

"Sam's gone," whispered the little woman, and buried her face in a large, red rag she had in her hands.

"Do bear up, Lizzie, and come in," said Miss Peters, drawing her inside and placing a badly scarred chair before her.

"When did 'e go?"

"Three o'clock o' the mornin'. He jest jumped right up in bed and then fell back like a log. But he's gone complete,—sold his body to the clinic."

"What?"

"Yes, t'was Sam's will; he willed it to me. It'll nearly pay George's tuition. Sam said it was for me but I'm going to save it for George. Sam wuz opposed to eddication. Sam says, says he, 'Be a self-made man. Eddication don't count fur nuthin'. Look at Hennery Clay and Danerl Webster. I never had any eddication to brag uv and look at me!' Poor Sam, he covld uv improved on his ways."

"Sam wuz right, Mrs. Barker."

"Sam wuz wrong, Miss Peters, if I do say it, although he wuz a good husband to me,—he wuz a good husband to me. But eddication is the thing uv the future and I'm bound my George shall get through. If I can hold out until next summer, he'll graduate. He works mornin' and night, poor boy. And I'm bound to give my best, Miss Peters, like that woman in the Scriptures with the alabaster box."

Mrs. Barker rose to go.

"I'm goin' out to work, Miss Peters. Maybe, I can get in to see you evenin's before you go to bed."

"Do," said Miss Peters. "You remind me so much of a cousin of mine—she's dead now—that it sort of comforts me to talk with you although my views are not like yours."

Despite her promise, Mrs. Barker did not call very frequently during the early weeks of winter. Miss Peters heard her daily start out early to work and, late at night, toil wearily up the creaking stairs to her dark, cold room. When she did come it was only for a few minutes. She always philosophized on education and talked of George. Even Sam, her deceased husband, seemed forgotten in the all-absorbing determination that George