

A woman in a long, flowing red cloak is seen from behind, walking away into a dense forest. She is carrying a wicker basket in her right hand. The forest is filled with tall, thin trees and a lush green undergrowth. The lighting is soft, suggesting a misty or overcast day.

A GIRL of the LIMBERLOST

by Gene Stratton-Porter



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

Characters

ELNORA, who collects moths to pay for her education, and lives the Golden Rule.

PHILIP AMMON, who assists in moth hunting, and gains a new conception of love.

MRS. COMSTOCK, who lost a delusion and found a treasure.

WESLEY SINTON, who always did his best.

MARGARET SINTON, who “mothers” Elnora.

BILLY, who is a boy from real life.

EDITH CARR, who discovers herself.

HART HENDERSON, to whom love means all things.

POLLY AMMON, who pays an old score.

TOM LEVERING, who is engaged to Polly.

TERENCE O’MORE, who is Freckles grown tall.

MRS. O’MORE, who remained the Angel.

TERENCE, ALICE, and LITTLE BROTHER, who are the O’More children.

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Chapter I

Wherein Elnora Goes to High School and Learns Many Lessons Not Found in Her Books

“Elnora Comstock, have you lost your senses?” demanded the angry voice of Katharine Comstock while she glared at her daughter.

“Why, Mother!” faltered the girl.

“Don’t you ‘why, Mother’ me!” cried Mrs. Comstock. “You know very well what I mean. You’ve given me no peace until you’ve had your way about this going to school business. I’ve fixed you good enough, and you’re ready to start. But no child of mine walks the streets of Onabasha looking like a play-actress woman. You wet your hair and comb it down modest and decent and then be off, or you’ll have no time to find where you belong.”

Elnora gave one despairing glance at the white face, framed in a most becoming riot of reddish-brown hair, which she saw in the little kitchen mirror. Then she untied the narrow black ribbon, wet the comb and plastered the waving curls close to her head, bound them fast, and pinned on the skimpy black hat. She opened the back door.

“You’ve gone so plumb daffy you are forgetting your dinner,” her mother cajoled.

“I don’t want anything to eat,” replied Elnora.

“You’ll take your dinner or you’ll not go one step. Are you crazy? Walk almost three miles and no food from six in the morning until six at night. A pretty figure you’d cut if you had your way! And after I’ve gone and bought you this nice new pail and filled it especial to start on!”

Elnora came back with a face still whiter and picked up the lunch. "Thank you, Mother! Good-bye!" she said.

Mrs. Comstock did not reply. She watched the girl follow the long walk to the gate and go from sight on the road, in the bright sunshine of the first Monday of September.

"I bet a dollar she gets enough of it by night!" commented Mrs. Comstock.

Elnora walked by instinct, for her eyes were blinded with tears. She left the road where it turned south, at the corner of the Limberlost, climbed a snake fence, and entered a path worn by her own feet. Dodging under willow and scrub oak branches she came at last to the faint outline of an old trail made in the days when the precious timber of the swamp was guarded by armed men. This path she followed until she reached a thick clump of bushes. From the debris in the end of a hollow log, she took a key that unlocked the padlock of a large, weather beaten old box, inside of which lay, among a variety of other things, several books, a butterfly apparatus, and a small cracked mirror. The walls of the box were lined thickly with gaudy butterflies, dragon-flies, and moths.

She set up the mirror and, once more pulling the ribbon from her hair, she shook the bright mass over her shoulders, tossing it dry in the sunshine. Then she straightened it, bound it loosely, and replaced her hat. She tugged vainly at the low brown calico collar of her dress. She gazed despairingly at the generous length of the narrow skirt and lifted it as high as she would have cut it if possible. That disclosed her heavy, leather shoes, the sight of which made her feel positively ill. She hastily dropped the skirt.

She opened the pail, removed the lunch, wrapped it in the napkin, and placed it in a small, pasteboard box withdrawn from the larger box. Leaving the pail within and locking the box again, she hid the key.

She hurried down the trail, following it around the north end of the swamp, and then entered a footpath crossing a farm and leading in the direction of the spires of the city to the northeast. Again she climbed a fence and was on the open road.

For an instant she leaned against the fence, staring before her,

then turned and looked back. Behind her lay the land on which she had been born to drudgery and a mother who made no pretense of loving her. Before her lay the city through whose schools she hoped to find means of escape and the way to reach the things for which she cared. When she thought of how she appeared, she leaned more heavily against the fence and groaned. When she thought of turning back and wearing such clothing in ignorance all the days of her life, she set her face firmly and went hastily toward Onabasha.

On the bridge crossing a deep culvert at the suburbs, she glanced around, and then kneeling she thrust the lunch box between the foundation and the flooring. This left her empty-handed as she approached the big, stone, high school building. She entered bravely and inquired her way to the office of the superintendent. There she learned that she should have come the previous week and arranged about her classes. There were many things incident to the opening of school, and one man unable to cope with all of them.

“Where have you been attending school?” he asked, while he advised the teacher of Domestic Science not to telephone for groceries until she knew how many she would have in her classes, wrote an order for chemicals for the students of science, and advised the leader of the orchestra to hire a professional to take the place of the bass violist, reported suddenly ill.

“I finished last spring at Brushwood school, district number nine,” said Elnora. “I have been studying all summer. I am quite sure I can do the first-year work, if I have a few days to get started.”

“Of course, of course,” assented the superintendent. “Almost invariably country pupils do good work. You may enter first year, and if it is too difficult, we will find it out speedily. Your teachers will tell you the list of books you must have, and if you will come with me I will show you the way to the auditorium. It is now time for opening exercises. Take any seat you find vacant.”

Elnora stood before the entrance and stared into the largest room she ever had seen. The floor sloped to a yawning stage on which a band of musicians, grouped around a grand piano, were tuning their instruments. She had two fleeting impressions: it was all a mistake. This was no school, but a grand display of enormous

ribbon bows. She was sinking and had forgotten how to walk.

Then a burst from the orchestra nerved her while a bevy of daintily clad, sweet smelling things that might have been birds, or flowers, or possibly gaily dressed, happy young girls, pushed her forward. She found herself plodding across the back of the auditorium, praying for guidance, to an empty seat.

As the girls passed her, vacancies seemed to open to meet them. Their friends were moving over, beckoning and whispering invitations. Everyone else was seated, but no one paid any attention to the white-faced girl stumbling half-blindly down the aisle next the farthest wall. So she went on to the very end facing the stage. No one moved, and she could not summon courage to crowd past others to several empty seats she saw. At the end of the aisle she paused in desperation, while she stared back at the whole forest of faces most of which were now turned upon her.

In a flash came the full realization of her awkward dress, her pitiful little hat and ribbon, her big, heavy shoes, her ignorance of where to go or what to do, and, from a sickening wave which crept over her, she felt she was going to become very ill. Then out of the mass she saw a pair of big, brown, boy eyes, three seats from her, and there was a message in them. Without moving his body he reached forward and with a pencil touched the back of the seat before him. Instantly, Elnora took another step, which brought her to a row of vacant front seats.

She heard laughter behind her. The knowledge that she wore the only hat in the room burned her. Every matter of moment, and some of none at all, cut and stung. She had no books. Where should she go when this was over? What would she give to be on the trail going home!

She was shaking with a nervous chill when the music ceased, and the superintendent arose. Coming down to the front of the flower-decked platform, he opened a Bible and began to read. Elnora did not know what he was reading, and she felt that she did not care. Wildly she was racking her brain to decide whether she should sit still when the others left the room or follow, and ask someone where the freshmen went first.

In the midst of the struggle, one sentence fell on her ear. "Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."

Elnora began to pray frantically. "Hide me, O God, hide me, under the shadow of Thy wings."

Again and again she implored that prayer, and before she realized what was coming, everyone had arisen and the room was emptying rapidly. Elnora hurried after the nearest girl and, in the press at the door, touched her sleeve timidly.

"Will you please tell me where the freshmen go?" she asked huskily.

The girl gave her one surprised glance, and drew away.

"Same place as the fresh women," she answered, and those nearest her laughed.

Elnora stopped praying suddenly, and the colour crept into her face. "I'll wager you are the first person I meet when I find it," she said and stopped short. "Not that! Oh, I must not do that!" she thought in dismay. "Make an enemy the first thing I do. Oh, not that!"

She followed with her eyes as the young people separated in the hall, some climbing stairs, some disappearing down side halls, some entering adjoining doors. She saw the girl overtake the brown-eyed boy and speak to him. He glanced back at Elnora with a scowl on his face. Then she stood alone in the hall.

Presently a door opened and a young woman came out and entered another room. Elnora waited until she returned, and hurried to her. "Would you tell me where the freshmen are?" she panted.

"Straight down the hall, three doors to your left," was the answer, as the girl passed.

"One minute please, oh please," begged Elnora. "Should I knock or just open the door?"

"Go in and take a seat," replied the teacher.

"What if there aren't any seats?" gasped Elnora.

"Classrooms are never half filled; there will be plenty," was the answer.

Elnora removed her hat. There was no place to put it, so she carried it in her hand. She looked infinitely better without it. After

several efforts she at last opened the door and stepping inside faced a smaller and more concentrated battery of eyes.

“The superintendent sent me. He thinks I belong here,” she said to the professor in charge of the class, but she never before heard the voice with which she spoke. As she stood waiting, the girl of the hall passed on her way to the blackboard, and suppressed laughter told Elnora that her thrust had been repeated.

“Be seated,” said the professor, and then because he saw Elnora was desperately embarrassed, he proceeded to lend her a book and to ask her if she had studied algebra. She said she had a little, but not the same book they were using. He asked her if she felt that she could do the work they were beginning, and she said she did.

That was how it happened that three minutes after entering the room she had completed a demonstration at the board and was told to take her place beside the girl who had gone last to the board, and whose flushed face and angry eyes avoided meeting Elnora’s. Being compelled to concentrate on her math problem at the board, she forgot herself. When the professor asked that all pupils sign their work she firmly wrote “Elnora Comstock” under her demonstration. Then she took her seat and waited with white lips and trembling limbs, as, one after another, the professor called the names on the board, and their owners arose and explained their propositions, or “flunked” if they had not found a correct solution. She was so eager to catch their forms of expression and prepare herself for her recitation that she never looked from the work on the board, until clearly and distinctly, the professor called, “Elnora Cornstock.”

The dazed girl stared at the board. One tiny curl added to the top of the first curve of the *m* in her name, had transformed it from a good old English patronymic that any girl might bear proudly, to Cornstock. Elnora sat speechless. When and how did it happen? She could feel the wave of smothered laughter in the air around her. A rush of anger turned her face scarlet and her soul sick. The voice of the professor addressed her directly.

“This proposition seems to be beautifully demonstrated, Miss Cornstock,” he said. “Surely, you can tell us how you did it.”

That word of praise saved her. She could do good work. They

might wear their pretty clothes, have their friends and make life a greater misery than it ever before had been for her, but not one of them could do better work or be more womanly. That lay with her. She was tall, straight, and handsome as she arose.

“Of course I can explain my work,” she said in natural tones. “What I can’t explain is how I happened to be so careless as to make a mistake in writing my own name. I must have been a little nervous. Please excuse me.”

She went to the board, swept off the signature with one stroke, then rewrote it plainly. “My name is Comstock,” she said distinctly. She returned to her seat and following the formula used by the others made her first high school recitation.

As Elnora resumed her seat, Professor Henley looked at her steadily. “It puzzles me,” he said deliberately, “how you can write as beautiful a demonstration, and explain it as clearly as ever has been done in any of my classes and still be so disturbed as to make a mistake in your own name. Are you very sure you did that yourself, Miss Comstock?”

“It is impossible that anyone else could have done it,” answered Elnora.

“I am very glad you think so,” said the professor. “Being freshmen, all of you are strangers to me. I should dislike to begin the year with you feeling there was one among you small enough to do a trick like that. The next proposition, please.”

When the hour had gone, the class filed back to the study room, and Elnora followed in desperation, because she did not know where else to go. She could not study as she had no books, and when the class again left the room to go to another professor for the next recitation, she went also. At least they could put her out if she did not belong there.

Noon came at last, and she kept with the others until they dispersed on the sidewalk. She was so abnormally self-conscious, she fancied all the hundreds of that laughing throng saw and jested at her. When she passed the brown-eyed boy walking with the girl of her encounter, she knew, for she heard him say, “Did you really let that gawky piece of calico get ahead of you?” The answer was indistinct.

Elnora hurried from the city. She intended to get her lunch, eat it in the shade of a tree, and then decide whether she would go back or go home. She knelt on the bridge and reached for her box, but it was so very light that she was prepared for the fact that it was empty before opening it. There was one thing for which to be thankful. The boy or tramp who had seen her hide it, had left the napkin. She would not have to face her mother and account for its loss. She put it in her pocket, and threw the box into the ditch.

She sat on the bridge and tried to think, but her brain was confused. "Perhaps the worst is over," she said at last. "I will go back. What would Mother say to me if I came home now?"

So she returned to the high school, followed some other pupils to the coat room, hung her hat, and found her way to the study where she had been in the morning. Twice that afternoon, with aching head and empty stomach, she faced strange professors, in different branches. Once she escaped notice. The second time the worst happened. She was asked a question she could not answer.

"Have you not decided on your course, and secured your books?" inquired the professor.

"I have decided on my course," replied Elnora, "I do not know where to ask for my books."

"Ask?" the professor was bewildered.

"I understood the books were furnished," faltered Elnora.

"Only to those bringing an order from the township trustee," replied the Professor.

"No! Oh no!" cried Elnora. "I will have them to-morrow."

She gripped her desk for support for she knew that was not true. There would be four books, ranging perhaps at a dollar and a half apiece. Would her mother buy them? Of course she would not—could not.

Did not Elnora know the story of old? There was enough land, but no one to do clearing and farm. There was tax on all those acres, and recently the new gravel road tax added. There was expense of living with only the work of two women to meet all of it.

She was insane to think she could come to the city to school. Her mother had been right. The girl decided that if only she lived to

reach home, she would stay there and lead any sort of life to avoid more of this torture. Bad as what she wished to escape had been, it was nothing like this. She never could live down the movement that went through the class when she inadvertently revealed the fact that she had expected books to be furnished. Her mother would not secure them. That settled the question.

The end of misery is never in a hurry to come. Before the day was over, the superintendent entered the room and explained that pupils from the country were charged a tuition of twenty dollars a year. That really was the end. Previously Elnora had canvassed a dozen methods for securing the money for books, ranging all the way from offering to wash the superintendent's dishes to breaking into the bank. This additional expense made her plans so wildly impossible, there was nothing to do but hold up her head until she was from sight.

Down the long corridor alone among hundreds, down the long street alone among thousands, out into the country she came at last. Across the fence and field, along the old trail once trodden by a boy's bitter agony, now stumbled a white-faced girl, sick at heart. She sat on a log and began to sob in spite of her efforts at self-control. At first it was physical breakdown, later, thoughts came crowding.

Oh the shame, the mortification! Why had she not known of the tuition? How did she happen to think that, in the city, books were furnished? Perhaps it was because she had read they were in several states. But why did she not know? Why did not her mother go with her? Other mothers—but when had her mother ever been or done anything at all like other mothers? Because she never had, it was useless to blame her now.

Elnora realized she should have gone to town the week before, called on someone and learned all these things herself. She should have remembered how her clothing would look, before she wore it in public places. Now she knew, and her dreams were over. She must go home to feed chickens, calves, and pigs, wear calico and coarse shoes, and with averted head, pass a library all her life. She sobbed again.

“For pity's sake, honey, what's the matter?” asked the voice of

the nearest neighbour, Wesley Sinton, as he seated himself beside Elnora. "There, there," he continued, smearing tears all over her face in an effort to dry them. "Was it as bad as that, now? Maggie has been just wild over you all day. She's got nervouser every minute. She said we were foolish to let you go. She said your clothes were not right, you ought not to carry that tin pail, and that they would laugh at you. By gum, I see they did!"

"Oh, Uncle Wesley," sobbed the girl, "why didn't she tell me?"

"Well, you see, Elnora, she didn't like to. You got such a way of holding up your head, and going through with things. She thought some way that you'd make it, till you got started, and then she begun to see a hundred things we should have done. I reckon you hadn't reached that building before she remembered that your skirt should have been pleated instead of gathered, your shoes been low, and lighter for hot September weather, and a new hat. Were your clothes right, Elnora?"

The girl broke into hysterical laughter. "Right!" she cried.

"Right! Uncle Wesley, you should have seen me among them! I was a picture! They'll never forget me. No, they won't get the chance, for they'll see me again to-morrow!"

"Now that is what I call spunk, Elnora! Downright grit," said Wesley Sinton. "Don't you let them laugh you out. You've so helped Margaret and me for years at harvest and busy times, that what you've earned must amount to quite a sum. You can get yourself a good many clothes with it."

"Don't mention clothes, Uncle Wesley," sobbed Elnora. "I don't care now how I look. If I don't go back all of them will know it's because I am so poor I can't buy my books."

"Oh, I don't know as you are so dratted poor," said Sinton meditatively. "There are three hundred acres of good land, with fine timber as ever grew on it."

"It takes all we can earn to pay the tax, and Mother wouldn't cut a tree for her life."

"Well then, maybe, I'll be compelled to cut one for her," suggested Sinton. "Anyway, stop tearing yourself to pieces and tell me. If it isn't clothes, what is it?"

“It’s books and tuition. Over twenty dollars in all.”

“Humph! First time I ever knew you to be stumped by twenty dollars, Elnora,” said Sinton, patting her hand.

“It’s the first time you ever knew me to want money,” answered Elnora. “This is different from anything that ever happened to me. Oh, how can I get it, Uncle Wesley?”

“Drive to town with me in the morning, and I’ll draw it from the bank for you. I owe you every cent of it.”

“You know you don’t owe me a penny, and I wouldn’t touch one from you, unless I really could earn it. For anything that’s passed, I owe you and Aunt Margaret for all the home life and love I’ve ever known. I know how you work, and I’ll not take your money.”

“Just a loan, Elnora, just a loan for a little while until you can earn it. You can be proud with all the rest of the world, but there are no secrets between us, are there, Elnora?”

“No,” said Elnora, “there are none. You and Aunt Margaret have given me all the love there has been in my life. That is the one reason above all others why you shall not give me charity. Hand me money because you find me crying for it! This isn’t the first time this old trail has known tears and heartache. All of us know that story. Freckles stuck to what he undertook and won out. I stick, too. When Duncan moved away he gave me all Freckles left in the swamp, and as I have inherited his property maybe his happiness will come with it. I won’t touch your money, but I’ll win some way. First, I’m going home and try Mother. It’s just possible I could find second hand books, and perhaps all the tuition need not be paid at once. Maybe they would accept it quarterly. But oh, Uncle Wesley, you and Aunt Margaret keep on loving me! I’m so lonely, and no one else cares!”

Wesley Sinton’s jaws met with a click. He swallowed hard on bitter words and changed what he would have liked to say three times before it became articulate.

“Elnora,” he said at last, “if it hadn’t been for one thing I’d have tried to take legal steps to make you ours when you were three years old. Maggie said then it wasn’t any use, but I’ve always held on. You see, I was the first man there, honey, and there are things you see, that you can’t ever make anybody else understand. She loved him,

Elnora, she just made an idol of him. There was that oozy green hole, with the thick scum broke, and two or three big bubbles slowly rising that were the breath of his body. There she was in spasms of agony, and beside her the great heavy log she'd tried to throw him. I can't ever forgive her for turning against you, and spoiling your childhood as she has, but I couldn't forgive anybody else for abusing her. Maggie has got no mercy on her, but Maggie didn't see what I did, and I've never tried to make it very clear to her. It's been a little too plain for me ever since. Whenever I look at your mother's face, I see what she saw, so I hold my tongue and say, in my heart, 'Give her a mite more time.' Someday it will come. She does love you, Elnora. Everybody does, honey. It's just that she's feeling so much, she can't express herself. You be a patient girl and wait a little longer. After all, she's your mother, and you're all she's got, but a memory, and it might do her good to let her know that she was wrong in that."

"It would kill her!" cried the girl swiftly. "Uncle Wesley, it would kill her! What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Wesley Sinton soothingly. "Nothing, honey. That was just one of them silly things a man says, when he is trying his best to be wise. You see, she loved him mightily, and they'd been married only a year, and what she was loving was what she thought he was. She hadn't really got acquainted with the man yet. If it had been even one more year, she could have borne it, and you'd have got justice. Having been a teacher she was better educated and smarter than the rest of us, and so she was more sensitive like. She can't understand she was loving a dream. So I say it might do her good if somebody that knew, could tell her, but I swear to gracious, I never could. I've heard her out at the edge of that quagmire calling in them wild spells of hers off and on for the last sixteen years, and imploring the swamp to give him back to her, and I've got out of bed when I was pretty tired, and come down to see she didn't go in herself, or harm you. What she feels is too deep for me. I've got to respectin' her grief, and I can't get over it. Go home and tell your ma, honey, and ask her nice and kind to help you. If she won't, then you got to swallow that little lump of pride in your neck, and come to Aunt Maggie, like you been a-coming all your life."

“I’ll ask Mother, but I can’t take your money, Uncle Wesley, indeed I can’t. I’ll wait a year, and earn some, and enter next year.”

“There’s one thing you don’t consider, Elnora,” said the man earnestly. “And that’s what you are to Maggie. She’s a little like your ma. She hasn’t given up to it, and she’s struggling on brave, but when we buried our second little girl the light went out of Maggie’s eyes, and it’s not come back. The only time I ever see a hint of it is when she thinks she’s done something that makes you happy, Elnora. Now, you go easy about refusing her anything she wants to do for you. There’s times in this world when it’s our bounden duty to forget ourselves, and think what will help other people. Young woman, you owe me and Maggie all the comfort we can get out of you. There’s the two of our own we can’t ever do anything for. Don’t you get the idea into your head that a fool thing you call pride is going to cut us out of all the pleasure we have in life beside ourselves.”

“Uncle Wesley, you are a dear,” said Elnora. “Just a dear! If I can’t possibly get that money anyway else on earth, I’ll come and borrow it of you, and then I’ll pay it back if I must dig ferns from the swamp and sell them from door to door in the city. I’ll even plant them, so that they will be sure to come up in the spring. I have been sort of panic-stricken all day and couldn’t think. I can gather nuts and sell them. Freckles sold moths and butterflies, and I’ve a lot collected. Of course, I am going back to-morrow! I can find a way to get the books. Don’t you worry about me. I am all right!”

“Now, what do you think of that?” inquired Wesley Sinton of the swamp in general. “Here’s our Elnora come back to stay. Head high and right as a trivet! You’ve named three ways in three minutes that you could earn ten dollars, which I figure would be enough, to start you. Let’s go to supper and stop worrying!”

Elnora unlocked the case, took out the pail, put the napkin in it, pulled the ribbon from her hair, binding it down tightly again and followed her uncle to the road. From afar she could see her mother in the doorway. She blinked her eyes, and tried to smile as she talked to Wesley Sinton, and indeed she did feel better. She knew now what she had to expect, where to go, and what to do. She must get the books. When she had them, she would show those city girls

and boys how to prepare and recite lessons, and how to walk with a brave heart. They could show her how to wear pretty clothes and have good times.

As she neared the door her mother reached for the pail. "I forgot to tell you to bring home your scraps for the chickens," she said.

Elnora entered. "There weren't any scraps, and I'm hungry again as I ever was in my life."

"I thought likely you would be," said Mrs. Comstock, "and so I got supper ready. We can eat first, and do the work afterward. What kept you so? I expected you an hour ago."

Elnora looked into her mother's face and smiled. It was a sweet sort of a little smile, and would have reached the depths with any normal mother.

"I see you've been bawling," said Mrs. Comstock. "I thought you'd get your fill in a hurry. That's why I wouldn't go to any expense. If we keep out of the poor house we have to cut the corners close. It's likely this Brushwood road tax will eat up all we've saved in years. Where the land tax is to come from I don't know. It gets bigger every year. If they are going to dredge the swamp ditch again they'll just have to take the land to pay for it. I can't, that's all! We'll get up early in the morning and gather and hull the beans for winter, and put in the rest of the day hoeing the turnips."

Elnora again smiled that pitiful smile.

"Do you think I didn't know that I was funny and would be laughed at?" she asked.

"Funny?" cried Mrs. Comstock hotly.

"Yes, funny! A regular caricature," answered Elnora. "No one else wore calico, not even one other. No one else wore high heavy shoes, not even one. No one else had such a funny little old hat. My hair was not right, and my ribbon was invisible compared with the others. I did not know where to go, or what to do, and I had no books. What a spectacle I made for them!" Elnora laughed nervously at her own picture.

"But there are always two sides! The professor said in the algebra class that he never had a better solution and explanation than mine of the math problem he gave me, which scored one for me in

spite of my clothes.”

“Well, I wouldn’t brag on myself!”

“That was poor taste,” admitted Elnora. “But, you see, it is a case of whistling to keep up my courage. I honestly could see that I would have looked just as well as the rest of them if I had been dressed as they were. We can’t afford that, so I have to find something else to brace me. It was rather bad, Mother!”

“Well, I’m glad you got enough of it!”

“Oh, but I haven’t,” hurried in Elnora. “I just got a start. The hardest is over. To-morrow they won’t be surprised. They will know what to expect. I am sorry to hear about the dredge. Is it really going through?”

“Yes. I got my notification to-day. The tax will be something enormous. I don’t know as I can spare you, even if you are willing to be a laughing stock for the town.”

With every bite Elnora’s courage returned, for she was a healthy young thing.

“You’ve heard about doing evil that good might come from it,” she said. “Well, Mother mine, it’s something like that with me. I’m willing to bear the hard part to pay for what I’ll learn. Already I have selected the ward building in which I shall teach in about four years. I am going to ask for a room with a south exposure so that the flowers and moths I take in from the swamp to show the children will do well.”

“You dreamer!” said Mrs. Comstock. “How are you going to pay your expenses?”

“Now that is just what I was going to ask you!” said Elnora. “You see, I have had two startling pieces of news to-day. I did not know I would need any money. I thought the city furnished the books, and there is an out of town tuition, also. I need ten dollars in the morning. Will you please let me have it?”

“Ten dollars!” cried Mrs. Comstock. “Ten dollars! Why don’t you say a hundred and be done with it! I could get one as easy as the other. I told you! I told you I couldn’t raise a cent. Every year expenses grow bigger and bigger. I told you not to ask for money!”

“I never meant to,” replied Elnora. “I thought clothes were all

I needed and I could bear them. I never knew about buying books and tuition.”

“Well, I did!” said Mrs. Comstock. “I knew what you would run into! But you are so bulldog stubborn, and so set in your way, I thought I would just let you try the world a little and see how you liked it!”

Elnora pushed back her chair and looked at her mother.

“Do you mean to say,” she demanded, “that you knew, when you let me go into a city classroom and reveal the fact before all of them, that I expected to have my books handed out to me? Do you mean to say that you knew I had to pay for them?”

Mrs. Comstock evaded the direct question.

“Anybody but a dreamer mooning over a book or wasting time prowling the woods would have known you had to pay. Everybody has to pay for everything. Life is made up of pay, pay, pay! It’s always and forever pay! If you don’t pay one way you do another! Of course, I knew you had to pay. Of course, I knew you would come home blubbering! But you don’t get a penny! I haven’t one cent, and can’t get one! Have your way if you are determined, but I think you will find the road somewhat rocky.”

“Swampy, you mean, Mother,” corrected Elnora. She arose white and trembling. “Perhaps someday God will teach me how to understand you. He knows I do not now. You can’t possibly realize just what you let me go through to-day, or how you let me go, but I’ll tell you this, you understand enough that if you had the money, and would offer it to me, I wouldn’t touch it now. And I’ll tell you this much more. I’ll get it myself. I’ll raise it, and do it some honest way. I am going back to-morrow, the next day, and the next. You need not come out, I’ll do the night work, and hoe the turnips.”

It was ten o’clock when the chickens, pigs, and cattle were fed, the turnips hoed, and a heap of bean vines was stacked beside the back door.



A GIRL *of the* LIMBERLOST



Spurned by her grieving mother since birth, 16-year-old Elnora Comstock finds solace in nature, cultivating a collection of rare moths and other specimens from Indiana's Limberlost swampland.

Elnora desires above all the love of her unaffectionate mother and an education at the local high school. But without any financial support available, Elnora must rely on her resourcefulness and determination to pay her way through school.

This coming-of-age classic combines fascinating observations on nature with the struggles of growing up at the dawn of the 20th century. Will Elnora be able to earn enough money for her education? Will her mother ever truly love her and recognize that "the only pleasure in this world worth having is the joy we derive from living for those we love"?

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