

care of yourself for two whole days?' asked her mother. 'I may be gone as long as that.'

'Why, yes, mama. I mostly take care of myself when you are here,' was the confident reply.

Mrs. Royse smiled as she thought of the many demands that her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

'Don't bother Kate, dear, for she will have enough to do,' was her injunction as she began hurriedly to make preparations for her departure.

'Oh, no! I wouldn't do that,' Bessie assured her; and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-by, she said, 'Don't worry about me one bit, mama; I'll be all right.'

Then, when her mother was really off, and her father had gone to business, the little girl started to get ready for school.

'There!' she said to herself the minute she entered her room, 'I forgot all about my braids. I never can fix them decently myself. I wish—mama had done it before she went away.'

But mama had not, and it still had to be done, so Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It may seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her own hair. The strands would get mixed and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times, and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to do. She knew it didn't look nice, but it was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it. Then she changed her dress, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

'Mama always does that,' she thought, 'and what am I going to do?'

She tugged and pulled, fastening up one hook only to unfasten it in the attempt to do the next. At last she had to go down into the kitchen to get Kate to hook her dress.

'I couldn't help that, of course,' she excused herself with when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

'I wonder what mama did with my hat yesterday,' was her next

thought. And she began to look hurriedly around the sitting-room.

'Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mama as I imagined it would be. She had that hat right here, because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs. Leonard came in and talked ever so long, and that hat ought to be here yet. Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them there.' And Bessie opened the closet door, and there was her hat, too, right where it belonged. It was fixed, after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but she wondered when her mother had found time to do it. At noontime she rushed into the house, saying:

'Mama, can you go— Oh!' she added, seeing no one in the dining-room but her father, 'I forgot that mama wasn't here. I wish she would come home.'

'Already?' Mr. Doyse said in surprise. 'Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone!'

'For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mama for. Now you see there's an entertainment down on Washington Street,—a ventriloquist and such things,—and we school children have tickets that will let us in for ten cents, but I don't want to go so far without mama.'

'No; and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here.' And Bessie had to be consoled with that thought.

At three o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with, there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

'Mama always gives me something nice when I come home,' she said to herself, 'but I'm not going to bother Kate about it. Oh, dear! What a lot of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!'

At supper Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and, as for her dress, she had decided to wear

another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far she had managed, 'after a fashion,' as she told herself, but when it came bedtime she began to wonder what she should do without her mother's good-night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

'What's the matter, little daughter?' asked papa.

'Why—I think I want—my mother?' sobbed Bessie.

Just then the bell rang, and, when the door was opened, in walked Mrs. Royse.

'O mama!' cried Bessie, rushing into her arms, 'I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!'

'Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?'

'Why, you see, mama,' said Bessie, smiling through her tears, 'I didn't really know how much mothers did until you weren't here to do it.'

Accomplishments.

A girl should learn to make a bed,
To bake good biscuits, cake, and bread,
To handle deftly brush and broom,
And neatly tidy up a room.

A girl should learn to darn and mend,
To care the sick, the baby tend:
To have enough of style and taste
To trim a hat or fit a waist.

A girl should learn to value time,
A picture hang, a ladder climb,
And not to almost raise the house
At sight of little harmless mouse.

A girl should learn to dress with speed,
And hold tight lacing 'gainst her creed;
To buy her shoes to fit her feet.
In fact above all vain deceit.

A girl should learn to keep her word,
To spread no farther gossip heard,
Home or abroad to be at ease,
And try her best to cheer and please.

A girl should learn to fondly hold
True worth of value more than gold;
Accomplished thus, with tender mien,
Reign, crowned with love, home's cherished queen.
—Kathleen Kavanagh.