

Who Took It?

BY CHARLOTTE ARCHER RANEY.

Mamma Bell took the last stitch in the cobwebby lace, dropped her crochet hook in the drawer at her side, and, spreading the delicate, filmy fabric out on her white apron, and leaned back in her chair and gazed doubtfully at it.

"It will have to be washed," she decided, at last. "The perspiration from my hands, careful as I tried to be, has soiled it more than I thought, and mother likes everything to be daintily clean."

So the beautiful gossamer lace was tenderly cleansed with white soap and the softest water, the twins, Beth and Bea, watching with interest every move of their mamma's deft fingers, until at last it swung in the sunshine on a lower limb of an early Crawford peach tree in the back yard.

Then the twins went to their playhouse under the old sweet apple tree, and thought no more of the matter until their mother called them, two hours later, to help her hunt the lace.

"You are sure you have not seen the lace, girls?" questioned the mother.

"Oh, yes, quite sure. We have not left the sweet apple tree in all that time."

Again and again they all three hunted over every inch of the yard, out into the barn lot, and even out into the roadside, but not a trace could they find of the missing lace.

"It certainly looks as if some one had stolen that lace," commented Mamma Bell, with anxious brow and troubled eyes; "only there has been no person on the place to-day."

"Oh, yes, mamma: Bettie Martin came over just after you hung up the lace. She stayed an hour with us under the apple tree," said Beth.

"Did she come through the back yard?" said Mrs. Bell.

"Y-e-s," answered Beth slowly, and her eyes sank to the ground and filled with tears.

"Well," said Mrs. Bell, "Bettie Martin is a good child, and she never took that lace. We will never allow ourselves even to think of such a possibility."

But as she spoke she looked into the eyes of her two daughters, and in their clear, pure depths, she read the distrust they could not altogether hide, and they had read the same in her own eyes. And suppose they were blaming Bettie Martin wrongfully; how dreadful that would be!

And so the summer moved along in rather a dreary way to the twins, who loved Bettie Martin, but could not help suspecting her. When the early Crawford peaches were ripe, Mrs. Bell went out one day to pick some for the tea table. As usual, the biggest and ripest were on the topmost branches, and Beth clambered up the tree to secure them. When she had gathered the peaches and turned to come down, she saw a sight which caused her to drop her basket of peaches and cry out, excitedly: "Oh, mamma, look! look! look! It was the robin stole the lace you knit for Grandma Hill, and dear Bettie Martin did not touch it at all. Oh, I am so glad, so glad!"

The hidden burden of doubt and distrust lifted from the hearts of the three; one of them made solemn resolve, there and then, never again to doubt another on circumstantial evidence.

Sure enough, in the forks of one of the topmost limbs swayed softly an empty robin's nest, and woven deftly out and in among its meshes was the length of filmy lace, discolored by the sun and storm and dew.—United Presbyterian.

Lord's Prayer in Thirty-two Languages.

The Russians now have possession of the Mount of Olives, the spot where the Lord's Prayer was first uttered. The apex of the mount is nearly 300 feet above the hill upon which Jerusalem is built, 2,700 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and 3,900 feet above the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. On this elevation, upon the exact spot which tradition says the prayer was first spoken, the Carmelite sisters have, through the kindness of Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who furnished the necessary funds, built a large convent. The exact, or what is claimed to be the exact, spot pressed by our Saviour's feet on that celebrated occasion, is marked by a pure white polished marble cross, and the walls of the convent have the prayer inscribed on them in thirty-two different languages. In some instances the letters forming the prayer are engraved in marble panels; in others they are letters of wood glued to backgrounds suitable to their colors. The Russian portion of this wonderful collection of inscriptions is said to be in letters of pure gold, each capital stem being six and one fourth inches long and four fifths of an inch in width. Among the languages which one could hardly expect to find represented are the Hebrew, the Chinese, the Coptic, the Tartarian and Japanese. The Arabian, as if it had been a task to relinquish Mohammedanism, ends with "Great is Christ." Missionary Outlook.

The Little Girl's Prayer.

A little girl was visiting a friend of her mother's; at nightfall, just before retiring, as had been her custom at home, she knelt beside this friend's knee to repeat her evening prayer. She waited to be prompted as she had been by her mother, but, receiving no response from this lady, she looked up and said: "Dear God, please excuse me, for I have forgotten my prayer, and this lady don't know any."

Christian people are to walk humbly before their God. It may be that there is not enough of preaching and teaching on humility. The humble only can receive the grace of God.

Frail Little Ones.

THEIR HOLD UPON LIFE IS SLIGHT,
AND MOTHERS HAVE A GREAT
RESPONSIBILITY.

Every baby—every little one—requires constant care and watchfulness, and when a trace of illness is noticeable, the remedy should be promptly applied. The little ones are frail. Their hold on life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing all other medicines for the cure of children's ailments. They are purely vegetable and guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous drugs such as form the base of most so-called "soothing" medicines. For sour stomach, colic, simple fever, constipation, all bowel troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms, these Tablets are without an equal. They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles, and gently but effectively remove the cause and bring back the condition of perfect, hearty health. Every mother who has used these Tablets for her little ones praises them, which is the best evidence of their great worth. Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I gratefully recommend them to other mothers. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets. If he does not keep them, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box prepaid." We have a valuable little booklet on the care of children and how to treat their minor ailments, which we will send free of charge to any mother who asks for it. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help to give it.

As a rule it is much better to sip water than to swallow a glassful at one draught.

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