

very long, though she found it was much easier to draw pictures on her slate than to make letters and words.

Now Cassy is head of the school, and when she leaves next year, she wants to learn to be a teacher, and have a school of her own for other little girls who don't know how to write.

### Barbara's Lawn-party.

Lawn-parties had been the order of the day in Cliffdale. Mrs. Squires, who had a great expanse of green sward, dotted with trees and gay with beds of brilliant flowers, had been first to set the fashion for the season. Bessie and Katharine Squires were at home from their Freshman year in college, and, naturally, there was a rally of the younger ones at their 'fete.' They had tennis and croquet; boats to accommodate those who wanted to row on the river, and a band that discoursed sweet music at intervals from the vine-screened south end of the veranda. Mrs. Moore gave the next party from four to seven, on a Summer's day, in honor of her visiting cousin, a lady from Boston. Here young matrons predominated, and the husbands appeared one by one when trains brought business people home from town. Other lawn parties succeeded these, each with its brightness of coloring; its peculiar form of pleasing entertainment; its rugs spread on the velvet turf; its small tables for refreshments, and its dainty bill of fare. One mother had a birthday party on the lawn for a pair of twins, aged four, and this included every baby who could toddle, and was, on the whole, the liveliest party of all.

Barbara Mace had been a guest at every lawn-party of the summer, and, indeed, wherever there was anything on foot there you might count on meeting Barbara. She was not a girl, but she was not old. She had no wonderful dower of beauty, but her vivid, dark face, sparkling eyes, and ready smile, had a charm beyond mere beauty. Barbara never seemed to be making an effort, or to be leaving an impression, yet she brought sunshine and sweetness with her, by her grace, tact, and real unselfishness, and nothing was complete without her. To Cliffdale, she had come, a stranger, in quest of rest and country food and air, as far back as early April. Now, in September, every one knew her, and she bore in the conservative old village the sway, and exercised the influence of a person whom they had known in that vicinage all their lives. Could Barbara have shown them her precious city home, and introduced them to her wide circle of city friends, the people of Cliffdale would have realized that there, too, she was a social queen.

The tree-toads were singing in the lingering twilight; birds were dropping now and then a single sleepy note, and summer visitors were packing their trunks to go home, when Barbara Mace, coming back from a long tramp in the woods, talked over the past weeks and their joys, with her devoted admirers, Bessie and Katharine Squires.

'Yes,' said the latter, 'it's all been lovely, but I'm rather relieved that it's over. Cliffdale will now resume its normal condition, and it will be rather pleasant to have a breathing-spell, before we go back to Vassar.'

'Breathing-spell!' Bess lifted up her hands in amazement. 'Why sister dear, we have the dentist, and the dressmaker, and the seamstress, and shopping in prospect, and simply no end of things to do. I expect we'll be rushed from now to the last day.'

'We ought to have another lawn-party, girls,' said Barbara, positively.

The girls opened their eyes and stared at her.

'Another! Who would come to it?' cried Bessie.

'I shall be hostess,' said Barbara, again with conviction as who should say, 'Here is a duty I cannot shirk!'

'Where do you purpose having your party, Barbara?' inquired Katharine.

'In Mr. Allaire's apple orchard. I'm sure he'll lend it for the purpose.'

The girls waited for further information. Barbara, as they seated themselves beside her in the arbor where there was so beautiful a view of the sunset, was ready to gratify their curiosity. They had been tramping over the hills, and their hands were full of spoil—mosses, vines, flowers. Their cheeks were flushed with health, their eyes were shining.

All three young women were pictures of vigor and might have posed to an artist who wanted to put on canvas his idea of the joy of life. To each of them just to be living was bliss.

As they sat on one of the arbor seats, three girls of their own age passed, sauntering down the path, on their way to the shore of the river. Bessie nodded carelessly. 'How tired they look!' she observed.

Tired they did indeed look, Mrs. Squires' Maggie, Mrs. Parks' Susan, Mrs. Wilmer's Norah. All three had been broiling over stoves, and working in steaming laundries for many weeks. Their share of the summer had been to serve others in humble ministry.

They had been well paid, but their labor had been unremitting. Mr. Wilmer usually reached home so late that Norah seldom had an evening. The Parks' household had been continually augmented by company, and Susan had felt worn out for weeks. As for Maggie, the Squires' sisters were well aware that life in their home was no sinecure for the housemaid, although they had a cook and coachman besides.

'Girls,' said Barbara, 'I'm going to give a lawn party for the maids. We'll invite them, some of us will wait on them, others will manage their work at home, and we'll combine the affair with an evening for the housekeepers, who have been taking boarders all summer, and have been left out of the four.'

'Aren't you afraid the maids will be spoiled?' asked Katharine timidly.

'No, dear,' was Barbara's reply. 'Loving kindness and Christian charity never spoiled anybody since the world began.'

The three lingered long outdoors, and when they parted, their plans were outlined. At Bessie's suggestion, Barbara gave up her idea of an added party in the evening for the housekeepers. It was decided to have a big lawn-party, and to make it a picnic, in which social distinctions should be ignored and class lines obliterated. And the heft of the work, the real hard part, was to be done, not by the maids, but by the mistresses; not by the busiest women, but by those who had the most leisure.

Thursday was chosen as the least onerous day of the week, between Monday's washing, Tuesday's ironing and Wednesday's baking. It usually erected a temporary barrier, before Friday's sweeping and Saturday's scrubbing, and alas! Sunday's feasting, came flooding in. Barbara went about in person giving her invitations, and everywhere she left a trail of pleased excitement behind her.

'The saints bless her swate face,' exclaimed Maggie at the Squires', and the sentiment was echoed everywhere else. Barbara's scheme met enthusiastic general approval.

She went about among the girls she knew and pressed into service those who had particular accomplishments, and she did not omit a lad or two, who might have something to contribute.

'The guests of the day will wish to rest,' she said, 'but they will also want to be amused.'

So Tim Squires was asked to give a solo on his banjo, and Lucy Halsted performed on the harp, and Bessie Squires was put on the programme for a recitation. The soft rugs and the easy chairs and rockers, the little tables, and the pretty tea equipages, were taken to the Allaire orchard. Never were sandwiches more delicately made, nor was chocolate more beautifully frothed and crowned with whipped cream till every cup was ambrosial, while the fragrance of the freshly-made tea was like incense.

'There are women here who brew their tea for an hour,' said Barbara, steeping her leaves for just two minutes in the merrily boiling water. 'I have known them to "wet the tea," as they called it, at four o'clock for a six o'clock supper. Two hours beforehand that was. It was concentrated bitterness, as you may fancy.'

Tea and chocolate, buns, dainty biscuits, scones, sandwiches and cake, with ice cream at the end of the 'fete,' made a repast that was fit for any one on earth. The guests enjoyed it, and enjoyed the music and the fun and all the merry-making. On only one point, they took a firm stand.

'We'll help you clear it up, Miss Barbara,' they said.

'We will, indeed, Barbara dear,' added Mrs. Allaire, whose house was full of boarders from garret to cellar.

'Indeed, and you will not,' was Barbara's answer. 'You are to go home properly from my party, and never mind the clearing away.'

She had her own views and she carried them out. The youths and maidens were there to lend a hand, and possibly some of them gained a notion hitherto unknown of the number of steps, the number of dishes, and the number of separate individual hindrances that always go to the clearing away of a meal, to say nothing of the work there is in getting one ready. Barbara's lawn-party was the cap-sheaf of the Cliffdale season.—'Christian Herald.'

### Two Fortune's.

(From the French of Coppée.)

Two sisters with their arms entwined, there stand

Before a fortune-teller, bowed with age,  
Who slowly turns with feeble, faltering hand  
The cards prophetic, like a mystic page.

One dark, one fair, and both as fresh as morn;

One like the flower which blooms in Autumn late,

The other like to Spring's pale, sad first-born,  
Together there they wait to learn their fate.

'In life, alas! I see no joy for thee,'

The gipsy said to her, the dark-eyed maid;  
'Tell me, I pray, will he at least love me?'

'Yes.'—'That' alone is happiness,' she said.

'Love on thy heart shall shed no gladdening ray.'

The gipsy said to her with snow-white brow;

'Shall I love him at least, tell me, I pray?'

'Yes.'—'Then for "me" will that be bliss enow.'

### Unconscious Influence.

(By A. P. Hodgson.)

A twelve-year-old girl was once travelling in a railway coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there was a general feeling of uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby on the train, and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle, and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this: 'What is unconscious influence?' Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define. Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a travelling man. He shook off the rain and the sleet from his overcoat, and looked pleasantly round on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man by the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt the rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby which made it willing to sit on the seat while its mother rested. The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

'What a nice young man!' she said.

'Yes,' answered her father, 'he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it.'