

THE VAIN OLD WOMAN.

(Adapted from the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

THERE was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old

woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.



YOUNG SHIP-BUILDER: "'COURSE IT 'LL FLOAT. BUT, NELLIE, YOU MUST KEEP IT FROM FLOATING OUT WHILE I KEEP IT FROM FLOATING IN."

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

CALM BEFORE STORM.

It was true enough that the mill was going again that forenoon "as if nothing unusual had happened." Such rest as the boys got must have been taken before ten o'clock; for at that hour, the tide favoring, flash-boards were set and wheels and lathes merrily whirling.

"The editor ought to have added," Mart penciled at the bottom of the article in his scrap-book, "that the T. Brothers did not lose the use of their water-power for even five minutes in consequence

of the dam's having been torn away. It was ready again, and so were we, long before the water was."

To add to their triumph, the court refused to grant the injunction against rebuilding, which was actually applied for before it was known that the rebuilding was an accomplished fact.

Their position appeared now to be stronger than ever. They were running their mill in open defiance of all the power and influence that could be brought to bear against them by the Argonaut Club and the authorities of both towns, yet not in defiance of what they firmly believed to be law and justice.

Tranquil days followed. The boys were able to

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