

"We didn't trouble nobody. Dick took care of baby, an' picked coal out of the ash barrels while she played around, when I was sellin' papers. I've got 20 dols. hid away towards buyin' the farm, if they ain't stole it, while they took the children. It most kills me about them, and I'm dreadfully worried about the money, while I've had to lay here."

"You must not be troubled. You shall not be the loser, if it is gone; but are you sure that you would rather have the farm than anything else?"

"Nothin' can besure! I live on that thought, an' thinkin' what I am going to do for the children. Sis an' Dick talks of it all the time, too."

"What do you say, surgeon? Can he bear good news?"

"The more the better."

"Well my hero of fourteen years, I will make you a present of the farm, and place the money aside for you, in your name, for that purpose, in case anything should happen to me. The surgeon and doctor are witnesses to the agreement. You can save money to buy horses and stook, and if you fall short of enough to buy farm tools, I will make you a present of them, also, for saving the life of my little daughter."

"I did not do it for pay. I saw the baby would be killed, and I gave a spring for her, an' tossed her aside when I saw the horses was goin' ter trample me to death."

"No, my boy, it is not pay. I scorn the word in connection with a deed so brave and holy," said the man of wealth, almost as much excited as was the boy of a few moments before, but who now lay pale, limp, and languid, as he thought that his honour was at stake.

"The capitalist had a present of a Jersey cow, last spring, when he moved to his place in the country. You wouldn't call that charity, would you?" asked the smiling surgeon.

"No, sir."

The emphasis was heavy on the last word. The brown eyes brightened like stars, and the wan little face took on the colour of life in a moment, and was gladdened with smiles of joy.

"I don't know how to thank you never, as you ought to be. I wonder if it's a sign I'm a fool. I want to cry. I'm full up here," and the boy put his well hand up to his throat, while tears rolled silently down his pale cheeks.

Other eyes looked as though they wanted to cry to, till the surgeon said, "You have some good friends, my boy. A capitalist, a doctor, and a surgeon. We will stand by you through life, only let me see that you are noble, good, and true in all things."

"I'll be all that. I gave the promise to mother before she died, and I can't break it never!"

"When the surgeon again visited his patient, he found the boy much better. He smiled when Sydney asked for a pencil and paper, that he might make pictures of the cattle and sheep he was going to have on his farm, but the one hand could not do so much, so it was abandoned, and he would lie and think of the good which was to come to him in the near future.

"Can I have the children termorrer?" was the almost daily cry of the boy whenever he got sight of the surgeon in the morning.

The change had been too great from active outdoor life, so the capitalist took him in his elegant carriage, with his wife and child, for short drives, and then it was not long before he could hobble on crutches, but the cry was even more piteous, if possible: "May I have the children termorrer?"

"Yes," said the surgeon at last, as he came in one morning with the capitalist, while the doctor was at the bedside, trying to keep up the courage of the anxious little patient. "Your home is ready for you, all furnished. It is in a better locality, where you can sell papers without going so far, when you are able to take up your old business, if you like that better than any other. But it will be two or three weeks yet before your strength is sufficient for the undertaking. It will not do to begin too soon and put you back."

Never had the great surgeon of B—— hospital looked so noble as when he came in with the motherless baby in his arms, and a trembling boy clinging to the hand at his side. In the blue eyes of the baby he saw his own little one, that all his skill could not save when diphtheria stalked through the land. He wanted to adopt the children, but Sydney was firm in his overmastering desire for a farm so it rested at that.

When the surgeon went himself for the children there was some holding back about giving them up. Excuses were made, and it was said that the committee would have to meet and decide the matter, but the surgeon was imperative.

The children were left by the dying mother in the boy's care. So he argued, and the patient had need of them to make sure his recovery, and so the point was gained though with no very good grace.

The man of wealth and position was by the side of the boy when the children were brought in. The cry from his lips once heard could never be forgotten. With emotion he saw the eager clasp of the thin arms around the baby's chubby form, and the passionate kisses,

while little Dick laid his head on his brother's shoulder and sobbed convulsively.

Suddenly the head of the young hero was drawn back with the cry, "they have cut off her beautiful curls!" And he looked ruefully at the pretty head on his bosom.

"Never mind," said the surgeon soothingly. "They will soon grow out again. See the little rings clustering around her forehead."

"She had a red dress, and didn't look like this," was the aggrieved rejoinder.

"She shall have a red dress this very day," replied the capitalist, "My wife is going to make her a number of presents, and will look after her clothing and all such matters, if you will permit her to do so. A woman who lives in the same floor where your home is to be will see to her baths, and will do what you cannot do as a woman can. But you can live in your own little rooms as before, if you like that best, and no one shall trouble you."

"We do! Oh, we do!" said both boys eagerly and again the children were hugged and kissed with hungry longing. "I used to cook and do the housework to give mother time to sew, so it comes handy ever since," Sydney hastened to add, as if fearing they might doubt his inability to keep house and provide for the children.

Tears came into the older eyes as the little convalescent gave way at last, and sobbed as if his heart would break. This glad joy overpowered him, to think that the children were all his own again, and no one would ever come looking after him to take them away. He had been assured of that, so his heart was at peace, and he declared himself the happiest boy in all the great city of New York.

Sydney Sterling's 20 dols. were found, and were put in a savings bank, where more were added every week, after strength came to run around and cry his papers. They would have reached mighty sale had the public known of the hero who carried them.

The busy years bore the boy on towards manhood, while he studied and worked happier than a king on his throne, refusing all offers of a higher and better position, thinking only of the farm till he reached his twentieth year. He was fine-looking, tall and muscular, with a brave, noble heart, full of all good impulses, looking fearlessly out in the world, ready to take his place among men as a farmer and a worker, and with a ready hand to help where help was needed.

The capitalist and the surgeon went with him to select his farm, at no great distance from the city, where they assured him they could come to see him often and watch his prosperity.

The peaceful and comfortable home, and the fertile acres were all that they could wish, with fine horses, cattle, pig, fowls, and tools in abundance to work with, so the little family settled down in glad content, while the birds in the trees were not happier than they in their new home. They worked and capered gleefully, as if it were not possible to ever feel fatigue, or weariness, or want of rest.

Little Grace, now eleven years old, played housekeeping in a practical way, while the boys worked on the farm, with an experienced man as helper and instructor, and Grace was to attend school every winter.

"Did Sydney Sterling prosper?" you ask

"Yes, and his brave brother Dick with him. Their hearts were in their work, and though they made some mistakes, they learned even from them; so that their happy expectations were fully realised in years that passed.

They were often visited by the doctor, the capitalist and the surgeon, who with the lawyer were fast, firm friends to the little family ever afterwards.

THE IRISH WIN IN ADELAIDE.

(Sydney Freeman's Journal.)

THE Irish team, under Captain M. Ryan, have in the International Tug-of-War at Adelaide, South Australia, followed the example of their countrymen in Melbourne. In Melbourne Captain Flannagan carried "the boys" through without defeat, and secured the first prize of £100. In Adelaide the "stout-hearted Paddies" also came through the tournament with an unbroken record against 17 competing teams, and carried off the bag of 100 sovereigns.

Ireland's record was 8 pulls and 8 wins. The Port Natives came second with 7 pulls and 6 wins, while the Swedes' score was 8 pulls and 6 wins. The other principle records were Australians, 8 pulls 5 wins; S.A. Natives, 7 pulls 4 wins; Young Australians, 8 pulls 4 wins; Australian Police, 8 pulls 4 wins.

From the *Adelaide Advertiser* and *South Australian Register* we glean the following particulars of the last night and its exciting incidents:—

On Wednesday night, despite the exceedingly oppressive weather and a huge counter-attraction in the form of Messrs Sells Brothers' Circus, the attendance at the Jubilee Exhibition Building to see the concluding struggle for the tug-of-war prize was a large one. A horseshoe covered with flowers and adorned with yellow and black ribbon was hung from the supports on the southern end, the side the Swedish team had allotted to them. On the northern end was sus-