

Trials and Triumphs of Poorhouse Joe

CHAPTER VIII.

JOE began work at once with joyful heart. He was a stout and willing lad and respectful in his conduct, and the farmer and his wife had nothing but good words to say about him.

There were other farmhouses along the road, and the farmers and their wives saw each other frequently, and of course everybody wanted to know about Joe. The farmer's name was Taylor, and he and his wife tried to dodge most of the questions asked them. They said that the boy had come along and asked for work and it had been given to him, and that thus far they had no fault to find.

This did not satisfy the curiosity of the people. They thought there must be some mystery about it, and every time a stranger came along they told him about Joe and asked if he had ever seen or heard of him. All answered "no," until one day, when the boy had been with the farmer for nearly six months.

Then a man who was traveling about the country selling medicines came along, and when he was asked he replied:

"Yes, I heard some time ago about a boy who ran away. Let me think a minute. Where was it? Oh, I remember now. I stopped at the Croton County poorhouse one day a few weeks ago, and the superintendent asked me if I had ever come across a boy named Joe, who ran away from there about corn-planting time. Is the boy living around here?"

"He's living at farmer Taylor's," they told him.

"Well, that's better than being in a poorhouse, isn't it? They shall not find out from me where the lad is."

But there were others who felt spiteful because the Taylors had not told them everything, and a letter was at once written to the superintendent.

Had Joe been of age, he could not have been taken back, but as he was only a young boy, and as the law gave the superintendent charge of him until some one came to adopt him, he could be taken back even with handcuffs on his wrists. Fortunately for the boy, Mr. Taylor heard about the letter almost as soon as it was sent away.

He knew the law, and he knew that Joe



IT IS BETTER TO GO THIS WAY THAN BE TAKEN BACK TO THE POORHOUSE BY MR. TAYLOR.

could stay with him no longer. He heard of the letter at noon one day, but he said nothing until they came to eat supper. Then he told the news to his wife and the boy, and said:

"It is one of the meanest tricks I ever heard of in all my life, and the man who wrote that letter ought to be horse-whipped until you could hear him yell a mile away, but we have got to lose Joe. If he stays here he must go back to the poorhouse. If he goes on he will meet with other kind folks to help him."

It was decided that Joe should move on that night. He had brought some clothes with him, and Mrs. Taylor had cut down a suit of her husband's for him, and the boy and she had drawn up the money due him for his work.

While the wife was making up his bundle the farmer handed the boy \$30 and said:

"Here is what is due you, my boy, and you know how much we think of you and how hard it will be to let you go. As soon as it comes dark I will hitch up a

horse and drive you ten miles on your way. Before morning you can walk 15 miles more. You will then be so far away that the superintendent will never hear of you again. You have been a first-rate boy, and I feel sure that you will find another good place.

When Joe came to go he could not prevent the tears from filling his eyes, while the farmer's wife cried as if he had been her own son. The ten miles was accomplished in about two hours, and when Joe got out of the buggy with his bundle Mr. Taylor held out his rough hand and said:

"We shall expect you to write to us and keep us posted as to how you are getting on. I'm awfully sorry to see you go, but it's better to go this way than to be taken back to the poorhouse. Take care of your money, be a good boy, and I'm sure you will come out all right. Get as far away as you can before morning."

Joe was a better walker than when he started out before. Several months' work on the farm had toughened his muscles and made him stronger, and he set off at a brisk pace and kept it up for three hours before he rested. When morning came he was 25 miles from the house of Farmer Taylor.

Two days after the orphan boy had left the farmhouse the superintendent of the poorhouse arrived. He felt certain of capturing the runaway, and he had planned what to do with him when he got him. He remembered the name of Farmer Taylor, and anticipated no trouble. He found the farmer seated on the veranda and waiting for him and shook hands with him and said:

"Mr. Taylor, I have come for the boy Joseph Shaw. I have information that he is working for you."

"Your information is wrong. The boy is not here."

"Then where is he?"

"I don't know."

"But he was here a day or two ago."

"Yes, but when we learned that some sneak in this neighborhood had written you a letter the boy moved on."

"Then you helped him to get away, did you?" said the superintendent in a threatening tone.

"Yes, sir, I did," boldly replied the farmer. "Joe is now beyond your reach, and I am glad of it. From what I have heard about you I believe you are a cruel and mean-spirited man, and I hope you may not keep your place long. Don't threaten me if you do. I will kick you out of the gate. The boy has gone where you can't find him, and you have had your journey for nothing."

(To Be Continued.)

When the Spectacles Were Changed



THE FAIRY HANDED HIM A PAIR OF RED SPECTACLES.

ONCE there was a little boy. And the particular thing about this particular little boy was that he always wore blue glasses. They were placed over his eyes by a bad fairy when he first began to notice things, and so he saw everything blue—every single thing in the world.

He didn't know a thing about red and yellow, or all the other jolly colors. The trees were blue to him, the flowers were blue, the whole earth, blue, blue.

His mother died before he had begun to notice things, and there was nobody to tell what was the matter, because no other people care the way mothers do, and he grew up very unhappy. Nothing went right with him. He did not enjoy playing with the little blue boys, and the little blue girls with their floating blue hair were disagreeable to look at, so he sat by himself nearly all of nearly every day, with his eyes on the ground.

One day, as he sat thus in the garden, he heard a voice very far above him, saying:

"Look up, little boy."

He looked up, and for the first time he noticed the great high dome of the blue sky. Now, it was right that the sky should be blue, and somehow looking at it made him feel happier, though he didn't know that it was because he was seeing something right for the first time.

Then in the middle of the blue dome he saw a tiny speck. As it grew bigger he saw that it was a fairy. Of course the fairy looked red, too, but it was at least something new and interesting.

"Hello," said the fairy, who was very little and very old and wrinkled, but very pleasant-looking. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was wishing I was happy."

"Why aren't you happy?"

"Why? Because this is such a blue world."

"Blue, is it? Why, my dear boy, that is all in your eye—excuse me, I mean your spectacles. Now, if you could

just look through mine for a minute. Allow me."

The fairy handed him a pair of red spectacles.

The boy took them and put them on over his other ones, for the blue ones were enchanted, and would not come off.

Ho, ho! but that changed things! Everything went purple in a minute—purple trees, purple grass, purple sky, even the fairy turned purple.

The boy began to cry. "Take them away!" he said. "They make the world unrecognizable."

"Try these, then," said the fairy, and handed the boy a yellow pair. The boy took off the red ones and put the yellow spectacles over the blue ones.

Oh, what a change that was! The boy saw the green grass and the green trees as they really were, and a new joy leaped up in his heart. Then he looked at his own little hand, and that, too, was green, and the sky had become green also.

The boy sighed. "No, no, they do not make me very happy. Oh, I wish everything could be different colors at the same time."

"Put on all three pairs," said the fairy.

So the boy put on the red ones and then the yellow ones, over his own blue spectacles. He looked down at the earth; it was all gray—gray grass, gray stones. He looked up, and saw gray trees and gray sky. Then he began to cry. The tears stood in his eyes, ready to roll out on his cheeks.

"Look up at the sun," said the fairy.

The boy turned his tear-filled eyes upward. A ray of light straight from the sun shot through those three pairs of spectacles and into the tears in his eyes. Instantly the world swam before him like the colors in a soap bubble. He saw red, blue, yellow, green, orange, purple. They passed across his eyes, and he slowly discovered a world with a blue sky, green grass and trees, red tulips and yellow daffodils. Down the garden walk came a party of little boys and girls, with pink cheeks and floating curls of brown and gold, and clothing of many bright colors. The little boy thought he had never seen anything so beautiful.

"Oh, let me play with you, you beautiful children!" he cried; and they held out their arms to him. Then, hand in hand, he went with them through the tulips and daffodils, and the little sunshine played about them. The little boy's tears were dried, and he forgot all about himself in the joys of the world as it really is; and he became a very happy boy.

How Isobel Kept House for Two Days

"AND papa and I'll keep house by ourselves!" cried Isobel, joyously.

A shade crossed Mrs. Strickland's face. Does it make you so very happy to have me go?" she asked.

"Oh, mother, dear, no!" Isobel cried, jumping up to kiss her. "I didn't mean that. But I thought you were going, too; and now I can see if I'm any good at housekeeping for him."

Mrs. Strickland went away Thursday night. Saturday morning Isobel's duties began. They were not very hard. All she did was to go to the telephone and order things from a list that the cook had given her. The servants had been in the house for years, and went on with their work whether their mistress was there or not. But it pleased Isobel to think she was responsible for everything. In the middle of the morning her father telephoned to know if she would go down town and have luncheon with him. Of course, she was delighted, and immediately gave orders that luncheon should not be served.

At the office she had a jolly little talk with Mr. de Puy. Then her father put on his hat and coat and took her to his club.

Isobel was startled at first. There were so very many men, and only a lady or two now and then, but she smiled and settled back in her big chair, and enjoyed herself.

Every little while some gentleman would come up to their table with an amused expression, after her father had shaken hands, he would introduce the gentleman to her. It was great fun, for they always said such very pretty and flattering things. Isobel felt extremely grown-up and responsible, and tried to talk and act just the way her mother would have done. From the approving way her father and his friends looked at her, it seemed as if she had succeeded.

After a most beautiful luncheon, "lots better than we would have had at home," as Isobel assured her father, they went out of the club and around several corners, and suddenly found themselves in front of the theater. Mr. Strickland produced some tickets, and the first thing Isobel knew she was sitting "way down front listening to the play of 'Hamlet,'" which she had wanted to see for such a long time.

It was very tragic, very beautiful and wonderfully acted, and Isobel, with tears on her face, went out of the theater, thrilled and satisfied.

Nothing had happened to the house, despite her long desertion. Dinner was served with her sitting opposite her

father, and looking quite dignified enough to sit there always.

"Well," demanded her father, "what shall we do this evening?"

"Oh," said Isobel, "are you going to be at home?"

"Well, that's better than being in a poorhouse, isn't it? They shall not find out from me where the lad is."

But there were others who felt spiteful because the Taylors had not told them everything, and a letter was at once written to the superintendent.

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ADVENTUROUS ANN

With hat and muff—so very gay. Ann bravely started forth one day. And what she saw along the way. Or where she went—I cannot say!

much handsomer and more wonderful her father was.

When they had finished "Hamlet," they read some gentler things, and would certainly have forgotten to go to bed at all if the little clock on the mantelpiece had not suddenly struck 12 o'clock.

Then off scuttled Isobel, and when she was well tucked in, her father came up for a moment's good-night, and sleep as she was still remembered that it had been one of the very happiest days of her life, and her father seemed pleased that she thought so.

Next morning, before church, Isobel's cousin telephoned to know if they would dine with her at 5, and her father said cordially, so Isobel had to tell the cook that dinner wouldn't be needed—and just as they were starting, her father suggested that they should go driving right after church and have luncheon in the country—so Isobel had to tell the cook she needn't get any luncheon.

Jerry's System That Failed

JERRY came home from school full of a new idea.

"The superintendent came in our room today," he told his mother, "and was talking about memories, and he said some one a long time ago invented having places to put things in, kind of like pig-con-holes in father's desk; then, when you want anything out of them, you look in, and there you are."

"Very good idea," said mother, "and you need something of the sort."

"You order the sugar and spice on the way home this noon, as I told you to this morning."

"No," said Jerry blushing, "I forgot. You see, mother, the system hasn't started up yet."

"Well, you must go back now and get them," said his mother.

"Before dinner?" asked Jerry ruefully.

"It will help you remember next time," said mother.

So Jerry, stopping only to get Solomon, his pet labrador, ran back.

He stopped for the mail though, and there he found a catalogue of football supplies for himself, and he studied that so long that the first school bell rang before he started home.

Then he went flying. On the way he met Mrs. Nelson.

"Tell your father, Jerry, to come and see the baby this afternoon," she said. "He's very sick."

"All right, I will," said Jerry.

There was only time for a very little dinner, and Jerry put Solomon, the tortoise, down in the library, that lead into his father's office. This was strictly forbidden, for Jerry's father was a specialist in nerve diseases, and Solomon's way of suddenly and quietly appearing on the floor, or of trying to climb on a patient's lap, did not assist the owner of disorder.

When the Porcupine and the Bears Quarreled

BEAVER lived far away in the Northland, where the Northern Lights are, and the sea freezes in cold weather. Beaver had laid in a plentiful supply of food in the fall and thought he would settle down for a very comfortable winter. But one day while he was away hunting Porcupine came and ate up most of his supply of provisions. When Beaver came home there was Porcupine sitting at the door of the house half asleep, he had eaten so much.

Beaver looked and saw that part of his food had been eaten.

"What do you mean by stealing my food?" he asked, angrily.

"Who's touched your food?" replied Porcupine.

"You have," said Beaver. "You are a thief."

"Do you want to fight about it?" cried Porcupine, now thoroughly waked up.

"Yes," said Beaver, and at it they went. Beaver tried to seize Porcupine with his teeth, but every time he tried Porcupine made his quills bristle up, and Beaver could not reach him, but got stuck full of spines instead. Finally Porcupine gave it up, and he went to his father, to whom he told his story.

Beaver's father called all the Beaver people together and told them how Porcupine had stolen his food, and then he stuck him full of spines. The Beaver people were angry, and went in a body to the house of Porcupine, which was some distance from Porcupine Village.

Porcupine saw them, and he began calling them names and threatening them. So the Beaver people pushed over Porcupine's house and caught him.

Porcupine insisted on his quills and threw them at the Beaver people, but they were too many for him and made him captive.

Then they held a court and tried the case. Beaver was convicted of having stolen Beaver's food, and condemned to be imprisoned on an island which lay out at sea, some distance from the land.

The Beaver people are great swimmers, so they took Porcupine on their backs and swam with him out to the island, where they left him. As Porcupine could not swim at all he was, of course, a prisoner.

Pretty soon he got hungry and began to look around for food, but could find none. For several days he was without food, and became so weak that he really thought he was going to die of sheer starvation.

You can imagine that he was sorry, then, that he had stolen Beaver's food. Suddenly one day as Porcupine was lamenting his hard fate, he heard a voice say: "Call upon the North Wind. Sing North songs. Then you will be saved."

Porcupine looked around and saw a little field mouse sitting on its haunches. Porcupine did not understand what the little mouse meant, for he was a rather stupid fellow, but he sang the North songs nevertheless, in a weak and faltering voice.

"Let the sky clear altogether; let it be cold weather."

Let it be smooth upon the water; oh, North Wind, blow!"

Gradually it grew cold, and then, rushing out from the frozen regions around the pole, came the night wind, the North, blowing away the clouds and cutting like a knife.

Porcupine sang for smooth water, chanting over and over again: "Let it be smooth water; let it be smooth water." So the wind went down and the sea became smooth, and as soon as it became smooth it began to freeze, until from the island to the distant shore there was a great bridge of hard, smooth ice.

Then Porcupine said to the little mouse: "Run and tell my people where I am. I am too weak to walk home. They must come and carry me."

So the little mouse went running away to the village of the Porcupine people and told them what had happened. They were much surprised, for they had no idea what had become of Porcupine, and they went in a body and took him back to the village.

Porcupine's father called all the people together and made a great feast for them, at which Porcupine told his story.

"Let us go and fight the Beaver people," they cried, and away they went. But on his return to the island the little mouse had stopped at Beaver's house and said: "Call all your people together, for the Porcupines are coming to fight you. So the Beaver people were ready for them, and they had a great fight. The Porcupine people were defeated and returned to their village."

What to do: Let us lay for Beaver when

he goes out hunting and capture him. Then we will place him in the top of a high tree. If I cannot swim, neither can Beaver climb a tree-up or down. If he is a tree-top he will be as much of a prisoner as I was on the island."

So the Porcupine people lurked in the woods near Beaver's house, and one day, when they caught him alone, they took him prisoner and carried him up into the top of a tall tree, where they left him, saying: "Now, then, see how you like being a prisoner without food yourself."

Now, though Beaver could not climb a tree, he was very fond of twigs as an article of food, and it was a part of his business to gnaw wood, for in this way he felled timber for the building of his dams

and houses. So when the Porcupine people had gone away Beaver made a peep meal from the little twigs around him, and then began to gnaw away at the tree-trunk itself.

His big, sharp teeth worked away like a buzz-saw, and he gnawed and he gnawed, and he gnawed, cutting away the tree under him until he had lowered himself down so that he could jump to the ground and run away home.

But the Porcupine people ceased to molest Beaver and his people, and made peace with them, agreeing to refrain from stealing any food from Beaver and his friends. But the two species are not on visiting terms to this day and never speak as they pass by.

o'clock express brought her to her feet with a sudden shock.

She sped through the wood lot toward the pasture and heard many voices. At the berry patch she found 28, 28—the whole school, it seemed—scrambling pell mell among the vines. Oh, if she had only come straight here!

On her way home, an hour later, she paused at the wall again, but this time it was not to plan. She thought of the two hours she had lost, and resolved that during the rest of her vacation she would try to do instead of dream; for in the bottom of one of her big pails was less than a quart of half-crushed berries and the other pail was quite empty.



Legal Advice

Boston Herald.

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the Bristol County bar half a century ago, once secured the acquittal of an old Irish woman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the courtroom she put her hand to her mouth, and in an audible whisper said: "The best system I know of is to think of something and some one, besides yourself!"

And Jerry, after he had put Solomon in his room, as he dejectedly walked back to school, was bound to admit that she was right.

Little Dick Bolivar

"If you had no money and wanted some honey, Dear little Dick Bolivar, what would you do?"

"I might cry a bit."

"And say, 'When I'm big I'll shoot you with my gun!'"

"If you never get tall, but always stayed small, Dear little Dick Bolivar, would you feel sad?"

"Yes, I would."

"But then I would sit on my mamma's lap and just be her tad."

He dashed off to school with his precious catalogue

He dashed off to school with his precious catalogue (which he remembered to take) in his hand, and was almost late.

Something, just as he was about to sit down, caused him to remember all three things at once, and he stood up in his seat frantically signaling to the teacher.

"Well, Jerry," she asked, Jerry hardly waited for permission, but rushed home.

A piercing shriek came from the library just as he opened the door. A very little old woman was standing in her chair, her eyes shut and with her skirts gathered



THEY SWAM WITH HIM OUT TO THE ISLAND.

Sure and I'll be telling your mother what a fine economical housekeeper you be