

ings, and her little sister Annie said, 'I can darn stockings too,' so her mamma said she might. I think Eva and Annie worked harder for their money than the rest of us girls, at least their work was not so pleasant. I'm sure I don't like to darn stockings.

Ted always thinks of something different from other people,—it's a wonder he didn't try to sell jokes or tricks, or perhaps he thought nobody would want to buy them, so he hunted up a big piece of redwood bark that had been put away in the attic. He cut it into all sorts of blocks; called them 'cubes' and 'triangles' and 'crescents' and 'oblongs.' Then he tied gay ribbons round them and sold them as California souvenir pincushions. The bark was very hard to saw, but sometimes his father helped, and once a tramp who wanted to saw wood for his breakfast cut off two or three pieces.

When Ned went out to sell his pincushions nearly everybody bought, they were so pretty and so cheap and so like California, for where else do redwoods grow? The young men on the hill wanted the souvenirs to send to their sisters. Mamma laughed when she heard this, I don't see why, for I think it's nice when my brothers give me presents. It was just the same with my lavender sticks.

But I haven't told you about my lavender sticks. In the summer Miss Robinson gave me a great bunch of lavender, and while it was green I counted out the stalks and tied them into nice little bundles of nineteen each. Then I laid them away to finish for Christmas presents. When I wanted money for my Christmas offering I said 'I'll finish my lavender sticks and sell them.' So I wove in the bright ribbons, red and green and pink and lavender, and sold them every one, papa bought the last one, and keeps it in his bureau.

Silas sold oil cans and brought in wood, and when the wind didn't blow and no water ran into the tank, Willie pumped it full. Some of the big boys hauled wood and chopped it or brought trunks from the station and one of them sold tickets for an entertainment. Roy set out fruit trees and sold a Christmas tree that he got on Bald Hill.

Tommy, he's my brother and he's a little boy, said to me, 'Sister, if you will go without butter for a month, I will too, and we'll ask papa to give us fifty cents apiece.'

'Very good,' said papa, 'I'll pay you fifty cents, for a penny saved is a penny earned.'

It wasn't very easy at first, but we thought of the missionaries, and then we have syrup at our house in the morning and sometimes jelly or gravy at dinner.—Dr. Morton thought we ought to have gravy every single day that month. But if you want to know how dry bread tastes to people, missionaries especially, who can't afford to buy butter, just try going without it for a month. You mustn't eat a bit, we didn't except when we went to Uncle Harry's for Thanksgiving dinner, and mamma said that wouldn't count.

When Christmas eve came and we had sung and recited and admired our pretty tree, Mr. Brown called us one by one to bring our offerings and tell how we earned our money. Some people thought this was the very best part of the entertainment, and it was very interesting when Freddy Brown, he's so small that he can't speak plain, got up and told how he 'tarried in the wood,' and when tiny Ida Carol said, 'I made my bed and I washed my hands.'

When the money was counted there was almost fifteen dollars, nearly a dollar apiece from each of us, and the best of it all was

that we had earned it all ourselves, except one little boy who did not understand.

Our superintendent sent the money right away, and we were all very happy the next Sunday when Mr. Brown read us the beautiful letter that Dr. Norris wrote when he thanked us for the gift. We were all glad that we could help the people who spend all their time trying to bring people to Jesus.

## What Changed Two Minds.

(By Elizabeth Preston Allan, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'It is just what I've always said!' exclaimed Lucien, with an air of importance. But what it was that he had always said the school could not make out, for Lucien and Henry were sitting off by themselves on the old oak stump, having a private confab.

That was what we heard Lucien say, as the bell called us in from noon recess. 'It is just what I've always said,' and whatever it was, Lucien seemed to pride himself on having said it.

'Well, it's no good spreading it about,' said Henry (much to our disappointment) 'you'll consider this confidential, of course.'

'Of course,' answered Lucien, with the more emphasis, I think, as he saw the baffled curiosity in our faces.

But school boys are not as deep as wells, nor as dense as millstones. Whatever this secret was, the school soon saw that Lucien and Henry bore themselves coldly towards Miller Ford; and forty-six young imaginations were busy inventing for themselves a reason for this coldness. What did Lucien and Henry know about Miller? It was evidently too bad to tell. It must be something horrible. And so, however bad the story, it would perhaps have been better to have told it out. As it was, Miller began to have a pretty lonesome time at old Alleghan school.

It did not have a very good effect on him, either. He was not a sweet-tempered chap to begin with, and under this persistent snubbing he got to be as cross as two sticks—as two crossed sticks; everything you said he answered with a snap.

Ford was easily the brightest boy in the school; he just walked over our heads all the time, and if we snubbed him for some obscure reason he scorned us for reasons that were only too evident. He was going to take all the honors that one boy could be allowed to have; but I fancy that a boy doesn't care much for honors, when they bring him no applause from his school-fellows.

Before the session was over the mystery leaked out. Henry had told Lucien that Miller Ford's mother was a cook, and Lucien had boasted that all along he had said Miller was no gentleman. Lucien thought he knew a gentleman when he saw one.

I don't think Mrs. Ford's occupation would have troubled us much—the rest of us—if it hadn't been for Lucien and Henry; but as they seemed to feel aggrieved by it (they were very tony fellows, we thought), we resented it, too. And so commencement day dawned upon Alleghan.

It was a fair, fine day; sun and sky and breeze did their best to decorate our lawns for the festal occasion, and pretty girls in ribbons and flowers did the rest.

Miller Ford was the hero of the day. We could not help that, since he went up for diplomas and distinctions and medals galore, and the trustees patted him and

the school and themselves on the back, figuratively, all the day.

The hall was crowded to suffocation, and we boys, being in the front seats, had very little idea of who was in the crowd; but presently a thrill stirred our ranks, as the whisper went around, 'Miller Ford's mother has come to the commencement!'

Poor boy! Of course, he would be awfully mortified. Little as we liked him, we felt how hard this was, to come at the hour of his triumph, too, and put him to shame in the face of that great crowd. He did not know his mother was present; we could see that; he was flushed with pride and pleasure, and sat among us with his head up. Hush! Don't let him hear it; put off his fall, if possible. Perhaps the old woman will have the grace to keep herself hid till the exercise are over.

But, no—it is too late! That silly Tom Spencer has told him. We wish somebody would club Tom. The fiery color rushes up to his face; he springs to his feet; is he going to run away?

Just then his name is called. The president of the board of trustee is beginning to say that Miller Ford, having passed all his examinations with distinction, when Ford himself interrupts Colonel Hampton, and says something to him in a low tone.

The school is in a quiver of excitement. What is Ford saying? What is about to happen? The first thing that happens is that Colonel Hampton blows his nose and clears his throat and seems put to it to get his voice steady.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' the colonel says, presently, 'our first-honor man has asked me to pause; has asked me not to confer upon him this highest award of the year until he is sure that his mother is in a position to hear and see. He has just learned that she is in the house, and he says that as all the good that has ever come to him he owes to her, he wants her to have this gratification. If Miller Ford's mother is present, she will confer a favor upon us all by coming up to the front.'

You could have heard a pin drop. But when a little, old wrinkled, weather-beaten woman began to struggle forward, and our medalist, putting aside the be-ribboned marshals took her on his own young arm and proudly led her to a front seat, our boys broke into such a cheer as I verily think Alleghan never heard before.

And although Lucien and Henry could not say out in words that they had changed their minds about Miller's being a gentleman, his old mother had two cavaliers at her command for the rest of the day!

## Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage

To do what he knows to be right.  
When he falls in the way of temptation,  
He has a hard battle to fight.  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe.

All honor to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy who says 'No!'

There's many a battle fought daily,

The world knows nothing about.  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.  
And he who fights sin single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle  
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,  
To do what you know to be right.  
Stand firm by the colors of manhood  
And you will overcome in the fight.  
'The right!' be your battle cry ever  
In waging the warfare of life,  
And God, who knows who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the strife.  
—Phoebe Cary.