

Very kind! Who wouldn't be kind to such a boy? I felt the tears coming to my eyes at such a sudden vision of this son's doing girl's work, while his poor old mother held the book in her twisted hands and tried to help him to learn.

"But all this does not earn money, my boy. How do you expect to save if you spend your time indoors?"

"Oh, I don't do girl's work all day; no, indeed! I have worked out our taxes on the road. It wasn't much, but I helped the men build a stone wall down by the river; and Deacon Ball lets me do a great deal of work for him, and when I get a chance to take anybody from the hotel to ride, he lets me have his team for almost nothing, and I pay to him whatever I make. And I work on the farm with the men in summer; and I have a cow of my own and sell the milk at the tavern; and we have some hens, too, and sell the eggs. And in the fall I cut and pile the winter's wood in the sheds for the people who haven't any boys—and there's a good many people about here who haven't any boys," he added, brushing a fly from the old horse with the tip of his whip.

After this we fell into silence and rode through the sweet New England roads, with Monadnock rising before us ever nearer and more majestic. It impressed me with a sense of his rugged strength—one of the hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" but I glanced from the mountain to the little red-headed morsel of humanity at my side with a sort of recognition of their kinship. Somehow they seemed to belong together. I felt as if the same sturdy stuff were in them both. It was only a fancy, but it was confirmed the next day; for when I came back from town after seeing my invalid friend, I called on Deacon Ball. I found him white-haired and kindly-faced. He kept the village store and owned a pretty house, and was evidently very well to do. Naturally we talked of John, and the deacon said to me with tears in his old watery blue eyes:

"Why, bless your heart, sir, you don't think I'm going to take his money, do you? The only son of his mother and she a widow, and all tied up into double bow-knots with the rheumatics besides! True enough, I let his father have the money, and my wife she says, says she to me: 'Well, deacon, my dear, we've not got a child and shall be just as well off a hundred years from now if the widow never pays a cent; but 'cording to my calculation its better to let the boy think he's payin'! She says I might as well try to keep a barrel of vinegar from workin'. It's the mother in him and it's got to work. We think a good deal of the widow, Mandy and me. I did before I ever saw Mandy; but for all that we hold the mortgage, and Johnny wants to work it out. Mandy and me, we are going to let him work."

"I turned away, for I was going to sup at Johnny's house; but before I went I asked the deacon how much Johnny had already paid.

"Well I don't know; Mandy knows—I pass it to her—she keeps the book. Drop in before you go to the train and I'll show it to you."

I dropped in and the deacon showed me the account. It was the book of a savings bank in a neighboring town, and on its pages were credits of all the little sums the boy had earned or paid; and I saw they were standing to Widow Beebe's name. I grasped the deacon's hand. He was looking away over the house-tops to where Monadnock was smiling under the good-night kiss of the sun.

"Good-by, sir, good by," he said, returning my squeeze with interest. "Much obliged, I'm sure, Mandy and me, too; but don't be worried about Johnny. When we see it we know the real stuff it takes to make a real man—and Johnny has got it; Johnny is like that mountain over there—chock full of grit and lots of backbone."

If a woman elopes in England, taking any of her husband's property, she is likely to be arrested for theft under the new Married Women's Property Act, which gives the women the rights they have so long craved, and also exposes them to new liabilities. Mrs. Margaret Fletcher ran away from her home at Workington a short time ago, and carried with her jewels and wearing apparel valued at \$12. Her husband first sued for divorce and got it, and then prosecuted his wife as a thief, and the justice decided against the defendant, who was beautiful as well as wayward.

## OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Obstinacy and heat in argument are surest proofs of folly.  
A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.  
He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

Of all evils to the generous, shame is the most deadly pang.

The mouth of the gossip, like a drug store, is open at all hours.

One of the best sort of minds is that which minds its own business.

Worth begets in base minds envy; in great souls, emulation.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.

What fate imposes men must needs abide; it boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and villainess for wit.

Everybody is willing to take religion when he has got out of the world all it can give him.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy but in passing over it he is superior.

A note made on Sunday is void; which may account for some men's sleeping through church service, and making no note of what the preacher says.

There is nobody who can stir up so many church rows as a prominent Methodist preacher, as the brother or sister who claims to live a life of sinless perfection.

A recent dictate of fashion is important to all married men. It is that small checks will be in vogue for spring and summer silk dresses. It generally takes such large checks.

As the actors at the theatre are numerically small, compared with the audience, so in the world those who do anything are few in comparison with the many who sit still and look on.

A lady writer is out with an article entitled "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she will reply, "By the hair."

A man asked his wife: "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

It is said that one reason why many married ladies keep pet dogs is because their husbands are absent so much from home. They don't have the canines for protection. It's because home doesn't seem natural with no growling about, and the dogs growl during the time the husband ought to be attending to that duty.

"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged and vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is"—"Sir! those are my own children!" she interrupted, and the way that front door slammed his toes jarred every hair on his scalp-lock.

There are some folks in this world who don't seem to have the faintest idea of humor. A young man in Allegheny recently purchased one of those broad, flat scarfs which cover up a shirt front so completely that the shirt of the season of '82 answers for holiday wear in '83, and he gave it to his landlady, who wanted to know what it was. The young man told her it was a liver-pad; and when he wanted to dress up on Sunday, and go down to church and "mash" the freckle-faced alto, he couldn't find his scarf; and when he spoke to his landlady about it, she retired in a rage, and sent the hired girl back with the scarf and the pleasant information that she had suspected all along that it was no liver-pad, as she had not felt the least bit better since she had been wearing it.