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superintending their work and extending his list of employers. He paid the boys as liberally as he could, but he would tolerate no loafing or careless work, so that at first he had some trouble in getting satisfactory assistants, but once secured, they seldom left his employ. The time came when he had a long list of such employees, and when a large part of the brass work in the city was under his care—but this was later.

Nan and Little Brother did not come back to the city in the fall. Mr. Scott had never intended that they should if he could prevent it.

Long before the summer was over, Nan had taken a daughter's place in Mrs. Hyde's childless home and Little Brother had become the cherished pet of the household. So warm and deep was the love given to them both that even Nan's sensitive pride could not object to remaining there where she knew that she could give as much as she received in love and service, and with a glad and grateful heart she abandoned all thought of returning to the city, and knew that she had at last found a real home.

But she did not forget her older friend, Theodore, and she told her new friends so much about him that they desired to see and know him also. So it came about that one of her letters to him contained a cordial invitation from Mrs. Hyde for him to spend Thanksgiving week at her home.

Mr. Scott gladly agreed to attend to the club-room and to keep an eye on the polishing business as far as he could, so Theodore accepted the invitation and began to look forward with delight to seeing Little Brother and Nan again.

He could hardly realize that it was he himself—poor Theodore Bryan—who, one bright November morning, sat in the swift-flying car and looked out on the autumn landscape on his way to spend Thanksgiving as Mrs. Hyde's guest, and to see again the two whom he loved to call his "folks."

As the train drew near the station at which he was to stop, Theo wondered who would meet him. He hoped Nan would. Indeed, he felt sure that she would, for, of course, Mrs. Hyde would not know him any more than he would know her.

So, as the cars ran along by the platform, he gazed eagerly out of the car window, and he felt a little chill of disappointment because Nan was nowhere in sight. There was a comfortable carriage in waiting for somebody. He thought that it might be Mrs. Hyde's—but no, that could not be, either, for a big, rosy-cheeked laddie, with mischievous blue eyes, sat on the seat, flourishing a whip in true boyish fashion. That didn't look much like heavy-eyed, white-lipped Little Brother, and there was not a girl anywhere in sight, except a tall, handsome one in a beautiful grey suit trimmed with fur. This girl stood near the carriage and seemed to be watching for some one.

"I do wish Nan had come to meet me," Theo thought, as he stepped off the train, and then the tall girl in the grey suit was looking eagerly into his face, with both hands outstretched, crying,

"Oh, Theo! How glad I am to see you!" and he was seated in the carriage with that rosy-cheeked, merry-faced little laddie, between him and Nan, before he fairly realized that this was Little Brother, grown well and strong, as even Nan had not dared hope he would do in so few months.

And he had not forgotten his old friend either—Little Brother had not—or, if he had, he renewed the friendship very speedily, and during Theo's stay the two were as inseparable as of old.

It was a happy week for Nan, for she could see how Theodore had been growing in the best ways during the months of their separation, and she was not a bit disappointed in him,

but proud to have her new friends know him. And, as for the boy, it was a glimpse into a new life for him—that week in a lovely Christian home. He made up his mind that, sometime, he would have just such a home of his own, and he went back to the city well content to leave these two in such tender hands and amid such delightful surroundings.

(To be Continued.)

AN ESSAY ON GEESSE.

The following composition on geese was written in a western city by a schoolboy:—

Geese is a heavy-set bird with a head on one side and a tail on the other. His feet is set so far back on his running gear that they nearly miss his body. Some geese is ganders and has a curl in his tail. Ganders don't lay or set. They just eat, loaf and go swimming. If I had to be a geese I would rather be a gander. Geese do not give milk, but give eggs, but for me give me liberty or give me death.

"THE DEVIL IS DEAD."

With an air of great importance the small boy of a Sunday School class imparted this happy fact to his teacher. "The devil is dead," he said solemnly. "What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher. "Father said so," exclaimed the boy. "I was standing in the street with him yesterday, when a funeral passed, and wher father saw it he took off his hat and said: 'Poor devil he's dead.'"—(St. Dunstan's "Review," London.)

THE ENGLISHMAN WON.

A good story concerning a conversation between an American and an Englishman, in which the latter scored, was told by General Pershing while he was in London recently.

My countryman (said Pershing) was telling one of yours a tall story about a wonderful sausage-making machine they had in Chicago.

"It's a big affair," he explained, "but quite simple. All you have to do is to drive a pig up a plank, through a hole in a machine, and five minutes later out come thousands of sausages."

"What becomes of the hide?" queried the Englishman.

"The hide, sir?" retorted the American. "Oh, that falls out of another slot in the machine, and out come portmanteaux, purses, or, if you like, shoes, or saddles—merely a matter of turning a screw."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Englishman. "We've used that machine in England for the last thirty-five years. What's more, we've improved on it. Sometimes we found the sausages not up to the standard. Well, what happened? All we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine—"

"Go on!" cried the American. "What happens?"

"Out walks the pig as fit as a fiddle!"

Rebecca, age eight, was very proud of her father's rank as a first lieutenant, and grew quite indignant when a neighbour's boy called him captain. "I'll have you understand that my daddy is not a captain," she said, "he's a lieutenant." "Oh, it doesn't matter," replied the boy, "he is an officer." "Indeed, he is not an officer," she protested. "Yes, dear, a lieutenant is an officer," interrupted Rebecca's mother. "Well," persisted Rebecca, still determined to maintain her daddy's dignity at all cost, "he's not much of an officer."