

store must be given up, because her father would have no money with which to buy goods. Still Draxy never wavered, and because she did not waver Reuben did not die. The farm was sold at auction, with the stock, the utensils, and all the house-furniture which was not needed to make the store chambers habitable. The buyer boasted in the village that he had not given more than two-thirds of the real value of the place. After Reuben's debts were all paid, there remained just one thousand dollars to be put into the bank.

"Why, father! That is a fortune," said Draxy, when he told her. "I did not suppose we should have anything, and it is glorious not to owe any man a cent."

It was early in April when the Millers moved into the "store chambers." The buyer of their farm was a hard-hearted, penurious man. He had never been known to give a penny. His wife and children had never received at his hands the smallest gift. But even his heart was touched by Draxy's cheerful acquiescence in the hard change, and her pathetic attempts to make the new home pleasant. The next morning after Deacon White took possession, he called out over the fence to poor Reuben, who stood listlessly on the store steps, trying not to look across at the house which had been his.

"I say, Miller, that gal o' your'n is what I call the right sort o' woman, up an' down. I hain't said much to her, but I've noticed that she set a heap by this garding; an' I expect she'll miss the flowers more'n anything; now my womenfolks they won't have anythin' to do with such truck; an' if she's a mind to take care on't jest's she used ter, I'm willin'; I guess we shall be the gainers on't."

"Thank you, Deacon White; Draxy 'll be very glad," was all Reuben could reply. Something in his tone touched the man's flinty heart still more; and before he half knew what he was going to say, he had added—

"An' there's the vegetable part on't, too, Miller. I never was no hand to putter with garden sass. If you'll jest keep that up and go halves, fair and reg'lar, you're welcome."

This was tangible help. Reuben's face lighted up.

"I thank you with all my heart," he replied. "That'll be a great help to me; and I reckon you'll like our vegetables, too," he said, half smiling, for he knew very well that nothing but potatoes and turnips had been seen on Deacon White's table for years.

Then Reuben went to find Draxy; when he told her, the colour came into her face, and she shut both her hands with a quick, nervous motion, which was habitual to her under excitement.