

chased away from the industrious man's face when he saw a prospect of something else to do, came back deeper than ever as the lady described the new job, and when she concluded, he had to remain quiet for a moment before he could control his emotion sufficiently to speak.

"If I ain't the most onfortnit man in Ameriky," he sighed. "I'm jest dyin' for work, crazy to get somethin' to do, and I'm blocked out of work at every turn. I jest love to work among flowers and dig in the ground, but I never dassent do it for I'm jest blue ruin among the posies. Nobody ever cared to teach me anythin' about flowers and it's a Gospel truth, ma'am, I can't tell a violet from a snifflower nor a red rose from a dog fennel. Last place I tried to git work at, woman of the house set me to work weedin' the garden, an' I worked about a couple of hours, monsurons glad to get work, now you bet, and I pulled up every last livin' green thing in that yard. Hope I may die ef I didn't. Pulled up all the grass, every blade of it. Fact. Pulled up a vine with seventy-five dollars, that had roots reachin' e'lar under the cellar and into the eistern, and I yanked 'em right up, every fibre of 'em. Woman was so heart broke when she come out and see the yard just as bare as the floor of a brick yard that they had to put her to bed. Bible's truth, they did, ma'am; and I had to work for that house three months for nothin' and find my board, to pay for the damage I done. Hope to die ef I didn't. Jest gimme uthin' I kin do, I'll show you. That work is, but I wouldn't dare to go foolin' around 'no flowers. You've got a kind heart ma'am, gimme some work; don't send a despairin' man away cungring for work."

"Well," the lady said, "you can beat my carpets for me. They have just been taken up, and you can beat them thoroughly, and by the time they are done, I will have something else ready for you."

The man made a gesture of despair and sat down on the ground, the picture of abject helplessness and disappointed aspirations.

"Look at me now," he exclaimed. "What is goin' to become o' me? Did you ever see a man so down on his luck like me? I tell you ma'am, you must give me somethin' I can do. I wouldn't no more dare to teach them carpets than nothin' in the world. I'd tear 'em to pieces. I'm a awful hard hitter, an' the last time I beat any carpets was for a woman out at Creston, and I just welted them carpets into strings and carpet rags. I couldn't help it. I can't hold in my strength. I'm too glad to get to work, that's the trouble with me, ma'am, it's a Bible fact. I'll beat them carpets, if you say so, but I won't be respu-

sible fur 'em; no makiu' me work for nothin' fur five or six weeks to pay fur tearin' 'em into slits yer know. I'll go at 'em if you'll say the word and take the responsibility, but the fact is, I am too hard a worker to go foolin' around carpets, that's just what I am."

The lady excused the energetic worker from going at the carpets, but was puzzled what to set him at. Finally she asked him what there was he would like to do and could do, with safety to himself and the work.

"Well, now," he said, "that's considerit in ye. That's real considerit, and I'll take a hold and do something that'll give ye the wuth of your money, and won't give me no chance to destroy nothin' by workin' too hard at it. If ye'll jest kindly fetch me out a rockin' chair, I'll set down in the shade and keep the cows from liftin' the latch of the front gate and gettin' into the yard. An' I'll do it well and only charge you reasonable for it, fur the fact is I'm so dead crazy fur work that it isn't big pay I want so much as a steady job."

And when he was rejected and sent forth, jobless and breakfastless, to wander up and down the cold, unfeeling world in search of work, he cast stones at the house and said, in dejected tones,

"There, now, that's just the way. They call us a bad lot, and say we're lazy and thieves, and won't work, when a feller is just crazy to work and nobody won't give him nary job that he kin do. Won't work I land alive, they won't give us work, an' when we want to an' try to, they won't let us. There ain't a man in Ameriky that 'ud work as hard an' as stiddy as I would if they'd gimme a chance."

Master Bilderback Returns to School.

We remember one day last Summer, during the long vacation, when the *Huckeyes* published a news item stating that a boy named Bilderback had fallen from the seat of a reaping machine, and got cut to pieces, a patient, weary looking, and rather handsome young lady called at the office, and appeared to be very anxious to have that item verified. And when we gave her all possible assurance that everything appearing in that great and good paper, the *Huckeyes*, was necessarily true, she drew a deep sigh of relief, and said she felt actually thankful she wouldn't have that boy to demoralize the school the next term. And then she smiled sweetly, and thanked us for our assuring words, and went away.

Imagine her dismay, then, about the third or fourth day of the fall term, when a terrific cheering in the yard, about ten minutes before school time, drew her to the window,

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