Young Folks Worth Knowing

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YOUNG FOLKS WORTH KNOWING

FROM

THE PANSY pseud. of
Isabella (Macdonald) Alden

ILLUSTRATED

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1893

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INTRODUCTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

CHARLIE HOLLAND, at your service. A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you would like him? Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him," is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely, in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post-office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie, but I

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wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And, as he receives the letter, his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister, as the window closes. "Always so obliging; he acts as though it was a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower and let me whisper a secret in your ear: it is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him: "Charlie, can't you run upstairs and get that letter on my bureau and mail it for me?" And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead, and a pucker on each side of his mouth, said: "O, mamma! I don't see how I can! I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well then he needn't mind, for she didn't want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind, but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland?

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Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He prided himself on his strict honesty.

It *was* growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go upstairs. Of course it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and by making an extra rush, he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how proudly he will toss back his handsome head and say:

"I guess I *do* love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you; I am only introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?

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CHAPTER II.

A FORGETFUL BOY.

HIS name is Bobby Williams. He stands with smiling face, and hands in pockets, watching the huge snow ball being rolled to its place.

He has been doing something besides watch; not a boy in the crowd worked harder than he, until he was red in the face and quite out of breath, and two others came to take his place; then stood Bobby in the biting northeast wind, watching.

You should have seen that same boy at midnight, or a little later. Sitting bolt upright in the big chair in his mother's room; a hurried fire burning in the grate; his feet in hot water up to his knees, his hands in hot water up to his elbows, spoonfuls of disgusting stuff being poked down his throat every few minutes, and his very wail in protest, — so hoarse that

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you would have been in danger of mistaking it for the voice of the big dog out in the back kitchen.

It seemed as though the doctor would never reach there, and when he came, as though he did nothing; and when something was really done, and Bobby was somewhat relieved, it seemed as though the weary night would never be gone.

But it was, at last; and Bobby, pale and limp, with flannel about his neck, and a smell of pork and oil in the air, was tucked into his mother's bed, and listened to the merry jingle of the school bell.

Then said the tired mother: "Bobby, how was it all; did you get very warm yesterday, playing?"

"I guess I did!" replied Bobby hoarsely; "I never was so hot in my life! We was rolling a great big snow-ball; the biggest we ever made."

"And when you stopped rolling, what did you do?"

"I stood still and watched the other fellows, four of them; it was as much as they could do to move it an inch."

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"Stood still in the sharp wind, all in a perspiration, I suppose! And did you have your overcoat on?"

"No, ma'am," said Bobby hoarsely, his cheeks growing red for shame. "I forgot."

"And don't you remember, Bobby, how often I have told you not to stand still, out in a cold wind, when you are warm?"

Said Bobby, "I forgot."

Now the truth is, that you are very well acquainted with Bobby, for that night's work for father and mother, and grandma, and auntie, and the doctor and himself is a fair specimen of what Bobby can do for the discomfort of the world; and the words on his lips in excuse for all sorts of heedlessnesses, and even downright disobediences, are always "I forgot."

Oh, me! What a "forgetter" has Bobby!

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CHAPTER III.

LIEUTENANT HORACE WARDNER.

LIEUTENANT HORACE WARDNER, of the Parkersville Military Academy, in his handsome undress uniform, bowing low to Miss Annie Stearns, the secretary of the Y. P. S. C. E. "I am so much obliged to you for writing it up for me," she said. "I do not understand the technical terms very well; society work is new to me, and then your writing is so very fine; as plain as print to read, and yet handsome enough to pass for copperplate. But I am afraid it took a great deal of your time."

"Oh! not at all; not at all," he said. And again he made one of those beautiful military bows. "I assure you it gave me very great pleasure to serve you; besides, Saturday is our day of leisure, you know."

A word with you in private about that "day

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of leisure." It is Saturday morning, and Mrs. Wardner, instead of being at her desk, is on the couch, a wet cloth covering her temples, and a smelling-bottle at her side.

"Horace," she says, and her voice is one which indicates weakness and pain, "there are two or three letters of importance — business letters — I wish you would answer for me before Monday morning's mail; they will not take a great deal of time."

"All right, mamma; I will attend to them."

"But, Horace, I wish you could do them right away; then they will be off my mind, and Kate can come in and put the study in order."

"Can't do it just now, mamma; in a little while, perhaps; but I have something that must be attended to in my room this morning;" and the young lieutenant goes up-stairs, three steps at a time.

What does he do in his room? Prepares to copy the annual report of the Y. P. S. C. E. for the new secretary. An hour passes; he has written three lines; something in a book at his side arrested his attention, and he stopped to read it.

"Master Horace," says Kate, "your mother

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MAKING HIS BOW TO MISS ANNIE.

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wants to know if you can come now and answer those letters?"

No, Master Horace can't. He is very busy writing something which he has promised. He writes seven more lines, then pauses; after all, he believes the other style of writing, with heavy shadings, would be prettier. He will just cut that leaf neatly out and begin again. So he begins again, after more or less delay. He writes four lines, then stops. Wouldn't the book look pretty ruled off in blue and red inks? Miss Annie would be sure to like that. He will do it. He dashes to the study; no red ink; not the right shade of blue. He dashes to the attic and rummages in the corner closet where the bottles of years have accumulated; a like result. He dashes down town, a quarter of a mile; on his transit through the hall he hears his mother's feeble voice, and stops. "My dear mother," in reply to her question, "I really can't come now; but I will certainly do those letters before mail time; what difference does it make to you when they are done?" Then he is off.

No red ink at the first store, nor at the second, but at Brady's, down on Court Street,

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one thinks he can find it. He finds it, and reaches home, and dinner is announced.

After dinner Cousin Laura proposes a game of tennis; it is enjoyed, and a second, and a third. At three o'clock Horace is ready with his red and blue lines. But the boys are asking for him. Won't he go down and call on Wheeler with them? Oh! certainly he will; with all the pleasure in life; and he goes, and returns, and writes; three more lines, the business items marked off in red and blue; then a faint speck from his pen disfigures the page; he frowns; he doesn't like that. He must cut it out and begin again. Wouldn't it be well for him to make a complete copy first on paper, just as he wants it, and then draw it off? That is certainly the thing for a particular fellow like him to do; and he dashes at the copy, and works hard; and it is supper-time; and his mother, unable to come to the table, sends word by his father to know if he remembers the letters. O, yes! he remembers; he will attend to them; he has but little more to do up-stairs. But he lingers in the dining-room to chat with Kate. Kate is so original, he likes to hear her talk. Then Fanny Marsh runs in

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to chat with his sister Belle, and he lingers in the sitting-room, and chats with them. Finally he is up-stairs again, and at twenty-seven minutes past eleven his record is completed to his satisfaction. It is fortunate; for his father orders him peremptorily to bed.

Monday morning, mamma, pale, weak, miserable, drags herself to the study-table, and, by dint of hard work gets one of the important letters answered in time for the mail. Horace, bending over her, kisses her cheeks, her eyes, her nose, regardless of the crooked letter he is making her write, and says: "My dear mamma, I am truly sorry, but I forgot all about those letters last Saturday. I meant to do them in the evening without fail. I would do them now if I had time; but, as it is, I must be off."

And he is "off" to make his beautiful bow to Miss Annie Stearns, and assure her that it gives him very great pleasure to serve her, and, besides, Saturday is a day of leisure.

What do you think of Lieutenant Horace Wardner?

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CHAPTER IV.

A GREAT CONTRADICTION.

LOOKS pleasant, doesn't he, and kind-hearted? As a rule he is, very pleasant. Yet on occasion he can frown, I assure you. You should have seen his face yesterday afternoon! Black as night; fifty wrinkles on his forehead; his eyes fierce, his cheeks blazing; and from his mouth poured words like these: "She is the meanest girl that ever lived! If I were master here she would bundle up her duds and leave this house to-night. I wouldn't have anybody so mean at work in my kitchen; not if I had to get my own supper or starve!" And then he banged the door.

What was the matter? Why, Hannah, the maid of all work in his mother's kitchen, had said, in no very gentle tone, "Scat!" to a certain old yellow cat who came poking her nose where it did not belong. And then she, I mean

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23 CHARLES ADAMS SWAYNE.

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Hannah, not the cat, had given it a slight kick with her foot, just to emphasize the "Scat!" And Master Charles Adams Swayne was offended, hurt, grieved, angry — whatever you have a mind to call it. He was kind-hearted, you see. He did not understand how anybody could be so cruel to a cat.

Listen to a conversation which took place five minutes afterwards, —

"Charles, did you feed the hens this morning?"

"No, ma'am; I was late, and I thought they could wait until noon."

"O, Charles! And didn't you give them any water, either?"

"Why, no, ma'am. I was going to, but there wasn't any pumped; and the school-bell was ringing, and I thought it would do at noon."

"And did you attend to them at noon?"

"No, ma'am; I forgot it for a while; then I thought Hannah, or somebody, had probably done it."

"O Charlie, Charlie! Who would suppose that a boy of your age and bringing-up, could have so unkind a heart as to let dumb animals suffer all day!"

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What can that mother mean? Doesn't she know that her tender-hearted boy is in a blaze of anger at this moment, because Hannah has said "Scat!" to a yellow cat?

Are you sufficiently introduced to Charles Adams Swayne? Do you believe you will recognize him when you meet him?

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CHAPTER V.

AN UNUSUAL BOY.

"HOW bright the stars are to-night, Miss Bardwell, I wonder what makes them twinkle so much more on some nights than they do on others?" And Frank Burton gazed up at them, with earnest, thoughtful face; then, after a minute, put his thought into words: "Miss Bardwell, I don't see how there can be infidels when they have eyes! How could all those wonderful lights get up there without being made? And when one knows that they are worlds, and that the earth we live on is one of the smallest of them. I should think anybody with common sense would see that there would have to be a God just to make them."

"I have often thought of it, Frank," Miss Bardwell said, "and I believe it is considered a very strong argument in proof of there being

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a God. Just as when we see a garden all laid out in squares and triangles, we know there must have been a mind at work on it."

"Of course," said Frank, "and so long as there can't be found a man who can make a star, it isn't at all likely that men made them in the first place."

"What a bright boy he is!" said Miss Bardwell to herself. "Not all boys of ten would think such deep thoughts. Here is his sister, only a year and a half younger, and she trots along with her eyes on the ground, and never remembers that there are any stars! Frank will be a smart man, and a good one, I think. One can tell by the way he speaks the name of God, that he has a great deal of reverence. Frank," she said aloud, "I hope you will always think as much about these things as you do now. It is a great thing to know about God, but it is a great deal more to obey Him."

"Yes, ma'am," said Frank respectfully, "I think it is an honor to obey so great a being as God." And again his Sunday-school teacher told herself that he was certainly a very unusual boy.

You and I will go home with him, and spend

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a few minutes in his room, before he goes to sleep. His mother is standing beside the bed. "Frank," she says, "did you read your verses this morning?"

"No ma'am," answers Frank, "I didn't have time."

"Then did you read them during the day?" asked his mother.

"No, mamma, I really had not a moment's time to read to-day."

"How is it that you had time to play three games of tennis this afternoon?"

"Oh! well, that was for recreation, you know; you wouldn't want me to read and study all the time, would you?"

His mother sighed. "Did you read yesterday?" she asked.

"Well, no; I got up late yesterday, you know, and things pushed me somehow, and I didn't."

"But, my boy, did you not promise to read the verses each day?"

"Yes, ma'am, and I meant to of course."

"I know you say so, my son, but don't you know how many times you have made the same promise, and broken it? I thought when you joined the Bible Band that you would be faith-

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ful; for you thought about it carefully and made a written promise; but I find that you neglect it a great deal of the time, while your little sister has not missed a day."

"Oh! well, mamma, she is only a girl, and does not have so many things to take up her time. But I'm going to keep my promise; don't you worry about me; good-night, mamma." And he turned over his pillow, and went to sleep. And his mother wiped the tears from her eyes as she turned away. Her boy Frank had made promises enough about this one matter of daily Bible reading to fill his room so full that he could not get into it, if they had suddenly taken shape and appeared before him. And he had broken them all! Yet he was the boy who "thought it was an honor to obey such a great God as ours!"

Have you ever met Frank Parker?

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CHAPTER VI.

WHO WAS THE COWARD?

HA! ha! ha! What a brave little woman she is, to be afraid of a parrot! Well, I must say I thought girls had more sense than that." And he went off into another fit of laughter, while Cora was divided between her fears of the great green parrot which had come while she was asleep, and her anger at Roger for laughing at her.

"Cora is a very little girl, Roger," mamma said, patting the little hand soothingly, and explaining once more that the parrot had no idea of stepping down from his perch and coming after her.

"I know it, mamma, but even little girls ought to know something. Who ever heard of a boy being afraid of a parrot or of anything?"

"You are very naughty to make fun of me," Cora said, her eyes flashing. "Mamma doesn't,

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and she knows more than you do. I am sorry you are sick, and can't go right straight out of this room."

"Oh, dear me, what a dreadful revenge! I'm crushed now, surely. The idea of your being so wicked as to be sorry that I'm sick and can't go out of the house. Oh my! what a funny girl you are." And Roger lay back among the sofa pillows, and laughed until Cora cried in downright earnest; and mamma told Roger she was ashamed of him; that because he was a boy, and "not afraid of anything," it need not hinder his being kind and polite to his little sister. Three days after this Roger was well enough to be in the barnyard, where business was going on.

"Roger," said his father, as he appeared through the garden fence, "you are just the boy I want to see. We are moving the new hens into the further hen-house, and they will have to be carried there; they are too new to the place to be trusted to walk. Just take hold with Seth and carry some over, and we'll have this business done before dark.

Then did Roger, his face actually pale, his hands in his pockets, and standing quite still at

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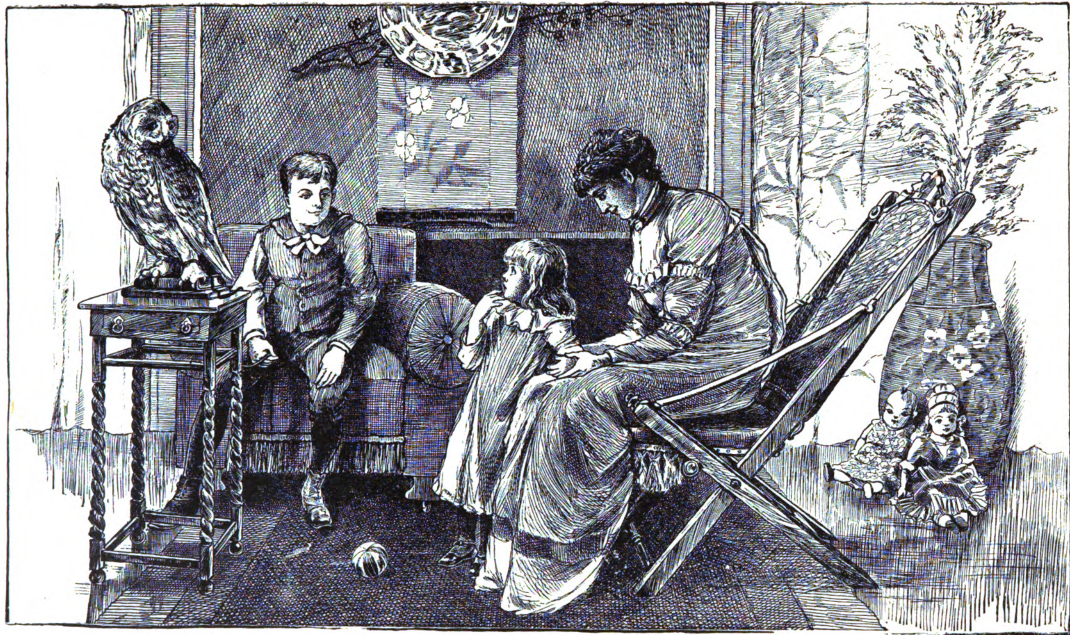

DISCUSSING THE NEW PARROT.

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a respectful distance from the coop, enter his protest.

"Oh, papa, I can't carry a hen!"

"Why not? They are nice and clean; there is no danger of your soiling your clothes."

"Oh! it isn't that; but I never touched a hen in my life, and it would be so kind of dreadful to have one squirming around in my arms. Oh! please, papa, excuse me, do; I never can." And Roger shuddered from head to foot.

"Afraid of a hen as sure as the world," said the astonished father. "Upon my word I wish little Cora was out here to help me; she trots among the hens all day, and pats and pets them, and is not at all afraid."

However, Roger was excused from helping and went into the house. Nobody told Cora about it, but if they had, I do not believe she would have laughed. She was too full of sympathy for that.

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CHAPTER VII.

HOW SHE SPOILED THE DAY.

HER name was Corinne, but if they ever used the word *dream* as a name for little girls, it would have fitted her perfectly. Oh! her eyes were bright enough, and she was very lovable in every way, or would have been but for her habit of dreaming. "Corinne never hears more than the half of anything," her mother once said of her, in an impatient tone. And really, if you had lived in the house with her, you would not have been surprised at people for losing patience; for, while the people who met Corinne on the street or in Sabbath-school thought her lovely, this habit of thinking her own thoughts all the time, instead of rousing to give careful attention to what was said to her, was certainly very trying. I'm going to give you a peep at her one lovely May morning; she had thrown her-

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self on the grass among the flowers, and had neither book nor work.

Her mother called from the side door, "Corinne."

"Yes'm."

"Papa wants you to stop at Potter's on your way to school this morning, and tell him — are you paying attention, Corinne?"

"Yes'm." She thought she was, but just at that moment a little bird swayed back and forth on one of the branches just before her, and trilled a lovely song, and Corinne was thinking: "What if I had a voice like that! I would wear a lovely blue satin dress covered with white lace, and kid gloves away up to my elbow, and sing so wonderfully that I would make myself very rich; then I would take every one of the family to Europe, and we would live in one of the palaces." Her mother continued: "Tell him we have decided not to take the small one, but will have the large one instead. Now, don't forget; it is quite important."

Fifteen minutes afterward Corinne, having gone through with all the numbers on her first programme, and been encored several times, and

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been thrown any number of bouquets, one of them set around with diamonds, arose from her grassy coüch and went slowly down street toward the college. As she passed Potter's, she thought of her errand. "Let me see," she said to herself, "what was I to tell him? Oh! I know; papa doesn't want the small one. I suppose that means a carriage; I wonder where he is going? Perhaps he was going to take us to ride; this would be a lovely day for a ride. What if papa had found a large carriage, and taken us all to the lake; then we could go out on the steamer, and have a lovely time. What more did mamma say? I don't think she said anything else. What could there be to tell, except that papa did not want the carriage? I remember that perfectly."

In she went and gave her message.

"That's queer," said Mr. Potter, when the errand-boy repeated it. "Doesn't he want any? He was very particular to have me reserve them both until I heard from him."

"I suppose not," said the boy. "It was his oldest girl, and she said her father told her to say that he didn't want any carriage."

"Well," said Mr. Potter, "it is none of

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my business. I suppose he has changed his mind."

But he hadn't. He sat in his library for one hour that afternoon waiting; and Corinne's mother sat with her bonnet and wraps on, and said, several times, that she did not see why livery-men could not be more prompt; and she was afraid Corinne would get started from the college before they reached there.

At last her father said: "Well, we may as well give this thing up; it is too late for the steamer, anyway; Potter must have had an accident of some sort; he never disappoints. We shall have to postpone our ride until another day."

"But the lake concert will not be postponed until another day; and Miss Herndon will not be there to sing after this one time. I had planned it for a special surprise for Corinne; she is so fond of music."

"I know it," her father said regretfully. "I am very sorry. I thought I had everything arranged to work to a charm. Here is Corinne now; it is later than I thought. Daughter, what did Mr. Potter say this morning? Did he hint that there might possibly be a disappoint-

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ment about having the large carriage here in time?"

"What large carriage?" asked Corinne. "I haven't heard anything about a large carriage."

Are you acquainted with any young people of whom this girl reminds you?

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CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

THEY were out in the meadow together, Carrie and Little Joe; everybody called him Little Joe because he was so small for his years. Carrie was very fond of him; she thought he was an extremely smart boy. They were boarding at this farm-house for the summer, Carrie and her mother; and Carrie, who had lived all her life in the city, thought there was nothing more delightful than to get out into the meadows on the lovely grass, and take off her shoes and stockings, and feel the cool green grass all about her feet. Little Joe had lived in the country all his life, and did not like to go barefooted, and did not think much of grass. He lay in a careless heap on it now, looking up at the blue sky, and at some fleecy white clouds that were sailing by. His tongue was busy; Little Joe's tongue was always busy.

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He liked especially to talk to Carrie, she was so sympathetic.

"Look at those clouds," he said. "See how easily they float along, and how white and clean they are; nothing to do but float; and it's easy enough work; anybody could sail along like that if he were only up there, where the wind could get a good chance to float him. I tell you what it is, I wish I could have a chance to study out things; I wish there wasn't a sheep in the world; silly, stupid things! always have to be watched; you can't turn your head away from them for five minutes, but they go and get into some mischief; I hate watching them, and I hate every single thing I have to do. I believe folks could learn to sail on air; if I could have a chance to work at it, I believe I could make a balloon, or a pair of wings, or something, that would just lift us up above the grass, and the water, and everything, and float us along to where we want to go."

"Why, they do," said Carrie. "Folks go in balloons."

"Oh! balloons," said Little Joe with a sniff of disdain; "they're of no account; they are not made right; you can't ever tell where they

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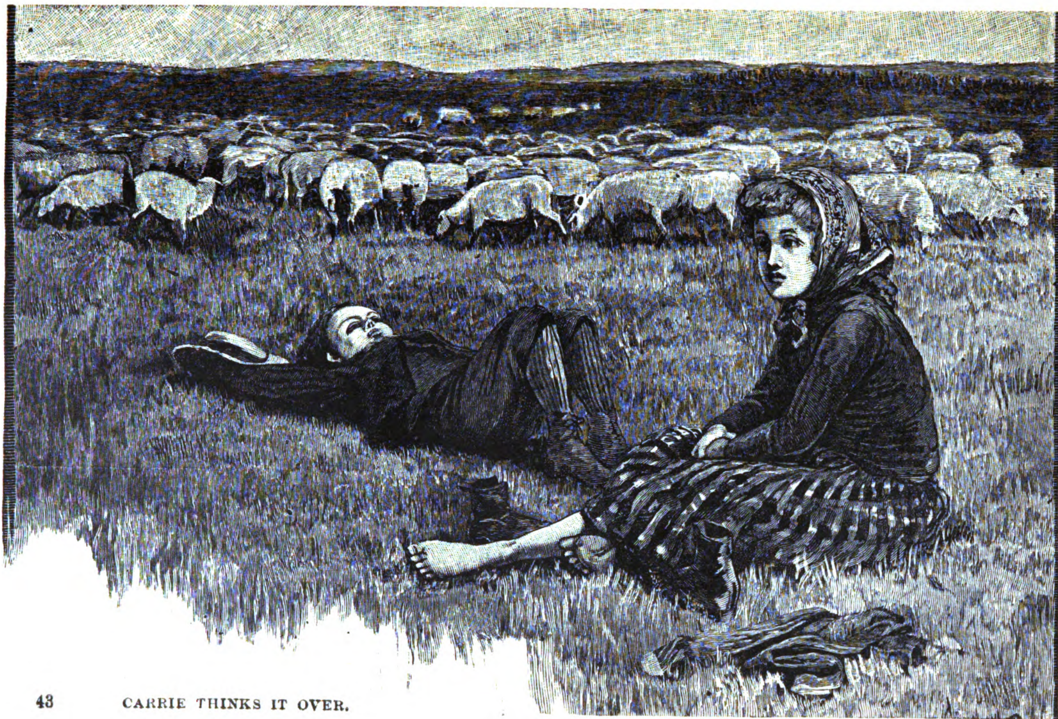

 CARRIE THINKS IT OVER.

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are going to tumble; and you can't go just where you want to with them; they go where they like. Now, I would have a machine that could be managed, you know, and could take you in a twinkling, without any trouble, where you wanted to go. Short trips, you know; just as easily managed — oh, a great deal easier — than your feet.

"I'd have one for mother; she has to go most a mile to carry home shirts, after she has ironed them. Just think how nice it would be if she could step into a lovely white thing that looked like a cloud, and say to it 'Up, up!' and away the thing would go, sailing over the tops of the houses, and land her at last at Mr. Durand's gate; without her having to do a thing but sit still and enjoy it."

He closed the sentence with a sigh, and Carrie forgot to enjoy the grass, and the sweet smells, and the sunshine, and sat thoughtfully turning over in her mind what he had said, until she heard herself called, and had to scramble into her shoes and stockings very fast and run to her mother.

She thought about it again that evening, when she was getting ready for bed, and she

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talked about it to her mother. "Mamma, I'm real sorry for Little Joe; he is such a smart boy; he has great big thoughts; and it seems to me he ought to have a chance to study and get ready to be a smart man. He is a good boy, too; he thinks about his mother, and what he would like to do to make her work easier; I believe if he had a chance to learn, he would do something splendid; but he says he always has to watch sheep, and go after cows, and do such little stupid jobs all the time; I think Mr. Perkins might send him to school.

"But, my dear, it is vacation now; he does go to school in winter."

"O well! I think he might have better work to do summers; he might have books and study then if he wanted to; he doesn't like sheep, and he hates to go the same road every night after the cows. I should think he would like it; it is such a pretty path through the meadows, and there is something new to see all the time; but he doesn't enjoy it a bit; I think it is because he is smarter than most boys, and is all the time wishing to do great things."

It was a curious fact that Farmer Perkins was at that moment down-stairs in the kitchen

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with his wife, talking about Little Joe. This was what he was saying: —

"I declare, I believe I'll have to get rid of that lazy little scamp of a Joe! I'm trying to hold on to him on account of his mother; she needs all the help she can get, and there aren't many people who would have Little Joe around; he is the laziest chap, I believe, that was ever born; and the most unreliable. He left the meadow gate open again to-day; and the cows got out, and some others got in, and we had the mischief to pay; it took two men an hour to straighten things up. Then he forgot the sheep and let them go meandering off where they had no business to be, and he forgot to pump water for the horses, or shut up the chickens. Oh! he's the plague of my life, that boy is!"

"It's queer," said Mrs. Perkins, musingly. "He seems real fond of his mother; a body'd think he would try with all his might to help her; being as he is her only one, and she a widow."

"Oh! he's fond of mooning about her, and telling off to somebody what big things he would do; but when it comes to doing for her now, the things that would help, you may count

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him out. Why, he let her trudge over to Durand's this very night with a bundle of shirts; while he sat on the horse-block and told Jim about a machine that he would make if he had a chance, that could float along like the clouds! Sho! I wouldn't give a peck of dried beans for a boy like that! A fellow who won't do his level best with the chances he's got, ought never to have any others; and won't, neither."

Have you ever met Little Joe?

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CHAPTER IX.

A WARM DAY.

HELEN HARPER had gotten the better of the day at last. There was no denying that it was very warm, and she had said so, for at least a dozen times since noon. Despite its being August and very warm, there were several things for Helen to do; she was at this moment being waited for with a sort of feverish impatience, by a sick friend, to whom the August heats, increased as they were for her by a wearing, nervous fever, were almost unbearable. She had looked forward for an hour, to the coming of Helen Harper in her dress of white, looking cool and fresh. And when the afternoon dragged its slow length along and Helen did not come, the poor fevered girl, who had expected that she would bring a flower, and perhaps a book, and read to her, cried outright.

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It was not that Helen had forgotten. Twice in the course of the hour in which she had lounged about the piazzas looking for coolness, her mother had said, first: "I thought you were to go and sit with Alice Wood this afternoon;" and then, "Helen, I am afraid poor Alice will be greatly disappointed; it must be very warm for her, too." And Helen had answered, "I was, but it is too warm to think of going out yet awhile, at least. The only reasonable thing one could do on such an afternoon as this, would be to have a row down the shady side of the river; and that I can't have, because we have no boat. I think it's too mean for anything." And a little later, "O, dear mamma! I really can't go now; it will not make Alice any cooler to have me there." And her mother had sighed, and made no answer.

At last, as I tell you, Helen had composed herself in the hammock and was really having a good time. She dreamed that she went to see Alice Wood, and took her a cool-looking rose, and a juicy orange, and fanned her, and read some lovely bits from the latest magazine to her. These pleasant and unselfish ministrations wreathed her face in such quiet beauty,

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that her mother, passing the hammock soon after, said to herself, "How pretty Helen looks when she is asleep. Poor child, I do hope the luxuries with which our love surrounds her, are not simply making her selfish."

Meantime the older sister, Laura, was having almost as miserable a time over the weather as Helen. She had gotten as far in her afternoon toilet as to dress her back hair becomingly, then tie a bit of gauze around the front frizzes, as she told them it was "too hot to touch them!" "I just can't get dressed," she said languidly; "there is no use in trying. Not a breath of air stirring, go where I may. As if anybody in the world could be expected to go to a missionary meeting on an August afternoon!" And she took her fan, and dropped a limp heap into one of the easy chairs in her room, and closed her eyes and groaned. It was there her mother found her, half an hour later. She had come to remind her that it was time for the missionary meeting, and that the ladies would depend on her for music. But she closed the door again, quietly. No use to remind a sleeping girl, with no dress at all on her, that it was quite time to start for mission-

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ary meeting. "They will have to do without her," the mother said with a sigh; "I wonder why it is that my girls are so wilted with warm weather? They are as well as other girls; and I didn't use to feel so."

Perhaps it was fifteen minutes afterwards, that she softly opened the door of Elva's room. Elva was her youngest daughter. She was neatly dressed, and was bending over a small work table, intent on taking an "impression" of a lovely leaf from a choice foliage plant.

Around her were grouped a variety of successful impressions, done on satin paper, and ready to be mounted, or gathered in a portfolio.

"Child!" said her mother, "how can you work in such warm weather?"

"O, mamma! it is such pretty work; when I get real interested, I forget how warm it is."

"But this is the warmest afternoon we have had; and what little air there is, is on the other side of the house."

"I suppose so; I didn't mean to work long; but some of the leaves are just in perfection now, and I wanted to catch them. Besides, you know next Thursday will be Alice Wood's birthday; and I did want to get this col-

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lection ready for her, and let her have so much of the summer. But I have nearly finished for to-day. Can I do anything for you, mamma?"

"Not for me," said Mrs. Harper, smiling, "but perhaps you can for yourself. Don't you want a row down the river to cool you? Weston Moore has called to say there is room in his party for one more, and they are going to picnic on the island."

"Oh! how lovely," and Elva sprang up so suddenly as to almost overturn the little work table. "But, mamma, how does it happen that the good fortune falls to me? Where is Helen?"

"Asleep in the hammock, only partly dressed, and Weston is in haste."

"Oh! what a pity. She was longing for a row down the river, only this morning. But where is Laura?"

"Asleep in her room, not dressed at all."

Elva laughed. "What sleepy heads!" she said. "I haven't thought of such a thing as being sleepy. Well, I'm sorry for them, but delighted to go. Will you have Marie put up a lunch for me, mamma?"

"Elva has absorbed the energy that belongs

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to all three," Mrs. Harper explained to her husband that evening, as she was accounting for the child's absence. "She is just as bright as a bird all these warm days, and is busy from morning till night doing something for somebody, while the others can do nothing but lounge around, and think how warm they are. I don't understand it."

"I do," said the father, as he unfolded the evening paper. "The other two are up until midnight half the nights in the week, and Elva goes to bed at nine o'clock; that accounts for two thirds of it, and you accounted for the other third. They think of themselves, and she thinks of other people."

Are you acquainted with the Harper girls? Having now been introduced, keep your eyes wide open, and be sure to recognize them when you meet them.

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CHAPTER X.

A SUGGESTIVE LETTER.

DANE'S mother was gone away on a visit. Dane wrote her a letter. That is, he told Aunt Annie what to say, and she wrote every word just as it was spoken. Dane had not yet learned to write. I will give you a copy of his letter, that you may see if you can tell what was most in his thoughts: —

DEAR MAMMA:

We miss you very much. I am pretty good. Katie Lewis has a lovely dog; all white and curly; he follows me around better than he does her. Mamma, I wish I had a dog. Aunt Annie says you are not to hurry, because we are all right. Katie Lewis has tied a pink ribbon around his neck; if I had a dog I should put a blue ribbon around his neck. Are you pretty well? Does your head ache any more? Do you think Puff is a pretty name for a dog? I don't; I think Puff is a name for a kitten; if I had a dog I would name him Bose. Dear

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mamma, I try to remember to mind real quick, and not cry at night for you, and everything. There is a lovely little corner in our barn where John says he could make a house for a dog as well as not. All the folks are well; Uncle Dick comes every night to see how we do; and he says I am to call him papa, but I don't. I like my papa the best for a papa; but I like Uncle Dick best for an uncle. Dear mamma, do you think you could possibly let me have a dog? A woolly one with white feet and nose? I should love him so much! I learned my spelling lesson yesterday; one word was dog. Mamie looked on the book with me, and called it "bow-wow." That was because she saw the picture, you know, but I knew better than that. I have known "dog" for a great many years. I think I would like a brown dog better than a white one; wouldn't you? Papa's letter came yesterday. Mamie wanted all the kisses in it for herself, and I made believe let her have them, to keep her happy; but I took mine after she went to sleep. Dear mamma, I pray to Jesus every night to bring you and papa home safely, and make you all well; and I ask Him to get you to let me have a little woolly dog. Do you suppose he will?

Your own brave boy,

DANE PORTER.

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CHAPTER XI.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

EVERYBODY said there was not a finer character picture on the evening of the tableau entertainment than Harmon Curtis appeared. "So handsome" he was, and "so manly," and so self-possessed," and "his face and form fitted the stylish dress so well." These were some of the things the ladies said about him. He certainly did "do" the tableau remarkably well. He had his great dog perfectly under his control, and his broad low cap placed a trifle to one side, seemed someway to fit his handsome face. When he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked into the distance with that earnest, watchful, half-sad look, it was hard to believe he was not the real character he was representing.

"Harmon is a splendid fellow for historic tableaux," the manager of the entertainment

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said. "He is so sympathetic, he can enter into the spirit of the scene to an unusual degree for one so young. Then he is very gentlemanly and obliging; it seems to be a pleasure to him to be courteous." On every side were the praises of Harmon Curtis sung, until it seemed to me his mother must be a very happy woman.

The next afternoon I called upon her. Harmon was seated at the piano. He arose courteously on my entrance and bowed; but he resumed his seat at once, and ran his fingers over the keys, in a sort of undertone accompaniment to our conversation. It was not pleasant, and his mother looked troubled. At last: "Harmon, I think I wouldn't play now."

"All right, mamma," he said, and kept his seat. Two, three, perhaps five minutes passed, during which time the piano had broken out several times; never loudly, but with that muffled undertone. Then his mother,—

"Harmon, you forget."

"O, yes! I beg your pardon."

Two minutes more, then, —

"Harmon, please don't play."

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"Certainly not, mamma; I forgot."

This time he arose and changed his seat. I was relieved, for his mother's sake.

"It was on Tuesday afternoon," began Mrs. Curtis; then Harmon, —

"O, mamma! I beg your pardon; you mean Wednesday afternoon."

"No, I think not; I think it was on Tuesday."

"O, no, mamma! I assure you it was on Wednesday."

"Well, never mind; it really makes no difference which day it was. I remember it was about three o'clock."

"My dear mamma, I beg your pardon, but it must have been later than that, for you know I was at home, and I do not reach home until four o'clock on Wednesdays."

"Very well, then, about four o'clock, perhaps, Mr. Curtis and I were in the library, at the south window" —

"Oh! my dear mamma, I hope you will excuse me, but don't you remember that the library was kept locked all day on Wednesday, on account of the new paint?"

"Never mind, Harmon; it may have been

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in the hall, then; I know we were at a south window — it is of no consequence which one."

For the mother's sake I will not continue the story; it would be very humiliating to her to read it. Perhaps I ought not to have told you so much as this. Perhaps I should keep silent about the fact that this very polite boy interrupted his mother eleven times in the course of a twenty-minute call, to set her right about the merest trivialities, which we knew, and he knew, made no difference either way. Moreover, at least twice I could have proved to him that he was at fault, and his mother's words were correct, had it been worth while, and had I not been too sorry for her. Perhaps, also, for her sake, I should not tell you that he again changed his seat to where he could reach some of the high keys of the piano with one hand, and tweaked them occasionally as an accompaniment to his contradictions.

It is hard on mothers to have these things mentioned; but for your sakes, to warn you against this very courteous, handsome young man of sixteen, I give you the outlines of this story.

Do you know Harmon Curtis?

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ONE, TWO, THREE LEMON PIES.

DEARIE, run around on Market Street and get me a lemon pie. I'm sorry to make you leave your play, but Bridget is washing and Maggie is sick."

Mrs. Hardy tied the blue strings of Annie's straw hat under her chin and kissed her. Here's a dollar; don't lose the change, and "hurry, for dinner is almost ready."

"One lemon pie, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; one lemon pie, twenty cents." Annie went, singing softly to herself as she walked, and thinking as she sang, "I wish I was twenty years old! what a long train I'd wear, and how I'd curl my hair in front, just as our Bridget does, and I'd have a carriage with three horses, and a driver, and, and, a little boy to carry my trail, and I guess I'd have a boy to help me into the carriage, and the carriage would be red" —

"I want a lemon pie, please." By this time

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she had reached the store, and while the woman tied up her parcel she went on planning: "I think I'd have a lap dog with a lace collar and a red bow on it, to match the carriage, and a lap cat with" —

"Sixty cents," said the baker's woman.

"Ma'am?" cried astonished Annie.

"Sixty cents for three lemon pies."

"Oh!" Annie's face grew long; the woman thought she had asked for three pies, and Annie was too bashful to tell her she had only asked for one, so she laid down her change on the counter and the woman took out sixty cents. Silly Annie walked home with three pies, and cried and sobbed because her mamma wanted to send her back with two of the pies, until at last Mrs. Hardy pitied the little red-eyed, shame-faced girl, and forgave her foolishness "for this one time." And Annie ran up-stairs and hid in the garret among the dusty trunks, for fear her mamma would change her mind.

But Annie is a woman now, with long trains and curled front hair; she never had a "red carriage" or a "lap cat," but she never forgot how silly she was not to say to that woman "I only want *one* lemon pie."

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SEA CLIFFS.

LOUISE belonged to the drawing class; one afternoon she brought home from school a finished sketch which she was exhibiting to the family.

"Pooh!" said Fred, "why, that is nothing but a lot of cliffs."

"Well, it isn't so easy to do, if it is 'only a lot of cliffs,' as you say," returned Louise, "but if you look a little closer you will see there is something besides; I would just like to have you try your hand at the waves dashing against the rocks, and the birds on the wing; I guess you would say it is something instead of 'nothing.'"

"Louise is right," said Mr. Browne, "and her work is quite creditable to a young artist. But you have put in quite a flock of birds."

"Yes, sir; you know that sea birds live together in great numbers. And our drawing-master told us that in some countries the peo-

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ple make a regular business of gathering the eggs from the nests of the sea fowls that inhabit the cliffs. A farmer who has accessible rocks considers himself so much the richer, and at regular periods he gathers the eggs, taking only part of them out of the nests. And if a robber goes and plunders the nests, taking out all the eggs, the birds will rise up all at once, sometimes many thousands of them, and fill the air with their cries. There is one kind of sea bird called the puffin, which is hunted for its feathers, and they have a curious way of letting themselves be caught. The bird-hunter lets down a hook into the crevices of the rock where the birds sit huddled together; if the hook catches one and draws it up another one is sure to hang on to the tail of the first one with his bill, and another will hang to the second and so on, until a long string of the silly creatures is drawn up."

"What a piece of nonsense!" said Fred, "and you believe that?"

"Of course I believe it. It is so, isn't it, papa?"

"I have read such accounts, certainly," replied Mr. Browne, smiling. "I think, Fred,

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you will have to read up before you are qualified to criticise."

"Well, I'll agree not to disbelieve anything you may have to tell us," said Fred. "Go on, Lou."

"How do you know I have any more to tell?"

"Oh! I know. Your are aching to tell us a lot more incredible things."

"Well, I can tell you something about the sea eagle that is ever so much more singular than that about the puffin."

"Well, go ahead," urged Fred.

"Away up on the coast of Norway, the sea eagle is a very powerful bird and is much feared. It carries off the lambs and even kills larger animals — those which are too large to carry off in his talons. The way he does is this: He dips himself in the water, then rolls himself in the sand, and does this two or three times, until his wings and feathers are filled with sand. Then he swoops down very near to the ox which he wants to destroy, and flaps his wings so as to fill the eyes of the poor ox with sand. Then, when the animal is blinded, the eagle beats him, and drives him this way and that, until by and by the poor creature falls down

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some precipice or else gets worn out finally and gives up."

"Well, that is a big story," said Fred, laughing.

"But it is an account that is pretty well authenticated," said Mr. Browne.

"Oh! I promised to believe anything Lou had to tell," said Fred. "I have no intention of doubting its truth, but I do say it is a remarkable story. Any more?"

"Yes, I know ever so much more, but if you want to know you can go and read up out of a big book in the library, just as I did after the subject came up in the drawing-class. Though there is one thing more about sea eagles that I will tell you. Though they are so cunning about blinding the ox, after all, sometimes, when they pounce down upon a fish, they find themselves entangled in a fisherman's net, and being unable to get free, they die there. It seems strange that they should be able to overpower an ox, and too weak to get out of a tangle of cords."

"Now for the moral," said Fred, laughing.

"Make your own application, sir," responded Louise.

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ONLY A BICYCLE.

IT was the day before Thanksgiving. Cold weather had come on early. The ground had been frozen solid for several days, and the country roads were "smooth as glass"; so Grandpa Kirke said when he came home from the post-office Tuesday afternoon. "But I shouldn't wonder if we were to have snow before morning," he added. And at this the little granddaughter Lucy L. clapped her hands gleefully. The boy Whittier said nothing, but presently a noise was heard up in the wood-house chamber, and Mrs. Kirke said in a startled tone, "What's that?"

Grandpa stepped to the door and called, "Whittier!"

"Sir?" responded the boy quickly.

"Oh! you are there."

"Coming in a minute; do you want anything?" said Whittier, and in less than a minute the boy appeared below stairs with his sled. "Looks

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pretty well to start on a second winter with!" he said, as he dusted and examined the treasure. "Say, Lucy Larcom, how will you like to ride to school on the Flyaway to-morrow morning?"

Grandma laughed, and said, "You seem to be counting on snow, for sure."

"But you know grandpa said maybe it would snow, and when grandpa says maybe, it most always comes so," said Lucy.

Sure enough snow lay on the ground, pure and white, to the depth of several inches when they looked out that morning before Thanksgiving Day. The children could scarcely be prevailed upon to eat their breakfast, so eager were they to get off to school with the Flyaway. Grandma said:

"This won't last long; snow that falls upon frozen ground never stays. It is the snow that comes in the mud that makes sleighing to last." This somewhat chilled their expectations, but Lucy concluded that the snow would last until recess, anyway. As the two started off grandma, watching them from the window, said with a sigh, "How much Whittier looks like our John at his age!"

"God forbid that he should grow up to re-

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mind you of John!" replied Mr. Kirke, almost bitterly.

Mrs. Kirke washed the dishes and tidied the room in silence, then stepping to her husband's side she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said softly, "Joseph, to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day!"

"Well?"

"I have made the pies and the pudding and the plum cake that John always liked so well, and now if John should come home?"

"Well?" this time the monosyllable was spoken a trifle less impatiently.

"If he should come home you would receive him? Remember, Joseph, John is our first-born."

"'Tain't no ways likely he'll come!"

"I don't know; some way I have thought like as not he'll be thinking about the old home when Thanksgiving comes round. Anyway, I've made them things for him, but then," she added, more to herself than to her husband, "I'm always ready for him. The bed is always made up for him, and there is always something cooked that he likes."

Meantime the children had gone on their way, Whittier drawing his sister upon the Flyaway,

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bending all his energies to the task, for the sledding was not very good, so it happened that Lucy was the first to spy a strange sight for that part of the country.

"Look, Whitty! what is that coming?" exclaimed his sister.

Then Whittier stopped, and Lucy in her excitement jumped off the sled and stood beside him, half-frightened.

"Why, that must be one of them things they call a bicycle!" said the boy; "I've read a lot about them, and Tom Green saw one in Galway when he was over there staying with his uncle. I guess this is the first one ever got around this way. My! how he skims along. But I wish he would stop, so we could see the machine better."

As if divining the boy's wish, the bicyclist came to a stand-still and dismounted as he reached the place where the children waited.

"Halloo, my boy! How'll you swap? I think I'd like to go coasting this morning; those hills over there look as though they might give a chance for some sport."

"Say," continued the stranger without giving Whittier a chance to speak, "do you s'pose a

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"GRANDMA KIRKE MIGHT GIVE YOU A BREAKFAST."

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fellow could get a breakfast anywhere around here?"

"I don't know," replied Whittier slowly. "I guess, though, that grandma would give you some. I've heard her say she never could find it in her heart to turn a tramp away because maybe uncle John might be wanting something to eat and she would want somebody to give him a meal."

The stranger stooped down and seemed to be brushing the snow off the wheel, and when he spoke it was in a very quiet tone:

"Where does grandma live, and what is her name?"

"Her name is Grandma Kirke, and she lives over there in the white house you see by the red barn."

"And is there a Grandpa Kirke?"

"Of course! we'd have to have a grandpa or we couldn't get along, could we?" said Lucy, startled out of her shyness at the thought that there could be a house without a grandpa.

"There is just Grandpa and Grandma Kirke and us," said Whittier; "we used to have an uncle John, though Lucy Larcom and I came here after he went away. He has been gone five years, but you better not say anything about

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him if you go there, because it always makes grandma cry."

"And does grandpa cry?"

"No; he only looks sober, but I guess he feels awful bad about uncle John, for he says it was rum that made him go off, and grandpa hates rum like poison. He won't have even cider in the house, and he always votes against rum too."

"And don't grandma make currant wine and keep it in the cellar for Thanksgiving and Christmas?" asked the stranger.

"My! no! grandma hates everything that has alcohol in it. She wouldn't have it anywhere around; but she will give you a cup of coffee, I guess."

"And you think she would be glad to see John?"

"I know she would!" Then as a thought flashed into his mind, the boy said suddenly, "Say, if you go riding around the country much on that machine maybe you'll come across my uncle; if you do, just tell him grandma keeps things all ready for him, 'specting him to come, will you?"

"All right, I will; good-by!" and mount-

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ing his wheel the stranger rode off towards the little white house which Whittier had pointed out. "As if I didn't know that house and every room in it!" he said, talking to himself. "And so grandma keeps things ready for her wandering son!" and here he lifted his hand to brush away something from his cheek.

It could not have been a fly that frosty morning, could it?

I have not space to tell you of the stranger's reception at the farmhouse. There must have been joy in heaven over the returning repentant prodigal; and what a Thanksgiving that was! When the next day the sons and daughters gathered for the feast, and found this long-absent brother returned, their cup of joy and thanksgiving seemed to overflow. But I want to tell you of a bit of talk that took place when uncle John had gathered the children all about him in the afternoon.

They were examining the bicycle, and he had been telling them some incidents of his long journey, when suddenly he said, "Now, children you think this is a nice thing, and you boys quite envy your old uncle its possession, don't you?"

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"Not quite that, I guess," replied one of the older boys, "but I'd like to own one."

"Well, perhaps your father will buy this; I want to sell it." At this they all looked aghast to think their uncle would be willing to part with such a treasure.

"Just let me tell you something, boys," he continued; "I am forty years old, and all I possess in the world is this bicycle and a very few dollars which I have earned since I became a sober man. I have thrown away the best part of my life. Here are my brothers with comfortable homes all their own, and I with nothing, and all because of rum! and I began by drinking cider over there at the mill. Boys, let it alone; don't begin, and you will never be the slave of rum."

"But, uncle John," said one, "you are not a slave any more."

"No; but I shall carry the marks of my fetters to the grave. I tell you it hasn't paid. Forty years old, and nothing to show for my life! Sign the pledge, boys; sign the pledge, and you will not have to say that when you are forty years old. I trust you will have something more than a bicycle to show for it."

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ONLY A LITTLE MADCHEN.

GRETCHEN VAN CORTLANDT was a little German *mädchen*, as you see by her name, and she lived in the great city of Berlin. She and her mother occupied two rooms in a tenement house on "Steinstrasse," as her father had died when she was very young. Gretchen had very few playthings, and spent much of the time in helping her mother earn what little money she could.

One Sunday Gretchen went out for a walk, and while going along the crowded street, reached a large brick building, from which came the sound of singing. Above the door there was a sign which she spelled out, and found to be, "*Wilkommen!*" As that meant "Welcome!" to a little German girl, Gretchen hesitated, and finally pushed open the door, and walked in. It was a large room, with seats full of people, many of whom were poorly and even raggedly dressed. At one end was a desk, and

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behind it stood a man who was reading something out of a big book.

"Even Christ pleased not Himself."

"My!" thought Gretchen, "I wonder why!" But the man was talking. There was a good deal he said that the little girl could not understand, but she found that there was once a very good Prince, the son of a good and great King, who had come from his palace and had gone around, through a great deal of trouble, trying to save people from harm. He did nothing to please only Himself, but wanted to please his Father and those who loved Him. Gretchen understood one other thing — that every one else could do as this Prince did, and help other people as He had done, because He loved them so. If they did this they would be pleasing Him.

So when she reached home, Gretchen told her mother what she had heard, and asked her to explain it.

"Truly, child," said the Frau Van Cortlandt, "I remember very little that I used to hear about it, but it's all true — what he said."

"But, mother, how can we all, or a poor little *mädchen* like me, please this great Prince?" asked Gretchen.

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"Ach, child!" said the good Frau, "I remember very little about it, but this I know — that every little boy and girl in the Fatherland, no matter how poor or small they are, can please this Prince, and the King, His Father, by doing something good and kind."

"I should like to do something for Him, mother, if He is as good as the man said," replied Gretchen.

That is the first part of the story. The next part came nearly a week later, when there was to be a great procession through the city. There were proclamations all over the city, saying that the "Kaiser Wilhelm," their emperor, was to march through the streets, with his soldiers and guards in full uniform, and the drums were to beat, the bugles were to blow, and the houses were to be decorated with flags, in honor of it all.

Our little *mädchen* was, of course, in a flutter of delight about it, especially when she found they were to march down their street, and past their tenement-house, on the way to the Königstrasse. How delightful! She would see the great army of Germany, and the great Kaiser William, march by their door!

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When the eventful morning came, everything was bright and gay-looking, and the sidewalks were crowded with people who wished to see the procession. When the Van Cortlandts' bed had been made, the breakfast dishes cleared away, and the two rooms nicely swept and dusted (for it is to be believed that if the Frau Van Cortlandt had known the end of the world was to come in an hour, she would not have delayed her morning's work a moment) Gretchen and her mother were ready to watch and wait, with the remainder of the city. But alas, and alas. No view was to be had from their windows, because of the crowd outside, and no room could be found outside. No one would give up their place. How much Gretchen wished for the Herr Van Breyck, their only friend, who would take her in his strong arms, and find a place for her, but he was away at Frankfort, and what should she do?

Suddenly she thought of the attic balcony! It was a little bit of a one, and would hold but one person. Gretchen's mother could not go up the stairs, so she slipped up to the unoccupied garret, and out on the balcony, from which she could look down over the heads of the people,

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and see the Emperor and his troops, as nicely as she could wish.

She was leaning lazily over the edge of the balcony when she chanced to see, in the middle of the road, a poor old woman, who was vainly trying to get a good place amid the crowd. Among those people there was little chance for her, and Gretchen pitied her.

"Poor thing!" she said. "I think" — at this moment she suddenly stopped, startled by a thought which came into her mind, and remained silent quite a while. What she was thinking was something like this: "Suppose I should ask her to come up on the balcony? Then I couldn't see the procession at all — and that wouldn't do, after all my trouble to get a good place. I wonder if that would be doing what the man said — not pleasing myself? Maybe it would, but then it is such a little thing that I'm sure the King wouldn't hear of it. If I could only please Him some *great* way, how nice it would be!"

But I am glad to tell you, and am sure you will be glad to hear, that after this talk with herself, the little girl made her way down to where the old lady was looking about her.

"Good Frau," she said, as the old lady turned

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to look at her, "I have a place for you to see the procession; will you come with me?"

Through the door, up the three flights of stairs, went the little light figure, followed by the older and feeble one. "I am afraid, good Frau, these stairs will tire you," said Gretchen, "but it is the only place there is."

A chair was then brought up from the Frau Van Cortlandt's own kitchen, on which the old lady seated herself, after which Gretchen went to the bedroom down-stairs, and throwing herself on the bed, burst into a flood of tears. "I can't help it," she sobbed; "I did so want to see the procession! But I am not sorry, if the Prince knows." Then she dried her eyes and went to the door, where she could see nothing but the backs of the people in front of it.

The Ellsworths had been in Berlin some weeks, and having seen all they wanted to of the city, were about ready to go back to America, but they stayed longer than they otherwise would have done, for the purpose of seeing the procession. And then, as Amelia said, "it was just perfectly horrid," that, after all, the soldiers were not to pass in front of their hotel.

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"I am determined to see the procession," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "And so am I," said Amelia. Nevertheless, they were acquainted with no one in Berlin who would offer them a place, and they couldn't well stand in the streets, "with the rabble," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Blees, your honors," said Hans, their guide and interpreter, "I haf zomedings teu zay. Mein schwester hab ein house in der Steinstrasse, mit ein gut — vat you gall it — palgonie, vair you kon go, if blees you."

"Let's go, mother!" said Amelia, "anything is better than not seeing the procession, when we stayed in the city on purpose."

And Hans, not in the least minding the doubtful compliment to his "schwester's house," agreed to drive them around there early enough to keep out of the crowd. So it came to pass that on the balcony of the Frau Krant's house, across the street from the Frau Van Cortlandt's, were seated, the morning of the procession, Mrs. Ellsworth, her daughter Amelia, and her sister Julia.

"Mamma," said Amelia, "look at that cute little German girl across the street up on that mite of a balcony. See! she has gone down now."

Sometime later, she had more remarks to make.

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"Mamma, that little girl went down and got a poor old woman to take her place on the balcony — see her up there — and she is down now where she can't see a thing."

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Ellsworth; "that is an act of self-denial one doesn't often see in a child. Are you sure she hasn't a better place?"

"Yes, mamma, there she is, down by the door, where she can't see anything, I know."

"Then," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "I am going to have her come up here. There is room between Julia and me. Hans!" and that individual, who had been talking with his "schwester" inside, appeared. "Tell that little German girl in the door across the road, that I would like to see her up here."

"Mamma!" said Amelia.

"Ja!" said Hans, in his surprise, returning to the use of his native tongue.

"She looks very neat and nice, Amelia," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

So it happened that our heroine Gretchen was confronted by a dignified-looking personage of her race, who informed her that a Frau from America desired her presence in the balcony across the street. Gretchen was frightened, and

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vaguely wondered if she had in any way committed treason against the United States Government, but her trembling limbs carried her to the Frau Krant's balcony, where Mrs. Ellsworth questioned her, through her interpreter.

The story all came out, in German and in English, how Gretchen had given up her place because of the King and his Son, whom she wanted to please. Said she, "I am only a little *mädchen*, but I thought He might know."

By this time there came the sound of drum and fife and martial footsteps, from around the corner, and the eyes of all on Steinstrasse were turned toward the place whence the sound proceeded. Mrs. Ellsworth desired Hans to tell the little girl she could stay where she was until the procession passed, thus relieving her fears that she was to be arrested for treason, and she, in turn, committed her overwhelming thanks to the good Frau for a good place to stand.

That isn't the end, though I am almost through. Gretchen says she would have been satisfied without a place on the balcony, or anything else, if she could have known that she pleased the King and his Son by not pleasing herself, but that didn't hinder her being very thankful that

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she could see the Emperor and his troops, and Mrs. Ellsworth made up her mind that she wanted a nice little German girl to take home to America, and educate and help in various ways, in return for her services, and a nice German woman who could do her washing, and live with her, too.

So the week after the procession found the Frau Van Cortlandt and her daughter bidding the Herr Van Breyck good-by, as they boarded the steamer bound for America, at the Hamburg wharves.

Gretchen and her mother are still living with the Ellsworths, and though they are sometimes a little homesick for the "Fatherland," they are enjoying their home in America very much.

The week after they reached home they ate the Thanksgiving dinner, with a huge turkey and its regular belongings, and though they had never been used to the day at home, Gretchen and her mother were as thankful, they thought, as anyone could have been. And the way to be happy and thankful as they would tell you, is to try to make others so. "And it all came about," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "because of that kind and unselfish act of yours, Gretchen."

"I am only a little *mädchen*," said Gretchen, "but I pleased not myself, and the King saw."

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A TALK ABOUT HELEN KELLER.

I THINK that many of you have heard of little Helen Keller, the child who is deaf, dumb and blind. When she was nineteen months old she was deprived of these senses by a severe illness.

She was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, on a large plantation. Here she lived happily with her dolls and her pets until she grew older, when she longed to know what these and other objects were really like, and to be able to communicate with the people about her.

Yearning to express herself and to understand what was a complete mystery to her, she grew very unhappy and impatient. Early in 1888 her anxious father wrote to Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution in South Boston, Mass., to know if he could send a teacher to his poor little girl. Mr. Anagnos was deeply interested in the case and sent a kind lady who had herself been partially blind and who had been

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in the habit of communicating with Laura Bridgman. Miss Sullivan was to undertake the child's entire education, and thinking that it would be better to have Helen as quiet as possible, she decided to occupy a small house on the grounds, attended by two servants.

She commenced by making friends with her little pupil. Any one who sees Helen will know that this could not have been a very difficult task, as she is a most affectionate child.

The first lesson was about a new doll. Helen soon learned the deaf and dumb alphabet with one hand, by means of various objects and gestures. An object was given to her, and then its name spelled out on the palm of her hand, so that she was taught to associate the said object with its correct name. She was delighted to find that everything could be indicated by a given name.

You can find the alphabet in the back part of any large dictionary. Try it and see how this little girl was obliged to talk. She received the new ideas so eagerly that within a few months she made the most rapid progress, learning to understand and to spell correctly several hundred words.

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She learned to recognize, by feeling of their hands and clothes, every one about her, and rarely did she forget an acquaintance or his name, which she would instantly spell out by her fingers. Helen once more played contentedly with other little girls and her playthings. She was now as blithe as any of the children. Indeed it would have been quite difficult to say which child was blind, so quickly she learned to take care of herself. She was able to play "tag," learning by the vibration of the ground which direction she must run, holding her arms outstretched before her. She was almost unconscious of her misfortune, not knowing until recently she was different from other children.

Miss Sullivan now wished Helen to come North, and although Captain and Mrs. Keller were grieved to part with their little daughter, they sent her to South Boston, where she could have the advantage of studying in the Perkins Institution. Here she learned by the use of raised maps and books, which could not be procured at home.

Helen was bewildered when she found that so many others talked with their fingers as she did. She was told that they too were blind.

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This distressed her very much and she cried because they were unable to see the trees and the bright flowers, and all the beautiful things that her teacher had told her about, but not because she was not able to see them herself.

Helen was taught French. She had one advantage, that is she did not have to pronounce it.

She was also taught Greek, for Mr. Anagnos, who is a Greek, took great pleasure in teaching her his language. Her mind is wonderfully brilliant.

Just think! Helen at eight years had been studying a little over twelve months.

Perhaps it will give you a better idea of Helen if I write about her visit to us. When she arrived she felt us eagerly — our faces, hands, and clothing. After this she knew each member of the family. She was delighted with the little children, kissing them or patting them from time to time. At lunch I asked her where Baby sat. Every one rapped in turn on the table, but Helen only shook her head until the baby pounded away with her spoon, when she rapidly spelled "Alice." In the afternoon Rae and Chester were dancing the heel and toe polka. Helen wanted to dance, too. Remem-

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HELEN KELLER AND HER TEACHER.

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ber, she could not see their steps nor hear any music, but she sat down on the floor and felt their knees and followed the motions of their feet until she quite understood. Then with a happy smile she motioned Rae to try it with her, and in a few minutes she could keep perfect time, dancing as prettily as any of the children.

One afternoon I took her to visit a little girl who had a pony cart. Helen felt of the pony, and then of the tiny cart, asking rapidly what it was and to whom it belonged, jumping excitedly all the time Miss Sullivan told her. Again she felt of them, until, finding the step, she clapped her hands delightedly and climbed into the cart. The reins were passed to her to hold, but as soon as she was told they were "to make pony go," she slapped them on the little Shetland's back with such energy that it was all the groom could do to quiet him again.

Our wee hostess had some rabbits to show us, so we followed her to their house. I put a little fellow in Helen's arms to cuddle. Later I gave her its mother, spelling "m-a-m-a." "Ma-ma," she articulated immediately.

She is able to say both mama and papa, as these two words are made by the lips only.

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Afterwards we visited the puppies. Helen was pleased, as they reminded her of hers at home in Alabama. She knows each of her own pups by name, and can select them with ease from the litter. We gave her a little doll in pink. She was wild with joy, and on her fingers said, "What a beautiful doll for me." She can ask questions as rapidly as any child. Once two of my cousins came on horseback to see her. Helen was playing in the orchard with the others, but soon she came running toward us and was patting the horses. Coming in contact with my friend's riding skirt, she was puzzled, but she felt of it, asking with the other hand what it was. On being told that it was used when riding, she danced with pleasure at the idea and spelled my cousin's name at once. She had met her a short time two days before and seemed to fancy her greatly. This, I think, was most remarkable, as my cousin did not dismount and of course Helen could not feel her face or hands, yet she knew her. I put Helen in the saddle afterwards and led the horse to the stable. She is always interested in everything that is shown or told her, grasping the ideas intelligently and expressing much delight

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when she understands perfectly. She prints neat, original letters, expressing her thoughts clearly. This is one of her favorite amusements.

Helen returned to her home in glad spirits. She said her uncle had promised her the smallest horse he could find, and that she was going to have a riding gown and ride very fast. She enjoyed her Northern visit very much, and learned very many interesting things which she wished to tell her mamma and papa.

To me it seems that this sweet little girl who is so happy and loving, having only the power to feel and smell and taste and thanking God for his blessings, should be a most charming lesson to us.

I am afraid that some of us are apt to take our gifts as a matter of course, are we not?

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A NEW YEAR'S TABLE.

IT wanted but two days to New Year's, and on this crisp winter morning Louie Chalmer's was in a flutter of pleasant business. Mrs. Chalmers and the little girls had come out for a ride, and Louie came out to give her orders for the refreshment-table for New Year's calls. It was that morning at the breakfast-table that she had been told what she could spend.

"I want it nicer than usual, papa, you know," she had said winningly, "because I am eighteen, and this is my first real New Year's reception as a young lady. And Beekman charges so dreadfully for things; they say he is worse than ever this year; but I want to get my cakes and creams at Beekman's, for they are so much nicer than anywhere else."

"Don't you mean to have confections and bonbons and all such things?" Milly had asked.

"O, yes, indeed! and they must come from Hackett's. Mamma, they have the loveliest

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new designs in confections! but they are dreadful, papa, when it comes to paying for them; so you must be very generous."

"Then there are the flowers," said Mrs. Chalmers. "A small fortune has to be spent nowadays in decorations that wither before the day is done."

"And the turkey and coffee," said Milly; "papa, she will need a great deal of money."

Mr. Chalmers took out his pocket-book and fingered over a roll of bills. Louie fancied as he did so that he looked a trifle grave.

"You can spare it, can't you, papa?" she said with a touch of anxiety. She had been so used to having all she wanted that it seemed strange to ask him the question; but she knew she wanted much more than usual; would her father be willing to give it? She really did not want to receive calls at all if she could not have everything as elegant as other girls.

"O, yes! I suppose I can," he said; "anything in reason, but I was thinking how different it was from the way your mother and I managed when we were eighteen."

Mrs. Chalmers smiled on him as she said, "Times have changed since then."

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"Yes," he said, "they have; that is a fact." Then he turned to his daughter with the question, "Will a hundred dollars answer?"

Louie put her two white hands together softly as an expression of delight, and then sprang up exactly as though she were not almost eighteen, and kissed him half a dozen times.

"You dear, generous papa," she said; "I didn't expect half that amount."

"Then it shows how little you understand what things cost," said prudent Mrs. Chalmers. "You will need every cent of it if you carry out your ideas." And then the horses had been ordered and they had started on those delightful errands.

If the coachman had not been drawing up his horses at that moment for Miss Louie to get in, after leaving her order at Hackett's, I don't know that he could have held them back quickly enough. As it was, Mrs. Chalmers drew in her breath with a frightened gasp and the little girls screamed outright as Louie seized the little colored girl by the arm. She had rushed across the street directly under the feet of the gay horses, so startling them that it required all John's skill to hold them in check.

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"You little dunce," said Louie, shaking her arm, "didn't you know any better than that? You might have been killed. It is a mercy the horses didn't knock you down. Haven't you been taught not to run under horses' feet in that way?"

"It's all because of the baby, ma'am," sobbed the child. "She's hurted, she is; maybe she'll die before I get back, and I runned for her mammy. I didn't see no horses, nor nothing."

"What child?" asked Louie; "where is she, and where is the mother?"

"It's Mrs. Smith's baby, and she lives on the fifth floor. She got me to mind him while she went to the shop to see if she could get her pay, and he tipped out of his box and hurted hisself awful."

"And did you leave the baby alone?" said Louie. "Mamma, ought we not to see about this? The child may die?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Chalmers, and she gave John orders to help the child into the carriage and drive according to her directions. Only a short drive and mother and elder daughter were climbing to the fifth story of a tenement house, under the little girl's lead.

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The baby had hit himself a hard knock and cut a gash on his forehead. It was the blood streaming from this cut which had frightened poor black Rosie. However, Mrs. Chalmers promptly announced that the baby was not dangerously hurt. But, oh! the bare desolate room. Cold, dark, and not a chair to sit upon; not a table or bed, only an old straw mattress in the corner covered with a worn quilt; and a broken stove in another corner from which the small fire had died out. These and two dry goods boxes, turned on their sides, were the only bits of furniture in the room.

"The baby will catch its death of cold," Mrs. Chalmers said. "You shouldn't have let the fire go out."

"Had to," said the thick red lips briefly; "coal's gone; that's where she went, to see if she could get some coal. I was trying to chop some splinters off that there box to burn, when the baby climbed on it."

"Mamma, what a dreadful place!" murmured Louie, while Mrs. Chalmers, who had bound up the cut and soothed the frightened child, went on with her questions: "Where is the furniture which belongs in this room?"

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"Pawned," said Rosie gravely. "Had to git things to eat. Don't know what she's going to do now. Can't git no work, and can't git the money for what she has done, and if she did, it would only pay for another week's rent. She ain't had no breakfast this morning, and she won't get no dinner, as I can see."

"O, mamma!" said Louie again; "isn't this dreadful? Perhaps that baby is hungry, too!"

By the time Mrs. Chalmers was willing to leave the baby Louie's eyes had grown large with a thought that made her eager to set about carrying it out. She asked only one more question: Where was it the mother had gone?

"Over on Ann Street, to the shirt factory."

"Three miles from here. Why, she can't get back for hours!"

"No, ma'am; she did not expect to. I am to mind the baby till she comes."

"Mamma," said Louie, as they picked their way down the many stairs, "did papa give me that hundred dollars to spend just as I like, do you suppose?"

"I presume, daughter, it is yours to do what you please with."

"Then I know what I please to do with it.

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I know something splendid to do. Mamma, I'll have my New Year's table spread in that very room."

Had I the time, it would be interesting to tell you about the errands that were done that morning, so different from what had been intended. Milly, who followed her sister from store to shop, was overwhelmed with astonishment.

"What do you want of a table and chairs? Little cane-seat rocker, and a bedstead! How funny! I don't believe you know what you're about!"

What fun it was! In less than two hours from the time they left it, that room looked as though the fairies had taken possession.

A bright-colored rug had been laid on the floor, a table set in the centre of it, ready laid for dinner, with dishes belonging to an entirely new set of iron-stone china that had cost five dollars, and that Rosie, the whites of her eyes rolled in an astonishing way, was deftly arranging on the shelves of the little cupboard. In the further end of the room a bedstead had been set up with mattress and pillows, and the bed was now being made up by an astonished woman who lived across the hall, and had been

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given fifty cents to come and help put the room in order! Sheets and quilts and pillow-cases and a soft new double blanket! No wonder Rosie's eyes rolled! Besides all this, there were chairs, a sewing-chair, and a high chair for the baby, where he could be fastened by a contrivance that Rosie had never seen, and that she said would save "heaps of bumps;" and a large, old-fashioned rocker on purpose to rest the weary limbs of the mother.

In the stove a bright fire was soon burning, and the closet behind the stove was full of coal. To crown all, the supplies from the grocer's and baker's began to come in — bread and butter, meat and potatoes, tea and sugar.

It had filled Louie's heart with astonishment and actual shame to discover that the bill for all these things was not so large as the one she had expected to pay for her New Year's cake!

"I never had such fun in my life," she said, with a satisfied glance around the room, when everything had been done that she could think of, and she was ready to go. "Now, mind, Rosie, you are to tell the mother that Santa Claus did all this for a New Year frolic, and here's a dollar for you to get your New Year's

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dinner with. You have earned it, keeping that baby quiet while all this fun was going."

"But what are you going to do for your own New Year's table?" Millie asked, when they were at last seated in the carriage on their way home, and it was found that Louie had spent forty dollars of her money.

"I'm going to have cake and coffee, my dear, from this time forth for New Year's callers, and all the money I save you and I will spend in a frolic of this sort each year. I've just found out how to have a good time."

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AN INTERESTING SCHOLAR.

THERE is much in Madura, India, to interest you; most of all Mrs. Capron's work — her Bible women and Hindoo girls' school, the latter composed of caste girls, among them three or four Christians.

All the masters and mistresses are Christians. The Bible is taught daily; one hundred and twenty attend her Sunday-school; they sit in closely-packed rows. The school is under the shadow of the great Meanarchi temple, yet the Lord takes care of it. Boys, men, pilgrims, come in and quietly sit behind Mrs. Capron and the organ and seem almost as much interested as the girls. Mrs. Capron's masters help her, and the mistresses and a half-dozen girls of the boarding-school help sing.

The children come so early they are not allowed to sit upon the mats until Mrs. Capron comes. Then she plays and the children march in and sit so gracefully upon the

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floor! I often wonder how they do it. It seems as if they have no bones. None of the children are over twelve or thirteen. After that age they are not allowed out of their houses. They are usually dressed in bright-colored petticoats and little jackets covering the shoulder, tying in front.

The Brahmin and silk-wearer caste wear silk garments. All wear a great deal of jewelry, mostly silver or imitation. They have chains of beads and gold from the ears to the pretty little bunch of black hair — which they manage to keep up better without hairpins than I can with many — then little gold or brass plalia are arranged on top of the head, often with a wreath of jessamine or asters about it, and ornaments of the same material dangle from the end of the braid of hair, if — as is often the case — some false hair is pinned on.

The ears and nose have many rings; glass, silver, or gold bangles adorn the wrists, arms, and ankles, and rings, with or without bells, on the toes.

Many of the above caste wear gold or silver girdles, with little bells.

It would be distracting in a home Sunday-

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school to hear the rattle when all these are jingling. Here, it is rather pretty. Sunday-school begins with singing; then a master teaches a psalm, then Mrs. Capron, after a few words with the girls about God and Jesus, prays. They sing again. A master gives an Old Testament lesson (lately on Joseph and the little Syrian maid.) They sing again, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, or the Commandments.

Mrs. Capron does not let anything go till they seem to understand it thoroughly, from the Bible, or hymns, or lyrics. Thus they are many Sundays learning a little.

The New Testament lesson is given by the third master.

Mrs. Capron speaks to them of Heaven and Jesus and the old story very simply, so that they need not be afraid when death comes. They then recite verses and always sing, "I have a Father in the Promised Land." Sunday-school is closed with prayer by the master who teaches the Psalms.

Daily the boys come to Mrs. Capron for books. Some have bought copies of the Psalms. These bright little boys — almost naked bodies

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— are fully as much interested in Sunday-school as ours at home.

Since I came one of the schoolgirls died. She wanted Mrs. Capron; her parents sent for her; I went with her. The dear little thing salaamed to us, but could not talk much. Behind her stood her heathen relatives; in the doorway, the street people.

Mrs. Capron asked what she thought of as she lay so sick.

"The verses and the songs I hear in the Sunday-school," she answered. "Shall I say them for you?"

"No," said Mrs. Capron, "but you may give your favorite verse."

"It is the forty-third of Isaiah," she said. "'Fear not; I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name;' and the twenty-third Psalm, and 'I am going to the Golden City, to the Heavenly Flower Garden.' I am not afraid."

"And why are you not?"

"Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and God said, 'Fear not;' and 'I have a Father in the Promised Land.'"

"How do you know you will get to Heaven?"

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"Jesus will know the way. He went over it twice."

Mrs. Capron called upon the parents after she had gone. They seemed to take comfort in the thought that the child was happy in going. As a rule, they so dread death that they never use the word if it can be avoided.

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LEGENDS OF OLD DAYS.

"WHAT is a legend, Uncle Ned?" asked Susie. "I don't understand what people mean by Christmas legends."

"A legend," said papa, pushing back his glasses, "is generally some story that is false as to fact, but true as to idea."

"Papa!" "Uncle Ned!" sounded in different tones of dismay, "I don't understand that explanation one bit."

"Papa is like Dr. Parker," said Roy drollingly:

> "Dr. Parker
> Made that darker
> Which was dark enough before."

Papa laughed. "Well, I will make it plainer. A legend is usually a story believed by simple-minded, loving people, about some person or event that touches them very deeply, and it almost always has a true thought that gives it power to last, but if the people are ignorant,

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they are very apt to get the facts of the story all wrong, and color them with their own fancies. Now, there is nothing more beautiful or touching than the truth that the Lord of all the earth came down, and took upon himself the humble form of a little child to save it, and so a number of legends have clustered around this truth. Can each of you tell me one?"

"I know one," said Roy. "It is that on old Christmas night all the animals in barn or field are on their knees, worshiping the Lord."

"That is not true, as you know, but the idea that led to the story is beautiful and true."

"Oh! I begin to see," said Susie. "I remember a legend about the old hawthorn-tree at Glastonbury — that even in the midst of winter snows, when the hour of our Lord's birth comes, it will put out leaves and buds and blossoms."

"That, too, springs from the remembrance of our Lord and Creator of all — every green thing and growing plant, as well as beasts and men."

Some one else told the story of our Lord's being carried, when a little babe, into Egypt — as the humble wayfarers, Joseph and Mary,

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entered the gate with the Holy Infant, the great palm-tree that stood near the gate bowed its head in homage, and the idols fell from their shrines shivered to pieces.

"I think I know what the people meant when this story grew in their minds," said Roy. "Papa, may I tell? That the Lord was Ruler over all created things, and even over the imaginations"—it was such a long word that Roy got it out very slowly—"and the thoughts of men."

"Yes," answered papa, "that is most true, and I remember a story that was told of our Saviour as a little child that shows how earnestly the common people believed in Him as Lord of Life. It was said that He was playing with John the Baptist, and other little boys, with the soft clay, molding it into the shape of little doves. The doves that His hands made had breath, and lifted their wings, and flew away, while those of His little playmates remained lifeless forms of clay."

"How much more beautiful that is since I know its meaning," said Susie. "It taught a true lesson, even if it did not really happen. I suppose they began by thinking whatever His

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hands made would live, and then they thought that perhaps such a thing happened, and after talking of it, others began to believe it did."

"I dare say a legend often grew in just that way," replied papa, "or their teachers would tell them a story to explain some truth to them, and they would believe in it, and tell it afterwards as a real occurrence. Did you ever hear the story of Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, and the leper?"

"No," we all said.

"She was a beautiful and rich queen, but her thoughts were always with the poor and the sick in her husband's kingdom, and she was continually helping them. This offended many of her haughty ladies and gentlemen of the court, who thought a queen ought not to condescend as she did. They were especially indignant one day when she saw a poor little boy — a leper, covered with a horrible mass of sores, and cold and ragged — and instead of having him sent away, she nursed him herself, and gave him food with her own hands. They had an idea that this was to teach them humility and kindness, and they stood around silently but in much resentment and disgust. Suddenly

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a bright light shone around the boy, and his face grew like the pictures of our Lord Himself, and he vanished out of their sight. We know that this could never really have happened, but can you tell me the truth which it was meant to teach us? There is a verse in the Bible that tells us."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," repeated Roy very gravely and reverently. And that ended our talk.

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CRAZY QUILTS.

"CRAZY," exclaimed Papa Browne when Louise showed him the quilt which the girls of the "Band" had been piecing, "I should think so. Why, Louise, what is the matter with your blocks? Why didn't you have some one cut them who could cut true?"

"Why, Papa Browne, that is the idea, to have it all put together everyway; that is why it is called a crazy quilt. You see there is no regularity to it, but it is just like a person with no plan in his head."

"I see; just like a good many girls I know. Well, Louise, I did not think you, of all girls, would take to doing things without a plan."

"Oh! we had a plan — to make it just as pretty as we could."

"I see, again; and these girls I am speaking of, suppose they have a plan to have just as good a time as possible, and they order their daily lives just like this patchwork — full of little

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happenings without any plan or design as to symmetrical lives."

"But, papa," said Louise thoughtfully, "the quilt is square when it is finished. Don't you see our lives may be squared at last? Seems to me that it is a good way to do it, to make the most of every bit of time — no matter how small or how it may seem to corner in."

Papa Browne laughed. "Well, Puss," he said, "I guess you have the best side of the argument, after all. Where did you get all these pieces?" asked Mr. Browne, after carefully inspecting the quilt.

"Oh! we all contributed of our store and begged of our friends, and then we bought a few; you know that there are dealers in materials for crazy patchwork, and the pieces come in packages."

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Browne, "what next? Modern ingenuity will exhaust itself, I am afraid, in schemes for making money."

"O, no! this is a scheme for saving the pieces," said Louise quickly. "I am sure that is a very praiseworthy result of man's inventive genius. But, papa, we girls had a dispute, the other day, about the manufacture of silk. Ella

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THE GIRLS OF THE BAND.

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Hays said that silk was made of the discarded house of a worm. And Fannie Price disputed her, and said the worm did not leave the cocoon at all. Ella said it was a butterfly when it left its old home. I wish you would tell me about it."

Mr. Browne whistled softly. "Seems to me, Louise, that you expect me to be a walking cyclopædia." Then settling himself comfortably in his arm chair he continued: "The silk-worm was first discovered in Northern China, among the mountains, and it is supposed that all the silk-worms come from those found there, though none of the wild ones can be found now.

"It was many hundred years ago that a Chinese emperor suggested to his wife the idea of cultivating the silk-worm, to see if anything could be made of it. And for two thousand years the Chinese kept the art of silk-making a secret. And at one time the exportation of silk-worm eggs or of unreeled cocoons was forbidden on penalty of death. A sort of moth lays an egg which hatches out a worm, and this worm feeds upon mulberry leaves for a while, then begins to spin itself a wrap, winding deli-

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cate threads about its body until a ball about an inch long is formed, containing about one thousand yards. The color of this is yellowish white.

"Both your friends were right. When the cocoon is left alone the moth remains inside about a fortnight, then breaks his way out in the form of a moth again, and so discards his house; but this process of breaking out spoils the cocoon for reeling, though it can be used for floss, and the outside of all cocoons are used for the same purpose. It is only when it is desired to raise more moths that the chrysalis is allowed to develop and work its way out. For the purpose of making silk, the cocoons are heated in some way, either by exposure to the noonday sun or by baking in an oven in order to kill the chrysalis and prevent injury to the delicate thread. These cocoons are called dry cocoons, and are ready to be reeled. You can understand that after the silk is reeled off in large skeins, it is ready to be doubled, often several times, and twisted, and also to go through various processes of cleansing, dyeing, etc."

"Do they raise silk-worms in the United States?" asked Louise.

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"To some extent. Silk culture was one of the earliest industries in several of the colonies. James the First, like a sensible man, was opposed to the culture of tobacco, and desired to have the colonists give attention to silk-worms, which they did with some degree of success. It would appear that there has always been more or less of silk culture in the United States. A president of Yale College, about the date of the Revolutionary War, had his commencement robe made of silk which was manufactured from cocoons raised in his own family. But it was only about the middle of the present century that extensive operations in the line of silk manufacture were begun in the new country. At present there are several large establishments where sewing-silk, ribbons and dress silks are made, so that American silk is holding its place firmly, and large quantities of sewing silk are exported."

"Is it hard to take care of silk-worms?"

"Not hard, though they require attention. Are you thinking of going into the business?"

"No; only I thought it would be nice to have some — just to watch them," replied Louise thoughtfully.

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"So it would. And I think we will try to arrange it so as to take it up on a small scale. It is considered very nice work for ladies. It is even said that a girl can make considerable money by silk culture. There are several books upon the subject, and if you should decide to go into it, I will buy them for you to study."

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BEN'S REWARD FOR DISOBEDIENCE.

IT was Thanksgiving morning, and Bessie, dressed in furs to her very toes, grasping the handle of her new shovel, sat on her new sled, all ready to start.

Papa and mamma and Aunt Emma were going to church, and from there to Grandma's to dinner; but Bessie was going to Grandma's this minute. No church for her, if you please. It was hard enough for Bessie to sit still on Sundays; she was sure she could not do it on Thursdays.

Mamma came out when they were ready to start to tuck the afghan about Bessie's feet, and to give a last charge to Ben.

"Now, Ben, be sure you don't tip her over in the snow."

"No, ma'am," said Ben, "I won't," and he twinkled his eyes at Bessie.

Ben was the chore boy at Mr. Monroe's, and he and Bessie were excellent friends.

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Now they were off, in the frosty air. What fun it was!

Bessie's merry laugh rang out, as they passed one group of boys after another, who made haste to get out of the way of the flying sleigh.

Suddenly her laugh changed to an exclamation of dismay. They had turned into one of the narrow cross streets, at the further end of which was Grandma's back gate. The soft, newly-fallen snow was piled high on either side, making almost a wall between them and the fences. And coming straight towards them with fiery eyes and foaming nostrils was a runaway horse!

From street doors and windows people saw their peril, screamed, and motioned, and waved their arms, and shouted directions which Ben could not hear. But he knew what he was going to do, and almost as soon as he knew, he did it.

With one skillful plunge, the new sled and its precious owner were overturned together in the great snow banks at the left, Bessie sinking in out of sight, but Ben was at her side in an instant, and had ploughed his way through the

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bank with her in his arms, almost before she had had time to gasp for breath.

And the danger was over! The prancing horse had pranced on.

Bessie shook herself like a little Newfoundland dog, and said, "What for did you do that, Ben?"

For Bessie was such a wee little goosie, she did not understand how narrow her escape had been.

"For fun," said Ben, as he righted the sled, and set the small maiden on it to finish her journey.

And to her grave, rebuking "What will mamma say?" the only answer he made was a laugh.

What a Thanksgiving dinner was that to which Ben sat down, some hours afterward! Had not Grandma Monroe stood at the back gate and seen the whole thing?

When she had gotten over her trembling, it seemed as though she would never have done piling the dainties on Ben's plate.

"Think what a Thanksgiving we should have had but for him!" she would say occasionally, with lips that quivered.

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Beside Ben's plate lay a shining gold piece. "It is a Thanksgiving reward for disobedience!" Papa Monroe had said, trying to laugh as he laid it on the table.

Then, in answer to Bessie's astonished gaze, as he lifted her in his arms, "You never heard the like in your life, did you, darling? It is a virtue that isn't needed very often; but it is a great thing to know just exactly when to disobey. If Ben hadn't disobeyed mamma this morning, and dumped you into the snow, we don't like to think what might have been."

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THEY "TWO AGREED."

MISS RAINES was very earnest that day. Deb and Dora noticed as she bent over them and whispered, "Where two agree, just two, dear ones," that her face was filled with a strange light.

They went home from Sabbath-school, wondering about that promise and why their teacher gave them such a tender look as she said "Two, remember; you are two, dear ones; haven't you some great thing you'd like to ask of your Heavenly Father — something for Thanksgiving Day? Think now, won't you? and then just you *two agree* to ask Him."

And she gave each a kiss, and went her way; they, theirs. But they turned about to catch one more sight of their "beautiful teacher." She had turned, too, and was looking after them. She waved her hand with another kiss, and disappeared around the corner.

On they went their weary way and talked as

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to what they should agree to ask. They thought of a turkey and cranberries and mince pie as it used to be when papa was "right" and had work and brought home money, and mamma bought what she liked. But a turkey and no papa there to eat it with them, or, if there, to curse, and mamma crying! that would be no Thanksgiving for them. Besides, how could they expect a turkey with no money or friends? and they two walked on together, wondering what Miss Raines *could* mean. Then a thought struck them, and at once they stopped and their faces shone like Miss Raines', and there on the street they fairly leaped up and down for joy.

"What is it?" said Deb.

"And what is it, *you?*" answered Dora.

"Let's ask Him," said Deb.

"Let's," answered Dora, "but what?"

"To give us our own papa back again."

"Agreed, Deb; and let's begin now."

And away they ran down, down the dirty street. Dogs barked; ragged boys laughed and hooted, but Deb and Dora were soon up the old stairs, into the little dark bedroom, on their knees.

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Just one thing they plead, they two; first Deb, "Give back our papa," then Dora, the same.

Then with radiant faces to poor mamma.

Wednesday they two went through the market.

Turkeys, chickens, ducks, by the ton. So many were buying, their eyes were hungry. But they could not buy one cent's worth, not having even that. Still, somehow, they murmured not, nor charged God foolishly. They *knew* there was a good time coming. They looked from the fat stalls and smiled into each other's face.

That evening it was a bare floor at their home, an almost empty grate, little or no bread, mamma sad as usual.

But Deb and Dora laughed and chatted joyously as though they were at a king's banquet. They had come from their knees.

Then a knock, and the door slightly opened, and a turkey, ready for the oven, looked in and a hand came after it and — dear poor papa after the hand, and mamma sobbed out something. Deb and Dora seized the turkey and cranberries, then bounded into papa's outstretched arms. Then they danced about the room as though they were mad.

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Papa had that very morning signed the pledge and found work, and there was his wages — that turkey with needful sauce and vegetables.

He was trusted for half a ton of coal. Just then the coal man rapped at the door to know where to put it.

The next day was Thanksgiving. They four went to church. They were shown into a seat near Miss Raines.

Deb and Dora whispered to her. She whispered back, "Did not I tell you so?"

That day "poor papa" asked the blessing. And so ever after.

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BERT'S PLEASANT EVENING.

"NOW," said Miss Camilla, as she fastened the last pin into place, "you are all ready, I see. How sweet Pearl looks! Let us go down to the hall sofa and have one last rehearsal. I want my little singers to be just as perfect as possible."

It was a certain Fourth of July afternoon; warm, and bright, and beautiful. Lulu and Pearl Henderson had been bathed, and brushed, and curled, and arrayed in their prettiest white dresses and silk stockings and kid slippers, and certainly did look very pretty, both of them; although Miss Camilla, who was to play their accompaniment on her guitar, mentioned only little Pearl. In another hour they expected to be on the flower-decorated platform that had been built in the park for this occasion. Just what the occasion was, neither Lulu nor Pearl quite understood; they knew it had to do with the Fourth of July celebration, and was a plat-

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form reception in honor of some great man; and that ice-cream, and all sorts of lovely white cakes, to say nothing of fruits and candies, were to be served "afterwards," and that some time during the "meeting," as Pearl called it, she and Lulu were to sing the dearest little song of welcome, written on purpose for the great man. These two little girls did not know they had wonderful voices; they knew they liked to sing, and that their friends liked to hear them; but Miss Camilla knew all about it. She was proud of her pupils.

Well, they went down to their favorite place, the great, wide, cool sofa, in the wide, cool hall, for that last rehearsal.

I suppose it was because the hall sofa was directly in front of the great hall window, that suggested to Bert his scheme for fun. It was also because it was the Fourth of July, and he had nothing in particular to do, except to wait for evening, and the grand display of fireworks, with what grace he could.

What he did was to plan a little sport for Lulu and Pearl. At least that was the way he spoke of it to himself, though when I tell you he knew very well that Pearl was dreadfully

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afraid of firecrackers, you will wonder that he could have been so deceived. The way he managed was to prepare a great splendid bunch ready for action, and then to place them in a tin pan and slip the pan under the wide sofa out of sight. Then, he was coming to listen to the music, and at the right minute slip in his match and set those "fellows" off, and while the little girls screamed, he would say, "What the mischief is to pay here, anyhow!" and look innocent, and frightened, and the firecrackers would sizzle and bang away, and he would go off and roll on the grass and have a good laugh. Very wonderful sport, to be sure! Did you ever try to understand where the "fun" came in with regard to many things that boys say they do "just for fun?"

This programme was carried out, with one or two exceptions. The crackers behaved beautifully; they made even a greater noise than Bert had supposed they would, and at just the minute, too, when Pearl's clear little voice was ringing out on the high notes. It rang out, it is true, but the notes it sounded were not written in the book the children held for Miss Camilla's benefit.

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"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed poor little Pearl, each oh! louder and more full of pain than the last. She thought she was shot, poor little darling. And she jumped, or tried to jump, and lost her balance, and pitched forward and struck — not the soft fluffy mat, as Bert had planned that she would, if the silly little thing should happen to tumble, but the sharp corner of a paper weight which he had used an hour before, and "forgot" to put away. Struck the little blue-veined forehead and lay still and white.

Bert did not go and roll on the grass and laugh. Instead, he went for his father, for the doctor, for Nurse Burden, for a fan, for everything and everybody that could possibly be of service. Not for his mother, though; no one had to go for her. The first oh! from little Pearl's startled lips brought mamma to her side, and it was mamma who gathered her, all limp and apparently lifeless, in her arms. What an afternoon it was! If Bert Henderson should have a hundred "Fourth of July's" to remember, I think he will never forget this one.

The reception was held, but the welcome song was omitted; the sweetest-voiced of the little performers lay in mamma's room, on

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mamma's bed, with a white bandage covering the ugly bruise on her white forehead, which mamma kept constantly wetting with liquid from a great bottle at her side. The other little performer hovered dolefully about the bed, or stole from room to room, with her face very pale and her eyes very red. For one dreadful quarter of an hour she thought that little Pearl was dead.

"She will be quite comfortable, I hope, by to-morrow," the doctor had said cheerily, before he went away. And we'll try to manage so there will not be a permanent scar; but it was an ugly bruise. An eighth of an inch nearer" — And then he stopped and handed the bottle of smelling salts to the pale mother.

As for Bert, can any one imagine how he felt? If you can't, there would be no use in my trying to tell you.

But boys recover from shocks very rapidly. By sunset of that July afternoon, he was saying to himself that if dear little Pearl hadn't been such a darling little simpleton as to be afraid of firecrackers, nothing bad would have happened; and he looked forward to seeing the fireworks with returned animation.

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"He did not mean to do any harm, poor fellow," said his mother as the clock was striking seven. "Do you really think it is necessary?"

"I really think so," said the father, with a very decided voice. "Bert forgets altogether too easily; if I succeed in helping him to remember that he is not to tease his little sisters, he ought to be thankful for the help. It is nothing compared with the lesson he might have had." And then the father stopped abruptly, as the doctor had done, and looked grave and pale.

Ten minutes afterwards he called Bert to him in the library. In his arms he had three immense packages of firecrackers. "There, sir," said he, as Bert appeared, "this is your Fourth of July entertainment. Since you are so fond of firecrackers, I want you to have plenty of them. You are to take these to your room and fire them off, one by one; whenever you are quite through with them, you may retire for the night."

"But, father," said Bert, his lip quivering, "am I not to see the" —

"You are to see the firecrackers," said his father, interrupting him, "just as many as you wish; if you would like more when these are

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gone, you may come and let me know, and I will see that you have more; I am very anxious that you should celebrate the day by having enough of your favorite sport, carried out in a safe place. But when you are quite satisfied, remember you are to go to bed. Good-night!"

That was last year. There is one thing that Bert Henderson does not want this Fourth of July. Can you guess what?

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THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT CARLISLE.

THE Indian is a subject of much sympathy and romance, now that aboriginal pict-uresqueness is being sacrificed to the march of civilization. The subject is no longer one of mere sympathy, but one of intense interest. Those who formerly admired the Indian in his free life have begun to think and discuss the matter of his civilization, and the most practic-able subject advanced is the establishment of industrial training schools for the education of Indian children.

One of these schools was established at Car-lisle, Pa., some few years ago. The school is located about a half-mile distant from the town, and is a beautiful site which was at one time occupied by the British troops as a garrison during the Revolution, and one of the original buildings remains — the guard house in which Major André was confined shortly before his execution, the garrison having been taken

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by the Continental troops. The site was used as a U. S. military station for many years, and when discontinued Capt. R. H. Pratt received permission to establish an Indian school at that place. In the old garrison Indian prisoners of war were frequently quartered, and at this same place Benjamin Franklin used to meet the Indian chieftains and make their treaties.

Is it not a most remarkable occurrence that this point, which was one of the places from which soldiers were ordered to suppress the Indian, should, during the course of time, be transformed into a school in which to educate and civilize the Indians? The school is one of great interest, and scores of visitors come to it daily. It is quite amusing to note the visitors' disappointment upon their arrival and the first glimpse of the Indian children. A look of chagrin steals over their countenances as they see the bright-eyed and dark-haired children, who appear to be badly sunburned, and in that particular only differ from the white children. But if they are willing to sacrifice the idea of war paint, feathers, and moccasons, they will find their trouble doubly repaid by seeing a

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school of neatly-dressed boys and girls, with bright eyes, clean faces, and full of fun.

The school is under the superintendency of Captain R. H. Pratt, who is a very courteous gentleman and has been engaged in the cause for a number of years. The school buildings are ranged in a hollow circle, and are occupied as quarters for pupils, school rooms, dining-hall, hospital, and residence of the superintendent. A handsome gymnasium is the delight of all. The large stables have been converted into roomy workshops.

The visitor will naturally turn in the direction of the school rooms, which are open to the public, although no interruption is allowed. The Indian children labor on under great difficulties, and the progress often made is rather tedious, as compared to that of an English-speaking child. The aim of the school is to give the pupil a thorough understanding of English. The Indian children are keen-witted, and very much resemble other children : some bright, and some stupid, some good, and some perverse; all very human, indeed. The school rooms present a very cheerful appearance, and the pupils all seem to be anxious to learn and the

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progress made is very gratifying to those in charge.

The older students are taught practical trades by master workmen. A visit to the workshops should not be missed, as it is one of the most interesting features of the school. The boys are taught trades, as that of carpenter, wagon-maker, blacksmith, harness-maker, tinner, shoe-maker, baker, tailor, and printer. All boys not learning trades are required to work on the large farm connected with the school. The boys are very industrious, and are allowed a certain portion of their earnings as an incentive. Under this wise encouragement they have manufactured wagons, farm implements, sets of harness, tinware, pairs of shoes, clothing, etc. The amount of students' work on these varies, as no waste is allowed, and the master workmen do all the cutting out and planning. The apprentices are advanced as rapidly as possible, and are said to be equal to apprentices in general, regardless of nationality.

The girls' rooms make equally as good showing as the boys. They are taught sewing, cooking, laundry work, and general household duties. They are very neat and apt, and many

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of them are very pretty. Here, in many instances, the tender maidens sweeten industry with sentiment, and carefully rummage the darning-basket for the stockings of the boys they like best. They are fond of gay colors, and often display very excellent taste in their dress and appearance. They look after the mending for the entire school, which is very neatly done.

One of the most interesting points in the school is the printing-office, which is managed entirely by Indians. How many of my readers have ever visited a printing-office? A great many have not, and they should avail themselves of the first opportunity of doing so.

The printing-office is one of the most wonderful institutions of the age, and to it much of the advancement of the century is due. To many of the visitors this last point is more surprising than any of the other places visited. Practical printers even are amazed at the advancement made in this branch by the Indians.

The Indians have learned to "set" type, and do all the work on two papers that are published there. These newspapers will com-

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pare, in workmanship, with those published in any other part of our country.

The establishment of these industrial schools is one of the grandest and noblest deeds of justice to the much-abused Indian, that our Government has ever performed. You should visit Carlisle, and see these wards of the nation.

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"JUST THE TRUF."

A FAIR little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, in a white dress, girdled with a broad blue sash, Lora Belmont, the pet and darling of the kindergarten. A sad frightened little girl just now, standing before her teacher, head turned aside, eyes drooping, heavy with tears, and a small dimpled brown hand held in Miss Farley's own. Miss Farley's face looked almost as sad as Lora's. The very spirit of mischief seemed to have been in this baby scholar of hers all day long. Three times she had been found whispering busily between the recesses which came every hour, giving the little tongues a chance to chatter for five minutes. Twice she had bitten into a great sweet apple which had been used in the geography class to help the children understand the globe lesson.

Numberless times she had left her seat without first asking permission; and indeed Miss

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Farley had been very patient; but now the worst had happened; Lora stood before her waiting for the cruel ruler to drop on her brown fat hand.

The last piece of mischief had been to tip up the end of the slate on which Harold had piled his own and his sister's books with their three boxes in which were kept pencils, erasers, wax, bright-colored papers, and I can't tell what else of kindergarten tools. Tip up the slate and let the whole mass slide off; the boxes overturn and their contents roll about the floor in wild confusion, while she laughed such a gurgling little laugh of amusement as could be heard all over the room! Of course Miss Farley must punish her. How else could she hope to keep order in the schoolroom? But Harold, Lora's friend and companion, to and from school, was at the teacher's side, begging. He was to be punished; he knew that very well. He had broken the rules, and felt sure he could not escape. He did not try for himself, only for Lora. She did not mean to tip his slate over; he felt quite sure of that; he had shoved it very near the edge; he was trying to see how near he could get it without having it fall off;

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Lora put out her hand just then to get a picture that Jamie Wilbur was handing her across his desk, and it hit the slate and of course it fell. Did she think Lora ought to be punished for an accident?

Harold was a handsome, manly boy; a good boy, too, generally, though he had been sadly naughty to-day. The teacher could not help loving him as he talked; could not help feeling glad of any excuse which would make it seem right not to punish Lora. Yet she hesitated. Lora was growing very careless indeed. If she was to come to school at all she must be taught in some way to obey her teacher.

At last she decided what to do.

"If Lora will say she did not mean to tip the slate over, I will forgive her other naughty ways, and not punish her to-night," she said.

"Of course she will," said Harold promptly. "You didn't mean to do it, did you, Lora?" And Jamie Wilbur who sat very near the desk, nudged her shrugged-up little shoulder, and whispered, —

"Say no, Lora, quick."

Then Lora, her blue eyes seeming to press back the tears that wanted to come, straight-

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SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO.

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ened herself up, turned her face fully toward her teacher and said in slow, distinct tones:

"I wouldn't go and tell what wasn't just all truf, for twenty-leven whippings. I did tip the slate over, purpose; because it looked as though it would make such a slam, and the things would woll awound so funny. And they did. And I couldn't help laughing. And I'm sorry; but I've told the truf."

Then the tears came in good earnest; wails that went right to Miss Farley's heart.

"All the scholars who would like to have me forgive little Lora without punishing her, may stand up," said the teacher. And forty-two little boys and girls were on their feet in a second!

And I am glad, aren't you?

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HELD BACK.

SHE made a pretty picture standing there on the veranda waiting for the carriage to come around. It was the last time she would ever stand there looking so fresh and fair in the morning light. This is a sad story, yet it has its bright side, so I hope you will not turn away from it without gathering up some of the sweetness that is shed as a perfume from May Vinton's daily life.

May was an only, a much-petted, and some people said, a spoiled child. However, this last was a mistake. What might have been, had not her Heavenly Father interfered, we cannot tell. A friend of Mr. Vinton who was spending a few days with the family was interested in the management of a theatre, and this gentleman had been studying this fair young daughter of his host and had discovered what others among her friends already knew, that she was a girl of unusual talent, and he fancied that if she were edu-

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cated for the stage she would, as he expressed it, "create a sensation." He had proposed to Mr. Vinton to take May home with him and educate her for his favorite profession. He had pictured to the young girl the pleasures of such a life, dwelling upon the sweetness of the world's praises which she was sure to win. It would have been no wonder if May's head had been turned by all the flattery and promises of a brilliant future. Mr. Vinton had given his consent to the proposal of his friend, but May hesitated.

May Vinton was the only Christian in that household; while at boarding-school she had been led to give her heart to the Saviour, and now that she was at home again she had found it not quite easy to keep herself unspotted from the world. Mr. Vinton had not openly opposed her in what he termed her "fanaticism," but now that her religion was in the way of what was becoming his ambition for her, there was likely to be trouble. And the perplexity into which May was thrown showed itself in her face that morning. There was just a slight shadow in her brown eyes as she waited for her pony phaeton to come around to the steps. She had come from her room with this prayer on her

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lips: "Dear Father, help me to decide rightly. I am so ignorant and so foolish that I cannot tell what is right. Canst thou not settle this question for me? Shut up every path but the right one, I pray thee."

How speedily God sometimes answers our prayers!

It was the common story of a runaway horse, a carriage thrown over a steep embankment. And May Vinton, helpless and limp, was carried home, not dead, but to hear the verdict of the physicians who were hastily summoned, "She may live for years, but she will never walk again."

The father groaned when he heard it, but to May even in that first hour of the terrible knowledge there came a swift flashing thought "The question is settled!"

This was twenty years ago. During those first months of suffering, May Vinton's faith sometimes grew faint and she prayed that she might die; her life seemed useless; all its joy and brightness gone out. Her faith looked forward to the mansion prepared for her, but it did not light up the present, at least not for a long time. There came at length out of the suffering

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a sweet peace that almost glorified the face, which was a little thinner and paler than of old, but now clothed with a new beauty. There came too a tender patience that won and held the hearts of all with a firmer grasp than ever before.

Gradually the hearts of her father and mother were won from the world and centred upon Christ, and as one and another of those who came in daily contact with the patient invalid were led into a knowledge of the truth, May began to realize that her life need not be a useless one, and she began to interest herself in matters outside her own home. I cannot tell you of all the schemes for work which she has on foot. The Mission Band meet in her room once a month. I ought to tell you about that room. When it became evident that she would spend the greater part of her life in a reclining chair, only varying the monotony by being lifted from chair to couch or bed, Mr. Vinton fitted up what had been the front parlor with a smaller room once used as a library, for her use. "We can use a back room for a parlor," he said, "but May must have as good an outlook as we can give her." Excepting the invalid herself in her chair there

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is no sign of invalidism in that large room, but as a young girl said the other day, "It is just as pretty as it can be!" There are long mirrors on every side, there is a piano, softest of carpets and easiest of chairs — a few; in that little store-room at one side are dozens of folding chairs which can be brought out when the visitors are many, and this is very frequently. Once a month the Mission Band, every week the Children's meeting, every Sabbath afternoon a class of young men. Then there is a young ladies' meeting. Sometimes Miss Vinton is too ill to meet with the young people, but the room is always ready for them and a bright young girl who is her companion takes the place of hostess.

"It must be very hard for you to be shut in so much with an invalid," said an acquaintance to this girl.

"O, I am not shut in! Miss Vinton has so many errands to be attended to that I go out a great deal."

"Yes; but after all, an invalid is poor company for a young girl."

"Not such an invalid as ours! Why, Miss Vinton is the cheeriest person in the house. She keeps us all in good spirits and she has com-

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pany almost constantly. I assure you we are not moping at our house."

Once when some one spoke of her wrecked life May said:

"O, no, my life is not wrecked! I came near making a failure of it, but my Father in heaven reached out and held me back."

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A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

"NO," said Mrs. Dunlap firmly, "I am sorry, but there is really no other way to manage. The meeting this afternoon is *very* important, and as I am the secretary and know just what was done last week, it will confuse the ladies very much if I am not present; and Hannah's toothache interfered so much with her ironing that she will need the entire afternoon to finish it; so you see that it is quite necessary that you take care of Baby Alice to-day. One of you might be spared, but I suppose you do not care to be separated."

"No, ma'am," said both girls at once; "we don't care to go at all unless we can be together; besides, it would make an uneven number for the promenade."

But they looked extremely gloomy, and made no answer whatever to their mother's kind words of regret that she could not arrange differently, and held their faces up for their

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good-by kiss, still in gloom and silence, and made no attempt at returning the kiss.

Mrs. Dunlap sighed as she went slowly down the stairs, but half-way down she paused, and looking back, said: "Remember, girls, Baby Alice is out on the grass now, and is in your care. Helen will have to go at once; if Hannah should get her ironing finished before I return — though I am afraid there is no hope for it — she can look after Baby and let you go for a walk."

"We don't want a walk," said Cora, in a very surly tone; but she waited until her mother was out of hearing.

"No," said Mamie, her face all in a frown. "Great fun there will be in walking after the girls are all gone. There is always something to hinder our having good times."

This was not true; they usually had excellent times, but when people are in ill-humor, they are often tempted to put into their grumbles what is not true.

The trouble was just this: The botany class of which these two girls were members, went every month to the woods in search of "specimens" and to have a good time. They usually

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took their suppers, and had what they called a picnic; and as the class was large and the girls and boys were all friends, it was a very enjoyable time. Cora and Mamie, who were favorites in the class, were usually the life of the company, and there were special reasons why they thought themselves needed to-day. Their lunch baskets were packed, before their mother discovered that she had failed in making arrangements for the care of Baby Alice, and must keep them at home. "I had forgotten all about Helen's lesson," she had said; "I am very sorry."

But the girls had only frowned, and when she was well out of hearing, Cora had answered Mamie's grumble by saying, "Of course Helen must go, whether we can or not; her lesson is very important, but we must lose ours."

Now considering the fact that Helen's was a music lesson, which she had to go in the cars five miles to receive, and must pay three dollars for the hour whether she was present or absent, it would naturally be supposed that a reasonable person would consider it more important than a botany class frolic. But these girls did not feel reasonable. Neither did they hurry,

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in spite of Helen's call to them, when she heard her train whistling at the station below.

I think Mamie never buttoned her boots more slowly in her life than she was doing at that moment.

As for Cora, she was looking out of the window. Suddenly she turned to Mamie, her face lighting up as she spoke.

"O, Mamie! Hannah is there, and has on her afternoon white apron, and has Baby Alice in her arms; she has got her ironing done, or put it off, or something. She looks just as though she had come to stay; and Aunt Carrie is there talking to the baby. Hurry, Mamie, do! Our baskets are all ready, and we can get there now, before the girls start. Here's your botany. Oh! do come quick; there's the two o'clock bell."

"Why'ee!" said Mamie, holding her button-hook aloft while she stared at her sister, "do you really mean we can go?"

"Of course we can; don't I tell you Hannah is there? Mamma said if she came before she got back, we could go."

Of course Mamie knew as well as you and I do that mamma had not said any such thing.

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She was older than Cora, though I confess that she was often led into mischief by her younger sister. She allowed herself to be led now; though I don't think I need tell you that she knew better. She threw down the buttoner at last, and made all speed, and in five minutes more the two girls were scurrying across the meadow, having gone the back way because it was nearer, they said, and neither hinted to the other that the chief reason for doing so, was because Hannah could not see them.

You expect me, now, to tell you that it rained fearfully, and those girls both caught violent colds and were sick all summer; or one of them fell into the lake and was nearly drowned; or that Baby Alice swallowed a button and was almost choked to death because they were not there to care for her; or, at the very least, they were severely punished when they reached home. Something of this sort generally happens in stories — and in real life people often meet with their deserts; but in this case, nothing dreadful took place. Instead, Aunt Carrie said, "Are you going to take care of Baby Alice this afternoon, Hannah?" And Hannah replied, "No ma'am, the girls are going

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to; I have some ironing that must be done to-day."

"Why, I thought the girls had a class-picnic? Kate has gone to it. Oh! will the girls have to miss it? That's a pity; why, dear me! they needn't do any such thing; I'll keep Baby Alice. I haven't anything special on hand, and I would just as soon do it as not. Run, Hannah, and tell them to make all speed, or they will be late."

And Hannah had run and called, but the girls, scurrying across the meadow, had missed her; they thought they heard her voice, but did not look around, not they!

Of course Hannah knew what had happened, so did Aunt Carrie, but both of them kept their own counsel, and Mrs. Dunlap smiled on her two daughters after they reached home, and asked if they had a pleasant time, and said she thought they owed their Aunt Carrie a vote of thanks; and she told Aunt Carrie she was afraid the girls had eaten something which disagreed with them, for they moped around all the evening, and did not act like themselves. And Aunt Carrie understood, and kept still, hoping that the consciences of these girls would disagree with them so decidedly that they would

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tell their own story. There are three questions I want to ask you: Do you believe they had a good time that afternoon? Do you believe they told their mother all about it before they went to sleep? If they did not, aren't you very sorry for that mother?

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REUBEN HENSON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

I WOULDN'T go a step," declared George Powell.

"Neither would I," said Harry Simpson. "It's the Fourth of July, anyway. Folks needn't expect to have their work done that day, just the same. It's different from other days."

"But he started me off early this morning, so I'd be sure and get around before dark to-night," said Reuben; his tone was undecided; evidently he had not quite made up his mind what to do.

"S'posing he did? It doesn't follow that something couldn't happen to hinder you from geting around to-night."

Still Reuben stood irresolute, and chewed thoughtfully at a bit of pine stick. He wanted to stay; there was no trouble about deciding what he would like to do; there was simply

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that inconvenient "ought" which so often hovers around well-meaning people.

The facts of the case were these: Reuben Henson was a fourteen-year-old boy who worked for Mr. Smith; at least he worked during the summer. In winter he went to school, and was a good scholar. On this particular Fourth of July morning he had hoped to have a holiday. Almost everybody he knew was going to celebrate the day in some way. But Mr. Smith did not seem to so much as remember that it was the Fourth of July; he had given his directions the night before. Reuben was to start early in the morning, and row down the river, and across to the other side, and from a certain storehouse near the freight depot was to bring some barrels and kegs he would find marked with Mr. Smith's name. Pleasant enough work this, on ordinary days, though rowing up stream was slow, and the sun shone hot on the river, most of the way; but Reuben was used to work, and wouldn't have minded had it been any day but the Fourth of July. Over this he did grumble, and his mother sympathized with him, and said she should think Mr. Smith might remember that he had once been a boy.

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But his father had said he supposed he remembered that it cost just as much to live on the Fourth of July as it did on other days; and that poor folks must not waste their time.

The Hensons were poor; there was no doubt of that. So Reuben took his lunch in a paper bag and went away. His mother told him they were going to have a chicken for dinner, and some strawberry shortcake; that the children had picked strawberries all the afternoon before, to surprise him, and now it was too bad he wouldn't be home to dinner; but she should save him a very large piece. As for the discussion between the boys at the landing, it took place when Reuben was ready to start for home; or at least he would be, as soon as his barrels were settled in the boat by the hands at the freight house. His bill had been paid, and receipted, and everything done in order, and then had come up his neighbor, Harry Simpson, who worked for a farmer about a mile away from Reuben's home, and who had been sent to that same freight house for a boatload of goods. He, however, had been invited by his cousin, George Powell, to stay in town all night and see the splendid fireworks, and hear the band of

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music that was to play in the park. The invitation had been promptly accepted, and the order given to leave his goods in the freight house for one more night, and then Harry had thought of Reuben, and asked his cousin to extend the invitation to him; and now the two were urging its acceptance.

"We'll have prime fun," said George; "they say the fireworks will be the finest ever shown in this town, and we always have nice ones."

"And it's just as poky at home as it can be," complained Harry. "A fellow wouldn't know it was the Fourth of July. I don't believe my old Farmer Stokes, nor your old fellow Smith, have even heard of it yet."

"We three can sleep together," said George. "It is a real wide bed, and we'll have no end of fun; mother is going to have cake and lemonade after the folks get in from the park."

"And Jerry Hawkins is going right by our two houses," said Harry, "and can let our folks know, so they won't be scared."

It all seemed reasonable. Still Reuben hesitated, and looked down at the sand on the shore, and chewed his stick. He was fond of fireworks, and of bands, and of cake and lemon-

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ade, and wide beds and company and good times; no boy could enjoy all these things more. But then, he could seem to her Mr. Smith's voice, "Get off early, Reuben, so as to get back before dark; I'm particularly anxious to have them things stowed away before dark."

What difference could it make, though, whether they were stowed away at home or in the freight house? But while he thought this, there came a word to him that his old grandfather used to say: 'Don't be always saying 'What difference will it make?' Reuben, my boy. That's the way shirks talk; things make more difference than folks knows of."

As Reuben said over this queer sentence he threw down the stick with a smile, and spoke in energetic tones: "No, I *won't* do it. Thank you all the same, George, for your invitation, and I hope you and Harry will have a splendid time, but I'm going home; Mr. Smith expects me, and mother expects me; and it might make 'more difference than folks knows of.'"

In fifteen minutes more he had said good-by to the boys, and shoved off. "I think you're a born idiot!" shouted Harry after him, as he slipped around the bend in the river; and

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Reuben called back merrily, "All right; if a fellow is *born* an idiot, he can't help himself, you know."

The journey was long and hard. The load was heavy, and the stupid river seemed to pull hard to send the boat down stream instead of up. A good many times during the long warm afternoon Reuben had to get out his handkerchief and wipe the great drops of perspiration from his face. He made up his mind that he was having a very stupid Fourth of July indeed. But the "saved" supper was good, and when the tired boy went to his room that night, he told himself that in spite of the fireworks, and the lemonade and cake, he was rather glad he was at home, ready for work bright and early to-morrow morning; that someway it felt nice to do just exactly right, even though nobody seemed to think you had done anything remarkable. Mr. Smith had simply said: "Back, are you? In very good time, too," and then had told him to "handle them small kegs carefully."

The next morning he said more. The fact was, there was great news in the morning. Harry Simpson reached home early, having started with the first streak of daylight. He

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looked old and worn; he had not even tried the wide bed, but had been up all night; and the freight depot was burned to the ground, the boatload of goods for which he had been sent, burning with it! Farmer Stokes blamed him very much, which perhaps is not strange.

As for Mr. Smith, his eyes glistened, and his voice was actually husky as he touched Reuben's arm and said: "Look here, my boy, you saved considerable money for me yesterday by doing your duty promptly. And you saved more than money; them two small kegs had gunpowder in 'em. Maybe you know what would have happened if they had took fire; and my boy John sleeps in that depot! I want you to take this as a kind of reminder that you did your duty."

"This" was a shining ten dollar gold piece! Reuben had never seen so much money in his life before.

"I don't know why he gave it to me," said Reuben, telling the story over to his father and mother. "He didn't seem to think of such a thing last night; and I didn't do any more 'duty' after the depot burned than I did before."

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His father laughed, and said: "It means that he suddenly discovered the value of a boy who does his duty. I suppose he was surprised, after he heard all about it, that you didn't stay; but I wasn't; I'd have been surprised if you had."

"I thought some of doing it," said Reuben.

But his mother answered quickly, "Well, you didn't, and I knew you wouldn't." And then she kissed him. Reuben smiled, but the only answer he made her was a queer one: "Things make more difference than folks knows of."

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THE CARTER BROTHERS.

I DON'T know whether the name first suggested to them their business, but it is certain that the Carter Brothers owned together a nice hand-cart; and as they lived in a small village where there was no regular express, they had a very good business for young fellows who had their own way to make in the world, as well as a mother and sister to support one of these days.

It is a little incident that occurred just before New Year's about which I wish to tell you. The brothers had been unusually busy all day; it being the last day of the old year, a great many people seemed to have been trying to make up for lost time, and pushed into that one day work that ought to have been done weeks before.

No danger of the Carter Brothers complaining, however, about the rush of business. On the contrary, they were unusually glad.

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It happened that a certain plan they had long had in view, which had to do with the mother and little sister, and which they meant to accomplish on New Year's morning, if possible, would take a great deal of money, and they worked early and late to try to raise it.

One of their patrons had been a middle-aged and rather irritable gentleman, who wanted a large trunk carried to a certain house, at just such a minute. When, in answer to his question, they explained that they were not in the habit of carrying trunks up-stairs and unstrapping them, unless a special bargain was made that they should do so, he answered, "No, I'll he bound you don't, nor then, either, if you can help it. Well, mind you this, I make a special bargain with you; this trunk is to be taken up-stairs and set down between the two end windows and unstrapped; here are five cents more to pay you for doing it which I am a fool for giving you. It is a carman's duty to carry up trunks without extra pay."

The brothers exchanged smiles and said nothing. One of the good lessons they had learned in this business, was to keep their tempers, in all sorts of trying circumstances.

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When a half-hour later they reached the door where the trunk was to be left, to all appearance there was nobody at home. In vain they rang the bell and pounded with their stout fists, and ran around to the side door, and stamped and whistled, and nobody came. They were in despair; the cart held still another trunk which must reach the depot in time for the eight o'clock train. Should they dump this one on the piazza, and go off and leave it? But in that case, what would become of their promise? And there was that extra five cents which Joe, who was cashier, declared was weighing down his pockets.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Robert, listening to the stroke of a clock near at hand, "we've got to do something very suddenly; we've just fifteen minutes to make that train, and it's quite a trip from here; and there's the trunk to check, besides. We'll have to dump this, and come back to it afterward."

At that particular instant a very sleepy-looking girl slowly swung open the door. Both boys talked at once, in their haste and desire to make her understand. They must go now, but would she leave the trunk in the hall, and

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would she tell the gentleman that they would be sure to come back, as soon as the eight o'clock train left, and carry it up-stairs?

"She looks very stupid," said Joe, as the door closed after them again; "I hope she knows enough to do the errand."

She was tired, poor thing. The family were making ready for a grand New Year's dinner, and she was the maid of all work. When the thumping on the door began, she had just sat down for the first time that day, and laid her arms on the kitchen table, and her head on her arms, and was asleep in a minute. No wonder they had to pound before they could make her hear; no wonder she did not understand. She left the trunk in the hall because it was the only thing she could do; but she had not a word of explanation for the cross gentleman when he arrived.

Apparently, he was very cross. He puffed, and grumbled, and growled his way up-stairs, dragging the trunk after him; declaring it was a disgrace to humanity to be so imposed upon, and by such youngsters, too, but that it was just exactly what he had expected, and he had only himself to blame for trusting them out of his sight.

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The clock next door had sounded nine before the cart and its owners drew up before the door again. Such trials as they had! In the first place the train was late, so was the woman to whom the trunk belonged, and of course they had to wait for her.

Then the man who appeared with her at last, got them to hold his horse while he went away, and stayed so long that they began to think he too must have gone on the train.

Then, to crown all, the draw of the bridge was open, and they could not get their cart through. They halted in front of the door and discussed the situation. "No use to stop here now," said Robert, "he has his trunk between those two windows long before this time. That man isn't one of the waiting kind."

"A promise is a promise all the same," Joe said sturdily. "We left word that we would get back the first minute we could, and we must show him we are here. Besides, there is that five cents."

"Of course," said Robert, and he rang the bell. There was no waiting this time; the same girl opened the door, but she was wide awake.

"A pretty time of night to move a trunk!"

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she assured them. "Of course it had gone up-stairs long ago. The gentleman carried it up himself. What else could he do, when there were only women in the house? And a nice opinion he has of you, too! Catch him giving you any more jobs!"

"But you told him how it was, didn't you? If you hadn't been so long opening the door, we should have had plenty of time before our train." No, she had not told him a word about it; she remembered it all now; but of what use to tell those boys that she had not remembered it at the right time?

"Well," said Joe at last, turning with a little sigh, "there is no use in standing here, I suppose. We are sorry about it, because we mean always to do just as we say. It seems like a bad way to close the old year, but I can't see that we are to blame. There's the extra five cents he gave us for carrying up the trunk, that doesn't belong to us now. Can we get you to give it to him?"

"Land!" said the girl, "what's the use of being so particular?"

But at that moment there was a heavy step on the stair, and the owner of the trunk ap-

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peared in sight. "I'll take charge of the five cents myself, and then it will be sure not to be forgotten," he said with a severe look at the girl. But she only giggled. It seemed to her that these people were all making a good deal of fuss about a very small matter. When the boys were fairly on the street again, they looked at one another in the moonlight and laughed.

"Our last job for the year," said Joe, "and a mean kind of a finish, somehow."

"Besides, we can't carry out our plans."

"No, sir, we can't. We are five dollars short. Nine dollars and ninety-five cents we have. If the old fellow had let us keep the five cents to pay for our good intentions, we would have had even change, and lacked just five dollars." Whereupon they both laughed again, and turned the cart around, and went home. It seemed a sort of relief to their feelings, to call the trunk man "the old fellow."

It was a good plan they had for the New Year, and it seemed hard to fail, although they had been pretty sure all through the week of doing so.

They arose early on New Year's morning for the purpose of trying to decide whether they

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would tell the mother and little sister about the beautiful plan they had to carry out, or keep it a profound secret for another year. They stood on the steps of the front door, having just finished a path through the snow to the gate, still undecided what to do, when the trunk man appeared before them.

"Do you work on New Year's day?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes, sir," said both boys in the same breath.

"Very well, then you can call at the house and get a box that will be in the hall, and take it to the eleven o'clock train. And as I shall not be there when you come, I will pay you now. Twenty cents you charge, I suppose? Very well, you will find your pay in this envelope."

He thrust the envelope into Joe's hand as he spoke, and walked away, as though in great haste. Joe tore the paper, and Robert who was looking over his shoulder, gave vent to a shrill whistle. There were two ten-cent pieces enclosed, but there was also a bill. And in a plain round hand was written: "The twenty cents are to pay for work, and the bill is a New

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Year's token for two boys who know how to keep their word."

"It is five dollars!" said Joe under his breath.

Said Rob, with his hand on his brother's shoulder, "Joe, we can do it!

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NELLIE'S LESSON.

MARGARET, I have an errand over at Bon-borough this morning. It's a charming drive of about ten miles along the bank of the river; would you and Miss Pratt like to ride over with me?" and Mr. Osmond glanced across the table at his pretty niece, with a smile as assuring as his words.

"Oh! how lovely; yes, indeed, we would, wouldn't we, Pearl? and you'll go too, Auntie, won't you?"

"Why, yes, I don't know of anything to prevent," Mrs. Osmond replied, in her bright, cheery tone, as she dropped another lump of sugar into her husband's coffee cup.

"And, O, Margaret!" broke in Miss Pratt, "perhaps we can match that shade of blue ribbon there; I do so want three or four yards more for my dress to-night," turning to Mrs. Osmond; "you know we could not anywhere near match the shade here."

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"I should think blue would be just your shade," Mr. Osmond said, turning to Miss Pratt; "and what is your dress for to-night to be, Margaret?"

"Oh! Pearl looks just too sweet for anything in blue," Margaret answered, "and I'm going to wear pink — I've got to; it's the only evening dress I have here, you know," laughed Margaret.

"If it's decided that we are to drive to Bonborough, and return this morning, we must hasten our movements," Mrs. Osmond said, as she pushed her chair back from the table, the others following.

"Mamma," and a pair of beseeching eyes were raised to her face, "can't I go, too?"

"No, dear, not this morning; we don't want to crowd the carriage when we have guests, you know."

"Oh! please, mamma."

"No, dear; not this morning," in such a decided tone, that her little girl knew it settled the question.

Nellie turned away, her bright face clouded with an unbecoming little frown. Two tears slowly gathered in her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, as she stood in the dining-room

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window, watching Thomas harness the horses to the two-seated carriage.

Finally she heard the two young ladies coming down the stairs, talking and laughing, and not wishing to be caught crying she ran up the back stairs, and curled herself down in the deep seat of the hall window, pulling the heavy curtains around her, and pressing her hot, tear-stained face against the cool glass.

"Nellie," she heard mamma calling, down-stairs, but she only frowned a little deeper, and settled herself down more firmly in the corner.

"Nellie," she again plainly heard, but still made no reply. Then she heard mamma say to Nora, "Tell Nellie I said good-by, and that she may go over and play with Bertha Haight, if she wishes."

Then she saw mamma go swiftly down the broad stone walk, to the carriage, where the two young ladies were already seated, saw papa put mamma in, tuck the spread nicely around her, then get in and gather the reins in his hands, while the horses started off at a brisk trot, and one of Pearl's merry laughs floated back to her. Then she dropped her head on the soft window cushion, her bright golden

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hair falling around her tear-stained face, and cried as if she had lost the best friend she had in the world.

A click at the gate roused her, and, as she raised her head, she saw Hattie Pennle coming up the walk. Her tears were quickly brushed aside, and she ran down the front stairs, opened the door, and took Hattie up to her own cosy little room. Hattie was a willful little girl, and mischievous as well, and Nellie was very well aware of the fact that mamma did not like to have her play with Hattie.

"She's come, anyway, and I'm glad of it," pouted Nellie, who had not yet fully recovered from her angry disappointment.

The two children played around for a half-hour or more, when going by the open door of the guest chamber, Hattie noticed the bright blue silk thrown across the bed.

"Oh!" she said, darting into the room, and running up to the bed, stroking the dainty evening dress.

"Oh! isn't it lovely; don't you wish we were old enough to go out evenings, and wear such pretty dresses?"

Without waiting for a reply, she ran across

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the room to a large easy chair, where a delicate pink silk was thrown across the back. She danced around the chair, giving the dress a pull here, and a pull there, then suddenly turning to Nellie, saying, "Let's play party; I'll put on that lovely blue dress, and you wear the pink."

"Oh! but it's Margaret's dress, and Miss Pratt's, you know," Nellie replied with surprised eyes.

"O, pshaw! they'll never know," replied Hattie, spreading the train out on the floor for a better look at it.

"But mamma wouldn't like it if she knew I even came in here," Nellie demurred.

"Well, she needn't know it," continued Hattie, untying her apron strings. "She won't ask if you've been in here, and probably your cousin wouldn't care a mite, anyway; of course she wouldn't," dropping her apron on the floor.

"She let me put on her pretty wrapper the other day," Nellie said slowly, looking longingly at the bright dresses. If there was one thing more than another that her heart delighted in, it was dressing up in mamma's clothes, and playing she was a "grown-up lady," as she said.

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"Nellie Osmond, you're afraid! If my mamma and papa had gone off and left me all alone, I guess I'd have a good time some way or other."

Nellie's brow puckered up again, as the remembrance of her disappointment came over her afresh; and her fingers slowly sought the top button of her pretty morning dress. Slowly, one, two, three, buttons were unfastened, then the others followed a little more quickly; when she glanced at Hattie, who had thrown her apron and dress on the floor, and stood with the long blue silk trailing out behind her, holding it up in front, and glancing over the shoulder to get the effect, the other buttons quickly followed, and she stood with the pink silk fastened around her waist, the front tucked up in her belt, and the train hanging in graceful folds behind her. The waists were donned, and then Nellie ran into mamma's room, and came back with her lovely pearl necklace around her throat, and her large white fan in her hand.

The lower front portion of the house was all quiet, and the two girls softly and slowly crept down the front stairs, and into the drawing-room, where the full-length mirrors gave them back the pictures of their small selves in all

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their finery. They sat down and stood up, they walked slowly up and down, and they danced forward and back as the fancy pleased them, until suddenly a peal from the front door bell startled them, and both ran quickly into the hall, and up the thickly-carpeted stairs. Nellie came last, and just as she turned the corner at the head of the stairs, the long train caught against something, which she loosened with a quick jerk, but gave a low cry of dismay as she heard the silk tear itself away from the nail that had caught and held its soft meshes. Before the maid had reached the front door, Nellie had dropped on an ottoman just inside the door of the front chamber, and both girls were gazing with frightened eyes at the jagged, three-cornered tear in the beautiful dress.

What should she do! Visions of mamma's sorrowful face, and papa's stern one; visions of her own shame before bright, loving Margaret, floated before her. Then she suddenly remembered that Margaret had only that morning said this was the only dress of the kind she had with her, and they were all going to-night to Mrs. Judge Morgan's reception.

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Hattie, after gazing a moment, had quietly and quickly gone to the other end of the room, taken off her dress, and thrown it on the bed. She would stand back and look at it critically, then pick it up and drop it again. Finally it suited her, and she turned quickly to Nellie, as she began getting into her own dress again.

"Now, Nellie Osmond, you get right up and take that dress off, and put it right back on the chair, and they'll think some of the servants did it. Hurry up, now."

Nellie's eyes opened wide; tell mamma a lie — her dear, darling mamma! Her hard thoughts of the early morning were all gone now, and a nameless fear and dismay possessed her. She made no reply to Hattie's many suggestions; but slowly took off the dress, and in the same slow, sorrowful manner put on her own dress again. In the meantime, Hattie, who had already dressed herself, and put the things all back on the dresser just as they had found them, was trying the same effect with the pink dress that she had with the blue; but it was a more difficult task to carelessly throw the dress over the back of the chair, and at the same time have that torn place out of sight.

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But as Nellie was buttoning the last button on her dress, Hattie turned to her with a triumphant, "There, Nellie Osmond, no one would ever know that those dresses had ever been touched. You just take those pearls and things of your mother's and put them back just as you found them — mind you put them just as they were before — and no one will ever know who did it.

She put the "pearls and things" in Nellie's hand, and half led her across to her mamma's room, and saw that they were put in place again, then they both went down-stairs.

"Now, I'm going home," announced Hattie, "and you just come along with me and stop at Bertha Haight's, and stay there till you see your folks come home."

Nellie followed mechanically, not knowing what to do or say. Bertha found her friend very sober and quiet, and when lunch time came, it did not take much urging to persuade Nellie to stay to luncheon, as she dreaded the going home and meeting mamma's eyes. But the time came when it could not be put off any longer, and she slowly started homeward. Mamma met her at the door with a bright smile.

"Had a nice time? Nora says you went

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right over to Bertha's, and I'm so glad you did. See what mamma has brought you!" And she opened a package of soft paper, and showed her a new dress, a lovely light pink, with soft lace to go with it. How happy it would have made her only yesterday; now she was very quiet, but before mamma could remark on the strange quietness, Margaret came in and fastened a lovely set of corals around her neck.

Nellie swallowed two or three big lumps that gathered in her throat, looked longingly in the direction of the stairs leading to her own little room, then bursting into tears, threw herself on the floor, with her head in mamma's lap, and poured forth all the long sad story, closing with: "Mamma, won't my new dress mend Margaret's so she can go to-night?"

She did not quite understand why mamma was so tender with her, and why papa only looked grave, not stern. Margaret, with the tear in the silk completely hidden by a long black lace overdress of mamma's, came in just before going to the reception, and kissed her softly, saying, "Tell all your troubles to mamma; mothers always make them straight."

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Then mamma came in and sat with her a few moments, telling her how her troubles all began in being angry at being left at home. That she was too easily led to go with such girls as Hattie. Telling her how Hattie had lost her mother when too young to remember what a mother was, and was left too much to the care of hired attendants to have right ideas of honor. Telling her if she would try and do cheerfully as mamma thought best, until she was old enough to act for herself, she would never find herself in such trouble again.

Then she told her how her honest confession had made it easier to forgive the sin; and Nellie went to sleep with new and stronger ideas of the "why" and "wherefore" of right and wrong planted in her heart, to bring forth fruit later on.

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"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

HE sat in the hammock, doing nothing in particular. He had a stick of red-and-white candy in his hand, but was not eating it, for the simple reason that he had already eaten so much sweet stuff as to be conscious of an uncomfortable feeling in the region of his stomach; but he did not like to put the candy out of his sight. A side door, belonging to the house near at hand, opened, and a woman's voice was heard, —

"Wait, run and see if there are any eggs in the nests."

"Yes'm," said the boy in the hammock. "Wait just a minute and I will." But he did not stir from his place.

"Wait!" shouted the voice of his brother from the distant hayfield, "bring us a fresh pitcher of water, can't you?"

"If you'll wait till I've hunted the eggs for mamma I will," shouted back the boy, and sat

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as still as a mouse, taking a suck now and then of his candy.

Some minutes passed, and his Aunt Sarah appeared in the doorway: "Wait, are you there? Can't you clip to the grocery and get me some lemons? I need another, and they are all out."

"Why, if you can wait a little while I will," answered the boy. "I've got two things to do first." But he sat still.

Under a tree just behind the hammock, sat the new teacher, who boarded at the house from which the calls had come. It was Saturday, and he liked to bring a book and sit under the great old trees. He was not reading now, but was looking at the boy with a curious smile on his face. "My boy," he said at last, "how do you spell your name?"

"Our name?" was the brisk reply; "B-r-y-s-o-n."

"Oh! but I mean the first name. I know how to spell the other one."

"Why, there isn't but just one way to spell my first name; it is John. That's all there is to it; no middle name, nor nothing."

"John!" said the teacher in a surprised

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DOING NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

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tone; "why, how in the world do your friends get Wait out of that? I have been here a week, and I have never heard you called anything but Wait." Then the boy in the hammock had some red cheeks. He laughed a little, and looked foolish, and wished he had gone at that first call; then he would not have had such a troublesome question to answer.

"Why, you see they just call me that for a nickname," he explained at last. "Everybody does, and I don't think they ought to, do you? It isn't my name any more than it's yours."

"But how did they get into the habit in the first place? Nicknames generally mean something; there was a fellow in college whom we called Solomon, because he was always giving us the benefit of his wisdom. Why do you suppose they took up the fashion of calling you Wait?"

"Why," said the boy, looking down at his feet, and wishing he was in the hayfield, "the way of it was, I s'pose, I — or — well, they said I was always saying 'Wait a minute,' when they called me; and so they began to call me 'Wait,' and after a while they couldn't help it."

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"Oh! and the name doesn't fit you now, and yet they keep using it? That is a pity. I should say if you had quite given up the habit that prompted the name, it was no more than fair that they should give up its use."

Just then they were interrupted; the side door opened again, and the mother's voice was heard, —

"Wait Bryson, haven't you gone to hunt for those eggs yet?"

"Yes'm," said Wait, slipping down from his hammock, "I'm going this minute!" And as he walked away, he said, "It isn't exactly fair to make him think that I've given up saying it, but I didn't tell him any such thing. I wonder if he heard me say it every single time this afternoon, and is kind of making fun of me? I wish they didn't call me Wait. I mean to give it up, and see if they can learn what my name is."

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ONE OF ROSE'S DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

ROSE AND HER FRIENDS.

ROSE'S Aunt Alice had only been at home, after her trip to the city, for a few days, when the pleasant sunny weather changed suddenly. The sky became overcast and the air was colder; a light gray mist lay at evening in belts or broad expanses over the low lands toward the north and west, and some times a tiny gray cloud would creep up to the very foot of the low hill where Grandma Harrison's white cottage stood so cosily among the tall lilac bushes, its gables just lifted above them, and showing sharply against the green of a higher hill that rose at a little distance beyond. This beautiful green slope was called by Rose and the other children of the neighborhood

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"the hill," although there were many other hills that lay back of it, or curved in ridges eastwardly from it. These other hills were mostly covered with trees, with here and there a bit of more open pasture, so that their form was not so clearly defined, and they were generally known as "the woods," while the hill itself was a smooth stretch of green, unbroken but once, and that by a dozen wild crab-apple trees that sheltered a spring which burst from the ground half-way down the slope. Besides all this, the schoolhouse was built on top of the hill just where it was level for a space, before it began to dip and rise again and lose itself in the thick woods that reached far back and to the right and left; so that it had a right to its name, being as it was to the children, "the hill" of all the hills.

It was Saturday, and of course there was no school that day, and as there was nothing especial to amuse Rose out-of-doors, and she had no companions to play with indoors, she had passed a rather dismal time. It need not have been so, if Rose had only accepted the entertainments offered to her, and had tried to amuse herself; but the sunshine of her disposi-

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tion seemed to have disappeared with the sunshine from the sky, and when her grandmother offered to let her make some little biscuits, and her aunt said that she would show her how to make a cloak for her largest doll, whose name was Delia, she declined both offers with a scowl upon her face that was not at all pretty to look at. But finally with looking over some old picture-books, rearranging collars and ribbons in her top bureau drawer and learning her Sunday-school verses — which last, by the way, she was forced to do — the day wore away. It was nearly five o'clock and she was standing at one of the front windows, with her elbows resting on the sill, and feeling very disconsolate indeed.

Suddenly she brightened up, the pleasant little dimple came into her cheek again, and her voice had a cheerful ring as she exclaimed, "There's Mr. Dodds at the gate, grandma; maybe he's got some papers or letters."

And away she ran, leaving the door somewhat ajar as she passed out.

Mrs. Harrison arose quietly and closed it, but she had scarcely seated herself again when Rose came flying in.

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"Grandma," she cried excitedly, "Mr. Dodds has a letter for Miss Milton, and he says if I will take it to her I may have the penny. May I go?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Harrison, "tell Mr. Dodds that you may take it up to her in a few minutes."

Rose ran out to Mr. Dodds again, leaving the door half-open this time in her hurry.

Mr. Dodds went to the village on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and several families living along the road had made an arrangement with him to take their mail to and from the post-office for them; and, as this was always attended with some little trouble to Mr. Dodds, they agreed to pay him a penny every time that he brought them any letters or papers. So when Rose told her grandmother that Mr. Dodds was going to let her have the penny, she meant the one which Miss Milton would pay for getting her mail.

In a minute or two the wagon rattled off, and Rose came back with the letter; she was holding it directly before her with both hands, and was studying the address very carefully, so that, in order to shut the door, she had to push against it with her shoulder.

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"Why did not Mr. Dodds take the letter himself, as he went past on his way home?" asked Mrs. Harrison.

"Why, he wasn't going home that way," replied Rose. "He was going by the woods road so he could stop at Pete Daniels and get a load of pumpkins for Mrs. Dodds to make Thanksgiving pies with."

Her grandmother smiled at the idea of Mrs. Dodds making a whole wagon load of pumpkins into pies, but she only said:—

"Put the letter on the table and then ask your Aunt Alice if she still intends going to see Miss Milton. Perhaps she will walk with you."

Rose was much pleased at this, for her aunt was a very pleasant companion; but instead of obeying directly she hesitated for a moment.

"Mayn't I take the letter to show to Aunt Alice?" said she. "It has such pretty straight writing on the back."

"No," said Mrs. Harrison, "put it on the table now. You can show it to her as you walk along."

So Rose laid the letter on the table and hurried out to find Miss Alice.

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She was in the side yard taking up some geraniums from a small round flower-bed and planting them again in some pots that stood on the ground beside her.

"Why, Aunt Alice!" cried Rose, when she saw her, "what are you digging up all of my geraniums for?"

"Because there will soon be heavy frosts that will kill them, if they are left out of doors," replied Miss Alice.

"Well, I don't want to have my flower-bed all spoiled, anyway," said Rose pettishly; "I wish you'd let it be."

"I know what is best," replied her aunt with quiet decision. Then she added in a different tone, "There! I've planted the last one, and now I'm going to Dr. Carruthers'. Would you like to go along?"

"Yes, Aunt Alice," said Rose, "that is what I came to tell you; there is a letter I am going to carry to Miss Milton, so that I can get the penny. Besides, I want to see Priscilla."

They spoke of going to Dr. Carruthers' because his house was about a quarter of a mile beyond the schoolhouse, and it was there Miss Milton boarded in the winter time when she

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was teaching school. During the summer she usually went away to visit friends who lived at a distance. Priscilla and her mother boarded at Dr. Carruthers' house, too, but with this difference; that they came in the summer time and went away in the winter.

However, and, as Priscilla thought, very fortunately, school began early in the fall, long before cold weather came, and did not close until late in the spring, so that she and her mother staid a while after the beginning of the session, and returned again several weeks before its close. At such times Priscilla went to school as the other children did, and Rose said she herself liked the first and last weeks of school best on that account, and it was with a great deal of satisfaction this evening that she remembered Priscilla would remain two weeks longer.

Just as Rose and her aunt were starting, Rose suddenly ran back, and looking into the room where her grandmother sat sewing, asked if there were going to be cream potatoes for supper.

This seemed to be a very odd question to ask just then, but the reason she wanted to know was this: Dr. Carruthers' youngest son was a

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boy about ten years old, whose name was Johnnie. Rose liked him very much, and when Priscilla had gone away she used to play with him a great deal. Now, Johnnie was very fond of cream potatoes, and especially Mrs. Harrison's, for they always seemed to have exactly the quantity of salt and pepper to make them taste just right, and moreover they never failed to be stewed in the richest of Alderney cream. As it happened, too, Johnnie was fond of using large words, and several years before, when he was quite a small boy, he had been invited to tea with Rose, and on going home, informed his mother that Mrs. Harrison had "magnolia" potatoes for supper — meaning to say magnificent. Rose never forgot to tease him about trying to use long words, and she never forgot either how much he enjoyed the potatoes, so when she asked her grandmother what they were going to have for supper, she intended also to ask if she might invite Johnnie and Priscilla to walk home with her to remain to tea.

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CHAPTER II.

A PLEASANT WALK.

SHE did not have to ask the second question, however, for her grandmother said they would probably have the potatoes, and then gave her permission to invite the two children without being asked for it.

Rose was very much pleased at this, for she thought there was nothing much nicer than having company of her own to supper.

"Oh! goody," she cried, and then added, "Thank you, Grandma. Good-by, till we get back."

Miss Alice was still waiting for her at the gate, and they went out together. Rose chose to walk in the middle of the road, because she liked to crush the soft earth thrown up by the wagon wheels, with her feet, but Miss Alice walked along a footpath that ran beside it, on top of a high bank. The bank was covered

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with grass, and here and there a large oak or walnut-tree was growing on it, and occasionally where the rain had washed along the side, their great roots were left partly bare of earth. Rose did not like to keep still very long, and she soon began to ask her aunt questions, more for the sake of talking than from a desire for information.

"Aunt Alice, how did this road happen to be here, and what makes it so much lower than the banks on each side?"

"Why, a good many years ago," replied her aunt, "this was all one continuous great hill with no road at all, and not even a fence to divide it into two parts. But by and by the settlers who had come to this part of the country, wanted a cross road to connect the Government road, as they called the straight one down below, with another straight road far over on the other side of these hills. So my great-grandfather and some other men who owned this land said they might have a road going across the hills right here."

"Did they dig it down then, to make it deep?" asked Rose.

"No, not exactly" said her aunt. "I'm

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coming to that part of the story presently. The next thing they did was to cut down trees whenever they stood in the way."

"Oh! dear me," cried Rose. "I should think they would have hated to."

"Perhaps they did, but there were more trees in those days than there are now. At any rate, they had a good road right through the woods by means of it.

"After that," she continued, "they ploughed a deep furrow along each side of the road to drain off the water; and wherever there was a hill, by repeated ploughings and the driving of rough wagons over it, with heavy rains that have washed down the soft earth, it has grown to be a deep lane like this."

While Miss Alice had been talking, they came to the top of the hill. The banks on each side of the road had been getting lower and lower the higher she and Rose ascended, until by the time they were opposite the schoolhouse the banks had disappeared altogether, and the road was on a level with the rest of the ground. It was very smooth too, and pleasant to walk on.

Seeing the schoolhouse reminded Rose of a

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song the children had been learning the day before. It began, —

"Softly, softly, put your feet away."

And Rose began to sing this over and over to herself. Finally she stopped. "Aunt Alice," said she, "that's the part of school I like best. I just think it's awful to sit there and learn lessons. And it don't do me any good. So there!"

By this time they had reached a place where the road divided, one part going straight on up and down hill, and the other entering the woods at the left, where it wound in and out among the trees. As they turned to walk along this road Rose espied a buggy at a little distance before them.

"Ah, now!" exclaimed she, forgetting all about her dislike of school, "if there isn't Dr. Carruthers' phaeton! He must have been before us all the time, and we couldn't see because we were coming up the hill. I wish we had seen him, though; then we could have had a ride."

"So do I," said Miss Alice. "But after all," she continued, "he was almost too far away for

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you to overtake him, even if his pony was walking."

"He is trotting now, anyway," said Rose, who had started to run and then stopped, "and I don't believe I can catch up."

Before long the road through the trees brought them to Dr. Carruthers' house. It was such a pretty place that Rose did not wonder Priscilla liked to be there. There was a large grassy yard in front, and in one corner of the yard there was a clump of evergreen trees, whose branches swept down to the ground. The topmost branches were hung all over with tiny cones, and a few of them lay scattered on the ground. Priscilla said they were hemlock-trees and hemlock cones, and that her mother knew some verses of poetry about them, but that she herself could not remember the words very well.

There was a handsome carriage drive which led past the hemlock-trees and around the house, and from thence went through a large gateway into a barnyard.

The house itself was of brick, and painted white. A long wide veranda ran quite across the front, and the windows that opened upon

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it came down to the floor, and in summer time, when they could be opened, made it very delightful within doors. There was a light railing around the veranda, and some climbing roses had twined themselves about it, and a large clematis and a coral honeysuckle, too, had clambered up over the pillars and thrown out their green stems in every direction, so that even late in the fall the veranda had a look of summer quite in contrast with the yellow leaves of the elm-trees shading the house, or of the browning oaks of the surrounding woods.

As Miss Alice and Rose walked up the carriage drive, they saw that the windows at one end of the veranda were lighted as by the flicker of an open fire, and when they stepped upon the veranda they could see directly into the parlor, where the fire was burning in a large, old-fashioned fireplace, and lighting the room very pleasantly.

"There is Miss Milton," said Rose, "and Mrs. Carruthers, and Priscilla, too, sitting on her ottoman by the fire. And the doctor has just come in and is taking off his overcoat."

"Yes; and I'm very glad Miss Milton is at

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home," said Miss Alice, as she knocked at the door.

Johnnie came to open it, and ushered them into the parlor. Mrs. Carruthers and Miss Milton greeted them very pleasantly, and the doctor, who was a large tall man with a cheery face, asked Rose, with a curious twinkle in his eye, if she had come for the pleasure of saying the multiplication table to Miss Milton.

"No, sir," said Rose, who understood the doctor's pleasantry, "but I've brought her a letter and I guess I'd better give it to her."

This she accordingly did, and Miss Milton put her hand in her pocket, and drew out a tiny leather purse. There were several pieces of money in it, and she chose the brightest penny there was, and handed it to Rose, thanking her at the same time for bringing her the letter.

Miss Milton understood Mr. Dodds' ways very well, and knew that whenever he could he would let Rose or Priscilla carry a letter to the owner, so they might have the pleasure of getting the penny, and she usually tried to have a bright one in her purse ready for such occasions.

When Rose received her penny she went

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over to Priscilla in the corner by the fire, and gave her the invitation to come home with them to tea. Priscilla said she would like to go if her mother would let her, and that she would take Rose up-stairs to ask her.

When the permission had been obtained, and they came down-stairs again, Miss Alice was ready to go, and Johnnie stood cap in hand, having already gained permission from his mother.

Rose declared they had not been in the house five minutes, though in reality it had been a half-hour. Then they set out together.

Johnnie walked beside Miss Alice, and the two girls followed, singing softly to themselves. Pretty soon they all came to the turn in the road, and then to the schoolhouse. When they reached here, Johnnie proposed that they should go down over "the hill." Miss Alice was afraid the grass would be damp, but finally she agreed to go that way, saying that if they got their feet wet they could dry them by her mother's fire. So they all four went over the stile in front of the schoolhouse, and began to walk along down the hill, when suddenly Rose stopped them with an exclamation.

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"Oh! Oh! Look down there at the prairie, do," cried she. "It looks just like a great river."

This drew their attention to the level fields lying below, and an unusually beautiful sight met their eyes.

The sun had just set below the tree-fringed horizon, and left a few crimson bars of cloud in token of farewell to the gray day. Toward the southwest a new moon with a faint white line completing its circle, like the cord of a silver bow, had arisen and its light had transfigured the everyday world into fairyland. The woods, so far off, had become an undulating line of mountains skirting a great inland sea, as clear as crystal, and without a ripple to break its transparent surface. As far as the eye could reach it seemed to stretch, with here and there a wooded island lifting itself darkly against the sunset.

They were all very still for a few minutes looking at this strange spectacle. Then Miss Alice spoke.

"Ah," said she, her face lighting up with a peculiar smile, "I understand something now that I never did before. I wonder if your

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eyes are as good as mine? I see something very wonderful down there."

"What? where?" exclaimed Rose, while Johnnie and Priscilla stood straining their eyes to their utmost.

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CHAPTER III.

A STORY AND A MORAL.

"DO you see that large island off to the left?" asked Miss Alice.

"Yes'm," said Johnnie and Priscilla in one breath.

"Yes, so do I," added Rose, a moment after.

"Now I see a tiny boat," continued Miss Alice, "just pushing off from the island; its sails are rose-colored, and the prow that curves upward from the shining water is of frosted silver."

"What else?" asked Rose, as she paused.

"Yes! do go on, Miss Alice," cried Priscilla.

"And now," continued Miss Alice, "I see that it is followed by great numbers of other boats. It is a fairy fleet. See how the water curls like a white mist from their prows and sides. Now they are directing their course to-

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ward that neighboring island, and the foremost boats are entering the bay."

The children were all silent while she paused for a moment, and Johnnie glanced up into her face to see if she intended to tell them any more, but he did not like to say anything, though he wished very much to hear further.

Presently Miss Alice continued, "And now the fairy folk are landing. Hark! do you hear the music of their cymbals?"

"Why, Aunt Alice!" said Rose.

"The queen's palace," said her aunt, without changing the grave expression of her face, "is in the midst of the island, and I can see the glitter of its towers among the treetops. Within, the floor is of mother-of-pearl, the walls of alabaster, and the ceiling of silver fretwoık illuminated by thousands of firefly lamps."

"Now, I know you are fooling us!" cried Johnnie. "I thought you were, all the time."

Miss Alice went on, however, without noticing this interruption. "The queen's wonderful throne is placed there; it is carved from the bluest of turquois and studded with diamonds, and its feet are of the rarest rubies, and rests on a dais of sparkling yellow topaz. It is in this

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palace that the fairies hold high carnival once a year, and there is but one among them who is unhappy."

The children were all listening very intently now, and Miss Alice began to walk slowly down the hill as she continued:—

"This one is a little boy. At first he was delighted with the round of music, dancing and feasting, but by and by he found that his body was growing smaller and smaller, and, what was still worse, his mind seemed to keep pace with it. Each day he remembered less of his former life, of his studies, and of his work, and each day his interest in useful, honest living was growing more benumbed. What was this dreadful thing that had come upon him? Just this; his mind was dwindling from sheer disuse, and he was losing the gift of living and thinking like a human being. The fairies often ask him why he is not more merry, but they cannot understand his meaning when he answers them, and so they whirl him off in some lively dance or spread anew a feast for his delight. But it is all to no purpose. Human beings were made to grow, even more in mind than in body, and woe to him who ceases to grow."

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"Now, Aunt Alice," cried Rose, "I know you meant to point the last part of that story right at me, because I said I didn't like any part of school but recess. But Priscilla don't like to study any better than I do, do you, Priscilla?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Priscilla.

"Well," said Johnnie with a sigh of relief, "I never did believe in fairies much, anyhow. And my father would call all that white sea down there an optical illusion."

"What is an optical illusion?" asked Rose, as she opened their own side gate at the foot of the hill, and they all went through into the garden.

"Why, I guess it is something that looks different to you from what it really is," replied Johnnie. "My father says that when the prairie looks like a lake or a river, it is only the reflection of the moonlight on the mist hanging over it."

"Oh! is that it?" said Rose.

They found that Mrs. Harrison had supper all ready for them when they entered the house. The table was set in the large dining-room, where she had been sewing during the

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day, and a bright fire was still burning in the fireplace, making a grateful warmth after the chilliness out of doors.

When they had all gathered around the table, and Johnnie saw that there was a large dish of delicious-looking cream potatoes, he said he was glad it was not an optical illusion, for he was very hungry indeed. At this the children laughed merrily, and even Mrs. Harrison could not help smiling.

Johnnie and Priscilla were to remain until nine o'clock, when Dr. Carruthers had promised to call for them on his way home from a visit to a patient. The appointed hour, and the doctor's knock at the door, came too soon, but Rose managed to prolong the visit by coaxing the doctor in to see how beautifully they had roasted some apples before the fire.

"Father," said Johnnie, "there is a heavy fog over the prairie to-night. Did you see it?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the doctor.

"Well, Miss Alice told us a story all about it," continued Johnnie, "and I'll tell it to you on the way home."

"It's about a boy who didn't want to grow," said Priscilla.

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"I should like very much to hear the story," said Dr. Carruthers, "but you see I'm so tall that I'm something like the boy. I don't want to grow, either."

"Oh! but it means to grow in your mind," said Rose.

"Oh-ho!" said the doctor, "I seem to be all at sea about the story. Suppose you each write your version of it, and make the moral very clear, for my benefit? As a reward to the best writer, I promise my very largest box of pills."

He was careful to be outside of the door when he pronounced these last words, and then pretended to be very much afraid of the children, who ran shouting and laughing after him.

When he reached the gate he lifted his hat and said good-night to Mrs. Harrison and Miss Alice, who had come out on the porch, and then he and Priscilla and Johnnie got into the phaeton and drove away. The next Monday at school, however, Johnnie told Rose that his father said, after he had heard the story, that it was an excellent one, and he hoped that he, as well the children, would keep on growing for a great many years.

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BULL FIGHTS.

ORPHAH drew a deep sigh as she turned from the picture to her Grandpa.

"Say, Grandpa, was that a wild, bad bull stretched out there dead?"

"No, my child," was the answer.

"Did they think he would go mad, and so killed him?"

"No, my child," again from Grandpa.

"Was that man with a sharp sword in his hand, or any of those people sitting up there, mad at the bull?"

"They were not," he said.

"Well, then, what is he dead for?"

"For fun, Orphah; all for fun; nothing else."

"Gr-and-pa!" slowly came from the child.

"It's just as I tell you, dear."

"It must have been in the days of Cain," thoughtfully remarked Orphah.

"Later than that. The old Greeks and Romans would come into a great building like

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that, and men and beasts would fight and kill each other just to make fun for the people."

"The awful heathen!" exclaimed Orphah. "Why didn't Moses send 'em Aaron for a missionary?"

"But, dear, what would you say if I were to tell you there's a city where the people are doing this very thing *now?*"

"Now! *Now!* Now is *Sunday.* Folks fighting bulls God's day, for fun! O, Grandpa!" And she searched his face to see if he meant it. She saw he meant it and then slowly asked, "Where, Grandpa?"

"In Spain; in the city of Madrid."

"How glad I am it's so far away."

"Nearer than you think, child. In Mexico, they have bull fights, in this very city men fight with bulldogs before great crowds, and men fight with each other just to make fun for the crowd."

"Real, true fights, with swords, like that matador in the picture?"

"They beat each other almost to death."

Then grandpa took up the paper and read how two men, whose names are well known, beat each other till their bodies were like jelly, and two thousand lookers-on cheered and

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shouted as one or the other was knocked down.

Orphah crept closer to Grandpa as he read.

Laying down the paper, and stroking the fair head, he was silent for a long time. Orphah looked up. Great tears stood in Grandpa's eyes.

"Do they ever have such bull fights over there?" pointing to a saloon across the street.

"Yes, poor child, almost daily. And there are in this city many thousand just such places, where men and boys and women and girls have all the good in them knocked out, and they are left worse off than that beast in the picture."

"How, Grandpa?"

"Rum, child; rum! Men make rum and sell it, and drink it, and kill each other."

"Many, Grandpa?"

"Fifty thousand or more every year."

"Fifty thousand!"

"Yes, a whole city full."

"But none of OUR folks, Grandpa. They're all mean, low fellows, I s'pose."

"Your own poor, dear Uncle Edward was one," came from Grandpa after a struggle.

"No, Grandpa, he wasn't killed that way. He was not; he was not," excitedly repeated

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Orphah, and burst into tears. "Oh! why don't the people stop these awful bull fights? Could not the good people of this city, if they tried real hard?"

"Of course they could, but I'm sorry to say that thousands and thousands find it pleasanter to sit and look on, just like that great crowd in the picture. They are shouting and laughing and waving their handkerchiefs. They like the fun. Some of the girls are throwing the matador — the man with a sword — bouquets. They will come for days to see another bull or man killed."

"O, Grandpa!"

"So the people look on and let Rum kill every day some dear Uncle Edward."

"Grandpa, when I'm big, I'll stop it."

"Poor child! what can you do?"

"I'll preach and make everybody help. You see, when I'm big."

Grandpa died a few years ago, but he lived to see his dear Orphah old enough to join the Temperance Crusade.

Her voice is now ringing through the land, rousing the people to stop the Bull Fights caused by Rum.

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AUNTIE'S FLOCK OF SHEEP.

[*"And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."*]

THE Bible is full of very true sayings and very homelike in their application, and this one of the sheep is exceedingly truthful. My auntie had had a great desire to own a little flock of sheep, and an opportunity presented itself, and she purchased some. There were nineteen in all, both sheep and lambs. She was fearful that, taking them from their old haunts, they might get loose and run away. So she had the pasture fence all topped out, and every precaution taken, so that there might be nothing to fear from this source. She wanted they should get accustomed to the sound of her voice and learn to follow her. So for nearly a week after they were brought to the house, she kept them shut in the barn, where she had a nice

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airy room fitted up expressly for them. Every day and several times a day, she would take a dish of corn, and call them to her. The old sheep would come running up and press around her, till she became perfectly hedged in, and would eat the corn from her hand, and when this was all gone, they would press their little warm noses deep into her hand and nibble at her finger ring, thinking, I presume, from its yellowness that it was corn, too. The little lambs were very shy, and while they would follow the old sheep, it was a long time before they would come at her call. One day some one left the pasture bars down, and they all scampered in high glee to the clover field opposite the house. The clover was then grown so tall that it almost hid them from sight. So you may be sure it was pretty nice feeding for them, so long as they were not discovered, but Auntie soon saw the new quarters they had taken. She was in some distress, you may be sure, but she took her little dish of corn, and went to the rescue. The moment they saw her, they all galloped after her, and ever after that they would follow her anywhere.

One afternoon the boy went out to call them

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up, for there was going to be a cold rain; but Dick came in and said they were not to be found. Auntie felt very badly, for she feared if it rained long, they might suffer. So tying her little shawl closely around her she went out, a good deal fearful, I am sure, for she had become very closely attached to her little pets. She followed their little path into a woody inclosure, where she was certain they would be most likely to be found, but saw nothing of them. She looked and called, and looked and called again, and soon Madge, the leader, came trotting along, and, one by one, all the rest fell in line, and soon they were snugly quartered for the night. Their hay was put on the barn floor, and a narrow opening made from their inclosure, so that when they ate they would slip their heads through this opening, and it was a funny sight to go into the barn and see nothing but their little curly heads. One little lamb, smaller than all the rest, would insist upon creeping right through this opening, and helping herself as she pleased; and even Prince, the old watch dog, would stand demurely by, and let her run wherever she liked, though when a neighbor's sheep chanced to get into

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the field, he would give a mad chase after them, and then come running back.

I think that the Bible story of the sheep is all true, and I am sure if Auntie was to find one of her sheep that had been lost, she would rejoice more in having found it than over all the rest that had not been astray.

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