

After a while she dried her eyes, and when I came home she told me all about it.

"I give it up," she said. "I don't believe I can help you any."

Poor little thing! I took her in my arms and comforted her, and before bedtime I had convinced her that she was fully able to help me better than any one else on earth, and that without puzzling her brains about business, or wearing herself out by sewing for pay.

So we went on in our old way, and by keeping our attention on our weekly balance, we prevented it from growing very rapidly.

We fell back on our philosophy (it was all the capital we had), and became as calm and contented as circumstances allowed.