DAN.

A Story For Boys.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

"I jus' tell you I ain't goin' away till I see the lady, an' you can't make me. I can scratch jus' like wild cats, I can, an' you better let me alone!"
"Bedad, then, I belave ye," groaned Bridget, who hated boys, and considerate with a little limin" the worst of the

ered "the little Injun" the worst of the

"You see, it's this way," continued Dan, straightening his shirt, which in the affray had become twisted about

the alray has been twisted about this little figure in a most disreputable way—"you see, it's this way: Mis' Howe she thinks I've been an' stole, an' I'm goin' to tell her I didn't do no

such thing, so now! Think I'll go 'way till I tell her that? no ma'am!

Bridget tossed her sandy haired head

in a very knowing way.

Dan flushed, and as if he were afraid

his pockets and contented himself by

swinging his feet to and fro against

the rounds of the chair. Bridget glared at him a few seconds longer,

then went up the stairs and reported

Howe, thinking it a good opportunity to give Dan a lecture and teach him a

lesson which might be wholesome for

his future career.
She had not an unkind nature, and

mon with her neighbors generally she

honestly believed Dan Carmen to be a

bad, tricky boy, and though she cared nothing for the paltry one-dollar bill she felt indignant over the fact that it

was not safe to leave the boy alone for

even a moment in the room with any-thing which could be easily pocketed.

There are very many really kind hearts in the world which, like Mrs.

Howe's, are too ready to act upon im

pulse which takes the side of uncon-

wasn't the angry words in her mes-

As she waited his coming she

She looked up sternly when the boy entered the room and stood before her.
"You want to see me, Dan, I under-

-an' I would'nt look you right in the face as I'm a doin' now if I'd stole even jus' a pin from you, would I? You ain't got no right to be down on my

and the tiny girl, her only child, came shyly and curiously from the next

afraid, and yet feeling sorry in her

little heart because there was trouble

Mrs. Howe felt troubled. "Are you

and knows when we try to deceive that you are telling me the truth? It

you confess your fault, I will try to for

get all about it, and your mother shal

gathering tears away, and replied:
"I can't confess what I ain't done,

'cause that would sure be a big story, ma'am; an'—an' I don't think my mammy'll be willin' anyhow, to wash

ways."

Dan's speech sounded saucy, but he

didn't have such an idea in his curly head. He was only a very earnest

boy, making the best effort he could to

clear himself from an unjust suspicion,

more for his dear mother's sake, in-

deed, than for his own, though it hurt

him cruelly to be so misjudged.

The lady looked at him steadfastly.

She began to feel ashamed of her suspicions as she looked into the honest

dark eyes still misty with the indig-

nant tears he had kept back so nobly, and read truth in the resolute little

The more she looked at him the more

it was the first time she had ever had a

fair examination of Dan Carmen's face

face upturned all this time to hers.

Dan drew himself up, dashed the

of some kind going on before her.

to stand at her mother's side, half

thought:

Send the child up to me, " said Mrs.

village lot.

have gathered high, at the last roices as the sound reat thunderings, s to the Lord our or ever and ever en, will the joy of be proportioned to of spirit that she on of her Son. ence we see that,

any other endearher of our Divine "Revealer of the e benefits upon us, ntage of the prive y and lovingly set votion to Mary, to de to her for he holy religion, and nent of her proph-tims of the Church r opponents. To

aps, be inappro-divinely inspired through the me-criptures, with a we may distin-thy Divine Son, s, we beseech thee, bers of the same, eby glorify God en —John E. M. eview.

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and figure, and was able to judge from observation instead of hearsay, she was surprised to find herself becoming interested in the boy and getting ready to array herself on his side instead of standing on the side of his foes.

So, presently she said, holding out her hand to the little boy, meanwhile:

"Dan, I believe I have done you a wrong. I had no right, as you remind me, to judge you without proof of your fault, and though circumstances were against you, I did wrong to judge so hastily. Will you forgive me, my little boy?"

Now, indeed, the tears fell fast over the boy's brown cheeks, and he made no effort to hold them in check. But just as the sun will suddenly burst out from behind a sullen black cloud during a summer shower, so did Dan's face beam with the smile which was like the rainbow after the storm, and Mrs. Howe was surprised to discover what a very pretty boy he was, after all.

and down in the chair sat Dan again with his "resolution air," and his head He put his small brown hand into the held high as possible.
"The land!" cried Bridget, "ain't dainty white one held out to him and tried to speak, but such a lump came popping into his throat that not a word ve the spunky b'y, now? Thinks ye stole, does she? Arrah, thin, she's not alone, me b'y, in that thinkin'," and

He drew his arm across his eyes and kept swallowing and swallowing, until finally he got rid of the lump. Then be

Dan flushed, and as if he were afraid to trust those belligerent little fists of his, he shoved them deep down within I was too mad to do it, but mammy she cried, ma'am, oh, she cried real hard ; for if anything goes wrong with me it hurts her, you see, 'cause I'm all she has, an' she loves me, though I'm naughty an' need a lickin' lots of times. But — I ain't a thief, ma'am, an' I don't lie. I somehow wasn't born with the bring of things in me no with them kind of things in me no more'n my mammy was, 'n' I don't s'pose my dad was, either, 'cause I've always heard mammy say he was a good man."

Mrs. Howe smiled and laid her hand on the boy's head gently.
"Then we are friends again, Dan?

You'll forget all my unkindness? "Oh, yes, ma'am! I never had no memory for mean things that's been done to me. I can't seem to have time to hold on to 'em."

"Wise little man! It's a pity some grown people were not like you there. Well, now run along and tell your nother how sorry I am for troubling her and you so much, and tell her she scious injustice, and yet would not intentionally wound another heart. It shall have all the work she wants from me, if she'll dry her eyes and forget my note. No doubt the bill was blown by the wind out of sight somewhere; sage to his mother which hurt little Dan, it was the *injustice* of them all, at any rate, I know Dan Carman didn't and the hurt they did to his dear mother made the biggest part of the

take it."
"Thank you very much, ma'am!"

But the little child came forward and 'He deserves to be punished for his held out a bunch of flowers which she fault, and I shall be pretty severe with had been tightly clutching in her baby hand all the while.

stand," she said; "well, what excuse have you for your wicked theft?" Dan lifted his black eyes to her face and kept them there steadily as he re-

hand all the while.

"Here dese flowers for you, 'ittle boy. Dey is dood an' sweet for 'ittle boys," she lisped bashfully.

"I thank you so much, dear little missy," said Dan gratefully, taking the fragrant gift and holding it close to his face. "Mammy loves flowers, at this is a pretter hund, than I can an' this is a prettier bunch than I can get for her out of the fields. She'll be

plied:
"I ain't got any 'scuse at all ma'am.
I haven't been thievin', an' I've come
to tell you so, too. I ain't goin' to
have my mammy cryin' her heart out "You're very fond of that mother of over folkses 'cusin' me when I don't really deserve it. Why, ma'am, I wouldn't steal any more'n I'd lie! An'

Mrs. Howe, kindly.

"Well, ma'am, she'll all the mother I've got, an' if I didn't love her I'd be a wicked boy. A feller what doesn't think his mother the best an' most beautiful thing in all the world is what beautiful thing in all the world is what and looked earnestly upon it.

she actually had no proof of.

taught me a lesson," thought she.

Dan now turned his face homeward, bidding Mrs. Howe a grateful good by, and dodging a few moments later, with considerable skill, the pail of water the still angry Bridget flung after him.

The light from the window near She put her hands on her hips, and stood at the kitchen door, shaking her which they were standing fell full upon Dan's face and showed the gleam of his dark eyes through tears he was too head till the knot of red hair pinned proud to shed, though it had been hard work for the little fellow to fight them oosely on the top shook back and forth

in a comical way.

"Bedad, thin," she yelled, "there's a toime comin', me b'y, whin I'll tache ye how to run."

Dan looked back over his flying sure, Dan, as sure as you would be if you would remember that the dear Lord is always looking into our hearts

heels, and snapped his fingers at her saucily, then turned the road just in time to escape a stone which had been sent from the hand of "Bill, the boss," as that young worthy came sauntering up the street, his hat on the side of his head and a cigarette in the corner of his mouth

He looked the thorough bad boy that e was, and as much like a "rowdy" as boys usually look when they orna-

ment their mouths with cigars, and try to look as "big" as they feel. As the stone left his hand, Dan left for you ever again; she won't forget how you 'cused her boy of stealin'. An'—I'm glad He — Him that lives in the spot at which Bill had aimed, though the little boy had not seen his heaven, ma'am, can look into our hearts, 'cause He sees how you are all wrong, an I am not one bit of a thief, even if I'm naughty in lots of other enemy, nor dreamed of the escape he had had, as his fleet feet sped over the distance and brought him nearer and nearer his mother in her lonely little

> With the flowers in his hand he went up to her erelong, and smiled, and panted, and kissed her, all in a sort of breathless way which puzzled her

greathy.
"Why, Dan, boy, how you have been runnin'!" she exclaimed; "but you don't look's if things had been roublin' you much, with that smile an' hem flowers."

Then, with an anxious tone and look, she added:
"Oh, Dan, where did you get them

flowers? You didn't take them from somebody's garden? Tell me you ashamed of herself she became, and as | didn't.

thief !'

His mother opened her arms and gathered the boy in close to her breast. "Oh, darlin', darlin' darlin'!" she cried, "I don't believe there's a bad streak about my boy! Whatever ailed me, but the fearful worriment of that

note, I can't think, that I could think you guilty for a single moment, my own boy, with your father's own true eyes lookin' at me all the time!" Dan gave her a regular "bear hug" for reply, and then, and not till then,

did he remember the bright, shining silver-piece in his pocket, and all the happy morning's experience he had expected to tell her as soon as he had left Miss Viola. How much had happened since then! It flushed his cheeks just to recall his feelings when finding poor mammy so tearful over Mrs. Howe's note. However, that thing was done with now, and at last Dan could sit down and tell his cheerful story, and show his big earnings for an hour or two of idleness.

Dau continued to pose for his dear Miss Vi'la for an hour or two each day, until at last the picture was finished, and there were two little "Dans" before her, as much alike as two peas in

a pod.
"Oh, I wish mammy could only jus' see it!" cried the boy as he stood be-fore the easel and gazed at the clever work of the young artist, and felt in his pocket the last of the five shining silver-pieces he had been paid for his at a nest or bird, and, with no intensilver-pieces he had been paid for his posing.
"So she shall, my boy," was Viola's

reply. "If she has time to spare this birds love so dearly. Ah, dear little afternoon she can come to the house Dan! and happy Miss Viola, to have and ask for me, and I will certainly let her have a look at her painted boy." Dan was delighted, and ran off to tell his mother of the treat in store for

Bennie was pleased because Miss Vi and Dan were pleased. His loyal little heart always reflected the happiness of those whom he liked, even though the thing itself did not specially concern him. He had become "great cronies" with Dan since their introduction by Miss Viola, and at his desire his mother had so far overcome her prejudice against the little half-breed that she had actually given her weekly wash to Mrs. Carmen, and expressed entire satisfaction at her work, too. So you see Dan's chance encounter with the young artist on that morning by the "Thank you very much, ma'am!" roadside had really opened a new era said the boy, and he turned towards the in his life, and he had been a happy

ooy ever sincs.
Well, that afternoon—the day of the 'art exhibition," as Viola laughingly called it—the large canvas was placed on its easel on the broad piazza of the house where Viola lived, and quite a number of the neighbors had called to look at and admire it. Dan had never been the subject of so much attention before, and even now it was the painted Dan who had the largest share of interest, while the real boy hung sheepishly behind Bennie, and blushed whenever he was told to "look up," and allow the likeness to be traced. The "exhibition" was nearly over

You're very fond of that mother of yours, aren't you, Dan?" remarked Mrs. Hewe, kindly.

"Well, ma'am, she'll all the mother I'd be a wicked boy. A feller what doesn't think his mother the best an' most

jus' a pin from you, would I? You ain't got no right to be down on my mammy jus' cause you—you s'picion to be sorry for himself, too!"

Mrs. Howe looked down at the child whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, when earnest voice rang out so clearly, the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, and she wondered how she could have the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, and she wondered how she could have the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, and she wondered how she could have the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice rang out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice range out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice range out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice range out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice range out so clearly, the day of prof of the roll whose earnest voice range out so clearly. The roll whose earnest voice are the roll whose earnest voice are the roll whose earnest voice and looked earnestly upon it.

"It's my Dan, sure enough," she then sped as fast as his legs would carry him to his home and waiting my son, an' if the dear Lord hears the child's prayers for you night an' morning, you'll never know a care with the specific prof of the roll whose earnest voice are the roll whose earnest voice are the roll of the roll whose earnest voice are the roll of the roll o well, never mind, he's a happier boy than he used to be thanks to you, you goes none mind, ness a happier boy than he used to be thanks to you, you self, an' you no more pothers dat young lady, an' I know you like him well an' good, else you'd never have chosen the shabby little thing he is for a grand picture like this. It's a great compliment to my boy, an' I bill took Fred's advice meekly that was miss.

hank you, miss." Viola, much touched, said a few kind words to the woman, added herself to the list (a small list it was, too) of the washerwoman's patrons, and then the happy mother went silently away with her boy, and the picture was carried up to Viola's room to await transportation to New York and future exhibition at the Art Gal-

That night Dan counted the money in the pasteboard "bank," and there were the five half-dollars helping to increase weight and value at a great

Little Miss Dolly Howe was playing about in the front yard before her home. It was such a lovely day, and the breezes were merry enough to blow the broad-brimmed shade hat from her pretty little head altogether too often for her comfort, so she left it off at last, and the sun and wind together busied themselves with tanning and sunburning the soft, sweet cheeks with

might and main.
"Hello, missey, better put your hat on!" cried a voice which Dolly knew to belong to Dan. And, sure enough, he came along the road outside the gate and stopped to speak to her Dan could now count his "friends" with considerabte pride, for since the day when he had told Bennie "he hadn't a friend only mammy an' Miss Vi'la" his list had increased, and Dolly and her mother were within the circle. Mrs. Howe's injustice to the poor little boy had been atoned for in many little kindnesses to him and his mother, and the last cloud connected with that miserable dollar bill had vanished from Dan's heart and Dan smiled loftily.

"Guess you think I am a thievin' thoughts. He was beginning to feel

kind of feller after all, mammy! quite like "somebody" amongst the Well, if you thinks so, then of course Mis' Howe. who don't know me so well, ain't to blame if she calls me a select followers were inclined to "tackle the Injun" at times, they were very careful to do that kind of thing far out of sight of the main street of the village, and then only when sure that the little boy was not prepared to defend himself. But we

must return to Dolly.
"Oh, Dan, I finded somefin under

my twee! Dan leaned over the gate-too much trouble to open it, I suppose — and took a bird's nest from Dolly's hands. "A dear little house all made of straw, Dolly, an' full of pretty white eggs. The birdies built it, an' they'll be so sorry when they come flyin' back to find no little nest."

"Tate out de stoneses. I want 'en to p'ay wiv."
"They ain't stones, they's eggs!"
exclaimed Dan, laughing. "They're
goin' to have wings some day, an'
then they won't keep so still in the

Dolly peered over and looked with solemn eyes into the nest, and then Dan asked if he should put it back in the tree, exclaiming how the eggs one day open their walls and let the wee birds come forth into the sun-He told it all in his boyish way, and made things quite clear to the little one's intelligence, so that from that moment she looked upon a bird's nest as a sacred thing to be most tenderly cared for and respected. And yet, only think, just a few short tion of cruelty, he would have made balls of the pretty eggs the mother done so much towards making him a good boy!

Over the road erelong went Dan, whistling merrily so that mammy could hear and know that he was near at hand, - and out from the roadside bush sprang Bill, whom Dan had not seen for a long time.

"Now I've got you, little Injun!" he yelled, as he caught Dan by the arm and swung him about.

Dan felt his heart beating fast, but looked bravely up, and asked with a piece of courage he didn't much feel, "Where's the rest of you, Bill Barley?" meaning of course, the four other boys of whom Bill was the leader and expecting them also to pounce upon him presently.
"One's enough for you to day,

reckon," said Bill, and putting out his foot he tripped Dan up quickly, The little boy's face flushed angrily he thought he really ought to back," only, as mammy didn't want him to, he would try other ways of freeing himself, if he could. So he coaxed Bill to let him up, and then he threatened; but the big boy only kept him down, and sat upon the struggling little legs in the bargain. Then at last the Indian blood flew up to a boiling pitch, and Dan raised his hand to give a blow, when a larger and more brawny hand and arm reached over his prostrate body, and grasped Bill by the collar suddenly, lifting the astonished boy off his

of him. Scambering to his feet, and shaking the dust from his clothes, he cried, "Give it to him, Fred!" and then speed as feet as fee

or sorrow in this sorrowful world! like a baby, was finally released from the Germen's strong hand.

"Dare now, you goes home mit

enough, and for some time after that kept himself and his crew out of harm's way, at least so far as Dan was concerned

As for Dan, he had been seized with a new idea as soon as he had settled down after his "scare" from Bill Barley, and was so full of it he seemed to walk upon air until things were quite ready for business. This was how it had come about. He went one day to take home the basket of clean clothes to Miss Viola, and waiting for her to make change for him, watched with a good deal of interest some ladies playing croquet near by. It chanced that the game was a popular one that season in the village, for all its rather old age, and Viola, seeing Dan's interest in the game then being played, said it was a pity the ground



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