it safe to leave Jack she slipped out, and running across the fields to the nearest neighbor, asked him to go for the doctor.

The doctor came and looked grave after he had finished his examination of Jack's breaks and bruises, but said cheerily, 'You are in a pretty bad fix, my boy, but things would be a great deal worse if you had not had a regular little mother to look after your wounds and bind them up until I came.'

'If the little mother had not gone out to hunt me up, I'd still be lying under that tree in the dark forest,' returned Jack. 'She is a first-class heroine.'

'Oh, Jack! and you know what an awful coward I am!' exclaimed Joan. 'Afraid of my shadow, even in broad daylight.'

'That proves it,' argued Jack. 'The greater the coward, the braver the deed,' and then, much to Joan's embarrassment, he gave the doctor a brief account of the coward's bravery.

'That was nothing,' insisted Joan. 'Nothing more than any girl could have done.'

'But not one in a hundred would have stood the test,' urged the doctor. 'They would have screamed and run away, and Jack would have died while waiting for them to bring help.'

'At any rate, I'm glad it was Joan, and not one of the other girls,' said Jack.

'Oh, Jack, don't heap any more coals of fire on my head,' said Joan, and then turning to the doctor, she began: 'Doctor, I want to tell you more about that day's work.'

But here Jack laid his hand playfully over her mouth, and nodding toward the door, said: 'Here comes father and mother! Suppose we let them decide where the coward ends and the hero begins.'

### Janie.

(J. L. Harbour, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When David Doane, who had been a tin-pedler, died, his wife, to use her own words, stepped right into his shoes. Four days after her husband's death, Mandana Doane harnessed Old Tod, her husband's big bay horse, hitched him to the cart containing the tinware and began her career as a tin-pedler. Two hours later she halted in front of my father's house. When my mother and sisters went out to the cart, Mrs. Doane, who had the reputation of being 'an awful talker,' gave free rein to her tongue, and said:

'Yes, I'm going to take Dave's place and go right on with the tin-peddling business. I know that it ain't common for women to go trailing over the country with a tin-peddling outfit, but that's no reason why I shouldn't do it. I've got no children to keep me at home, and I have my own living to make. I've often gone with Dave on his trips, and I know just how he bought and how he sold, and I don't see any reason why folks shouldn't be as willing to buy of me as of him, long as I behave myself and sell as cheap as he sold. It's a perfectly respectable and honest business, and I feel better when I'm out-of-doors. Maybe some folks will talk about it, but they can't say anything bad if they tell the truth, and lies don't hurt anybody.'

'Of course not,' said my mother.

'I don't know of any other way to earn

a living; and there's no good reason why I shouldn't earn a living this way, so here I am, ready for business. Fetch out your rags, if you have any you want to trade for tinware, or get your pocketbook if you want to buy for cash. I have some good brooms, and a small but good stock of crockeryware.'

My mother bought a broom and a couple of tin pans, and Mrs. Doane went on her way, saying at parting:

'I'll be back this way in about three weeks. I intend to stock up with a lot of new things when I get over to Clay Centre.'

Three weeks from that day, Mandana Doane again drew rein in front of our house. We were at the dinner-table when we saw her driving up the dusty road, and father said to me:

'Go out and put up her horse. We must have her eat dinner with us.'

'Of course I will,' said Mrs. Doane, when the invitation had been given. 'I said to Janie as I drove up to the house, "I hope to the land they will invite us to dinner, for I am as hungry as a bear." Janie didn't say anything, but I know that she hoped so, too.'

Janie was a stranger to us. She was a scrawny, timid-looking girl, about thirteen years old, who sat up on the waggon-seat beside Mrs. Doane. She had on a faded blue and white calico dress, a pink apron and an old straw hat with a soiled green ribbon. Her bare, brown feet showed below her scanty dress. She was a homely little girl, except for a pair of big blue eyes with a wonderfully appealing look in them.

'It was her eyes that fetched me,' Mrs. Doane explained to my mother, when they were washing the dishes together and Janie was looking for the wild strawberries that grew at the edge of the orchard back of the house. 'I got her at the poorhouse over in Zoar. I stopped there to dicker with Jake Black and his wife, who run the poorhouse now, and this girl came out into the yard. Jake spoke so sharp and ugly to her and his wife gave the child such a black look that I felt sorry for the poor young one. The Blacks are tartars, anyhow. They don't treat any of the town poor decent, and they went out of their way to be ugly to Janie Carter. When I got to Zoar Centre, I made some inquiries about the girl from one of the selectmen I know over there, and the upshot of it all was that I got him and the other selectmen to give me a paper authorizing me to take the girl away from the poorhouse on my way back. You know what I did that for?'

'Simply because you are always doing kind deeds,' replied my mother.

'Shucks! I ain't, either! I'm a hundred and eighty-seven and a half pounds of pure selfishness. I had a selfish object in taking that girl out of the poorhouse. The fact is, Mary Horner, I found driving over the country by myself an awful lonesome piece of business. Sometimes the houses are three miles apart. And I like some one to talk to. I just made up my mind to take that child out of the poorhouse. She has no father or mother, or no one else that cares for her. She hasn't had anything but abuse since she was born—poor little thing!'

Mrs. Doane wiped the tears from her eyes before adding:

'That child has been so abused she would dodge every time I lifted my hand.'