

THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say! The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray...

He Gave Her Up.

RETTY and sweet as the maiden look, she had a natural prejudice against both her and her mother...

Even a Quaker maid would have been likely to become demoralized by the reports of the Alamo...

"O, Mr. Fry," she said, "I have watched you all day, and I have thought you for me. You are a good old fellow, and I know I get awfully tired of work and I expect you do, too."

Work is good, and thank God, I have plenty of it. It keeps one from sin. I am afraid I do love the world very much. It is so beautiful, and every one is so kind to me, but I should like to be better. You teach me. I will try so hard to learn.

Josiah's reply was not very coherent, but whatever he said he certainly thought a good deal of Ella after this, and he decided that, although she did not belong to the Society of Friends—she looked as sweet and good as any young girl could be—she might be converted, and she had asked him to teach her to be good. "And so I will," he suddenly started himself by exclaiming as he pondered over the matter in the silence of his chamber that night.

"She is only a frail sipping now," he said to himself, "but she will learn and will grow and the mightiest oak was once an acorn."

From this time Josiah made a point of seeing Ella Massee frequently and doing his best to convert her to his religion. He found her to be a docile, loving nature, and her pretty ways fairly charmed him.

The idea of having her about the house was certainly attractive, and yet—somehow he could not picture her there as John's wife. He found her fairer than he had thought about, and by the time the golden harvest had come by Josiah knew the fact only too well.

At first he chided himself and told himself he was an old fool. It was absurd to think that a beautiful girl of 20 would care for an old widower of more than double her age. Still, after all, at even five and forty, a man can love, and love passionately, and Josiah loved Ella with all the strength of his soul. He would not, of course, wish to steal her away from his nephew, but John's had been probably a mere passing fancy, and he believed he was quite sure that Ella loved him.

One beautiful August evening, after the day's work was over, Josiah Fry and Ella stood talking in the gloaming at her mother's gate.

"Yes, Mr. Fry, I felt sure you would say something soon."

Josiah looked radiant. It was strange that Ella's words pleased him, and yet they were not like those he should have expected from a Quaker maid. Still it was delightful to think how she had understood him, and no one could be more charming or more sweet.

"Then, that art not afraid to trust me, then, I shall suit thee?"

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Helping Pippo Tend the Sheep. Pippo was a little boy in far-off Italy, a country of sunshine far across the sea, and every day he went out in the fields to tend the sheep and to see that they did not run away down along the little brook. It was nice to be all day under the shade trees, and to keep him from being lonely, Pippo kept with him a flute, and all day long he played sweet tunes upon it.

One day while they were skipping about under the trees they heard the lute, but it sounded very strange. Surely that could not be Pippo's! They were sure that it was not Pippo's. It was not Pippo, but his little sister Nino, who had come out to spend the day with Pippo and the sheep.

At this point the narrator was abruptly interrupted by the voice of the lute. "Pardon me," said one of the listeners, "but if I remember it aright, the young man said that he went home to secure his neighbor."

Excuse me, said another listener, but the way I heard it he went home to ask his father if he wouldn't split the morning's supply of kindling wood for the kitchen stove."

"I hate to be contradictory," said the third interrupter, "but I'm sure I was told that it was in order, for his manly good-night kiss!"

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