

The Luck of Blackford Hannigan

Hannigan was down on his luck. Blackboards of the right kind were scarcer and scarcer, and the November air had a way of nipping the ears and nose which was not pleasant. Hannigan was a wandering painter. He had once been proficient as a despoiler of scenery, as many of the legends which now adorn the Buckeye landscape and proclaim the merits of pink pellets and condition powders will testify. Rum had got the upper hand of Hannigan. His hand was no longer steady enough to follow the configuration of letters, even when they were chalked out by steadier fingers, but Hannigan could still paint blackboards. There was a time when around the walls of every district school in southern Ohio there was painted a dark dado, on which the pupils worked out their arithmetical salvation.

Mr. Hannigan as he strode along the tracks was muttering to himself about the perversity of fortune. He had spent nearly his last cent for material. He had been to three schoolhouses, and in each he had been confronted with slabs of smoothly polished slate which covered the plastered wall. The agent of a Chicago school supply company had preceded Hannigan and had done him much injury. At the last schoolhouse the teacher had smiled pityingly when the decorator talked of the evil which had come upon him. She had unclasped from a long chain which she wore a silver mounted rabbit's foot and had insisted upon the astonished painter's accepting it.

Now that Hannigan was alone again his thoughts went back to the little schoolhouse, and the more he thought about the duplicity of the trustees and the slate blackboards the more angry he became. He drew from his pocket the fuzzy fetich which the teacher had given him and in the half darkness contemplated it with a look of fine scorn. Hannigan was walking on the railroad track with the measured tread common to the experienced wanderer who avails himself of that courtesy of the company known as the "tie pass."

"Luck!" muttered Hannigan. "Jim Hannigan walking the track with not a thing in his pocket but a rabbit's foot has a run of luck, hasn't he? Where's that fool thing?"

Hannigan took the talisman from his pocket and threw it on the track. It dropped near a rail, where the glint from its mounting revealed its presence. Hannigan stopped as though to pick it up again. Then he reconsidered.

"No," said he; "don't want it; won't have it. Let some fellow find it who wasn't born to be unlucky."

Hannigan heard a shrill whistle and the rumble of wheels. He stepped aside in a mechanical way just in time to evade a train. He stood for a moment contemplating the two fiery eyes of red which were diminishing in front of him. Then he looked around him.

"I was crossing the long trestle, and I didn't know it," said Hannigan. "Now, by gum, that is what I call luck—crossing the trestle with no chance in the world to get off it and spikes on the sides of the track to make it uncomfortable for us hoboes; crossing the trestle, by jing! If I had jumped I would have been drowned in twenty feet of water, and if I had stayed they would never have recognized me except for this can of sawdust cocktails. Jim Hannigan, you are an ungrateful cuss. That rabbit's foot saved you, and you threw it away. This is where you see a crayon enlargement of Jim Hannigan going back to find the only thing which ever brought him luck."

He went back over the ties, dodging the spikes, looking for the rabbit's foot. He could see no trace of it. He glanced up in time to see two bulging eyes of red which were growing bigger with every second. James Hannigan jumped and shrieked. The "Cannon Ball" was backing down on him, and he was in the middle of the trestle. He threw himself on the track, rolled over, clasped the end of a tie in his arms and swung himself off just as the express whizzed over his head. Above him was the roar of the train, and beneath him the waters of the Hocking were greedily lapping the wooden piles.

"Talk about hard luck," muttered the trembling painter of blackboards. "Queered for life by a rabbit's foot and a schoolmarm's smile."

The trestle was vibrating beneath the weight of the train. Hannigan, with his right arm within six inches of the rail over which were rushing the wheels of the "Cannon Ball," felt a shiver through every nerve of his body. He yelled curses, and the rails gave back a mocking sound. He felt the dull pain of weariness in his arms.

"Twenty feet of water below," moaned Hannigan, "and I can't swim! I couldn't draw myself up, even if the train wasn't here. Well, so long, everybody. Here is the end of James Hannigan, born a scenic artist, died a bum."

He dropped. The cold waters closed about the form of the knight of the road. Then a moment of silence, and James Hannigan awoke. He thought he was sitting on downy cushions and around him was poured a cooling and a crystal flood. Hannigan sat bolt upright in the dark mud of the Hocking river bottom, and about him flowed two feet of the tawny flood. Beyond were the dark depths of the stream. From the locomotive a few feet

ahead on the trestle above there came a shower of fiery nodules. The ash-box was open. In the glow of the falling particles Hannigan saw a gray object floating on the tide before him. He picked it up and placed it reverently in the upper pocket of his coat. —Portland Transcript.

School Children in Germany

In Germany the law requires that every child attend school from the age of six up to fourteen. Parents are compelled to pay a fine in court if their children are absent from school without good cause, and the child must make up the time by just as many extra days at the end of his course as he has been absent, says an exchange. Children are called by their last names from the very first of their school days. Their teachers are men almost without exception. The hours for attendance in the winter are from eight to twelve in the morning, and from two to four in the afternoon; and in the warmer months from seven to eleven and from two to four. These hours are shortened for the younger children. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the schools are closed. What seems strange to us is that all studying is done out of school. A class not having recitation, therefore, is sent home, and so it happens that few children are all of the six hours a day in school, as the above hours would seem to indicate. The very little ones, for instance, may be in school from eight to nine, from eleven to twelve, and from two to three, the intervening time being spent at home in play or study. In consequence of this out-of-school study, all books, pencils and stationery are taken home at the close of the morning and afternoon sessions. This has given rise to the use of knapsacks by both girls and boys. These knapsacks are made of leather, either dressed or with the hair on.

If a boy intends to carry his education beyond that afforded by the grammar school, he is expected to enter the high school at the age of nine or ten years, where his lower school studies are continued and languages are commenced in a simple way. Girls in like manner go to a higher school. The studies pursued in German schools are much the same as in our own.

If I were asked what is the favorite amusement of the German children, I should answer taking long walks into the country. The love of nature seems to be born with most of them. Besides, they are sturdy young folks, and are perfectly willing to put up with inconveniences. For these reasons they are just the people to enjoy walking in the country, and the practice begun in childhood is kept up during life. When the children go on these long walks, they often carry what we should call a botanical box (that is, a tin box about a foot and a half long, with rounded edges, and a lid on hinges), slung over the shoulder by a strap.

Roses for Indoor Blooming

From the Farmers' Review: Every lover of flowers who is the owner of a window garden would be glad to include a rose or two in her collection. Though it is difficult with some varieties, many persons succeed in growing really fine roses in living rooms. The first thing to be done is to select your plant. Let me advise you to make it either Queen's Scarlet, Agrippina, Hermosa or Clothilde Soupert. If you can grow any rose, you can grow these, for they are better adapted to house conditions than some of the more popular varieties. To insure success, give careful attention to several things: First to soil. All roses like a stiff, heavy soil, one that can be made firm about the roots. In loose, spongy soils, roses will live indefinitely, but they will not flourish. If you want your rose for winter flowering, be sure to get it as soon as possible. Put it in a five or six-inch pot, make the soil firm and water moderately. Give it an airy, sunny place out of doors during the summer. If it throws out branches with buds, cut them back within a few inches of the main stalk. In this way you secure a few short branches from which growth will start when you are ready for it. In the fall it may not be necessary to repot the plant, but it should be given a liberal amount of fertilizer as soon as it begins to grow; a spoonful of fine bone meal to each plant will generally be sufficient. This can be repeated at intervals if the plant shows any indications of flagging. To have good roses it is very important to feed the plants well.

If great care is not taken, insects will injure the plants. Red spider may be kept in check by spraying daily. Aphids may be controlled by the use of Ivory soap infusion once a week. Dip the plants in it, if convenient. This is better than spraying. Scale will have to be scrubbed off, but this pest is not very common on house-grown roses. If the plants mildew, dust them with flour of sulphur. You will see that she who has roses richly earns her success, but she will be a "willing worker" if she really loves them.—Eben E. Rexford.

TO THE HUMBLE BEE.

Burly, dozing humbeeb!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off seas through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag, steering, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy bearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.
Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere:
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.
Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple sap and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And bitter roses, dwell among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed,
Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow breasted, desert cheerer,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at late and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat,
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast—
Thou already slumbered deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, when wert thou here.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Chief of Police of Mendota

The one-time chief of police of Mendota was a little, thin, dyspeptic man who lived about 1882 on the Red River of the North, dividing his time between raising horses and his official duties as the sole guardian of the peace of that neighborhood. He had been chief ten years at this time, and it was a matter of history that during this period he had not found it necessary to make a single arrest. Mendota was peaceful.

East of Mendota lay great stretches of Indian land. Many Chippewas occupied these lands by right of title, and were supposed to have military protection from the government. It was a kind of protection, though that the highwayman usually gives to the victim he is planning to despoil. The military never entered the district except when thrifty settlers thought an "Indian scare" might lead to the expenditure of considerable government money. Despite the predatory raids of government marshals and bad whisky sellers the Indians did quite well in the wilds still left to them. They rarely suffered from white brutality except when they visited the towns lying outside of their own district. Then if they had money they fell into the hands of unscrupulous saloon-keepers and sharp merchants and were fortunate to escape with their lives.

It was during the heavy snows and bitter cold of January, 1882, that a Chippewa brave, his squaw and a young daughter of about 16 came into Mendota on their snowshoes. The Indian's name in English was Red Fox. He was known as a hunter of skill, an abstainer from liquor and a teller of the truth. He had rarely been seen in Mendota and his coming at this season of the year attracted some attention. It transpired, however, that during the previous summer he had contracted with a merchant of the town to bring him certain furs, and having secured these he felt it to be his duty to make as prompt delivery as possible.

He delivered the furs, received his price, and would have left Mendota that night but for the heavy storm which swept over the valley and which even he could not face. He was given quarters in the office of the one hotel in Mendota, and there he and his women lay down to sleep in their blankets early that night. What happened later appears in court records that are still in existence. During the night there came into the hotel three men from one of the interior logging camps. They were under the influence of liquor, and the sight of the sleeping brave and his two women set mad fancies to whirling in their brains.

They woke Red Fox, and after a long conversation with him, and despite all law, induced him to drink with them. They carried their sport so far that the Indian became wild with the liquor and a general fight followed. During this fight the daughter of Red Fox was killed by one of the lumbermen and the mother was so badly injured that she died the next day.

The frightened landlord fled from the hotel with his family and ran through the blinding snow to the house of the chief of police. He aroused that official and begged him to come to the hotel at once. That little dyspeptic was out of bed quickly and into his clothes. He waited for no assistance, but made his way to the hotel alone. When he entered Red Fox was lying in a stupor behind the stove. At his feet was the body of his daughter, and beyond her the dying mother. The lumbermen had fled. The chief, whose name was Higgins, summoned medical aid and then devoted himself to arousing Red Fox. It was long after daylight when the Indian finally understood what terrible disaster his own folly had brought upon him. Higgins was with him when the truth came home. Higgins had never been tried as chief of police. Higgins had yet a reputation to make. The fair name of Mendota had been fouled by the crime of murder. The murderers had escaped.

"I will find them," said Higgins to Red Fox.
"Red Fox go with you," said the Indian.
Then he went forth and stood a long

time by the body of his dead child and said no word. Then they took him to the room where his wife lay dead, and he gave no sign there except to put his hand upon her face. After that the citizens of Mendota saw the chief and Red Fox go forth into the wilderness with no word of farewell except this from Higgins:
"We will find them."

Their way led them into the very heart of the wilds of northern Minnesota. They lost the trail in untouched pine forests, they found it by frozen streams, they missed it in abandoned logging camps, they took it up where only the wild fowl and the moose had their home. They slept in snowbanks, they burrowed into the hollows of great trees to keep warmth in their bodies; they traveled many a day without food, they told no one of the purpose of their errand; they simply sought three men whom Red Fox knew.

They passed the Knife and Rum rivers; they broke through the ice of the Muddy; they slept under the glare of the northern lights and woke where the cold endured at 20 and 30 degrees below zero. The strangers who met them thought they were wreaths—this little thin white man and this tall, gaunt-eyed Indian. January ended and February came but still they searched, while distant Mendota confidently waited for Higgins' return.

One winter's morning Higgins and Red Fox came into a far north logging camp in the Vermilion region, and found the loggers at breakfast. As they passed among the men a frightful expression passed over the face of Red Fox. At the end of the dining table sat three young men. Higgins saw them almost as quick as Red Fox. He sprang between them and the Indian. His coat flew back and his star of office shone forth. He cried out:

"I am Higgins, chief of police of Mendota. I have warrants for the arrest of these men for murder. They killed this Indian's wife and child." Higgins acted quick, too, in another way. Two pistols flew from his coat pocket, one swept the faces of the three cowering men and one covered Red Fox.

"Take that Indian out," he said, "or he will murder them." The lumbermen acted. Red Fox was led away. Higgins quickly demonstrated his case to the foreman of the camp, and the three men, securely bound, were turned over to him. Now he had his long journey home to make. He feared to have Red Fox with him. The Indian did not wish to wait for the law of the white man to act. Higgins spoke sternly to him, and told him to go on ahead and give warning to Mendota that he had captured the murderers. Red Fox solemnly left the camp half a day ahead of Higgins. The latter hired a team and a guard. He started for Mendota, the guard driving, the three prisoners in the middle of the sledge and he in the rear watching them. He brought them safely the first hundred miles of the journey. The fourth day that he was out and still fifty miles from Mendota he came to a heavy pine growth which must be passed through.

The trail was very narrow. Higgins was worn out, the driver was watching the laboring of the horses, the prisoners sat moodily in their furs speculating on the chances of escape. Suddenly out of the forest shot tongues of flame and the crack of rifles. Perhaps two rifles were fired, maybe more. No one ever knew, but the prisoners lurched forward, dead men, and the wild cry of vengeance of Red Fox rang out just once. He was never seen again in Mendota or the pine forest. Higgins brought the bodies in. He was a chief of police.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Reversible Motto

"Very few good speeches are really impromptu," said a young New Orleans lawyer, who had a reputation as a clever off-hand talker, "but it is generally easy to produce that effect by simply leading off with some local allusion. Of course that's a trick, but it is a trick employed by a good many eminent orators. I was broken of it myself by a rather peculiar incident. One day some years ago I happened to be in a town where a large commercial college is located, and was invited by the president to make a few remarks to the boys during the noon recess. I mentally framed a little talk on energy, and, as I was going in the main hall I noticed the word 'Push' in big letters on the outside of the door. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'that's the very thing I need for localizing my opening sentence.' So, when I reached the platform, I launched out something like this: 'My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room a moment ago, I observed a word on the panel of the door that impressed me as being an appropriate emblem for an institution of this eminently practical character. It expressed the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of every day life. It was 'Pull!' yelled a dozen of the boys on the back seats. There was a roar of laughter, and I was so thoroughly disconcerted that I was unable to take up the thread of my remarks. That confounded door had 'Push' on one side and 'Pull' on the other. I had taken my text from the outside.—Little Chronicle.

You who are not tempted rejoice not that you are clothed in virtue; the outcome of the untried is in the nature of things an unknown quantity

An Afterthought

Mary Ann Clough walked up the trim, well-kept walk that led to Mrs. Priscilla Hathaway's door. She was very tired, for she had been a long way that morning: clear out to the old Haines place that stood at the extreme edge of the village. Her black dress looked rustier than ever with the dust of the road upon it, and on her worn face was a pinched and sunken look that betokened lack of nourishment, as well as weariness.

She had been out to collect a bill for some sewing done months ago, for Amanda Haines went her languid improvident way without troubling her head much about unpaid bills.

Mary Ann found her in the kitchen reading a paper-covered book. There was a pile of unwashed dishes on the table.

"Is that you, Mary Ann?" she said surprisedly, lifting her eyes from her absorbing paper. "Come right in and sit down if you can find a place. I haven't tidied up this morning. I thought I'd just sit down and rest a while. I haven't that money yet, Mary Ann," she added placidly. "Maybe I'll have it the next time you come. Dreadful dry weather, ain't it, and you—you're looking thin, Mary Ann. What, you're not goin' already?"

Mary Ann drew on her cotton gloves with a sigh. "I guess I'd better," she answered. "There was no use in asking Mandy Haines for money," she thought hopelessly. "If she had it, she'd only spend it for something else."

So the long, dusty walk had been a fruitless one after all, and Mary Ann was well-nigh exhausted when she reached Mrs. Priscilla's gate. Work had been scarce of late, and all Mary Ann had had for breakfast that morning had been some very weak tea and some very dry toast.

It was one o'clock when she walked up to Mrs. Priscilla's door. There was a faint hope in her heart that Mrs. Priscilla might ask her to stay to dinner. Even a cup of tea would be thankfully received, poor Mary Ann thought, for Mrs. Priscilla's tea was always good.

Mrs. Priscilla was plump and well-favored and prided herself on her good housekeeping. Her husband had died some years before, and there had been no children. So with a tidy little sum in the bank, Mrs. Priscilla settled herself to a life of comfort. She never seemed to mind the solitude, but busied herself with her cat and her bird, her preserves and her cake, and her really fine housekeeping. Once in a while she invited some of her old friends in to tea. Invitations from her were always hailed with anticipated pleasure, for, as I have said, she was a notable cook, and her guests were sure of all kinds of culinary triumphs.

She came to the door now, in answer to Mary Ann's knock. "Why, Mary Ann," she said in a pleased voice, "come right in. You look about fagged out. Here, sit here."

She drew a rocking chair into the center of the room, and Mary Ann sank into it.

"I've been out to the Haines place," she explained wearily. "Mandy owed me a little money, and as I needed it just now, I thought I'd make a trip there."

Mrs. Priscilla threw a shrewd glance in Mary Ann's direction. "You ought to have known better, delicate as you are," retorted Mrs. Priscilla a little shortly. "Of course, you didn't get it?"

"No," replied Mary Ann faintly. "I didn't."

She rested her head wearily against the gay patchwork cushion at her back. How tired, how very tired she was. It seemed to her she couldn't go a step farther. If only Mrs. Priscilla would offer her a cup of tea, but she seemed quite unmindful of the needs of the pale, anxious little woman opposite.

"I'm sorry you didn't come earlier," she announced seating herself in her particular chair, and folding her plump hands in her lap. "I had a real good dinner to-day, roast beef and dressing, apple dumplings and sauce, but the dishes are all washed now. Most people who live alone," she added, "get into the habit of not cooking any. I never did. I always keep my table set just the same as I did when Benjamin was alive. I really believe I owe my perfect health to three good meals a day."

Mary Ann sighed gently. "You look well," she answered. "A great deal younger than I do, and we're about the same age. But I've had a harder time than you, my dear. I've always had to work for what I've had."

Her eyes roamed over the comfortable room with its wide lounge, its white dimity curtains, its bright carpet and easy chairs.

"Yes," said Mrs. Priscilla, smoothing her white apron complacently, "Benjamin was always a good provider and left me enough to keep me comfortable. I wish you had some one to look after you, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann shook her head. "It's too late to wish that now," she answered quietly. "I'm not getting any younger, and I never had your good looks, Priscilla. As long as I can work I can manage some way. When I can't—"

She got up wearily. "I guess I'll be getting along," she said.

"Hain't you better rest awhile longer?" suggested Mrs. Priscilla kindly, but Mary Ann declined gently. As she went down the narrow walk in her dusty dress, her tired shoulders drooped more than usual.

Mrs. Priscilla watched her from the door way. "My stars," she whispered to herself, as she stood there, "how old and fagged Mary Ann does look. Any one would think she was a good ten years older than I am. She seemed discouraged, too. I'm afraid Mary Ann ain't doing very well, but then she ain't one of the complaining kind. She must have needed money pretty badly though, to walk clear out to the Haines place for it."

Like a flash, an inspiration came to her. "I do believe," she whispered slowly, "I do believe she's hungry. Now I think of it, she looked it and I—out of all my plenty, I never offered her a thing."

She went hurriedly into the small and shining kitchen. The teapot was still warm. There was plenty of roast beef and apple dumplings too. "Why didn't I set her a lunch," she whispered remorsefully. "I always did like Mary Ann Clough. She ain't one of the kind that pushes herself forward. She needs some one to look after her, Mary Ann does."

She walked into the sitting room and sat down again, then she rose. "It's no use, my conscience won't let me rest," she said to herself.

Mrs. Priscilla hurried into the kitchen again. The roast beef and the dumplings were placed hurriedly in the oven, the teapot set carefully on the back of the stove. The next minute she had started on her way.

Mrs. Priscilla knocked briskly at the weather-beaten door. She waited a minute before Mary Ann opened it. Her eyes were red, and she still had on her black dress.

"Why, Priscilla," she said, smiling faintly, "whatever brought you down here?"

"My guilty conscience," promptly replied Mrs. Priscilla. "Mary Ann," she added suddenly, "I never thought until you were gone how thoughtful and selfish it was of me not to offer you any dinner after that long walk. So I've come to ask you to come back. Come now, put on your hat. I won't take 'no' for an answer."

She followed Mary Ann into the clean, bare kitchen. The fire had not been lighted. On the table were two slices of bread and a cup of cold tea. Nothing else.

"Is that all you were going to have?" demanded Mrs. Priscilla sternly.

Mary Ann nodded and her lips quivered. "Work has been scarce lately," she answered unsteadily. "I've had almost nothing to spend, but I'm a poor hand to tell my troubles; you know that."

Mrs. Priscilla brushed away a quick tear. "Look up the house, Mary Ann," she said peremptorily. "You're coming home with me."

Mary Ann obeyed silently. In a few minutes the two women were started up the hill again. Mrs. Priscilla gave a sigh of satisfaction when her own door was reached and opened. "There," she cried hospitably. "Now you sit down and rest. I'll call you when I'm ready."

Mary Ann sat quietly in the big softly cushioned chair, too tired to move. She heard the hostess moving briskly about in the next room, then a moment later her name was called. She got up stiffly and went out. There stood the little round table with its white cloth and gold-banded china. There was the steaming cup of tea she had so longed for. Besides this, there were thin slices of bread, fresh, sweet butter, a dish of amber honey, a pitcher of milk, and the roast beef and dressing. By her plate was a saucer with a tempting apple dumpling on it.

Mary Ann sat down. Her eyes were full of tears as she asked a silent blessing—tears of gratitude for this unexpected favor. "I don't know how to thank you, Priscilla," she said brokenly, after a moment's stillness, "it seems so good to be here."

"Don't try," said Mrs. Priscilla gently, "just eat my dear." So poor, tired, discouraged Mary Ann ate her dinner, that belated, unlooked-for dinner. How nice everything tasted. How good God was to put it into Priscilla's heart to ask her.

"You must let me wash the dishes, Priscilla," she said humbly, when she had finished. "I've enjoyed everything. There ain't many that can cook like that. I've always said it."

"You go right in and rest," returned Mrs. Priscilla promptly. "I guess you've done enough for one day."

In a few minutes Mrs. Priscilla came in. "You look better, Mary Ann," she said.

Mary Ann's thin cheek flushed. "I am," she replied. "I'm ashamed to tell you how much good your dinner did me. When I'm rested, I'll be getting on again. I must look for work if I can find it."

She clasped her thin little hands together nervously. Mrs. Priscilla looked across at her, noted her hollow cheeks and her blue veined temples. A great and tender pity thrilled her. "Mary Ann," she said.

"Yes, Priscilla."

"You may as well make up your mind to stay with me a spell. I've a black dress to fix over, and when you get that done you can crochet me a rug. I need it upstairs. Why, Mary Ann, you must not cry so, like a child."

But Mary Ann was sobbing piteously. She lifted her streaming eyes to her friend's face.

"What put it into your heart, Priscilla?" she cried. "Did you know I hadn't a cent in the world? And I've cried hard. I have indeed. It isn't all my fault but there just seems to be no place for me."

Mrs. Priscilla bent and kissed the thin cheek. "We'll make a place," she said heartily. "You needn't worry, Mary Ann. The Lord always cares for his own."—Ram's Horn.