

upon a little friend, had quarreled during the first ten minutes, and made everyone in the house so uncomfortable that they were glad when she went away.

"Shure, an' th' choild's timper has got turned over," said Norah the cook. "She went to bed wid it roight side up; an' she gits out av th' bed wid her timper wrong side up. Timpers is loike fried eggs. They mustn't be turned as if they wuz flapjacks, shure!"

"Does my little girl still want to be some other bodies' child?" Mr. Payne asked, when he heard the whining voice. "She wants to be nobody's little girl," said Elizabeth.

"Well, you may go away in half an hour. Ask mama to pack your trunk, for a carriage is coming. I am going to take you to Mrs. Ingram's, where you will be nobody's little girl. You must obey Mrs. Ingram or she will not let you stay, and you cannot come back here. You will have a sunshiny room and the maid will do what you need. You must eat at the table with the children of the people who board there."

Mama and Wilbur will come to call upon you after a few days, and you may come here to dinner once a week—just as long as you want to do so and will behave properly. Let me see, one week from tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Shall we invite this nobody's little girl to our Thanksgiving dinner?"

Mrs. Payne's heart was aching, but she answered brightly: "I think so. You know that we always have somebody with us then who has no home to go to."

Elizabeth tried to be pleased at all this, but she had got out of the habit of being pleased with things. Still, it was better than staying where she was. Her trunk was packed with clothes, books and toys; then the carriage came, and Mr. Payne took his little girl away.

Her mother went into her room, fell upon her knees, and sobbed, while Wilbur found that crowding his hands into her pockets did not take that miserable clogging feeling out of his throat.

Mr. Payne had only told Mrs. Ingram, of the boarding house, that his little girl had been very ill and needed a change; that they did not like to have her far away, and hoped that a few days in a strange place would be good for her; that she was to be her own mistress—as far as could be—and that he would pay for all the extra trouble. He slipped a bright half dollar into the maid's hands as he charged her to be very patient with the child.

Elizabeth got through with the first meal very well. Everything was new. When the other children went to bed she went to her room, but would not go to bed. She got out her books, sat down under the gas, and was going to be very grown up—was this nobody's little girl. By and by she dropped asleep. The maid came in, covered an Afghan over her, turned the light down, opened the door into Mrs. Ingram's room, and went out again.

By and by, when the house was very still, when the lights were out in the hall and a lonesome dog was howling in the street, Elizabeth awakened. Oh, how dreary it was! She began to sob, then remembered that sobs would not bring anyone to comfort a nobody's little girl, smothered them as well as she could, got out of her clothes into her night-dress, crept into bed, and wished she were home again. It was very lonesome being nobody's child.

The next day she had many trials. The grown people paid very little attention, and after two quarrels with the other children she was left to amuse herself alone. How long the day was!

When night came again Elizabeth was the first child in bed. As she crept under the covers she heard that lonesome dog again and shivered. Poor thing! he must be a nobody's dog.

The next day Elizabeth wanted to go home, but remembered that her papa had said that she could only go there once a week. Six whole days more! She began to wonder if she would live six more days, when—O joy!—her mama came to make a little call.

But mama did not stay long, and the place seemed to have lost its sunshine when she went away.

The next day nothing was good on the table. Elizabeth fretted about the food, fussed and cried all day, and went to bed at night more hungry than she thought it possible for anybody to be and live. After the lights were out that lonesome dog came and howled again. Probably he was hungry, too.

When morning came she was ready to eat such burned toast and underdone eggs as had never gone into her mouth before. She thought of the dainty breakfasts at home, while big tears rolled down and did their best to soften the burned toast.

Wilbur called that day. It was like seeing an angel. Elizabeth didn't know before that he brother was such a handsome boy.

"Say, Sis!" he said, "aren't you getting tired of this? It's mighty lonesome at home. Mama's crying herself ill, and papa has forgotten how to smile."

Then Elizabeth got closer to Wilbur and cried a little, very softly, and they talked it all over.

"You were so nice before; being sick spoiled you—can't you see it yourself?"

Elizabeth nodded. "Oh I want to go home! I want to go home with you!"

"If you do papa'll send you back. You must stick it out for a week. You were using us all up, Sis—even spoiling the temper of poor old Tabby. She humped up her back and spit every time any one went near her."

Wilbur's hour was up. He had to go.

It seemed as if the week would never pass, but it did at last. Mrs. Payne and Wilbur brought the little girl home; Mr. Payne met them at the door.

"O, papa! papa! I'm your own old little girl back again! And I love everybody so! I want a Thanksgiving 'cause I'm somebody's child again!"

And as papa took her in his arms he said, "We will have a Thanksgiving of Love!"—The Christian Advocate.

TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful for a lot of things:

I'm thankful I'm alive,
I'm thankful that I'm six years old
Instead of only five.

I'm thankful for my tops and toys

And for my Kitty Gray;

I'm thankful for the big outdoors,

Where I can run and play.

I'm thankful for the things that grow,

The apples, aren't they good?

The corn where we played hide and seek,

As in a little wood.

I'm thankful for the pumpkins round,

Just like a golden ball,

And jack-o'-lanterns, big and queer,

They don't scare me at all.

I'm thankful for Thanksgiving Day,

For pies all in a row;

I'm thankful grandma made them sweet,

She knows I like them so.

I'm thankful for the turkey, too,

How brown it is and nice!

And I'd be very thankful, please,

For only one more slice.

Four Alpine climbers returning from ascending the Aiguilles d'Arves, on Sunday, were suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche. All but one were rendered helpless. Questo, a writer on Alpine subjects, was found, with arms and legs broken, dangling by the rope over a crevasse of unknown depth. He hung there for nine hours before help came, and died just as he was lifted up.

A THANKFUL MOTHER.

"I thank you with all my heart for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for my little girl," says Mrs. Antoine Charrette, Jr., of St. Boniface, Que. "When I began giving her the Tablets she seemed to be going away, but after using less than a box she was rapidly gaining and she is now a fine, fat, healthy little one, and I write you this as the acknowledgement of a mother who will never forget what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child." Letters like this must bring hope and comfort to all mothers who have feeble or sickly children. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments and can be given just as safely to a new-born baby as to a well-grown child. If you cannot get these Tablets from your dealer write The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them at 25c a box.

CHOOSING "IT" IN CHINA.

The Chinese have a funny way of choosing who shall be "it" in a game. One of them holds her hand out with the open palm downward, then all the others stand round with the tips of their first fingers touching her palm; then, after repeating a few words, she suddenly closes her fingers and tries to catch them. Sometimes she fails to catch one, and then it has to be done again; but if she does manage to imprison one finger, the owner of that finger has to be "it."

OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

A penny is estimated to change hands about 125,000 times in the course of its life.

The sentries in the army of the Haytian Republic are provided with chairs when on duty.

Organ-grinders in Vienna may not play in the morning or evening—only between midday and sunset.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has a fine library of between ten and eleven thousand books.

It is not generally known that the sender of an unstamped letter can be proceeded against for the postage.

Many persons do not know that in South Carolina it needs neither a clergyman, a magistrate nor a license to marry; simply the agreement of the two parties. No divorce is permitted for any cause.

The famous vine at Hampton Court Palace, London, 138 years old, is now bearing upwards of 400 bunches of grapes. Some thousands of bunches were thinned out early in the year to keep the fruit of good quality.

A singular birth custom prevails in Yorkshire. In parts of the West Riding it is quite common for visitors to a house in which a new baby has appeared to carry with them as an offering to the infant a new-laid egg, some salt, a piece of bread, and, in some cases, a penny.

A blind man possessing a watch can, by a certain amount of calculation, always ascertain the time. For instance, he asks the time of someone who is not afflicted by the loss of eyesight, and finding that it is twenty minutes past three, he immediately winds his watch up as far as it will go. In the evening, wishing to know the time, he re-winds, counting the "clicks" as he turns the key. There are forty-five "clicks" for example. Calculating the nine "clicks" correspond to 100 minutes, he may easily reckon that 500 minutes, or eight hours twenty minutes, have elapsed since the time he asked, and that consequently it was 3.20 added to 8.20, or twenty minutes to twelve. In the morning, again, in counting the "clicks" when re-winding, he finds there are twenty-seven, or that 300 minutes have passed, which added to the time last ascertained, gives the hour as 4.40 a.m.