

their frocks, and Elgar would have all the more money to buy stock for the store.

He ought to have been attending school still, for his education was only scanty, but there was such urgent need of his help in the earning of the daily bread, that it was of no use to think of his attending school any longer.

Bob Townsford was keen on speculation, and he really cared very little for anything else, but he had the sense not to risk his all in that sort of enterprise, and so a certain amount of money had been sunk in the house, and the store, while he could use what was left as a basis for his speculative operations.

That night when the store was closed, the three little girls in bed, and Mr. Townsford still away on some errand of business, Mrs. Townsford brought a little wooden box from her bedroom, and set it on the kitchen table in front of Elgar, who was eating a very late supper.

"There are the things, dear. There is nothing there of much value I fear, for neither your mother, nor I had much money to invest in trinkets, but of course some of the things were valued on account of their associations."

"Thank you, aunt," said Elgar, and his face was very sober when he opened the box, for he could not remember his mother, or his father, and although he had never had to want for love, thanks to his aunt, yet all the same it was only natural that he should feel receiving these things, which his mother had treasured while in life.

Rings, chains, brooches, little locket, a couple of silver bracelets, all of them old-fashioned, and a little tarnished, as such things would be from long neglect.

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