

John Snowdon's Bringing Up

BELLE KELLOGG TOWN.

"WELLS," and the brisk steps of Mr. Shields were stayed as, looking up from the hurrying throng of Broom Street, he saw the saloon doors of Chapin & Co. swinging to after John Snowdon, "I should most think, John, that your bringing up would do more for you than that," and the next moment he was swept along by the hurrying tide, and though the one addressed sprang forward as if to stop him, the human mass settled in and bore the speaker on.

John turned with the bright color of mortification still on his cheek. Even as he went he gave a hurried glance at the windows of Chapin & Co. How brazen they looked, with their glaring array of bottles and signs!

"Just my luck!" he muttered, "He'll believe it of me to his dying day. Might as well be a thief and be done with it here!" and the bright light that was usually upon John's face died away, and a sullen, discouraged look took its place.

At the next corner John saw the boys busy with a merry game of ball, with the bright sunshine around and the breath of the budding summer blowing over them.

stepped over the waxed floor, intent upon the duties that fell to him.

"John!"

John turned, in answer, to the desk, where Mr. Sullivan was stationed.

"Take that back to Chapin, and tell him if those are his best figures he must select cheaper hangings." And the employer pushed a folded paper toward the one in waiting.

The light was gone from John's face, and suddenly he had become weak-kneed and tremble; he opened his lips to speak, but not a word escaped them. Scratch, scratch, went Mr. Sullivan's pen, exasperatingly. At last the worker seemed to waken to the consciousness that the boy was still beside him.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively, without lifting his eyes or staying for a moment the even flow of ink.

"I don't think, sir—that is—if you please, I'd rather not go to Chapin's any more."

The one writing looked up hastily and gave the boy a sharp look.

"What now?" he asked, in a slightly annoyed tone.

It was not the first tilt he and John

words, but, with his eyes upon the paper, Mr. Sullivan did not see it.

"Much good it would do them if they did," he said, looking off a little loftily to the farther end of the store; "but I don't care to go, all the same."

Mr. Sullivan lifted his eyes, and while the boy's face was averted, scanned it hastily. When John turned he was again bending over his desk.

"Well, out with it, and have it over!" he said, tearing the half sheet from the block of paper and folding it hastily. "I don't see why you can't go where you're sent, as the rest do, and make no words about it. Of course I don't like a place like Chapin's any better than you do, but we can't always have it smooth and lovely—you know that. I should most think, with such a mother as you had, John, you could stand fire, and not flinch."

"There! that's it exactly!" exclaimed John, flaming with anger, mingled with a flash of triumph. "It's just what was thrown at me yesterday when Mr. Shields saw me coming out of there—should think my bringing up could do more for me than that."

"I won't stand it to have my mother's way of doing things—I've no business to; she brought me up well, she did, and she told me just what was what, and it ain't for me to be seen going into places that make folks think I've forgotten all she did for me, and am no better than the worst of them. No, sir, I have no business to do it!" and John turned upon his heel and walked to the front of the store.

But the strength that had flushed up when his blood was up, and made him daringly reckless, was ebbing now and leaving only the weakest of knees and a heart pounding in great storms of emotion against his ribs, until it seemed he could never get a free breath again.

Had John looked back he would have seen Mr. Sullivan set his silk hat upon the desk, as though its weight had suddenly become irksome to him, while he swept his cambric handkerchief over his face as though to cool it. Only the day before, Mr. Sullivan had been busy superintending the placing of a marble slab at the head of a carefully kept bit of sod in Forest Home, and as he drove home in the soft twilight, he had thought: "A comfort is it to do this much to show I loved her," and now here was John rearing a memorial obelisk to his mother too. The fragment of time that he sat with the snowy linen playing over his face, how cold and paltry did the glitter of the costly marble seem in contrast. The next moment a clerk was by Mr. Sullivan, and his bit of leisure was gone, and the tide of the busy morning was sweeping in upon him again.

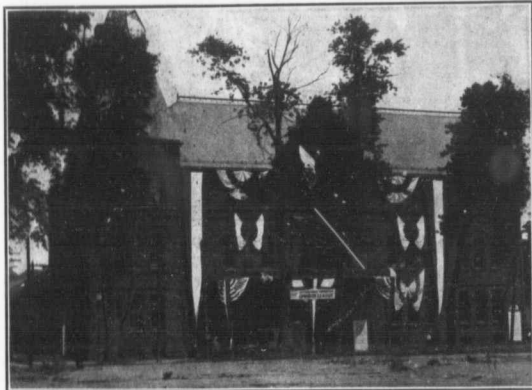
But that night, when, in the silence of his spacious chamber, with the cares of the day's interest worded shut out from him, he tried to compose himself to sleep, his luxurious bed did no more for him than had John Snowdon's poorer one done for him, and long he lay and courted sleep in vain.

The next morning John was in his place, and Mr. Sullivan in his. "John!" sent from the desk brought the two together, and Mr. Sullivan, looking up with a smile, said, "There, you see, I've humored you again; you can post that to Chapin."

"Thank you, sir," said John, meekly enough, though his eyes showed a happy light, not there the day before, and which rather interested Mr. Sullivan and made him reach for an excuse to keep it near longer.

"After all, John," he added, as John turned to do his errand, "it wouldn't do for us all to be as strict as you; and maybe we can manage among us to keep your track clear."

"I don't exactly understand you, sir," said John, not catching the drift of his employer's words.



ELMWOOD MUSIC HALL.

One of the three great centres where the Convention Sessions were held.

What did they know of care? What was the use of trying to be anybody? And so his thoughts drifted on as he made his way to the store of Sullivan & Brother, where he officiated as general runner and errand boy.

That night the bed that usually proved so grateful to John's weary limbs had no soothing control over him. To and fro he tossed, while the pale June moon looked wonderingly through the bit of muslin that John's landlady kindly vouchsafed his otherwise rather desolate little room. At last he sat upright, and stuffing the pillow back of him, tried it a while that way then, without the least warning, to the foot went the offending pillow, and down flat upon his arm he laid his head; and thus, staring straight in front of him, John lay and thought it out. At last the pillow was brought back to its old place again, and with a long-drawn breath he turned and composed himself for sleep.

At a little before his usual hour for doing so, John entered the store the next morning, and there was energy and decision in the ring of his tread as he

had had. John had wanted at the outset a dollar more a week than they had ever paid for that place, but he had backed the demand by a good filling of each day's measure with work, and Mr. Sullivan was growing to rather respect him for having stood for it; but besides, he was rather inclined—John was—to have ideas of his own about things, and if driven to bay, to express them, too. But, after all, why shouldn't he if he was smart enough to get them? There wasn't every growing boy who chose to keep himself up with the march of the day as John did.

So, as we have hinted, Mr. Sullivan had rather a liking for his little old-manish errand boy; and now he added, as though a thought had just come to him which might solve the questions in hand:

"They don't bother you about drinking in there, do they?" and his pen again made its way across the paper—Mr. Sullivan could write a letter and carry on a conversation at the same time when he chose.

John's lip curled at his employer's

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