

was brave and hopeful ; yet she would have given up in despair but for old Aunt Mimy, who worked and slaved that her young mistress might be spared the bitterest pangs of poverty. Her faithfulness was without boundary or limit. Day and night she toiled, cooking, washing, and taking care of the toddling baby that had come to share the troubles of Laban and Mary. As soon as Laban could get about on his crutches, he tried to find work ; but his efforts were fruitless. The time came when he was ready to say to his wife that he could do no more.

Finally the little family drifted back to Atlanta. Here Laban found employment in a small way as a solicitor of life insurance. He was doing so well in this business that a rival company sought his services, offering to pay a fixed salary instead of commissions. But no sooner had he given notice to his employers that he intended to accept the new position than a complication arose in his accounts. How it happened Laban never knew ; he was as innocent as a lamb. The company was a new one, trying to establish a business in the Atlanta territory, and out of the funds he collected he used money to pay