

And what's more, bumbyo, when we have our pay-party, yo shall come to it, ye shall, and have goodies, and set up late."

This would reanimate Sammy for a minute or two, and when sleep finally overtook the baby he darted away like a liberated hare; wild leap after leap carried him to the thither confines of the woodpile, and Elysium began.

"Time's a-gwine," said Marty mildly one May morning to mother; "shotos is gittin' sca'cer, and that 'ere pay-party don't 'pear to come off. Have to give out fer it a week ahead, so as to let the Folks at Squaw Neck and Tuckappos have a warnin'. I would 'a 'gin out fer it last week, but Ed got hugh, and now, this week, 'Mother Honner's ailin'. She was gwine to do fer me, and smart up the house; things gits so muxed whar young ones is kitin' round. Mis' Calvert ain't got somethin' to cure Mother Honner, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

"I don't know but I have," said mother, "if you can tell me how she feels sick."

Marty described the symptoms, and was furnished with a simple remedy, but Hannah did not recover in time for the invitations to be given out that week. In fact, she grew much worse. "'Pears to be reel racked," said Marty, "and she's got a desp't pain across her; she 'spects it's the medicine."

"That is impossible," said mother; "It was a very harmless remedy I gave her."

"Yas'm, so she 'spected. She never took Mis' Calvert's doctor-stuff; she reckoned she wanted a right smart dose of somethin' that would strike clar through, so she took a box of stomick-pills she bought off a pedlar-man last fall; eighteen in the box; she took 'em all; I reckon she overdone; Mis' Calvert reckon so too?"

But what the mistress reckoned was too wide and deep to put into words. Hannah recovered from her corporeal earthquake in the course of a week or two, and Marty's plans were ripe for execution, when Ed suddenly fell from grace again.

"I dunno," said Marty sorely, "as I ever felt so beat. Shotos is about gone. Jes' git my mind sot for that 'ere pay-party, and somethin' knocks the roost right out from under me. I don't want to fret, with all the marcies I have, and everythin' gittin' along so comfort'able this summer, and Ed such a pleasant boy too,—not a mite like me; I allers was a stiff-necked critter, that's why I git so sot on things,—but it makes me feel putty beat."

"Never mind the pig, Marty," said mother, "I don't believe you would have made much out of it. Why not have the party when it is convenient, and take what you make toward your roof?"

"Wal, I never!" said Marty. "Be sure I can! I was so shal-low, I got it fixed in my head that 'twas no use to have the party when shotos was gone! We'll have it, I reckon, as soon as things gits to rights."

(To be Continued.)

UNCOMMON PROCEEDING.

"How cold it is growing," said Miss Wait, the teacher of the common school in the then brisk little manufacturing village of Shattuckville, Franklin county, Mass., as she tied on her soft blue hood, buttoned her warm flannel cloak, looked at the window fastenings of the not over commodious or attractive, but snug school-room, locked her desks, and carefully shut the damper of the air-tight wood stove, preparatory to quitting her domain of labor for the night.

As she picked up her rubber overshoes and stooped to draw them over her shapely kid boot, she cogitated: "Oh, dear! Tommy Howe's red toes sticking so pathetically through those old gaping shoes fairly haunt's me. I wonder if, in all this prosperous, busy village, there is no way of getting that poor child decently clad. I must think it over and see what I can do about it."

Twenty-four hours later the leading man of the village, and the owner of the little factory there, who, years before, when a poor boy, had stranded down from Vermont to this little hamlet, eccentric and brusque, kind-hearted, keen-eyed, and observant of all that was going on within his domain, was walking along the street and met a bright-eyed and sprightly lad of ten speeding ahead with that amusingly unconscious, consequential air that a boy carries with his first brand-new pair of boots.

Old Sam Whittier, as this gentleman was familiarly called, not by reason of advanced age by .1 means, but because of his supremacy as the mill owner and employer of all the help in the hamlet, took in the situation at a glance, and called out to the absorbed child:

"Hullo, youngster! where d'ye get them fellows?"

"Teacher gave them to me, sir," and the lad's tattered cap came quickly off, and he stood with it in his hand.

"Does she buy boots for all the boys in the school?" was growled out.

"Guess not; but she bought Joe Briggs a speller and Jane Cass an arithmetic, and she gives away stacks of slate pencils and paper and ink, and such."

"What made her go and buy them boots for you?"

"She said she wanted to, sir; and when I said I had no money to pay her for them, she said she would rather be paid in perfect lessons; and I will try to pay for them in that way, you may be sure, sir."

"Pretty good sort of a teacher, is she, bub?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I guess she must be the best teacher that ever lived, sir—she tells about so many things that we never knew before; and she wants us to be good and honest, and not tell lies, and she says we shall be men and women by and by, and she wants us boys to know something, so we can own factories our own selves some time. The other teachers we've had only heard our lessons and let us go; but she's so different!"

"Well, bub, I shall have to think this business over a little. Now run along, and go to scratchin' over them perfect lessons. I don't suppose you'll find a person in Shattuckville a better judge of perfect lessons, or how much they are worth, both to the teacher and to the scholar, than 'Old Sam Whittier.' So, bub, look after your books, and I shall look after you."

The next morning a little note, written in a coarse business hand, was dispatched to the teacher by the hand of one of the children. It ran as follows:

"MISS WAIT: I have heard of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part of a teacher toward your scholars. I would like to inquire of you personally as to particulars. Will you do me the favor to run over to my house directly this afternoon.

"SAMUEL WHITTIER"

"What can I have done?" thought the little teacher, in such a perturbed state of mind that she corrected Johnny Snow's mistake in his multiplication, by telling him seven times nine was fifty-four; indeed, she let the mistake go so long that every little hand belonging to the second primary class was stretched up in a frenzy of excitement. "Let me see; what is it I have done the past week? I switched Bobby Baker prettysmartly, to be sure—and I kept Sam Woodruff after school—and I kept Marion Fisk in from recess for whispering; but I must keep order. Well, dear me, I have tried to do my duty, and I won't worry;" and Miss Wait resolutely went back to "seven times nine," and so proceeded in the usual routine. But she ate no dinner till noon, and had a decided headache as she crossed the big bridge over the mill stream and over the hill to the mill owner's residence.

"I shall not back down in any thing where my clear duty and self-respect are involved," thought she. "I have set up a certain idea as to what a teacher of these little common schools ought to be, and I will, God and my mind, good courage and health not forsaking me, bring myself as near to it as possible. Moreover, I will not consider, in the premises, whether the scholars are children of the rich or learned, or of the poor or ignorant. For the time being God has placed in my care ragged, dirty little wretches of a factory village, as well as clean, well-dressed, attractive children."

"Good evening, good evening, ma'am," said "Old Sam Whittier,"