

Belletonte, Pa., September 11, 1914.

HUMAN.

There are none of us just quite perfect, There is something wrong in the best: We're all so mortal and human, And none more so than the rest When it's all summed up at the finish.

And the Lord strikes balance that day. If we only just cry we are human, It will be about all we should say.

There is nothing so common as fault is, And mistakes and errors all make: And why should we rail at a brother Or lift a finger to shake

In the face of some stumbler? It's human To take a misstep now and then: We scoff at the weakness of woman But the weakest of all are the men.

This thing af revenge, getting, Of laying for some one. Ah, me! What fools we all are in our weakness. What pity it is we can't see! Stain character, smear reputation?

What you throw vengeful brother, is mud; But look where your own heart's corroded. And that stain on your hand is of blood!

There are none of us faultless in this world, So why should it be worth while To trouble our hearts with this hatred. To envy some brother his smile! We're human, so awfully human,

And why should we think it would pay To go round creating obstructions To place in some poor fellow's way?

The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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SYNOPSIS Waitstill Baxter and her sister, Patience Patty), keep house for their widowed, mean father. Ivory Boynton, whose fa-ther disappeared, is interested in Waitstill. He takes care of his daft mother.

Mrs. Boynton expects her husband to return. Rodman, a young boy, is a member of the Boynton household.

Ivory's father abandoned his family to follow Jacob Cochrane, a mystic. Pa-tience chafes under her father's stern

Patty has two admirers-Mark Wilson, an educated young man, and Cephas Cole, who is unlearned. Mark kisses her.

Waitstill is spending her life in loving care of Patience. Aunt Abby and Uncle Bart Cole are friends of the whole community.

Cephas Cole, tending store for Baxter, proposes to Patty and is rejected. In his agitation he lets the molasses run all

Although they love each other, Waitstill Ivory suppress their affection because of their household cares.

Patty and Waitstill go to church, although their father is too mean to give them fitting garments. Waitstill sings in

A strange young woman in the Wilson pew, a visitor from Boston, makes Patty jealous. Haying time arrives. Waitstill decides to disobey her father

by paying a visit to Mrs. Boynton. Uncle Bart discourses to Cephas on woman's

Mrs. Boynton confides in Waitstill, telling the girl she believes Rodman is not her sister's child, but she cannot be sure. To punish Waitstill for disobedience Deacon Baxter locks her out all night.

She spends the night in the barn. Pa-Patience Baxter is embarrassed amid a multitude of suitors. She thinks Mark is

Trying to trace his father, Ivory writes Waitstill a long account of Boynton's following of Cochrane, with which Mrs. Boynton was not in full sympathy. The village gossips are busy with the

names of Waitstill and Ivory, but in a friendly and sympathetic manner. In Ivory's absence young Rodman min-

Isters to Mrs. Boynton. She is ill and sends Rodman for Ivory. Ivory receives proof of his father's death and succeeds in convincing his mother of it. Waitstill volunteers her help in the

Boynton housekeeping. [Continued from last week] "'Twould 'a' served old Levi right if nobody else had gone," said Rish Bix-

by. "When his wife died he refused to come into the house till the last minute. He stayed to work in the barn till all the folks had assembled and even the men were all settin' down on benches in the kitchen. The parson sent me out for him. and I'm blest if the old skunk didn't come in through the crowd with his sleeves rolled upwent to the sink and washed, and then set down in the room where the coffin was, as cool as a cowcumber."

"I remember that funeral well," corroborated Abel Day. "An' Mis' Day heerd Levi say to his daughter, as soon as they'd put poor old Mrs. Baxter int' the grave, 'Come on, Marthy: there's no use cryin' over spilt milk: we'd better go home an' busk out the rest o' that corn.' Old Foxy could have inherited plenty o' meanness from his father, that's certain, an' he's added to his inheritance right along, like the thrifty man he is. I hate to think o' them two fine girls wearin' their fin gers to the bone for his benefit."

"Oh, well, 'twon't last forever," said Rish Bixby. "They're the han'somest couple o' girls on the river, an' they'll get husbands afore many years. Patience 'll have one pretty soon, by the looks. She never budges an inch but Mark Wilson or Phil Perry are follerin' behind, with Cephas Cole watchin' his chance right along too. Waitstill don't seem to have no beaux; what with fly in' around to keep up with the deacon an' bein' a mother to Patience, her mands is full, I guess."

all round I could prognosticate who Waitstill could keep house for," was Peter Morrill's opinion.

"You mean Ivory Boynton? Well, if the deacon was asked he'd never give his consent, that's certain, an' Ivory ain't in no position to keep a wife anyways. What was it you heerd bout Aaron Boynton up to New Hampshire, Peter?" asked Abel Day.

"Consid'able, one way an' another. an' none of it would 'a' been any comfort to Ivory. I guess Aaron 'n' Jake Cochrane was both of 'em more interested in savin' the sisters' souls than the brothers'. Aaron was a fine appearin' man, and so was Jake for that matter, 'n' they both had the gift o' gab. There's nothin' like a limber tongue if you want to please the women folks. If report says true, Aaron died of a fever out in Ohio somewheres. Cortland's the place, I b'lieve. Seems 's if he hid his trail all the way from New Hampshire somehow, for as a usual thing a man o' book learnin' like him would be remembered wherever he went. Wouldn't you call Aaron Boynton a turrible l'arned man, Timothy?"

Timothy Grant, the parish clerk, had just entered the store on an errand; but, being directly addressed and judging that the subject under discussion was a discreet one and that it was too early in the evening for drinking to begin, he joined the group by the fireside. He had preached in Vermont for several years as an itinerant Methodist minister before settling down to farming in Edgewood, only giving up his profession because his quiver was so full of little Grants that a wandering life was difficult and undesirable. When Uncle Bart Cole had remarked that Mis' Grant had a little of everything in the way of baby stock nowblack, red an' yaller haired, dark and light complected, fat an' lean, tall an' short, twins an' singles-Jed Morrill had observed dryly, "Yes. Mis' Grant kind o' reminds me of charity."

"How's that?" inquired Uncle Bart. "She beareth all things." chuckled

most adhesive larnin'," agreed Timothy, who had the reputation of the largest and most unusual vocabulary in Edgewood. "Next to Jacob Cochrane I should say Aaron had more grandeloquence as an orator than any man we've ever had in these parts. It feller, now, is smart 's a whip an' could talk the tail off a brass monkey."

Boyntons," Abel reminded him. "He to the back an' kills em like a shot, and inhails from the other side o' the house.'

"That's so. Well, Ivory does for certain, an' takes after his mother, right enough, for she hain't spoken a doz-



en words in as many years. I guess. Ivory's got a sight o' book knowledge, though, an' they do say he could talk Greek an' Latin both, if we had any of 'em in the community to converse with I've never paid no intention to the dead languages, bein' so ockerpied with

other studies." "Why do they call 'em the dead languages, Tim?" asked Rish Bixby.

'em has perished off the face o' the land," Timothy answered oracularly, "Dead an' gone they be, lock, stock and barrel; yet there was a time when Latins an' Crustaceans an' Hebrews every one agreed with him. an' Prooshians an' Australians an' Simesians was chatterin' away in their own tongues, an' so pow'ful that they was wallopin' the whole earth, you might say."

"I bet yer they never tried to wallop these here United States," interpolated the molasses hogshead.

and Rodman Boynton appeared on the threshold.

"No, sonny, Ivory ain't been in this there ain't nothin' the matter over to your house?"

"No, nothing particular." the boy answered, "only Aunt Boynton don't seem so weil as common, and I can't find Ivory anywhere."

"Come along with me, I'll help you look for him, an' then I'll go as fur as the lane with yer if we don't find him." And kindly Rish Bixby took the boy's

hand and left the store. "Mis' Boynton's had a spell, I guess!" suggested the storekeeper, peering fact that his uncle's Christian name, through the door into the darkness. Aaron, kept appearing in the chronicis "'Tain't like Ivory to be out nights

and leave her to Rod."

"If things was a little mite dif'rent Day. "Uncle Bart sees consid'able of ing rods of Moses and Aaron that had Ivory, an he says his mother is as a strange effect upon the boy's ear out o' that Enfield feller, Peter? Seems time. When his aunt was in the room ped watchin' for a dead man; tuckerin' herself all out an' keepin' Ivory an'

the boy all nerved up." "I've told Ivory everything I could gather up in the way of information and give him the names of the folks in Ohio that had writ back to New Hampshire. I didn't dilate on Aaron's goin's on in Effingham and Portsmouth. 'cause I dassay 'twas nothin' but scandal. Them as hates the Cochranites 'll never allow there's any good in 'em. whereas I've met some as is servin' the Lord good an' constant an' indulgin' in no kind of foolishness an' deviltry whatsoever.'

"Speakin' o' Husshons," said Bill Dunham from his corner, "I remem-

ber"-"We wa'n't alludin' to no Husshons." retorted Timothy Grant. "We was dealin' with the misfortunes of Aaron Boynton, who never fit valorously on the field o' battle, but perished out in Ohio of scarlit fever, if what they say in Enfield is true."

"'Tis an easy death." remarked Bill argumentatively "Scarlit fever don't seem like nothin' to me! Many's the time I've been close enough to fire at the eyeball of a Husshon an' run the resk o' bein' blown to smithereens!calm and cool I allers was too! Scarlit fever is an easy death from a warrior's p'int o' view!"

"Speakin' of easy death," continued Timothy, "you know I'm a great one for words, bein something of a scholard in my small way. Mebbe you no ticed that Elder Boone used a strange word in his sermon last Sunday? Words air cur'ous things sometimes, as I know, hevin' had consid'able leisure time to read when I was joggin' 'bout the country an' bein' brought your mother, but don't ask questions, into contack with men o' learnin'. The way I worked it out, not wishin' to ask Parson any more questions, bein' something of a scholard myself, is this: The youth in Ashy is a peculiar kind "Aaron Boyton was indeed a man of o' youth, 'n' their religion disposes 'em to lay no kind o' stress on huming life. When anything goes wrong with 'em an' they get a set back in war or business, or affairs with women folks, they want to die right off, so they take a sword an' stan' it straight up wherever they happen to be, in the shed or don't seem 's if Ivory was goin' to take the barn or the benhouse, an' they after his father that way. The little p'int the sharp end right to their waist line, where the bowels an' other vital organisms is lowcated, an' then they "Yes, but Rodman ain't no kin to the fall on to it. It runs 'em right through that's the way I cal'tate the youth in Ashy dies, if my entomology is correct,

as it gen'ally is." "Don't seem an easy death to me," argued Ezra, "but I ain't no scholard. What college did you attend to, Tim?"

"I don't hold no diaploma," responded Timothy, "though I attended the Wareham academy quite a spell, the same time as your sister was goin' to Wareim seminary where eddication is still bein' disseminated though of an awful poor kind compared to the old times.' "It's live an' larn," said the store-

keeper respectfully. "I never thought of a seminary bein' a place of dissemination before, but you can see the two words is near kin." "You can't allers tell by the sound," said Timothy instructively. "Some- saying,

times two words 'll start from the same root an' branch out diff'rent, like 'critter' an' 'hypocritter.' A 'hypocritter' must natcherally start by bein' a 'critter.' but a critter ain't obliged to be a 'hypocritter' 'thout he wants to." "I should hope not." interpolated

Abel Day piously. "Entomology must be an awful interestin study, though I never thought of observin' words myself. 'cept to avoid vulgar language an' profamity." "Hi sshon's a cur'ous word for a

man.' interjected Bill Dunham with a last despairing effort. "I remember seein' a Husshon once that"-

"Perhaps you ain't one to observe closely, Abel." said Timothy, not taking note of any interruption, simply using the time to direct a stream of tobacco juice to an incredible distance, but landing it neatly in the exact spot he had intended. "It's a trade by itself. you might say. observin' is, an' there's another sing'lar corraption! The Whigs in foreign parts, so they say, build stone towers to observe the evil machinations of the Tories, an' so the word 'observatory' come into gen-"Because all them that ever spoke eral use! All entomology; nothin' but entomology."

"I don't see where in thunder you picked up so much larnin', Timothy!" It was Abel Day's exclamation, but

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Rod That Blossomed

VORY BOYNTON had taken the horse and gone to the village on an errand, a rare thing for him to do after dark, so Rod was Bill Dunham from the dark corner by thinking as he sat in the living room learning his Sunday school lesson on "Is Ivory in here?" The door opened the same evening that the men were gossiping at the brick store. His aunt had required him from the time when he was proficient enough to do so to evenin'," replied Ezra Simms. "I hope read at least a part of a chapter in the Bible every night. Beginning with Genesis, he had reached Leviticus and had made up his mind that the Bible was a much more difficult book than "Scottish Chiefs" notwithstanding the fact that Ivory helped him over most of the hard places. At the present juncture he was vastly interested in the subject of "rods" as unfolded in the book of Exodus, which was beir g studied by his Sunday school class. What added to the excitement was the as frequently as that of the great lawgiver Moses himself, and there were of interest: "She don't have no spells," said Abel, many verses about the wonder work-

quiet as a lamb. Couldn't you git no when he read them aloud, as he loved kind of a certif cate of Aaron's death to do whenever he was left alone for a

's if that poor woman oughter be stop- his instinct kept him from doing this. for the mere mention of the name of Aaron, he feared, might sadden his aunt and provoke in her that dangerous vein of reminiscence that made

Ivory so anxious. "It kind o' makes me nervous to be named Rod. Aunt Boynton," said the boy, looking up from the Bible. "All the rods in these Exodus chapters do such dreadful things! They become serpents, and one of them swallows up all the others, and Moses smites the waters with a rod, and they become blood, and the people can't drink the water and the fish die! Then they stretch a rod across the streams and ponds and bring a plague of frogs over

rible insects." That was to show God's power to obedience and reverence." explained Mrs. Boynton, who had known the Bible from cover to cover in her youth and could still give chapter and verse for hundreds of her favorite passages.

the land, with swarms of flies and hor-

"It took an awful lot of melting. Phaeach's heart!" exclaimed the boy "Pharaoh must have been worse than Deacon Baxter! I wonder if they ever tried to make him good by being kind to him! I've read and read, but I can't find they used anything on him but plagues and famines and boils and pestilences and thunder and hail and fire! Have I got a middle name, Aunt Boynton, for I don't like Rod very much?"

"I never heard that you had a widdle name; you must ask Ivory," sa'd his aunt abstractedly

"Did my father name me Rod, or my mother? "I don't really know. Perhaps it was

please. "I forgot, Aunt Boynton! Yes, I think perhaps my mother named me. Mothers 'most always name their babies, don't they? My mother wasn't like you, she looked just like the picture of Pocahontas in my history. She never knew about these Bible rods, I

guess. "When you go a little further you will find pleasanter things about rods." said his aunt, knitting, knitting intensely, as was her habit, and talking as if her mind were 1,000 miles away. "You know they were just little branches of trees, and it was only God's power that made them wonderful in any way."

"Oh! I thought they were like the singing teacher's stick he keeps time

"No; if you look at your concordance you'll find it gives you a chapter in Numbers where there's something beautiful about rods. I have forgotten the place. It has been many years since I looked at it. Find it and read are apt to have and desire a sentiit aloud to me." The boy searched his mental sort of education for our chilconcordance and readily found the ref- dren, on a cultural basis which igerence in the 17th chapter of Numbers. "Stand near me and read." said Mrs, Boynton. "I like to hear the Bible

read aloud!" Rodman took his Bible and read. slowly and haltingly, but with clearness and understanding:

"1. And the Lord spake unto Moses. "2. Speak unto the children of Israel, and take of every one of them a rod according to the house of their fathers, of all their princes according to the house of their fathers twelve rods: write thou every man's name upon his

rod." Through the boy's mind there darted the flash of a thought, a sad thought. He himself was a Rod on whom no man's name seemed to be written, orphan that he was, with no knowledge

of his parents! Suddenly he hesitated, for he had caught sight of the name of Aaron in the verse that he was about to read and did not wish to pronounce it in his aunt's hearing.

"This chapter is most too hard for me to read out loud, Aunt Boynton," he stammered. "Can I study it by myself and read it to Ivory first?"

"Go on, go on, you read very sweetly. I cannot remember what comes and I wish to hear it." The boy continued, but without rais

ing his eyes from the Bible: "3. And thou shalt write Aaron's name upon the rod of Levi: for one rod shall be for the head of the house of

their fathers. "4. And thou shalt lay them up in the tabernacle of the congregation before the testimony, where I will meet attracted by a melodious piano which

with you. "5. And it shall come to pass that the man's rod, whom I shall choose, turn that crank as steadily as you do piece, to the heavy steel bars susshall blossom: and I will make to cease from me the murmurings of the chil-

against you." Rodman had read on, absorbed in to his imagination. He liked the idea of all the princes having a rod according to the house of their fathers. He liked to think of the little branches being laid on the altar in the tabernacle, and above all he thought of the demands de genius!"-Buffalo Enlonging of each of the princes to have quirer. his own rod chosen for the blossom-

"6. And Moses spoke unto the children of Israel, and every one of their princes gave him a rod apiece, for each prince one, according to their father's houses, even twelve rods; and the rod of Aaron was among their rods."

Oh! how the boy hoped that Aaron's branch would be the one chosen to blossom! He felt that his aunt would be pleased, too. but he read on steadily, with eyes that glowed and breath that came and went in a very palpitation

[Continued on page 7, Col. 1]

New Buildings, Clean and Freshly Painted, Are Unattractive and Seem to Lack Dignity.

A new building, clean and freshly painted is one of the most unattractive things in the world. Take a shining Lew house, set in a treeless lot, without shrubbery or vines. It looks as harsh and bumptious and obtrusive as a fresh young agent who sets his foot inside the door the moment it is opened to keep it from being shut in his face.

Age is needed to give charm and dignity to buildings, to make them a part of the landscape. A new piece of stonework or brick or stucco stands up like a sore thumb. It does not fit in with the rest of things. The planet is somewhat weathered by the winds and rains of millions of years, and a permanent addition to it needs Pharaoh and melt his hard heart to at least a little weathering to har-

The gray of the great cathedrals which have accumulated the smoke and dust and grime of centuries is one great source of charm. To clean Westminster Abbey's hoary walls would ruin them. An example of the cheapening effect of newness is conspicuous in Kansas City in the partly cleaned walls of the new station. The gray stonework is wonderfully impressive in its massive dignity. But where the walls have been cleaned and whitened they give the impression of staring artificiality and primness wholly out of keeping with the general scheme of a monumental city entrance. Happily, in the case of the station the devastation wrought by the cleaning will be repaired within a few years. Meanwhile it may stand as a horrible example.

New things generally are more or less distressing—new shoes, new clothes, new houses. They all have to be lived with awhile before they get humanized.—Kansas City Star.

SENTIMENT STILL RULES US

Thought and Science Kept Much in Background, Notwithstanding All Our Protending.

Notwithstanding all our pretending that we are of an age which lives and thinks scientifically, we are still, for the most part, not creatures of thought but creatures of sentiment. With most of us, for instance, the relationship of the sexes is still a matter to be regarded sentimentally. We still ignore as much as possible the physical and social facts back of that relationship. We still, too, for the most part, have sentimental political affiliations with glorious ideals, but little conception of the facts which condition their realization, with much of unreasoning loyalty to parties or persons. We still nores at once the necessity of knowledge of the facts of real life and the vulgar necessity of our children's earning a living. We still speak, with pathetic dignity, in terms of a sentimental economics based on life as a sentimentalist would have it rather than on life as it is. We still enjoy sentimental literature. We still patronize sentimental drama.—Bernard I. Bell in the Atlantic.

Two Meanings.

The different meanings that a simple turn of expression can give a word are often curious and sometimes amusing. An anecdote of Charles Lamb, the famous English author, illustrates this very pleasantly.

On a wet, miserable, foggy day, in London, he was accosted by a beggar with:

"Please, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute woman. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days." "So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling, "so have I. It's a miserable day, even for Lon-

don.' A similar illustration is of the man who saw some mischievous boys carrying off fruit from his orchard. 'What are you about?" he called,

lustily. "About going!" called one of them, as the marauders disappeared over the fence.-Youth's Companion.

Genius Required.

A kind-faced Bostonian, while waiting on a corner for a car recently, was young Italian was grinding.

and keep such good time," said the Bostonian, as he dropped a coin into dren of Israel, whereby they murmur the performer's hat.

"Not soa deeficult," replied the Italian, his face becoming illuminated the story and the picture it presented with a smile. "You see, I no gotta da monk. To turn da crank dees way stead' keepa da tim'. But turna da crank an' watcha da monk sam' tim'; ah! That taka da arteest—da true arteest. Eet ees da monk, signor, that

Where Dickens Lurks.

"Dickensy" names are to be discovred in the most unlikely localities, as those whose travels take them to Bur- little girl. gundy may have discovered. In Macon there is a Rue Dombey, which, apart from its name, is worth exploring for the sake of one or two fifteenth century timber houses with most quaintly carved fronts. And by a strange coin- ing?" cidence, on the banks of the Saone, bout seven miles out of Macon, there

AGE NEEDED TO GIVE CHARM FACTS ABOUT COMMON WORDS

Peck at First Meant Any Grain Basket-Corpse, a Body Alive or Dead.

Equivocation, a word now applied to any evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same name.

Peck at first meant a basket or receptacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size.

Starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men.'

Tariff was the name of the Moorish chieftain, Abou al Tarifa, who had a fortress near the Straits of Gibraltar and levied toll on ships and merchandise passing through.

Corpse once meant a body, whether living or dead. Many old writs are extant in which the sheriff or his deputy is commanded to bring the corpse of such a man into court. Saturnine is an astrological term.

It was once used to describe the char-

acter of an individual born under the influence of the planet Saturn, a malevolent deity. To prose once signified to write in prose rather than in verse, and a

prosy man was one who preferred to clothe his ideas in prosaic rather than in metrical form. A sycophant was once a person who

watched the frontiers of Attica to see that no figs were brought in or carried out without the payment of the proper duty. Prejudice was originally nothing

more than a judgment formed beforehand, the character of such judgments being best indicated by the present meaning of the word. A saunterer is believed by some

etymologists to have originally signified a man without lands, such a person naturally wandering to and fro in search of employment.—New York Tribune.

CANARY POPULAR IN PARIS

Every Street in French Capital Echos With the Song of That Tune-

ful Bird. The Parisian has an amiable weakness for the canary. Every street echoes with the song of this bird, and during holiday times when families are away there are concierges whose more or less restricted quarters are positively cumbered with cages of canaries. But in or out of the season the bird market is held every Sunday of the year in the City Island, and there is always a lively trade in canaries. One venerable crnithologist who dwells near the market has spent his life in teaching canaries to sing, and he has, after years of effort, produced a pure white canary with a song as powerful and sweet as any yellow or green bird ever sold. The supply of the white canaries being at present very limited, those sold at the Paris market have brought comparatively high prices. These birds

are as white as any dove and without a speck on their plumage The Parisian has his own special way of transporting his canaries to the cage that awaits them at his home. The bird is placed in a small paper bag and pinned to the lapel of

Record of New Race.

his coat.

Although four Americans have won the Epsom derby, only one Americanbred horse has ever captured it-Iroquois, owned by the late Pierre Lorillard, in 1881. The classic was won this year by Herman B. Duryea, an American, who raced the French-bred horse, Durbar II. The Kentucky jockey. MacGee, rode the winner. The late William C. Whitney won the great English turf classic with Volodyovski in 1901. Mr. Whitney had leased the racing services of the horse. In 1907 Richard Croker won the derby with Orby, bred in Ireland. Sir Martin, an American-bred horse, owned by Mr. Walter Winans, was winning the great event a few years ago when he fell at the famous Tottenham corner, and with him fell the hopes of America for that year.

Ticklish Bridge Work. The most interesting and dangerouslooking stage in the construction of a suspension bridge is the building of the floor. In this work the builders have nothing to rest their work on and must build out each way from the "It must be somewhat difficult to towers, securing the floor, piece by pended from the main cal les far above. The work is done with derricks that are equipped with booms long enough to reach out ahead c? the finished structure and hold the girders suspended while they are being riveted in place. As each section of the floor is completed, the derricks are moved ahead and the construction of the next

> Earning Her Living. Miss Curley kept a private school,

section is begun.

and one morning was interviewing a new pupil. "What does your father do to earn his living?" the teacher asked of the

"Please, ma'am," was the prompt reply, "he doesn't live with us. My

mother supports us." "Well, then," asked the teacher, how does your mother earn her liv-

"Why," replied the little girl in an artless manner, "she gets paid for ; a village called Boz.—London Chron- staying away from father."—New York Times,