

ained again she felt no surprise to find Hester on the same train. 'I must help her if I can,' she thought. 'God has surely put her in my way.' It was hard to go to her—Helen was ashamed to find how hard. But she did. 'Good evening,' she said, pleasantly. 'May I sit with you? I haven't seen you for a long time. I hope you haven't dropped out of our class entirely, have you?'

Hester looked thoroughly surprised for an instant, then she smiled brightly. Unknown to Helen, she had always cherished a great admiration for her, though she had no thought or hope of ever being in the least intimate with Judge Egerton's daughter. 'Well,' she answered, really trying to speak lower than usual, though Helen winced in spite of herself. 'Well, I'll tell you just how it was. I didn't care so great about going, and I didn't see as anyone cared any more about having me.'

'Didn't I tell you?' whispered conscience, triumphantly.

'I care for one. Won't you come back to please me?'

'Sure,' was the unhesitating response. That was the beginning, and Helen, once enlisted in the work, would not give up. Often she was very discouraged; many and many a time it seemed to her utterly hopeless, but still she prayed and struggled on, seeking to uplift and strengthen her weaker, more unfortunate friend.

One night Hester came to her, her eyes shining brightly through tears.

'I want to tell you what you have been to me. Mr. Burnham has just given me a much better position than I have had. He told me that I had changed very much for the better the last year, and that if I kept on he would do better yet for me. Miss Helen, I owe it all to you. You have made a friend of me; you have reached down and tried to lift me up, and I never can tell you how much I thank you and bless you for your help.'—Selected.

### 'Time is Money.'

Benjamin Franklin valued his time too well to waste it.

'What is the price of that book?' asked a man of Franklin's errand boy.

'One dollar, sir.'

'A dollar! It isn't worth it! Call your master.'

Franklin was called.

'I want to know the price of that book,' asked the man again. 'Your boy'—

'That book is a dollar and a quarter,' interrupted Franklin.

'A dollar and a quarter!' the man cried. 'Your boy'—

'Yes, I know,' interrupted Franklin again. The man looked surprised.

'Come, now, Mr. Franklin, tell me, what is the very lowest price you can let me have that book for?' he asked again.

'One dollar and a half,' was Franklin's reply.

'One dollar and a half!' the man screamed; 'you just said yourself one dollar and a quarter.'

'Yes,' added Franklin, coolly; 'but the time you are making me waste with you is well worth the added half dollar.'—'Forward.'

### Hannah's New Name.

(Hilda Richmond, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'A new girl came to school this morning, mamma, and she had the beautifullest name,' said Hannah. 'It was Annabel. Isn't that a lovely name? She said it out loud, as if she liked to hear it, and I always have to whisper my name to the teacher. I think Hannah is a horrid name.'

'Would you like to change it?' asked mamma, as if changing names were an everyday affair for little girls.

'O, mamma, could I? I would be the happiest girl in the whole world. I'd be Marjorie or Beatrice or Eleanor or any of the pretty names, if I only could get rid of horrid Hannah.'

'Yes, you may change it if you like,' said her mother. 'Just let us know when you decide what it will be, and we will all try to remember.'

'I'll take a week to study about it,' said Hannah. 'I want to get the very prettiest

## How Dixie Saved The Silver.

I am a small, slender, brown dog, with a long waving tail, and a pure white shirt-front. I try not to be vain, but when I am all dressed up in my collar with my name on it, and a big yellow bow, I certainly am beautiful.

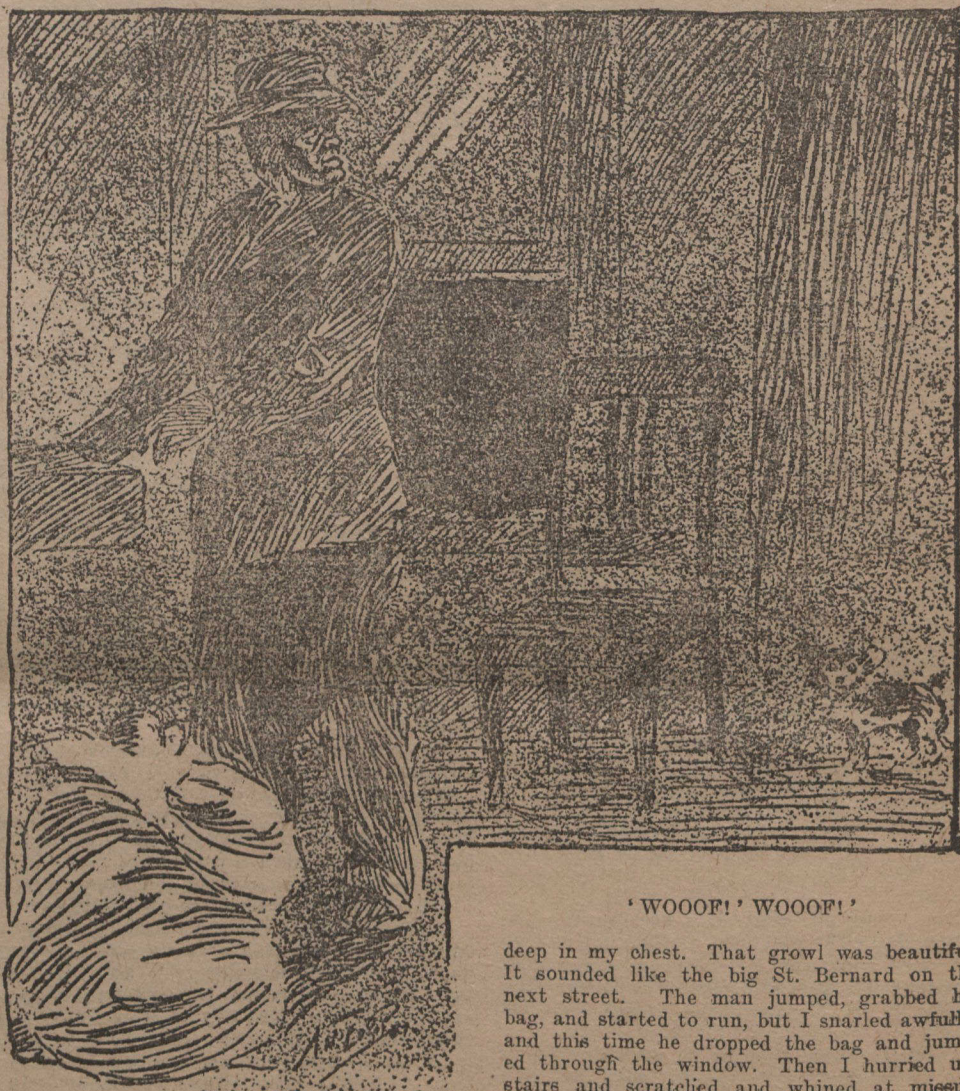
I usually sleep in a box of straw down in the laundry, but one night when it was very, very cold, my missus said, 'I guess I'll put Dixie's box in the kitchen.' (She's from out West, so she 'guesses' a good deal. 'It's icy down in the laundry. It'll freeze the marrow in his little bones.' I didn't know about that marrow, but anyway I didn't want it frozen. Master answered, 'Oh it won't hurt the little heathen Chinese; his coat's thick,' but missus just went on fixing my box. It's a little way she has.

So I nestled down in the cozy kitchen and was having a lovely dream all about a beef-

that way. The family think it so cunning, but just then I had other things to think of than being 'cunning.'

I knew something must be wrong, so I pattered softly, oh, so softly, into the dining-room, and what do you think I saw? The window was wide open and there, in front of our sideboard, was a man, a big fellow, too. He had the silver drawer pulled 'way out and was dropping spoons and forks and things into a big bag. I knew how much my mistress loved some of those things, so I made up my mind to stop him. I couldn't rush at him; he'd see how little I am. He might even treat me as that insulting carpenter did who worked next door. When I barked at him he said, 'Shut up, you splinter, nobody's afraid of you.'

So I growled, 'Woof! woof!' away down



'WOOF!' 'WOOF!'

deep in my chest. That growl was beautiful. It sounded like the big St. Bernard on the next street. The man jumped, grabbed his bag, and started to run, but I snarled awfully, and this time he dropped the bag and jumped through the window. Then I hurried upstairs and scratched and whined at missus' door. Master said, 'There, now, I knew that little scallawag would disturb us if he slept upstairs' and missus answered, 'Do see what he wants; something must be the matter.'

Master muttered something—I won't tell you what—and came out into the hall, rubbing his eyes and saying, crossly; 'Here, you imp, what's the matter with you?' I pranced toward the stairs and back again until he followed me. As soon as we reached the dining-room he saw at once what had happened. He stooped down and patted me, saying, 'Good old Dixie. Can't fool you, can they, old fellow!' Then missus came down, too, and hugged me up in her arms.

Since then, I try not to 'walk proud,' but it's pretty hard!—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

steak bone, which I had taken from the little French poodle on the next block. He's such a funny little white bunch; he looks just like the little woolly dogs you buy in the stores. My missus always asks him what he's done with his wheels. Well, to go on with my dream—I had just grabbed that delicious bone and was flying home with it, when I heard 'screa-a-a-k!' 'screa-a-a-k!' from the dining-room, so I started up, wide-awake at once.

My missus often says I have no nose at all—I don't know what she calls that little black thing at the end of my muzzle—but at any rate there's nothing the matter with my ears; they're all right! So I cocked one ear and turned my head sidewise. I always listen

one of all because I've hated Hannah so long.

That very day Mrs. Teller came, and when she saw Hannah she said: 'My dear, you grow more and more every day like your Aunt Hannah and your grandma. Your mamma couldn't have done better in finding you a name, for you have the same gentle, dainty ways that your auntie and grandma have. And everyone says you are doing so well in school. That is just like my little schoolmate years ago, your auntie. Hannah was always at the head of the class.'

Hannah didn't like to say that she intended to change her name, and she was very glad her mamma did not mention it. 'When grandma and auntie are here, I'll get them to call me Hannah,' she said to herself. 'I am afraid they might not like the new name.'

The next day Hannah's sister was going to mark some new handkerchiefs to go with the washing, and she asked Hannah if she had decided what the new name should be. 'Not exactly,' said the little girl slowly. 'I guess you'd better wait a little while. I told