

if they came down he rushed out-of-doors and hopped on one leg a whole block, and turned summersaults the next block, and then ran whistling ever so many blocks, until he brought up short, remembering that he was to observe and inquire into every odd thing he saw. He came to a stand just in front of a little shop, where a child sat on the doorstep, and an old woman stood behind the child. The youngster was the most cross-eyed that ever the boy had seen. He felt that he must inquire.

"What makes this child so cross eyed?"

"Both its father and mother were cross-eyed," said the old woman.

"I don't think that's fair," said the boy, "that the poor child's looks should be ruined on account of its father and mother."

"The woman took a little looking-glass from her counter and held it before the boy's face.

"Do you see how handsome you are?"

"O, I always knew I was handsome," said the boy.

"But how did you come to be so much better looking than most boys?"

"Why, my father and mother are very handsome; they are called about the finest looking couple in London."

"And do you think it's fair you should look so uncommon well?"

"Why, yes; why not?" said the boy.

"Some rules, you see, work both ways," said the old woman.

"The boy walked on, meditating, until he almost fell over a girl who was washing some steps.

"What are you staring at and thinking of?" asked the girl.

"Well, excuse me, but I never saw such red hair as you have. How did you come to have such red hair?"

"I belong to a red haired family," said the girl. "Never has one of us had any other color. But, pray, tell me how I would look with my eyes and complexion if I had black or brown or yellow hair?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I do," said the girl; "I shouldn't look any better than now."

"The boy went on till he came to a small house, where by the open window lay a pale, sick young man in a chair. As the boy passed he felt very sorry for the invalid, and then thought it might be his duty to inquire. So, to make inquiring easy, he bought three oranges and a bouquet, and ran back to the window.

"I'm out on a holi lay," said the boy, 'and I felt no en I sorry to see you sick, and I got you these to show how sorry I feel for you. What's the matter?'

"I've got the consumption," said the young man.

"How did you get it?"

"Inherited it. Both my parents died with it."

"I don't think that's fair," said the boy, 'for you to be sick because your parents were sickly.'

"You look very strong," said the invalid.

"I'm no end strong," said the boy. 'Just look at my muscle; feel my grip.' and that isn't half my grip."

"How did you come to be so strong?"

"Why, my father is awfully strong. He can pull a boat faster than any man but a professional; he can bat a ball out of sight; you never saw such a strong man."

"And you don't quarrel with inheriting strength? You think it is quite fair?"

"The boy hung his head. To turn the conversation he said:

"Those children look very poor."

"Their father is a drunkard. You don't expect drunkards' children to look any way but poor, do you? It is not their fault; and yet you see they row in the same boat as their father. That boy over the street, so well dressed, is the son of the busy master builder. It is not his praise that his father is a smart man, but the son gets the benefit of it."

"The boy walked on to a bookstore and went in. At the door stood a lord's carriage—liveries, coachman, coat of arms, great splendors. After these grand folk went out the boy bought a book.

"It's quite fine to be such great people," he said.

"Fine enough," said the bookseller; 'but only for one thing I might have been in that lord's place and he in mine.'

"How was that?" said the boy.

"In the time of Charles I. the Beaufort family had great estates. The elder son sided with the Commons, the younger with the King. When Charles II. came back the elder son was banished as a traitor, and the estates were given to the younger son, who was made a lord. They have been lord's ever since. I descend from the elder son. If he had held to King, rather than Commons, I would now be Lord Beaufort, and not Bookseller Beaufort."

"Dear me," said the boy; 'why did they not punish the Beaufort himself, himself, and let the children keep the