

Little John had opened wide his eyes many times before venturing to become the proprietor of such a property. Many visits he had made up Cliff street. He did not like the name that had become connected with it. "Mortgageville," envious men and wags called it.



"RESIN WAS AWFUL LOW IN THEM DAYS."

"If we buy, mother," John said, "we must put down every cent. It's a big pile, too."

"It's wuth it," Mrs. John had insisted.

The sudden acquisition of wealth had developed in the wife a vein of progression that caused John much uneasiness. He watched her with a puzzled expression as she argued—

"We've gut the money, an' this comin' enter the hill 'll give our Charl' a chance to get a wife outter the big families."

Charl's welfare was a weak point with John, and Mrs. John knew it.

"But how are you goin' to git up an' down from there mother? It's a stiffish walk."

Little John's weak eyes really wore a shrewd expression as he regarded his wife's weighty form, and raised this objection.

"Why, in my carriage, of course," Mrs. John answered shortly.

"In your carriage!" gasped John, and he surrendered. Before he realized it, he found himself scanning his mass of architectural grandeur, his eyes big with wonder.

It was all his, this palace, with its shaded lawns cut into beautiful drives like a public park, the stone steps down the cliff to the beach, where the sea con-

tinually swashed in and receded. All his. Then he had a hostler and gardener of whom he was very much afraid. There was no triumph in Little John's heart as he viewed his possessions. As he had stumped up Cliff street before, he soon after his purchase began to stomp down the street to find happiness and contentment in the dingy office of the storehouse which had held his "stacks of resin." There, every day, rain or shine, Little John met his old-time friends and told them over and over again how he got rich.

As before hinted, the sudden good fortune had quite a different effect on Mrs. Pattern. Energetic and persistent, she had managed comfortably in her more humble home. The exhilarating air of Cliff street soon incited dreams of a greater rise, still her old habits were not forgotten. Instead, her faculties for saving seemed to have been sharpened, and she rushed over her estate, peering into this and under that, always in search of waste.

"We've gut the money, an' we're goin' to keep it," she would exclaim.

Her greatest ambition was centered in her son Charles, and indeed Charles had much need of solicitude. The same languor which had prevented him from fighting his battles in school held him as if with iron arms from working his way upward and onward. He was a handsome, healthy young man, with a form like an Apollo, and a complexion as pink and white as that of a girl. He grew a beautiful, brown, silky beard; his eyes were large, brown, and had an expression of interesting weariness. Mrs. Pattern recognized the lack of vitality in her offspring, but to Little John Charles' spinx-like beauty was little less of a wonder than the great Pattern property on Cliff street.

Since the course at Kingston Academy, Charles had attended a private law school, the head of which must have been a paragon, for through his labors, assisted by the continual goading of Mrs. Pattern, who put in unceasing work out of school hours, Charles, at the age of twenty-five, was admitted to the bar. Elegant offices were taken in the city, where Charles' name was painted in large letters on the doors. Here he sat day after day in ponderous meditation, while clients innumerable whisked in and out the doors of his brother attorneys.

"He ain't gut the snap of a donkey," declared Mrs. Pattern after one of her visits to the city. "The money we've spent on him. He's been a-lawyerin' now goin' on a year, an' ain't made money enough to buy him a shirt."

"Don't go at him so, mother," remonstrated Little John, "he'll run away to sea or somethin'."

"Run away, fiddlesticks!" snorted Mrs. John. "I'd like to see him run once."

Mrs. Pattern loved her boy, but it was a trial to