

thus conducted not a house in town will be left unvisited finally."

Caddie Greenough cries out at the thought.

"And so, at last, a night will come when the whole city will be gone to prayer-meeting—what a stupendous ideal! Why, it would be next to having 'Holiness to the Lord' written on the bells of the houses! I dare say, now, this will be the town where that prophecy will first come to pass!"

"It certainly is the world at prayer, Miss Caddie, that is going to bring in the glorious Thousand Years," says Mr. Whitney. Then he turns to Miss Stillman who has been busy appointing districts, "I should like to add another name to your list of workers."

Miss Stillman, pencil in hand, waits.

As Lois expects, it is Hannah's.

A glance of inquiry at this odd and unfamiliar name runs around the little patrician circle. Mrs. Guthrie makes a quiet remark: "She is a member of our church, a most estimable young woman."

"She is, indeed," Lois adds, speaking all at once without being referred to. It is the first time she has lifted her voice in the aristocratic council. But she is not so timid as she thought. They might discuss the propriety of admitting King or Kaiser, and she would have kept modest silence—but not when there is to be balloting for good humble Hannah. "She lives in Aunt Hurd's family, and I know her well. I do trust you will include her, for there is a wide circle which she influences to whom the rest of us, no doubt, are entire strangers."

Yes, it is Mrs. Hurd's servant. The girls are silent for one short unworthy moment.

"Neither is there respect of persons with Him," suggests Mr. Whitney.

"We shall, of course, be glad of Miss Gregg's help," says Miss Stillman, slowly. Presently she adds, as if in self-dissuade, "And as she is not present to-night to hear all these details, I, myself, will call upon her, and add my request to Miss Gladstone's and Miss Hurd's, that she join us." There is a slight but curious inflection upon Saidee's name as if it might be a bit of challenge.

At this inappropriate point, Caddie Greenough laughs.

"I, for one, understand this plan of yours, Mr. Whitney. I can see the sweep which these parlor prayer-meetings are meant to take. I dare say it was quite the correct thing in A—on these visits of invitation to go into the basement and invite the servants as well as the mistress. Wasn't it, now? Yes, I thought so. Well," looking around upon her friends, "why not, my dears? If it is to be the same Heaven at last, surely a few preliminary meetings here cannot harm you."

By this time Saidee Hurd has become able to speak. Humble forevermore as the Master she has decided to follow, she turns to Nettie's man.

"This Hannah is quite a favorite with us. Sister Elizabeth—and you know how she thinks of religion, Nettie—well, she says Hannah is one of the few facts on our side that restrain her from hopeless unbelief in us."

"Yes, girls," Mrs. Whitney adds, "the prayer-meeting Hannah Gregg organizes will be started with 'live coals from the altar.'"

"Suppose we meet again to-morrow night," says the exclusive Anna Francis. She is making an effort to come around gracefully to that point of Christian fellowship which the rest have reached, where she supposes she really ought to be, and where, to do her justice, she is finally quite willing to stand. "You have sickness at your house, Saidee, supposing you all meet at ours,"—she includes Lois with a smile—"and be sure you bring this Miss Gregg. Who knows but she may have ideas that will be of use?"

The evening passes quickly. Mrs. Guthrie has stipulated beforehand that Mr. Max shall do a certain amount of talking.

"You must put our girls in communication with the age, my dear Max," she has said. "You must show them that the great benevolences and the mighty social improvements, and the bulk of reform, is hereafter to be entrusted to the hand of woman—that she, like Mary at the sepulchre, is to run forth bearing the Christ-tidings."

"I can talk that idea as heartily as you like," Max has answered. "For I believe in it. I believe that God, who makes use of all things for the ultimate uplifting of humanity, is about to make wide use of the unrest which is now distracting the world concerning the sphere of woman, and that thousands are to accept the advantages of

independent action to spread Christ's kingdom—the church journals are all full of woman's work!"

"If you can only make our wealthy girls with their unused leisure see this, your ministry will be well begun, my dear Max!" she urges him.

Mr. Whitney is bidding Saidee and her cousin good-night. It has been a silent walk; but now as he takes her hand he says:

"Well, dear Saidee, the old business of doubting on your side, and of proving and comforting on mine, is forever done, I trust. I see it and thank God. Still, shall I not hear from you?"

Saidee smiles faintly.

"I scarcely think, Max, that I am beyond the need of a friend."

Lois says her good night, and is following Saidee in, when she finds herself detained. There is an unwonted color flickering over Mr. Whitney's cheek. And Saidee, looking back, sees the two, sees even that, pauses, then goes up-stairs alone.

"These meetings—this plan—I should be very glad to hear—" The well-prepared speech becomes confusion. "May I write to you, also, Miss Gladstone?" he concludes abruptly.

Lois is surprised, but also pleased.

"I'm no letter-writer myself," she replies, "but I have sometimes heard yours to Saidee, and I shall not at all object to having some of my very own."

She means her little speech as pleasantry, but Mr. Whitney receives it, to her further surprise, with great attention and gravity. His look is so intent that the little smile fades from her lip, and when he lifts his hat and is gone without another word, she goes very thoughtfully and slowly up the stairs.

She stops as usual in the sick-room. Mrs. Hurd is there, asleep on the sofa. The nurse, too, is nodding in her chair, but her uncle, himself, is awake. He is a faint, pale shadow of himself; but the crisis is past, and he is in possession of all his faculties. He turns his eyes with something like a smile as he sees who it is, and receives what she says with something of his old bluff heartiness.

"Yes, do thank God—I suppose you have, though! I believe you are the only one in the house that holds much communication with him."

But his face flushes up, and he has to shut his eyes to squeeze back the tears. Lois can see all at once he reaches out for her hand.

"I mean you shall have reason to thank him—I know—I know. I know pretty well where I should be now if you hadn't held your brave little finger up against the leak in the dam—the girls have told me, I know it all. I'll see to you the first thing I do after I get out of this. Not one woman in a hundred, of the kind I know at any rate, would have supposed she could do anything."

Lois laughs at him, softly, and coaxes him back to his pillows. She makes light of what she has done, and tells him how even Hannah wanted to help him; and then they have their kindly little merriment over the simple proffer.

She sends nurse out for a nap; and takes up the Bible at his request.

Her pleasant voice soothes his restlessness. He opens his eyes sleepily as she lays the book down.

Lois leans back in her chair and wonders at her own exceeding happiness to-night. "Their peace is like a river," she murmurs to herself in the midst of vague sweet thoughts that lapse through her mind, one upon another, like the soft ripples of a summer stream.

Yes, Lois, like a river, full, flowing, absorbing, exhaustless, bearing happy hopes for others, like white ships, upon its shining waves.

As the mantle clock strikes eleven, she starts up. She calls the nurse and goes to her own room. As she passes Saidee's door, she hears her name spoken, and goes in. She finds Saidee sitting in her hat and shawl just as she has come up-stairs. She does not seem to want anything of Lois after all; and the two sit a long while before the glowing coals, talking a little in a desultory way.

"There, darling, good-night now," Saidee says at last, turning to her with a smile that suddenly makes all the silence gone before something said.

Lois kisses her as she rises. "God has been very good to you, dear Saidee."

Saidee answers with a long soft sigh. "Yes, he is good. He brings me face to face with a new happiness before he takes away the old—brings me face to face with my work before he scatters my dreams."

Linda has made many preparations for this walk with Hannah.

"I'm going down to the far end of town Saturday week," Hannah has said to her, "and if you'll keep your boots laced from now till then, and your hair smooth, and put on a clean apron regular after dinner, you shall go with me."

Linda has frequently been out with Mrs. Underwood, the cook; but that now isn't held to be any honor.

"She'n't I looked 'bout off a piece," Linda says to Hannah in a low tone. "And she took me into a saloon and bought us both a glass of nasty beer—I tell you I were ashamed then, Miss Hannah!"

"I should think so," says "Miss Hannah."

Philinda's bed-room opens out of Hannah's; and this afternoon each is in her own, dressing for this "outing." Hannah, more than once, smiles pitifully over the little dish-maid's attempts at fitness—they are such a desperate endeavor to do, and to look, as other girls.

For two days now, the heavy sweep of straw-colored hair has been in braid for crimps—"skollops," Philinda herself calls the style; and, to be sure, it does "skollop" now, with startling distinctness, all over her head and down her back: for Philinda as tastes of her own, and she won't pick it out and fluff it.

"Oven brooms!" she calls the heads of some of the young ladies as they go by. Linda's finances will not yet compass "hair-ribbons," and the crimped tresses get tied back with a stout new shoe-string.

Linda looks like a young Spartan, as she stands tying the shoe-string. She has two cast-off ribbons of little Theo's, silken and blue; but they are soiled as well as wrinkled, and, after much smoothing, Linda has discarded them, not only for this occasion, but for good and all. She cannot quite bring herself to throw the treasures in the rag-bag, but she tells Mrs. Underwood:

"A soiled ribbon is low—lower even than a mussed calico, I think. And I know Miss Hannah would 'nuff sight rather I'd wear a clean shoe-string—though 'tain't what I'd like to wear a-walkin' out with her. But I won't wear an old second-hand ribbon—dear! if I ain't hated dirt, a week or so back, bad as she!"

Yes, and for the same "week or so back" Linda has spent all her spare time washing and scrubbing face and arms. Says she:

"I'm goin' to scrub through this yellow skin, and see if there isn't red and white under it—Miss Hannah thinks mebbe there is!"

Such a water-fowl as she has been! "At it again," cook laughs a dozen times a day! Hannah has been touched by the girl's earnestness. She has been as pleased as Linda's self to see the thick impure skin growing first ruddy and shining, then thin, then clear, with the pink glow promising some day to settle into position upon cheek and lip; and she has treated the earnest, ignorant child to many items of homely hygiene and has taught her various womanly uses of needle and clothes-brush.

But yet as she comes to Hannah's door, announcing herself as ready, Linda feels "she is a figger to go on with a lady!"

Hannah does look, if not exactly a lady, exceeding ladyish, in her trim walking dress and beaver jacket, and her dark hat with its close curling feather—both gloves and boots fit well, and veil and neck-tie are in quiet taste.

Poor Linda! She has starched and ironed her chocolate-colored calico frock, brushed her plaid shawl, picked out afresh the faded blue ribbons of her summer hat, polished her shoes, lacing them through every eyelet snug and tight, has even belated the purchase of the one winter dress for weeks by buying gloves and a collar—and yet after all, to be a "figger!"

"Miss Hannah," says she as they walk along, "if I could a-done it, I'd had a dark ribbon, if no more'n a band, on my hat juss't to save your feelin's! I thought o'borryin' two shillin', but cook she said as how a man if he began to borry' most always got into trouble, and a slip of a girl like me better let it alone. I wouldn't have you think, Miss Hannah, that I don't know enough to despise wearin' a summer hat into the winter—that's the poorest of the poor, I think!"

"Never you mind me," says Hannah good-naturedly. "You look pretty neat, and we musn't herpect too much out of seventy-five cents a week. Wen I begun a goin' out to service, Linda, I didn't 'avo any bunnet at hall, and I had a sick mother to keep, and I had to run 'ome to see her after

night wen my work was done, and go as 'ard as over I could go, with an old shawl pinned over my 'ead; that's wot I did!"

"And yet you've riz to this!" Linda looks Hannah over again from hat to boots. "Such good clothes as you've got now, and I've heard cook say"—here she lowers her voice—"that you had more money'n you could shake a stick at, a-laid up, and a-drawin' out interest in the Savings Bank. Havo you, now?"

Hannah smiles—"Maybe so." Hannah herself thinks it is a pretty tidy sum.

"But, sir," Linda breaks out again. "I'd rather go with an old shawl pinned over my head as you did,—then you don't look as if you tried to do anything—than to be seen a-wearin' a last summer's hat when there's snow on the ground! You can't think how I do feel with that on my head, and a great heavy shawl on my back—why, I feel as if I should fly, I'm that light-headed with it!"

Hannah is silent. She is considering that since she has roused this keen sense of the proprieties and decencies in the hitherto stolidly content scrubbing girl, it probably is her duty to see that this same sense is not allowed to become a source of pain. Hannah always calculates her expenditures to a nicety; and she sees, now, that she will have to give up more than one personal comfort if she enables this poor little friend to go into the street without feeling ill-natured and envious—still, this is no new experience with Hannah Gregg.

They have come out upon Main Street. As they turn the corner, Hannah steps into the shop where she buys her own modest bonnets. With few words she selects a tidy black straw, velvet bound, orders the gay ribbon changed for a band and loops of a crimson that suits with Linda's shawl, matches a hair ribbon, and invests the girl with them on the spot.

Linda's features work absurdly all the while the new hat is being settled upon her submissive head. Hannah is quite aware of the catch and swallow in the little throat, and she hurries her out into the street.

"Now if you do cry, Linda, I shall feel to send you back 'ome!"

"Cry!—who's a-cryin', I'd like to know!" says Linda. The tears are sparkling down her cheeks while she speaks. "Goodness me,—where you goin' to, Hannah?"

For, finding herself turning here and there, she is now following the swift Hannah up a flight of out-door stairs at the side of a corner grocery. Near the top she hears a sewing-machine—one of the heavy, iron, cog-wheeled sort. At Hannah's sharp rap, a tall, delicate-looking girl comes to the door, her work in her hand.

A flaw of hectic color stains a pale cheek. "Why, Miss Gregg! Come in—that is, if you can get in!"

She goes hurriedly before them, and empties a couple of chairs of their confusion of coat sleeves, and linings, and stitched coat facings.

There is another girl in the room, a taller and paler copy of the other. She sits at the machine which she has stopped upon their entrance. Without rising, she turns and speaks to the visitors.

"You'll excuse us, Miss Gregg," she says, glancing deprecatingly around the room? Every chair is full of work; there are two lines hung with portions of coats; the bare floor is littered with shreds and cuttings of cloth and serge, canvass and wadding; a charcoal pressing iron stands on the stove pipe; press board, sponges, water basins, are on the table all in company with a pan of unwashed dishes. There is but a low fire, and the room is drearily chill.

"Never mind, Miss Taft," says Hannah. "Of course I knew 'twas the last of the week, and I should find you hurried."

Hannah speaks in a motherly tone although she is at least five years younger than either of them.

"I don't believe you went to bed at all last night, did you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The increasing number of Jewish undergraduates is much remarked at Oxford.

Some Iowa girls almost whipped their school master to death for favoritism to another girl. The poor fellow said he tried to hug every girl in the school, but the job was too much for him.

A piece of sponge cake made by a Vassar girl has been presented to President elect Cleveland. It is said that Mr. Cleveland prizes it highly and will use it as a paper-weight when he goes to the White House.