

# THE NEW BUEBY

Madeline Leslie





# ***THE NEW BUGGY***

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FOR BOYS.

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## CHAPTER I. *THE TRUANT BOYS.*

"YOU'LL catch it now!" shouted Ralph Lane, as he saw his schoolmate stealing through the garden to the back door of his father's barn.

"You'll catch it when your father finds you out! I wouldn't be you, Jimmy Dodge, for the best kite I ever saw."

Poor Jimmy looked very much as though he would like not to be himself, just at that moment. He had been doing wrong, and he knew it.

He had started for school, and had gone more than half way when he met Daniel Crawson, a merry boy, who invited, him to take a sail on the pond.

Daniel's father was a fisherman, and owned a small dory. Occasionally he gave his son liberty to go out in the boat when it was not in use; but this afternoon he had not done so, and supposed that Dan, as he called him, was safe in school.

Little Jimmy thought there was no fun quite equal to sailing on the water, to be sure he did not know much about it never having been in a boat but once, and that was in company with the Sabbath school children, when they went on a picnic to Deer Island. When Daniel in glowing terms described the pleasure they would have, he said in a hesitating tone.

"I'm afraid father wouldn't like it; and mother thinks it's awful dangerous."

"There isn't a bit of danger," urged Daniel. "Father goes out almost every day in the year, and comes home all safe. We will be back before school is done; and they needn't know anything about it."

Jimmy knew he ought not to go. His conscience told him that he ought at that very moment to be walking into the school yard; but he had listened to the voice of the tempter, and now he could not resist.

It was a lovely day in June. The water had never looked more calm and peaceful. On the banks of the pond grew large willow trees, throwing their reflection far over the water.

"We shall have a splendid time," said Daniel, untying the rope which secured the boat to a post driven firmly into the ground near the shore.

Jimmy stood watching Daniel's skilful movements, for the boy had often accompanied his father, and knew well how to manage an oar.

"Yes," he repeated, "we shall have a splendid time;" but there was another voice inside his breast which whispered, "You are a truant boy, and you know your parents will be displeased."

There was not a breath of wind; and they rowed round and round the pond sometimes close to the banks, and then steering out into the middle of the pond. Jimmy grew so excited when Daniel allowed him for a few minutes to handle the oars that he forgot all about home, and mother, and school. He stood up, and waved his straw hat to another company of boaters off at a distance. He sang and shouted with delight.

At last the distant whistle of a steam engine reminded Daniel that it was time for them to draw up to the shore, fasten the boat, and return home.

"Haven't we had a good time, though?" questioned the boy, carefully securing the knot exactly as he found it. "You see there's not a bit of danger; and you'll get home just in time, nobody will know but what you have been at school. If father isn't using the boat we'll go again to-morrow. You'll soon be able to manage an oar as well as I do."

"I like it first rate," answered Jimmy; but his voice did not sound hearty as it did when he was in the middle of the pond. He did not think he would like to go quite so soon as to-morrow; but he kept this thought to himself. Dan was marching up from the pond to the main road with his hand in his pocket whistling Shoo fly. He wished he felt like whistling; but he didn't.

"Now," said Dan in a gay tone, "I'll go across lots. We'd better not be seen together, somebody might guess where we'd been," and off he ran, springing over a stone wall at one bound, and was soon out of sight.

Jimmy did not feel like running. There was a heavy load at his heart which grew heavier every minute. Nothing could be lovelier than the scene around him. The trees were laden with blossoms which filled the air with their fragrance; the birds were twittering in the branches, the long shadows fell, over the smooth green grass, the little ants by the wayside were hurrying with another load to their houses of sand; but Jimmy noticed nothing of all these beauties. Indeed he could not see very well, for his eyes had tears in them, which he tried to wipe away.

A little dog ran out from a house and barked joyfully when he saw who it was; but though Jimmy often had a game with him, now he only said:

"Go away, Gip," and Gip, gazing wonderingly in his face, saw that something was the matter and followed him meekly, with his tail between his legs.



"I wish I dared tell mother," Jimmy said softly.

At this, Gip gave a joyful bark, "Bow-wow-bow!"

Jimmy though he felt so sorrowful, could not help smiling. It sounded so much like saying, "I would, I would."

"No, old fellow, it wouldn't do. I must manage somehow without telling her."

At this Gip did not answer at all; but when the boy, after a timid glance around, crept carefully over the wall at the bottom of the garden, he flew after him, and seizing his coat tried to make him go back, barking as loud as he could.

"Go home!" said Jimmy, in a subdued tone which he tried to make stern. "Go home, sir," pointing over the wall.

Poor Gip obeyed after one reproachful glance in the boy's face. Was there to be no frolic after all?

Then the boy, keeping close to the wall, made his way quickly toward the barn, intending to pass through it on his way, to the house. He was glad that no one was in sight, and was just darting into the door when Ralph saw him.

## **CHAPTER II.**

### ***WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.***

IT was such an unusual event for Jimmy to be absent from school that the teacher requested Ralph to go a few hundred rods out of his way, and inquire whether her scholar was sick.

When he reached the house the girl in the kitchen told him that Mr. and Mrs. Dodge were away, and would not be home till bedtime. She said she didn't know whether Jimmy went with them; but she supposed he did, if he had not been at school.

"All right!" said Ralph. "I'll tell teacher in the morning; or he can tell her himself."

But as he was leaving the house he saw his schoolmate stealing like a thief into the barn; and he at once concluded it was all wrong. This was what made him shout as he did. "I wouldn't be you, Jimmy Dodge, for the biggest kite I ever saw."

Then, little imagining how he had set Jimmy's poor sore heart thumping against his side, he ran gaily home laughing as he went.

The first thing Jimmy noticed on entering the barn was that the horse was not in his stall; but perhaps his father or the hired man was using it in the field. He walked along into the carriage house. The buggy was gone too. He gave a start of pleasure, perhaps his father and mother were absent; but "what did Ralph mean? Does he know where I've been? Did he tell Ellen anything about me?"

With a bolder step, but still carrying his burden, he walked into the hencoop, took five eggs from the nest, put them carefully into his hat and went into the kitchen.

Ellen was busy getting supper and at first scarcely noticed him; but presently she asked laughing:

"Where have you been, Master Truant?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, the blood rushing to his face.

"Why the teacher sent here to know where you'd been!"

"Who did she send by?" asked Jimmy, though he knew very well already.

"Ralph Lane. He said the teacher was afraid you were sick."

"Oh, that was some of Ralph's nonsense! He knew I was there just as well as you do."

"Nonsense or not; he'd have given your mother a pretty fright if she had been here," exclaimed Ellen laughing heartily as she went on moulding her biscuit and getting it ready for the oven.

A minute more and she had forgotten all about it. "Oh dear!" she said, "I do wish I had some short wood. My biscuit will never bake with this long stuff."

Jimmy was immensely relieved; or he thought he was, by this favorable turn in his affairs, and was very glad to do Ellen a favor.

"I'll get you some wood," he said cheerfully; and he ran to the shed where she presently heard him chopping with a will.

"I'll tell your mother what a good boy you've been," said the girl running out for an armful. "Now I'll have supper ready in a jiffy."

When the bell rang, Dexter came in; and they all sat down together. Finding Jimmy in an obliging mood the man said:

"I wish you'd get up the cows from the pasture. I've got a job in the garden I want to finish before I milk."

"Well, I will," answered Jimmy; "and I'll get in the chickens too."

"He's awful good-natured," thought Ellen as she saw him trudge off whistling, with a stick in his hand. "I hope he isn't going to die, or any such thing; but it looks dangerous to have a boy so terribly good all at once."

Jimmy was usually what would be called a good boy; that is, he obeyed his father and mother, and was obliging, and good tempered; but when his parents were away, he generally claimed the right to employ himself as he chose, feeling rather "big" as Ellen laughingly expressed it.

If he had come home from school with nothing on his conscience he would probably have rushed into the kitchen, exclaiming:

"I want my supper right away. I'm going to fly my kite; and I can't wait."

If Ellen was busy or did not wish to attend to him at the minute, he would run to the pantry, get a handful of doughnuts, or a slice of gingerbread, and be off to his play.

Jimmy did not hurry in his walk. He had made up his mind not to play. He did not feel exactly like it. He had a question to settle in his own mind; and he was glad to be alone. As he walked slowly on toward the pasture, he asked himself:

"Did I tell Ellen a lie? I didn't say I was at school."

"She understood you to say so," answered conscience. "She did not remember the words; but she supposed Ralph's call was a foolish joke; and that the teacher knew nothing about it."

"If she is stupid I am not to blame," said Jimmy stopping short and gazing in the dirt. "I don't believe 'twas a lie 'cause I didn't say I'd been to school; but I wish Ralph had minded his own business and not come here."

He had to pass by Gip's house; and the dog hearing his step rushed out again. Jimmy usually welcomed him with a hearty, "Well, old fellow," patting his head as the affectionate creature jumped on him or licked his hand; but now he felt as though Gip knew he had done wrong. Gip had seen him steal like a thief over the wall, and had tried to make him go back, and enter the yard like an honest boy. He was glad Gip could not tell what he knew.

At first he thought he wouldn't notice the dog, at all; but the faithful creature seemed so delighted to see him again that he couldn't help it; and so he invited Gip to go with him for the cows.

### CHAPTER III.

#### *DANIEL AND HIS FATHER—A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.*

IN the meantime what has become of Daniel?

When he reached home he found his father at work on a patch of ground behind the house and his older brother cleaning fish in the stoop.

"Where have you been, you young scamp?" inquired Mr. Crawson, sternly gazing at his son.

"To school, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Where were you at recess? I was going by, and stopped to speak to you; but you were not in the playground."

"Oh!" murmured Daniel in some confusion, "I didn't know my lesson, and I had to stay in. Teacher kept me an hour after school to get it and recite it."

"I should like to know what you go to school for; but to get your lessons? If I hear of such conduct again I'll take you away mighty quick. I'm not going to slave myself going of errands to have you lounging away your time over your books. Now go right into the house and change your clothes, and help Amos about those fish. Every one of 'em has got to be cleaned, and salted down in the tubs before supper. Don't be gone a minute if you know what is good for yourself," shouted his father, as he saw an ugly pout on the boy's face.

"I'll be just as long as I please," muttered Daniel between his teeth, "and I wont clean many fish you'd better believe."

But though. Daniel was angry that he had been questioned, and that he had been set to the business which he specially disliked, though he muttered over and over that he would not be ordered about by anybody; yet he knew too well what would happen if he did not obey. He therefore kicked off his shoes, threw his school pants across the room, and dressed himself for work without any unnecessary delay.

Amos Crawson was fifteen years old; and Daniel, eleven. They did not agree very well either at their work or play.

"There's your part," said Amos pointing to a large pile separate from the other.

"I wont do all those," growled Dan, casting a glance over the fence toward his father.

Amos only laughed.

"My knife is awful dull; I shall never get done with this old thing."

"Sharpen his knife, Amos," said Mr. Crawson sternly; "the steel is on the window sill."

The first, fish was only half cleaned when Daniel screamed and held up his finger where there was a slight cut.

"I can't do any more, it smarts so," he said in a sulky tone.

"Very well, mine will be done presently," said Amos beginning to whistle.

"Mother, I want a rag. I've cut my finger," shouted Dan at the foot of the stairs.

"Get one then. You know where they are," said his mother.

Tearing off a piece of cloth from a bundle in the drawer, the boy presently made his appearance on the stoop holding his cut finger with his well hand.

"You think you've got off finely; but I guess you're mistaken," said Amos, jerking his brother's elbow with a disagreeable laugh.

"I shan't touch one of them fish with my sore finger."

"What'll you bet?" queried Amos, glancing in his brother's face with a sneer.

"Boys you'd better be at work than to spend your time jabbering," said Mr. Crawson sternly.

"Where were you going with Jimmy Dodge?" whispered Amos with another laugh. "Down to the pond to get your lessons on the boat, hey?"

Daniel started to his feet, his face growing very red, and caught the knife in a hurry. Notwithstanding his cut, he threw one fish after another into the basket behind him, while Amos laughed, and shook his sides.

"That's something like," exclaimed his father, leaning his hoe against the fence and coming to the stoop. "Amos bring me the salt. Dan, you're a smart chap, if you only set about a thing in earnest. Now we'll have 'em out of the way in ten minutes."

"Hold on there, wife?" as he heard the supper bell. "I can't leave this 'ere job."

Mrs. Crawson had a good supper of fried fish and fried potatoes ready for them, of which the family partook with a relish, talking and laughing

meanwhile. Daniel did not talk nor laugh. He was wondering why Amos had not told his father what he had seen, and what the old man, as he called his father, would do to him, if he knew that he had played truant again; been out in the boat and lied about it.

"What's the matter?" whispered Amos punching his brother under the table.

"Nothing," muttered Dan. "You just let me alone."

"You needn't be so cross. Water don't agree with you, does it?"

"Don't!" plead Daniel. "I'll give yer my jack knife if yer'll keep quiet."

Amos laughed and nodded as a token that he accepted the bargain, and presently they rose from the table.

"Get the wheelbarrow, boys; and carry off those weeds. I'm going to finish the sarse-garden if it don't get too dark. You must do up the rest of the chores. Amos, you feed the horse well, and scrape up that fish offal for the chickens."

It was nearly nine before Daniel went up into the rough attic chamber where he and his brother slept. He was out of sorts, and ready to quarrel with anybody. This was not the first nor the twentieth time that he had played truant, and told lies to cover his sin. His conscience had often plead with him to confess to his parents, and begin to do better; but as he had never heeded the still small voice, it now seldom troubled him. But Amos had seen him going toward the pond, and had shrewdly guessed the rest. He was angry that he had been obliged to give up his new jack knife, a present from his cousin on his birth-day. Perhaps Amos would not keep to the bargain after all, and then he knew what there would be to pay.

Daniel shivered. He could almost hear the leather strap whiz through the air. The old man believed in whipping bad boys; and he had not a very light hand, as his two sons well knew.

Daniel threw off his clothes and stretched himself on the bed; but he could hear Amos laughing and talking to their mother in his coarse voice, and he could not sleep.

"I don't think boating pays," he said at last; "though we did have a good time; but there's always such a fuss."

## CHAPTER IV.

## ***ANOTHER LIE.***

POOR Jimmy, how he dreaded to go up to his room and be alone with his wicked heart. He had a good father and mother who had taught him God's holy laws. As long as it was light, and he could busy himself about work, it was not so bad; but when he took from Ellen the little night-lamp, and walked slowly up to his neat chamber, he could not help sighing repeatedly.

"I wish I hadn't met Daniel," he said half aloud. "'Twas his fault and not mine. I should have gone to school and never thought of such a thing."

He stopped short in its undressing and listened. The voice sounded in his ears so plain:

"My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not."

This was his last Sunday's verse, and his teacher had explained it to the class. "Yes," faltered poor Jimmy, starting at the shadow his light threw of the bedpost. "Yes, Daniel is a bad boy 'cause he tells awful lies, and he swears too. He is a sinner. He enticed me to go to the pond, and I did consent. I wish I hadn't. I wish I'd said no, I must go to school. Then I shouldn't have had to tell a lie. I suppose 'tis a real lie 'cause Ellen thinks I went. I'm awful sorry. I wish I dared tell mother; but she'd cry so, and then she'd think I'm worse than I am, 'cause I never played truant before; and I haven't told any lies, not real ones. No, I daren't tell her. Ellen will forget all about Ralph before to-morrow."

Jimmy had been taught to kneel by his bedside before he retired, and ask God to forgive his sins of the past day, to help him be a good child, and to take care of him while he was asleep. Never since he could remember had one night passed in which he had not done this, though often his heart was not in his petitions. What was it now that made him hesitate, and finally conclude not to pray this once?

It was the voice of conscience saying, "You are a very wicked boy; you are growing worse every minute. You know you ought to confess your sins to God, and then to your mother. How dare you ask your Father in heaven to bless and keep you, when you are not sorry for having offended him?"

Jimmy jumped into bed, covered the clothes over his head, resolved not to think any more about the sail on the pond; but it was a long time before he fell asleep.

All this happened on Tuesday. Friday noon Daniel met Jimmy accompanied by Gip, as he was going an errand for his mother, and said:

"S'posing we go sailing again. I want to get some lilies; and I know where I can get a cent apiece for 'em."



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***"I DON'T KNOW AS I SHALL GO."***

"If you'll go, I'll share half with you."

"Does your father say you may have the boat?"

Daniel nodded his head, and went on explaining how they would manage. "We shall have to sail out farther than we did last time. The lilies are



thick at the other end; and I want to start half an hour before school begins, can't you get away somehow?"

"I don't know as I shall go," faltered Jimmy, looking down at Gip. "I don't believe mother'll let me leave school."

"Bother the school," exclaimed Dan. "I don't believe in keeping boys studying all the time. If I were you, I wouldn't say a word to my mother about it. You got off real slick last Tuesday."

"I'm afraid teacher'll send Ralph Lane again to know why I wasn't at school."

"Oh, that was rich! Ralph told me about it, and how he saw you skulking round the barn. How did you get off with the teacher?"

"I managed," said Jimmy, ashamed to confess even to this wicked boy that he had told an out and out lie, as he himself had to call it; and tell his kind teacher that he went on a visit with his mother.

"Well," urged Daniel, "you can manage again. If you don't want to go, say so, and not be fooling all day about it. There's enough fellows would be glad of the chance to go and earn two or three dollars by selling lilies."

"Two or three dollars, I didn't know 'twould be so much. I'll guess, I'll go."

"I thought you wouldn't be such a fool as to refuse. Be sure and come to the pond by half past one; and then we can get home by the time school is out."

Jimmy ate his dinner in haste, and then asked his mother to let him go, and play with George Rust till school time.

Mrs. Dodge parted the hair from her boy's forehead with a loving smile, said, softly; "You grow more like your father every day;" and then added, "yes, dear, but don't play too hard and get hurt."

"Oh, no!" answered Jimmy and ran away.

He reached the pond some minutes before his companion, and after quite a tussle with his conscience had just made up his mind to go back to school, when he saw Daniel come over the wall down to the boat.

"Father's gone off with a load of fish," he said laughing; "and he wont be home till evening."

"I thought you said he gave you leave to take the boat."

"I didn't say any such thing; I only did so," nodding his head.

"Well that's just the same thing. You told a lie any way."

"You're a pretty fellow to preach about lying," shouted Daniel growing angry. "I should like to know how many lies you told last Tuesday. If you dare to open your head to me again about lying, I'll go and tell your mother all about it."

Daniel's face was as red and fierce as a fighting cock, and poor Jimmy fairly trembled; presently he said humbly:

"I'm sorry I came. I'll go home now if you want me to."

"No, I don't! We're in for it, and we'd better be sailing."

## **CHAPTER V.**

### ***THE DISTRACTED MOTHER.***

JIMMY got into the boat, and took his seat at the end as Daniel directed; but the smell of the fish made him very sick. On the other occasion Mr. Crawson had washed the boat and left it to dry in the sun, now it was just as he had left it after throwing his load into his cart, for he was in a hurry to carry his fish to market.

They rowed directly to the farther end of the pond and succeeded in getting a large quantity of lilies, which they stowed in under the seats; but Jimmy had wet his clothes, having been obliged to lean over and pick the flowers while Daniel kept the boat in place.

About half the afternoon was spent by the time they had gathered all they could carry; and they set out on their return. Daniel hoping to dispose of his at the car station if he could reach it in season.

"We shall each have a good many hundred," said Jimmy in a gay tone.

"I don't know about that. I ought to have the most. It's my boat, and I do the rowing."

"But I picked 'em all. You said we should share alike."

"Well, I don't mean to," exclaimed Dan angrily. "I'll give you a hundred for your share. I'm going to sell the rest whether or no."

"I don't think that's fair;" faltered Jimmy "You said you'd give me two or three dollars."

"I don't care what I said. If you make any more fuss I won't give you one. Here I am running away from school and taking the risk of getting an

awful whipping just to oblige you with a ride in the boat, and you a whining all the way like a baby."

"Oh, Daniel, what a wicked boy you are to talk so! My mother wouldn't let me stay here a minute with such an awful liar."

"Take that, will yer," shouted Dan beside himself with rage, striking Jimmy on the head with the oar.

The boat left to itself for the moment swayed around, and almost upset. When Dan had with considerable akin brought it too, he saw his companion lying at the bottom pale and senseless.

Dan started upon his feet and stood a moment paralysed with fear; then he seized the oars, and fearing he knew not what, made all haste to the shore; but when he reached the landing, Jimmy had given no sign of life.

"Oh what shall I do? I'm afraid he's dead!" Then he stooped down and tried to rouse him, crying again:

"Oh, I wish somebody would come!"

As if in answer to his call his father stood before him.

"So this is the way you attend to your lessons, you young rascal!" began Mr. Crawson seizing hold of his boy, his voice hoarse with passion, when seeing the unconscious form at the bottom of the boat, he dropped his hold exclaiming, "What is this? Why the child is dead!"

Daniel's face blanched with horror; and he covered his eyes to shut out the sight.

"Now," said Mr. Crawson speaking each word slowly that it might have full effect, "Tell me the whole truth, or I'll carry you to prison, and give you up to the gallows."

"Yes," he said to himself; "I will, if it kills me."

"I—I didn't think 'twould hurt him much. He wanted half the lilies; and I got angry, and struck him with the oar."

Not one word in reply. Mr. Crawson pulled the boat farther up on the sand, stooped down, and raised the senseless child in his arms.

There was a low moan at which Dan was so relieved that he burst into a loud cry.

"Keep quiet, will you?" said his father, for the moment forgetting his anger. "Perhaps he isn't hurt so much as I thought. He's in a dead swoon, and he oughter be got home."

"I'll run and call somebody."

"No, you take his feet, there steady now; we'll get him up the bank to the road, may be somebody'll happen along."

No one was in sight, however; but after waiting a minute there was the sound of wheels at a distance.

"It's the Doctor's buggy," said Daniel softly.

"So 'tis."

The old physician was hurrying by, when Mr. Crawson shouted:

"Stop, Doctor! stop! You're wanted!"

"Why, what has happened? Jimmy Dodge, hurt! How's that?"

"If you'll take the boy home, I'll be there about as soon as you are."

Jimmy groaned as they lifted him into the buggy. Then Mr. Crawson turned the horse's head, for the Doctor's arm was engaged holding the unconscious child; and they slowly started for Mr. Dodge's house.

It so happened that a gentleman belonging to the School Committee visited the school to which both Daniel and Jimmy belonged. Having listened to their recitations, he praised them for diligence and good order; but remarked that he was sorry to see so many seats vacant. He made an interesting address to the scholars, taking for his text the motto Dickens gave the boys on board the school-ship. "Boys, do all the good you can, and don't make a fuss about it." Then as it was too late to resume the recitations he dismissed them.

Miss Reynolds felt annoyed that Jimmy Dodge the best reader in his class should have been absent. She resolved to go at once, and tell his mother how important it was that the children should be regular in their attendance.

Mrs. Dodge was well acquainted with the teacher, and loved her for her faithfulness to Jimmy. She received her with great cordiality, and then asked; "Where is Jimmy? Why didn't he come with you?"

Miss Reynolds looked surprised. "I came," she said, "to ask you where he is. I am afraid he will lose his interest in his studies if he is absent so often."

"Why, I don't think he has been absent or tardy this term," remarked the mother, in an excited tone.

"There is some mistake about this, Mrs. Dodge. On Tuesday afternoon, our time for general exercises, when I specially missed him, Jimmy was absent. I sent Ralph Lane here to inquire whether he was detained by sickness, in which case I do not give a check. The next morning Jimmy told me himself that he went out of town with you."

"Oh, my son!" exclaimed the mother, a pang seizing her heart.

"Again this afternoon he was not in his place, which I regretted exceedingly as we had a visit from Mr. Comer."

"Let me think a minute. Jimmy went away directly after dinner, having asked permission to play with George Rust. Was George at school?"

"Yes."

"Where can my boy be? Oh, Jimmy, I trusted you so entirely, how could you deceive me!"

"He has probably fallen in with some bad associate who has enticed him away."

"But who, Miss Reynolds? Was any other boy absent?"

"Now I think of it, Daniel Crawson was away both on Tuesday and to-day; but he plays truant so often I never thought of Jimmy in connection with him."

"Oh, I hope not! he is a profane, wicked boy, and his father is—"

"Oh, Miss Reynolds, the pond! What if Jimmy has gone out in Mr. Crawson's boat! What shall I do? I must send at once."

## **CHAPTER VI.**

### ***THE SENSELESS BOY.***

MRS. DODGE left the room in great distress, and at the same moment the Doctor's old buggy drove into the yard.

Mr. Dodge was leading his horse to the trough in the yard and came hurrying forward to ascertain the Doctor's errand.

"What! Why!" he cried in sudden alarm. "Who have you there? Not our Jimmy!"

"Yes, it's Jimmy. I don't know yet how much he is hurt. Mr. Crawson is just behind. He'll hold the horse's head while you lift him out, my arm is rather cramped."

"Mother," screamed Mr. Dodge scarcely knowing what he did.

Mrs. Dodge came rushing down the steps, her face frightfully pale, her arms extended toward her poor erring boy.

"Is he drowned?" The words forced themselves through her white lips.

"When we get him on the bed, I'll explain," said Mr. Crawson his face working with emotion.

"Now I'll tell the truth," added the man, "though it carries my own boy to prison for life."

The Doctor was bending over the child with his ear to the silent chest, while Mrs. Dodge forcibly suppressing her groans, held her boy's limp hand, kissing it again and again.

"Daniel and he," pointing to the bed, "were in my boat. They had a quarrel about some lilies they had gathered. Daniel has a hot temper, and he struck Jimmy on the head with his oar. If he's killed him, why—"

He could say no more, his face was convulsed with emotion, he went quickly out of the house.

The Doctor after some farther examination ordered an application of ice to the head, and insisted upon perfect quiet. He left powders to be administered once in two or three hours and went away, promising to return soon.

"Will he live?" asked Mr. Crawson who had been waiting near the buggy.

"Can't tell. 'Twas a cruel blow. I'm afraid to think of the result. Good day, sir."

For a moment Mr. Crawson stood as though stupefied. He had not been a tender father. He had been brought up roughly himself and had always repelled his sons. But now that Daniel, his favorite, was threatened with danger, his affection burned fiercely; and at the same time his conscience reproached him with neglecting his duty to his boy.

"I won't flinch from what's the right thing to do though," he said clinching his hard hands, so back he went to the door and requested Ellen to call Mr. Dodge.

"You know where to find us if wanted," he faltered. "I'll be surety that he don't run away."

The stricken father bowed assent. He had not the most distant idea of his neighbor's meaning.

Oh, how true the Bible is when it says, "the way of transgressors is hard!" How much suffering not only to themselves but to those connected with them, did these two boys bring about by their disobedience, deceit, truancy and falsehood!

What do you suppose, my little reader, was the most dreadful reflection of the poor mother, as she bent over her boy? It was that her Jimmy had been guilty of so much sin against God.

"Spare his life, Oh my father! Spare him to repent!" was her constant though silent cry. "Take him not away in wrath. Spare him for Christ's sake."

Two hours later when the Doctor came again, Jimmy had roused from his lethargy; but did not recognise any one. His flesh was burning with fever, and occasionally he uttered a shriek of distress. Every symptom was unfavorable; and the Doctor, though kind and sympathetic could not give the stricken parents one word of hope.

Leaving his wife weeping by the bed side, Mr. Dodge followed the physician to the door.

"This suspense is terrible," he gasped. "It would be better to know the worst at once."

"Leave the result with God, my afflicted friend."

"I try to do that, but cannot you give me—"

"Would you have his life at the sacrifice of his reason," asked the Doctor interrupting him. Then without another word he got into his buggy, and drove away.

It was near midnight when Ellen, too anxious to sleep, took her lamp, and went to fasten the back door. She started to see a man standing there, but presently recognised Mr. Crawson.

"How is he?" asked the husky voice.

"Very bad indeed!" shrieking and crying out; "Don't, Dan! I wouldn't do so! You said your father gave you leave. I think I ought to have half the lilies. No, I don't think mother would like it if she knew I was here."

Mr. Crawson groaned and turned away.

At home, poor Daniel sobbing and trembling with fear, had confessed to his father every thing that had occurred; how he hated study and had taken every opportunity to play truant; how he had robbed bird's nests, and used the boat many times without permission;—how he had enticed Jimmy on Tuesday, and again on that fatal day;—how Jimmy had made him angry by reproving him for lying; how he had charged the same upon Jimmy;—and how ashamed the poor boy looked;—and at last how frightened he was after he had struck the terrible blow.

Then when Mr. Crawson instead of being angry gazed into his face with an expression of anguish, such as he had never seen there before, Daniel fell on his knees at his father's feet, exclaiming:

"Oh, don't look like that! Whip me. I'll bring the strap; but oh don't look so! I'd never have been naughty in all the world if I'd known 'twould make you feel so bad."

"Daniel, my boy, what do you suppose I'm thinking of?"

"I can't tell, father."

"I'm thinking if I'd been a better man myself, and brought you up right, this never would have happened. Whatever comes of this, and you oughter to know there's danger afore yer, I shall allus feel the dagger here," bringing a crushing blow against his own heart.

The penitent boy burst into a fresh cry, and leaving the kitchen ran up to his chamber in the attic.

"I wouldn't take on so," said Amos trying to speak in a sympathizing tone. "I'd come to bed, and try to forget it."

## **CHAPTER VII.**

### ***FORGIVENESS.***

"I DON'T know what Mr. Dodge will do," said Mr. Crawson to his wife when the boy had left the room. "I know what I should have done if it had been my boy that was hurt so. I'd have taken the fellow that did it, and if the law wouldn't punish him, I'd have thrashed him within an inch of his life. But the law will. There's no doubt about that. I never can live here disgraced, so there's an end of it!"

Mrs. Crawson was sobbing, frightened at her husband's fierce looks.

"They say Mr. Dodge is a church member," she began timidly, "and perhaps he'll remember Daniel is only a boy."

"When he does that I shall think there's some reality in religion," answered the man scornfully. "But," he added instantly, "I should ha' done it myself. It's no use to be angry. I can't sleep and so I may as well go back."

This was the time he saw Ellen.

"Oh Dan! Oh, my poor boy!" groaned the man turning away into the darkness.



Two more days of dreadful suspense followed. Another physician from the Hospital in the city near by had visited the poor boy, but did not change the course of treatment.

When the fever was at its height poor Jimmy talked incessantly. Sometimes he thought himself at school and repeated a few words of an old lesson in a loud voice. Then he was at home talking to his father or Dexter. Once he began a prayer, but stopped short with a cry of distress, and then added; "God wont hear liars!" This was succeeded by a loud unmeaning laugh.

Every word cut his mother's heart as with a knife. Still her constant cry to her merciful Father was:

"Spare! spare, for thy Son's sake! Give back his reason, and spare for repentance!"

At the close of the third day there seemed a change. The poor child lay more quiet. No one could tell whether the symptom was a favorable one. The afflicted family had repeated visits from their clergyman. As he was leaving the last time he asked:

"Have you seen Mr. Crawson? I never saw a man so changed. I am told he has not once left home or allowed his son to step over the threshold since the sad accident. He considers himself pledged to you not to let his son escape whatever the consequences may be."

"I remember nothing of that," remarked Mr. Dodge. "I sincerely pity him."

Not more than an hour later there was another call to Mr. Dodge from the bedside of his sick, perhaps dying child.

It was Mr. Crawson, haggard, pale and hollow-eyed.

"I can't stand it any longer," he exclaimed. "I want to know what you intend to do to my son."

"I don't understand you, neighbor."

"I mean in case of the worst. I know I ought not to come to you in your trouble; but I can't eat nor sleep till it's decided."

"Do you mean in regard to Daniel who struck the blow by which my son was injured?"

"Yes."

"Does he seem penitent?"

"He's done little but cry ever since."

"Then tell him I freely forgive him as I hope God will."

Mr. Crawson reeled forward as if he had been struck.

"Do you mean to say," he gasped, "that you shan't take him up, commit him to jail for trial?"

"I never thought of doing such a thing. Every day when I pray that God would give me back the life of my boy, I pray that this dreadful event may be blessed to his companion. You may tell him so. It would be in vain for us to ask God to forgive our sins, if we did not from the heart forgive each other."

There was a sound like a suppressed sob as Mr. Crawson without a word turned away. Before he left the yard, he was crying aloud.

He was half way home when he met the clergyman.

"I believe it. I believe it," he exclaimed wringing the man's hand. "I always scoffed at religion. I allus said it did for Sunday use; but it wouldn't work for every day wear; but I believe it now; and Mr. Dodge has got it too. I must go home and tell my poor boy."

The next day when Jimmy after a long sleep opened his eyes the light of reason dawned in them. He gazed at his mother a moment and then smiled a recognition.

She bent over, kissed his pale cheek and rushed from the room to give vent to her joy and gratitude. On her knees, with her hands clasped, did she thank the Giver of all her mercies for this last, best answer to her prayers; for the good Doctor had told them if he woke conscious, there would be good reason to hope. Jimmy saved, Jimmy's reason restored, that he might repent and forsake his sins; what more had she to ask for?

The first word the poor patient spoke was, "mother;" and before she could stop him he said:

"I'm sick; but I can't die till I've told you how naughty I was."

"You shall tell me all, darling; but you are too weak now."

"I can't be better till I tell you; and I want you to tell God for me how sorry I am."

Then in a few broken words he confessed his yielding to temptation, his deceit and all his sin, and asked in a tone of great anxiety:

"Will God forgive me all that?"

"Yes, for Christ's sake he will." Then she took his hot hands and bending over where he could hear her whispered words, she told her heavenly Father of his sin and his sorrow, and begged for pardon in the name of the blessed Saviour who came on earth to forgive sins.

After this Jimmy sunk into a sweet, refreshing sleep.

When the watchful Doctor came the next time, he comforted the parents by telling them that all immediate danger was past, though he added with a mysterious smile; "I have received orders to continue my visits to my patient as long as I can do him any good, so you won't be rid of me at present."

## **CHAPTER VIII.**

### ***THE DOCTOR'S BILL.***

IT was not till some weeks later that the Doctor consented to explain what he meant by his remark. Then rubbing his hands, which was a habit when he was much pleased, he said:

"Crawson came to me one day and asked for my bill. He took out his pocket-book, and urged that he had a little money by him; and it would be more convenient to settle at once."

"'You don't owe me a cent,' I answered, a good deal astonished, 'though I wish you did.'"

"'I mean for your attendance on little Jimmy Dodge. You know it was I called you, and—and—there, it's no use to mince matters, Doctor. You know it belongs to me to pay it.'"

"'But I haven't given up the case yet,' I said. I couldn't help laughing, it was so odd for the man to be urging his hard-earned money upon me. Upon my word I told him such a thing don't often happen to a Doctor."

"He didn't laugh, though. He drew out a roll of bills and laid them on the table. 'I want you to go on, of course,' he said, 'till he's entirely well. If there isn't enough I'll bring more; and, Doctor, when you want any fish, you've only to say so.'"

"Now," exclaimed the Doctor, bringing his hand down on the table, "That man has a heart which I never gave him credit for. 'Twas worth a hundred dollars to me to see his face as he went off leaving his roll of X's on my table."

"But, Doctor," began Mr. Dodge, his face flushing:

"Don't you interrupt, you haven't heard the rest of the story. I had a little business at the bank; and I found out that Crawson had three hundred dollars there which he'd been gathering by the sale of his fish. One third of

the whole he'd drawn out; and this was just the sum he brought me, when, goodness knows, if I'd made a bill it wouldn't have been a quarter of it."

"Now friend Dodge, in my place what would you have done?" The good Doctor's eye had a curious twinkle in it.

"I should have put the hundred dollars in the bank again, and sent my bill to the father of the child who was hurt."

"Just what I did," exclaimed the good man, his face fairly shining. "Crawson has his three hundred in the county bank all secure, and I've brought my little account of attendance to you. I've had a good deal of pay out of the job already one way and another. Remember that when you look it over, and don't grumble at the amount."

"That I'm sure I shall not do," said Mr. Dodge. "You have been the means under God of raising my dear Jimmy from the borders of the grave. If you'll wait a minute I'll cash it at once."

"No! oh, no! I can't be bothered with money to-day. I must be off to see widow Stephens' sprained ankle. Good morning, sir."

When he was out of sight, Mr. Dodge looked at the bill. The paper was only a receipt in full for medicine and medical attendance up to the present date.

It was no wonder that he went into the house rather excited. The conversation had taken place while the Doctor sat in his buggy, and the farmer stood near his barn.

Jimmy was sitting up in bed with a napkin pinned around his neck, his eyes looking unnaturally large on account of his thin cheeks, but otherwise better than he had done since the accident.

"Oh, this does taste so good, father!" exclaimed the boy smacking his lips with a keen relish. "Toasted bread and pure cream, no fooling!"

"I think he gains strength every day on this diet," said his mother laughing; "but what has happened?" noticing her husband's flushed face.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dodge had ever referred to Daniel Crawson since he was brought home, though Jimmy had confessed with bitter tears, his own wicked conduct. The father took a seat by the bed, thinking this would be a good opportunity to test his son's feeling toward the one who had so severely injured him.

"You are almost well now, Jimmy," he began; "but as the vacation commences so soon I don't think it will be best for you to go again till fall."

"I'm so sorry, father, I shall be behind all my classes." Jimmy sighed and then added softly: "I'm almost glad I was hurt though."

"Why, Jimmy!"

"Yes, father, mother knows all about it. I was getting to be a very wicked boy. When I told the first lie to Ellen, after Ralph came, I was awfully afraid: I tried to make believe it wasn't a lie; but all the time I knew it was, because I'd made Ellen think I was at school. I didn't pray to God that night 'cause I knew that He had heard me; and I was afraid to promise Him that I wouldn't tell any more. You see I had to make an excuse to the teacher. I missed almost all my lessons; and when Miss Reynolds called me up, and looked so kindly right into my eyes, and asked, 'where is my good, studious Jimmy Dodge?' I had to try hard to keep from crying. Oh, father, I know now that wicked boys who tell lies and deceive their parents can't be happy!"

"But you went again, my son." The father's voice was very sad.

"Yes, father; but I was sorry all the time. I knew you wouldn't like me to be with a boy who swears, and tells lies, and gets angry. While I was in the boat, I resolved that I would take my lilies and come right home, and tell mother all about it, and ask God to help me be a good boy. I never knew whether Daniel gave me any lilies."

"Would you like to see Daniel and ask him about it?"

"Oh no, sir, I don't care about them now! We were going to sell them for a cent apiece. I suppose he sold his. We got ever so many."

"I don't think poor Daniel or his father thought of the lilies. They had something else to think of."

"What was it, father?" Jimmy's large eyes were fixed eagerly on his father's face.

"If you had died, my son, Daniel would have been a murderer."

"Did he know it?" gasped Jimmy; "Was he afraid I'd die?"

"His father came to me almost heart-broken. He supposed I should be very angry, and that I should have his son committed to prison. He came here of his own accord, and told me what Daniel had done, and promised to keep guard over him that he shouldn't run away, until we could see what the result would be.

"He came every day to inquire, though not always to the house, and told me Daniel could scarcely eat or sleep; that he was crying all the time. He asked me at last what I intended to do with his son?"

"Oh, father!" sobbed the sick boy. "I'm so sorry." He covered his face and great tears rolled down his cheeks. Presently he said, "I've been thinking a great deal about Daniel. I knew he'd be sorry; but I didn't think he'd feel so very bad. You know I had been wicked as well as he. I meant to write him a letter as soon as I got out of bed and ask mother to send it. Don't you think I could write it now?"

"Your mother knows best whether you are strong enough. Mr. Crawson confessed that if it were his son who was hit such a cruel blow, he would have gone to the full extent of the law to have the guilty one punished. What do you think as a Christian man I ought to have said to him, when he asked me what I should do?"

Jimmy started up in bed in great excitement.

"Oh, I want to see Daniel," he cried, "I do! I do!"

"What for, Jimmy?"

"I would put my arms round his neck and kiss him. If he is so sorry, I think he'd do what I wanted; and I should ask him to try with me to be a good boy, and not to tell lies any more. Oh father! what if he should break off playing truant, and taking his father's boat without leave, wouldn't it be splendid?"

There was a tear in Mr. Dodge's eye as he answered:

"Yes, indeed, my son."

"I feel real strong, mother, can't I be dressed and write a letter?"

"You may rest a little while, and then take my portfolio into your lap."

## **CHAPTER IX.**

### ***THE BLUE FISH.***

WOULD you like to hear what Jimmy wrote? It was this.

"DEAR DANIEL:"

"I am a great deal better. I eat bread and cream every day; and I like it very much. Dear Daniel, I cannot tell you how sorry I am that I acted so bad, and told so many lies, and ran away from school.

I have asked God to forgive me for Jesus Christ's sake; and I think he will. Mother says He always does forgive boys when He sees they are really penitent. I have thought a great deal about you; and I don't want you to think I'm angry because you struck me. It made me sick at first; but I am rather glad of it now, because if I hadn't got hurt I might have gone on growing worse and worse. Mother says, our Father in heaven often does allow his children to get into trouble, to let them see that the Bible is true, when it says: 'The way of transgressors is hard.' So you see it was good for me to be hurt. Dear Daniel, I love you dearly. I knew you'd be sorry. I thank your father for being so kind to me. Will you please ask him to let you come with me to Sunday school when I get well; and we'll learn to be good boys together?"

"Teacher came to see me a good many times; but I was too sick to know it. I'll never play truant again."

"YOUR FRIEND, JIMMY DODGE."

Dexter was very glad to oblige his young friend by carrying this letter to Mr. Crawson's.

"What have you there, Dan?" asked his father the same evening, as he saw his son slily wiping his eyes while trying to read a paper.

The lad passed Jimmy's letter without a word, his lip quivering as he did so.

"Give me my specs, Amos.—There, on the end of the mantel."

He lead the writing from the top to the bottom of the page, coughing a good deal and clearing his throat at the last, while Daniel watched him

closely. It was full five minutes before he spoke. He sat holding the letter, gazing straight before him. Then he said abruptly:

"I went out in the large boat and caught a blue fish to-day. I think there'll be more to-morrow. If you've a mind, Dan, you may get up and go with me to Buzzard's point. May be we can find something that will taste as good as the bread and cream Jimmy tells about. When you go there, you tell him your father says you may go to Sunday school and welcome."

"I'd like that firstrate, father. I'll go to bed now so as to be up in season." He folded the letter carefully and put it in the drawer. He wanted to say that he had resolved to turn over a new leaf; but he had not the courage. As he was reluctantly leaving the room he caught the eye of his father fixed full upon him, with an expression of such yearning tenderness that he sprang forward and clasped his arms round his father's neck and kissed him.

Never since he could remember had he given such an embrace; but it did them both good. There was a sob, and then a laugh in which all in the room joined. Mr. Crawson held the boy off at arms-length and looked at him with a smile. Never had their hearts been drawn together as now.

As Amos and his brother left the room Amos said with a sneer:

"I guess I'll try murdering folks, and see whether dad'll cosset me up. Bah, it makes me sick!"





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### ***DANIEL AND AMOS FISHING.***

"Amos," called out Mr. Crawson, "I told you to get up and work in the garden; but you may go with us if you'd rather. I aren't agoing to have my boys think I'm partial to ary one."

The next day when Mrs. Dodge went to the kitchen she found a large blue fish, nicely dressed for cooking; lying on a platter.

"Daniel Crawson brought it," Ellen said laughing, "and he'd got another one for the Doctor. He said they were alive this morning. He caught them himself. Oh, there's a little paper too."

She took from her pocket a soiled piece of paper which seemed to have been torn from a book. On it was written with a pencil:

"Father says I may go to Sunday school. I never was sorrier in all my life. I never prayed afore, but that night I did ask God to forgive me. I'm sick of being such a bad boy. If you'll help me be good, you shall have all the fish you want."

"DANIEL CRAWSON."

Not long after this Miss Reynolds called at Mr. Dodge's to inquire about her scholar. The vacation was near, and she was intending to leave the town for eight weeks.

Jimmy was almost well now, though he looked very pale and thin. After some conversation with Mrs. Dodge about his studies, the boy put his hand into his teacher's and said timidly:

"I'm glad you came; I've been wanting to tell you something. I told a lie when I said I went with mother. Will you please to forgive me?"

"Yes, my dear Jimmy," she answered putting her arm around him. "I think you have learned a lesson you will never forget. Solomon tells us in the Bible that, 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.'"

"Yes, ma'am; and I never was so unhappy as after I began to be wicked."

"How about Daniel Crawson?" she asked earnestly. "He has been very regular at school lately, and studies as if he meant to make up for lost time."

"Oh, I'm so glad! He's going to Sunday school too. His father has given him leave."

"Yes;" added Mrs. Dodge, "and I can tell you something more. Mr. Crawson has hired a pew in the side aisle, and told your father he intended to go to church himself. He has not been for fifteen years. He says he's seen

occasion to change his mind about religion, and if it isn't too late he means to try and get it himself."

Mrs. Dodge urged the teacher to stay to tea; but as she could not, the lady brought in a saucer of raspberries with sugar and delicious sweet cream.

Miss Reynolds said it was years since she had enjoyed such a treat. After she had eaten the fruit, she went away, telling Jimmy to get up a good stock of health so as to be able to study hard in the autumn.

## **CHAPTER X.**

### ***JIMMY'S PLAN.***

ONE evening in July Jimmy sat on a cricket with his head in his mother's lap. The day had been very sultry; but now there was a pleasant breeze which wafted the sweet fragrance of the honey-suckle to the porch where they were seated. From the meadow came the sound of the bull frogs croaking their evening song, while every now and then a cricket chirped out a chorus. Jimmy had now nearly recovered his health, though any unusual exertion brought on a return of the pain in his head.

It was a great relief therefore to his parents, that the long summer vacation would give their boy an opportunity to gain strength.

Mr. Dodge soon joined them accompanied by their pastor whom he met coming to make a call. Jimmy's head ached; but his mother's hand, passing softly across his forehead, soothed the pain; so he sat quiet, and listened to the conversation.

"I have been to see Mr. Crawson," began the clergyman, "and I am very much pleased with what he says of himself."

"That man's heart is in the right place," responded Mr. Dodge warmly. He then repeated the story of Mr. Crawson's having drawn a hundred dollars from the brink to pay the Doctor's bill, and how the good, generous man had returned the money.

Jimmy had never heard the story before, and was very much affected by it. He knew that Mr. Crawson worked very hard to earn enough to support his family; and that his sons never had a cent to spend for sports. Then his father went on to state how the Doctor had brought him a receipted bill, adding:

"I could not offend the good man by not accepting it; but I shall watch a chance to do him a favor."

The clergyman staid some time; but Jimmy heard nothing more. An idea had flashed into his mind; and he wanted to be alone to think it over.

"I'll go to bed now," he whispered to his mother, and she answered, "Very well, dear. I'll go to your chamber as soon as the pastor has gone."

It was almost an hour later when the company left, so that she could attend to Jimmy. She hoped and expected he would be asleep; but on entering his room with a light in her hand, she saw that his eyes were wide open, and there was a crimson spot on either cheek.

"Why, Jimmy, are you sick, darling?" she asked quickly.

"No, mother; but I've got a plan. I hope you and father will be willing."

The lady bent down and kissed him. He looked very beautiful; his soft wavy hair falling over his white forehead, his deep, earnest eyes; but still there was something in his countenance which made her heart ache. Just so his baby sister had looked before God took her to heaven.

"Do you think father would sell his buggy?" the child went on. "I heard him tell Mr. Morse it was too narrow for him, and that was the reason he bought the carryall. Now the buggy has been standing in the barn a long time, and he don't use it but once in a great while."

Mrs. Dodge laughed, but he seemed so earnest that she went to the head of the stairs and called out:

"Husband, come up here a minute. Here is a boy wants to know if you will sell your buggy."

"Who wants it, Jimmy?"

"I do. Oh, father, please don't laugh. I've been thinking of a plan. I don't want Mr. Crawson to take his money out of the bank for me. If I hadn't been a bad, disobedient boy, I shouldn't have gone in the boat, and then Daniel couldn't have hurt me. I don't want the Doctor not to have his pay because he isn't rich, and he goes to see so many poor people who can't give anything."

"But what has that to do with my buggy, my son?"

"I'll tell you, presently, father. You know the money grandmother gave me; and the bank book with my name in it that's in your desk?"

"Yes, I know."

"Now, father, if you'll take the money for yours, and let me have the buggy, and get Mr. Morse to fix it up and varnish it, then I could give it to the Doctor instead of his old, rattling thing."

"That's a famous plan, Jimmy. I'll think about it and to-morrow I'll tell you. Now go to sleep or you will be sick."

Mr. Dodge walked out of the room without another word; but his mother stooped over the bed and whispered:

"You're a darling child." Then she kissed him and went away.

The next morning Jimmy heard the sound of wheels driving out of the yard. He sprang from the bed just in time to see his father riding away in the buggy. He dressed himself in a hurry, and ran down to ask his mother what it meant; but she only laughed, and told him to be patient.

Just before breakfast was ready his father came back leading the horse with the harness on him, but no carriage. After they were seated at the table, Mr. Dodge said with a smile:

"I thought, Jimmy, you were going to buy a watch and gold chain, and a Phi Beta Kappa medal like the minister's, and a farm, with your money in the bank."

"Oh father!" answered the child with a blush. "That was when I was a little boy."

"Ah indeed, that makes a difference!" said the farmer with a comical glance at his wife; "Well I've found out that I can have the buggy wheel mended, and the whole painted to look as well as new for twenty dollars. So if you're inclined to make me a good offer. I think I shall take you up."

"Will the money I have be enough," asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Let me see. There's five hundred dollars besides the interest for four years and some little sums added. Yes, I think that will do."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad;" and Jimmy in his excitement shed tears of joy.

He could not understand Dexter's shout of laughter, nor his mother's whispered "Hush! I wouldn't, husband." He only knew that he was very happy.

"What will the Doctor say?" he exclaimed joyfully. "Do you think he'll know it is his."

A fortnight later, the good physician was called to make a visit about two miles from home. Jimmy was out in the yard with his father when they heard the sound of the loose wheels rattling down the hill.

"He's going away, wont it be a good time now, father?" asked the boy.

"Yes, it will."

Mr. Dodge went to the barn, harnessed the black mare, put Jimmy on her back, and led her along to Mr. Morse's shop. The buggy looked so bright and handsome that the little fellow scarcely knew it. Mr. Dodge examined every part, then opened his pocket-book and counted out twenty dollars, harnessed the mare into the carriage and drove to the Doctor's house.

"I've got my letter all ready," Jimmy said, laughing in an excited manner. "After we've put the buggy in the Doctor's chaise-house, I'll pin the letter to the cushion. Mother said that would be the best way."

They had scarcely reached home and put the mare in the barn before back came the old wheels, and the Doctor's broad good-natured face. Jimmy had to turn around he felt so much like laughing.

It was not more than twenty minutes before there was a loud call at the front porch.

"Jimmy Dodge, Jimmy Dodge!"

The good Doctor was sitting in the buggy, wiping his eyes and laughing at the same time. "I tell my wife," he said to Mrs. Dodge, "that the millennium has begun, there are so many good people in the world." Then he shook hands with Jimmy over and over again and went away leaving the little boy very happy, and I don't think his money in the bank was lessened by one penny.