

way, Jen screeched at that mouse, and cried and had an awful time. 'Course one of the boys up and told I did it, and then she got mad. I said I was sorry, but that didn't seem to make any difference, but I think it ought to. If a fellow's sorry, and says so, seems as if he ought to be forgiven a little."

But forgiveness was far from the hearts of Jill and Jen, and no doubt the feud would still be on had it not been for Tootsie. Tootsie was Billee's small sister, a most wilful young lassie with a desire for running away that amounted almost to a passion. Doors had to be well shut and gates locked when Miss Tootsie was loose, or she would be most suddenly and utterly missing.

So it happened upon a day that Jill and Jen, having been on a visit to their grandmother, were coming home across the park, and when most across they saw this small little figure creeping slowly along as if very tired, and most decidedly lost.

"That looks just like Tootsie Danby", said Jill, craning her head for a better view.

"It can't be, way up here", said Jen, "but let's run and look".

When they came alongside, behold it was the one and only Tootsie.

"Why, Tootsie Danby, what are you doing here?" said Jill.

"I yunned away", replied Tootsie, flinging herself on to the girls. "I yunned away, but I wants my supper. Tootsie is awfil tired."

"You poor baby, I should think you would be", said Jen. Then to Jill, "However will we get her home?"

"I know; we'll make an arm chair." So, interlacing their hands and arms in the well known chair of childhood's days, they lifted the tired Tootsie and started towards home.

While yet some way from home, they saw a small boy, with hat all awry and anxiety and fear stamped on his face, tearing down the street.

"That's Billee now," said Jen. "Whatever will we do, 'cause we're mad at him. Well, I guess it don't make any difference now, when we've found his sister. Prob'ly his mother is frightened nearly to death about Tootsie now. Let's call."

So the flying William was greeted with a shout of:

"Billee! we've got her safe and sound. Ho, Billee."

But already Billee's sharp eyes had seen the small procession, and soon he was holding Tootsie fast in his own arms, while he stammered out:

"Oh! I say, ain't you two girls great to lug that heavy child all the way home; and say, Jill, I'm awfully sorry about that mouse, honest I didn't know you'd scare so easy or so bad."

"Oh, it's no matter", said Jill, bravely, with an inward shiver as she remembered how very cold and smooth that mouse had felt in her pocket. "But you, Tootsie, you'd better be careful about running away, 'cause Jen and I might not be there another time."

Her Daily Bread

A little girl in a wretched attic, whose sick mother had no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and said slowly, "Give us this day our daily bread". Then she went into the street, and began to wonder where God kept his bread. She turned round the corner, and saw a large, well filled baker's shop.

"This", thought Nettie, "is the place". So she entered confidently, and said to the baker, "I've come for it".

"Come for what?"

"My daily bread," she said, pointing to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two, if you please—one for mother and one for me."

"All right", said the baker, putting them into a bag, and giving them to his little customer, who started at once into the street.

The baker cried out, "Stop, and give me your money".

"I haven't any", she said, simply.

"Then what brought you here?" asked the baker.

At these words she burst into tears, and told the man her confidence in God, whom she had asked for her daily bread. "I thought God meant me to fetch it, and so I came." The baker, who was a rough man and did not love God, broke down in tears, and bade the girl take the bread. He learned to know God through the little girl's faith, and thus she was rewarded openly.