

**A GOOD
BOY'S DIARY**

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A Good Boy's Diary by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A BAD BOY'S DIARY"

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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A BAD BOY'S DIARY.
THE BLUNDERS OF A BASHFUL MAN.
MISS SLIMMENS' BOARDING-HOUSE AND
MISS SLIMMENS' WINDOW.
DIARY OF A NAUGHTY GIRL.
MRS. RASHER'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

CONTENTS.

I.	
HE AIDS IN SUPPORTING HIS WIDOWED MOTHER	PAGE 7
II.	
A CAT IN THE DUMB WAITER	14
III.	
HIS USEFULNESS INCREASES	21
IV.	
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP	28
V.	
MR. BUNNER'S CAT	35
VI.	
THE CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL	41
VII.	
HE ENJOYS THE GERMAN VERY MUCH	48
VIII.	
HE TRIES A NEW SORT OF LIFE	55

	IX.	
OFF FOR THE COUNTRY		PAGE 62
	X.	
HE ENJOYS FARM-LIFE MORE AND MORE		69
	XI.	
HE DRIVES THE COLTS		75
	XII.	
HE ENJOYS HAYMAKING		82
	XIII.	
HE EARNS MONEY FOR THE HEATHEN		89
	XIV.	
BALD-HEADED BEFORE HIS TIME		96
	XV.	
HE IMITATES SEVERAL GREAT MEN		102
	XVI.	
HE ATTENDS CAMP MEETINGS		108
	XVII.	
HIS ADVENTURES BECOME HEROIC		114
	XVIII.	
HIS FATE IS CLOUDED IN MYSTERY		121



A GOOD BOY'S DIARY.

I.

HE AIDS IN SUPPORTING HIS WIDOWED MOTHER.

MY name is John. I am knone in this naborhood as the good boy. My mother is very proud of her little son, who has always tride to be good. I do not suppose there was ever a gooder boy of my age ; every morning when I am dressing and letting the hot water run so that Margret will not have it to wash her dishes, I say to myself, "Jonny, you must be better still to-day than you wir yesterdy"—if I ever fale, it's because I try not to. I have read a great menny good Sundy-school books, an I mean to be like those eceslent little boys who die urly ; this is my ame in life. My mother says a boy canot begin too urly to have an ame in life ; she says make a good resolu-shun an stick to it. I resolfed a month ago to kill Mr. Bunner's cat that houls at night so my mother canot sleep, an I have amed everything in our nursery at her, so my little sister's playthings have all gone one after the other out the third story window on top that cat, but she will not kill. I thot I had her sure the day I herled Daisy's new toy piano at her, but she escaped ; it would have been a severe blow had it hit her, for it dashed the piano into a duzen pieces. I mean to keep on till my ame in life is surer, if I have to send my sister's plahouse where her blox have gone.

The cat is a small matter compared with other things I

have resolved to do. Last week I read a book about a haf orphan boy who supported his poor sick widdode mother an six little sisters and brothers, none of them over four years of age—he was nine—so I resolved I wood leave school unknown to my mother, an be a cash boy in a store. How surprised she would be when I brot home my week's wages! For my mother is also a widdow. I am all she has to love except my little sister Daisy, three and a half years old. She tells me we are not poor nor rich—we have enough to live nicely an keep Margaret to help us, but I felt I ought to be doing sumthing like that poor haf orphan child I read of. I tride to get a place in several large stores, but they told me I must bring her ritten consent. I cood not do that, for she would know all, so I thot and thot what els I cood do. I had a five dollar gold piece my uncle gave me on Christmas, so the 2d day I staid out of school I bought out a boot blacks stand way down by the 23 street ferry, because you know a person cannot go into bisnes for hissself without capitol—uncle said so.

It rained pritty hard the day I bought it, but I kep under the roof an did not get very wet. Mike he staid by as he promised to black the boots till I lerned how to do it nisely. He kep all the first days reseats for doing the work, he was so very kind and soshul. He tol me a good menny things about very bad boys I did not kno before. At dark he took the box an brushes home so my mother wood not dreme I was working to suport her like a noble little fellow. The next day was cold an windy. Prity soon Mike came back; he did not bring the box an brushes, but he brot a suit of ragged dirty close, wurse you never saw in your life, about my size; ses he, "Jonny come behind these boards an put on these close—your own are too nice; nobody will beleve you are a working boot black with those fine close," so he helped me put on the raggid one. Then he cot up my suit an he put his tung to his cheek the rudest way an then he cut an run an hidid, an thats the las I saw of Mike. I wated for him to