

had dresses all alike; from the four were manufactured the two. These suits were corded with satin to match which had once been white pieces of the trimming of their own mother's wedding dress, a skimpy affair of fine white alpaca, which Kitty had found ripped up and rolled in a bundle. Divining what it was, she was about to replace it, when her husband came in, and seeing how matters stood, told her that he knew nothing would have pleased the children's mother more than to see them wearing it. The white satin took a lovely shade of navy blue, and the alpaca was dyed a soft, warm tint of grey and trimmed with crimson cord, for Margaret the third girl, who was a dark little gypsy and looked specially well in it. Jean was made happy with a dress of a really exquisite shade of pale olive, for which Mrs. Ford bought some pretty gimp, which, as the color of the goods, was one of the very newest to be seen anywhere, made the dress look like anything but what it was, viz., an old pale grey beige faded to a mournful yellow tinge. It was very ample though, and made up "very stylish and becoming," as Miss Prissy remarked.

These four dresses were a week's work for Miss Prissy and her employer; but the little mother found time in the evenings to attend, as she said, to the family hats. The two youngest had black straw of a pretty good shape, but very dusty-looking and sun-bleached. Mother Kitty, however, to the great amusement of the children, produced her varnish bottle, and after thoroughly brushing the hats, gave them two good coats of shoe polish. The girls exclaimed that they looked like new, but the old trimming was quite worthless and Kitty had to set her brain to work to devise some. From a corner of the inexhaustible garret she exhumed a handbox filled with old-fashioned finery which had belonged to the children's grandmother. Two pairs of hideous yellow and white checked bonnet strings, of however very good quality, when dipped in the navy dye, came out a very pretty mixture of two shades of blue, in checks so nearly alike in color as to be almost invisible. The black hats were trimmed with well wired bows of this, and looked freshness personified. Jean's last year's chapeau was quite presentable; but poor Madge was found to have no hat at all, so Kitty bought for her a wide grey straw and trimmed it with a frayed bias ruche of thin crimson silk.

"That's very pretty, my love," said Mr. Ford, laying a deferential finger on the soft mass of fluffiness as it lay in his wife's lap. "Where did you get it?"

"Well," said Kitty, "I found it up-stairs. I think it was used formerly to line the book case doors."

"Oh, yes," said Madge, "and then Nan slammed the door one day after getting out a book, and upset a bottle of ink. No one knew it, and it trickled all the afternoon all

over the silk; and then Debbie took it off and now there's none."

"To be sure," said her father, with a glance at the door in question, now blankly exposing its not very presentable contents through the uncovered glass. But I had no idea the old silk was such a pretty color as that. However, I am not a great hand at noticing things."

A smile flickered for a moment round Mrs. Kitty's dimples, as if she could explain matters if she would, but she said not a word.

After making the children temporarily presentable and getting them some plainer clothes made for school, Mrs. Ford's next care was the house, and now she hardly knew where to begin. She had declined taking part in any parish work for a month or two, and Debbie was quite competent to do all the housework, but there was so much lacking that Kitty often doubted whether her \$30 would go any distance at all towards a better state of things. She was just about to make a beginning, when Mr. Ford was called away from home on business to be absent two weeks, and his wife at once made up her mind that all that could possibly be done in the time should be accomplished before he came back.

About a week before, Mrs. Ford told Debbie that she wanted to begin cutting and sewing carpet rags.

"We must have new carpet, Debbie," she said, "and there are plenty of rags. But oh! the cutting and sewing. What a time it will take."

Debbie suddenly wheeled round from the dishpan. "I declare to goodness!" she exclaimed, "if I didn't clean forget." "Forget what?" asked Kitty, wondering.

"Why, up in the left-hand corner of the garret, clear back under the eaves, there's a barrel of rags all ready sewed and wound in two pound balls. Twenty eight of them there is, or I'm mistaken."

"How splendid!" But I don't see, said Kitty, "why in the world you didn't use them. I'm sure you needed carpet."

"Yes," said Debbie, as she meditatively polished a glass, but 'twas this way. A year before the first Mrs. Ford died, she was laid up in the house all winter and took a fit of sewing rags. We had an awful lot and we made quite a bit of carpet, picking out all the best looking rags. But after that, all the others were such mortal sad colors, that we couldn't use 'em no way, 'thout something to brighten them up, and I thought mebber the Turkish Dyes would help us out with 'em." "Of course they will," said Mrs. Ford. "We will skein them up in skeins this evening and dye them to-morrow. The different colored dyes we have left over in bottles will do nicely, and we will open two or three packets of bright colors besides, as we have so many rags."

The two weeks flew quickly by, but Mrs. Ford and Debbie worked almost night and

When you want a dye you can recommend, use Turkish.