

strangely familiar. Who was it? Whom did he resemble? And then she knew that, as much as a man can look like a woman, this man before her with the bandaged arm looked like her own dear 'mam-sie.'

'It was not your voice which made me call you back,' said Uncle Robert, a little later, 'though that is as sweet as a bobolink's—it was your mother's eyes—a certain trick of expression or something which recalled your mother to my mind. And in this blessed way, after all these years, I have really found my twin sister at last.'

A few days later the injured man was removed from the hospital on the hill to the little three-roomed house on a quiet street, and Mrs. Wayne, with heart full of happiness and hands of sisterly gentleness, acted as nurse to her only brother, and saw, as in a dream, all her care and poverty fall away from her life. Uncle Robert was not rich, but moderately well-to-do, enough so, at least, to make the college dream an actual possibility to Ruby, and to smooth her mother's life as neither of them had ever dared to hope.

Ruby has a home of her own now, but each Sunday afternoon she goes to the hospital with her tall, earnest-faced husband and a tiny, blue-eyed girl—and how she sings! More sweetly, more tenderly, more sympathetically than ever, for new joys have shaped her life into ripe completeness.

### How it Came About.

It started with Tom's saying that he liked popcorn. Harry said he liked it, too. John said that he liked it better than most anything else.

Miss Trueman sat and thought for a moment. She had finished teaching her Sunday-school class for that day. Very shortly the superintendent's bell would ring and school would close. She had only a minute for thinking. Then she proposed something new.

'Wouldn't you all like to come to my house next Friday evening for an hour, to play games and pop some corn?'

'Yes'm, Yes'm, Yes'm!' came in unison from the seven boys on the settees before her. It was astonishing how quickly they heard that proposition. Even though Jimmie was showing a picture to Richard and Philip was whispering to Robert, somehow they all heard and all replied at once.

Miss Trueman couldn't help thinking that it would be nice if they would all answer in that way when she asked them some question about the lesson. However, she was glad that they liked her plan.

They proved that it met with their favor, for when Friday evening came there was rather a loud ring at the front door, and the opening of the door revealed seven very boyish boys standing near it.

Like the Ruggleses in the 'Bird's Christmas Carol,' they all tried to be polite, but Harry, perhaps, by mistake, managed to step on Jimmie's toe as they passed into the entrance hall. There was a smothered 'Oh!' from Jimmie and a quick blush on his face as well as on Harry's, but, of course, Miss Trueman didn't see these things. She had learned the art of over-looking.

'Come right in,' was her welcome, 'I'm very glad to see you. I have a famous fire in the fire-place in the sitting-room. It's exactly right for popping, and here's the popper all ready for you. Who'll begin?' Tom began. He always began whether fun or work was in prospect. Some boys are born to be leaders.

Everyone knows that it is simply wonderful how much the average boy can eat when he tries. Miss Trueman thought that evening that the boys tried. Anyhow the pop-corn disappeared and so did a number of rosy apples.

After these had been disposed of there was still a short time left for games. Richard proposed 'Going to Jerusalem.' He was at once appointed to play the piano, he being musical, while others marched around five chairs, all scrambling for seats whenever the music stopped short, and one of them being, naturally, always left out in the cold. Their marching was accompanied by a dirge-like chorus, 'Going to Jerusalem,' 'Going to Jerusalem.'

The boys thought it great fun. They were not tired of it when the big clock in the hall struck eight and they were thus warned that the time for which their invitation extended had expired.

'No matter,' Tom announced, 'I'm going to ask my mother if you can't all come to my house next week and play something else. She knows how to think of things, my mother does.' 'Do you want Miss Trueman, too?' this from Philip. 'Of course I do, if I ask anybody.' Isn't she the head of the thing?

The boys said 'Good evening,' very politely. Once outside the house they gave three rousing cheers for Miss Trueman. She heard them and felt that the hour had been well spent.

The following morning Tom extended his invitation for the next Friday to the other boys and also to his teacher. He positively couldn't wait any longer than that, for hadn't his mother thought of several capital things to go, and hadn't she promised to make ole cooks? Do you know what they are? They are fried cakes, shaped round, and they always have raisins in them. They are warranted to please every boy who tastes them.

On Sunday Miss Trueman had a most attentive class. Within a week the boys had taken a long stride in making the acquaintance of their teacher.

Friday evening found them one and all at Tom's house. Pencil games entered largely into the programme of entertainment. One of these they called 'Wriggles.' Miss Trueman was requested to make a mark of any shape she might choose upon a sheet of paper and then copy it upon eight other pieces, for Tom's mother was playing and each one needed a separate sheet of paper.

The mark that Miss Trueman made was very black. Each player used it as the starting point of a picture whatever his imagination could devise and his pencil portray. The boys exchanged pictures and then displayed them. Some were very funny and some quite artistic. The boys enjoyed the game, as they said, 'immensely.'

Just before the close of the hour Tom's mother read one or two interesting items from the evening newspaper and there followed a short chat about 'current events.' 'I like this sort of thing,' Tom exclaimed, not exactly defining what sort of thing he liked, 'I move we keep it up. Everybody in favor say "Aye." Everyone seemed to understand and approve the motion. It was agreed that there should be a weekly meeting of the class and that if the mothers were willing the boys should meet at their several homes, in turn. The mothers proved to be willing and the result was that Miss Trueman's class had a very happy winter. They came to know each other and

their teacher better, and so there was more sympathy between them.

When Philip was laid up for four weeks with a sprained ankle all the meetings were held at his father's house, and the four evenings given to them were the bright spots in that tedious time. While he was keeping quiet he thought out a plan for helping some other boy who might be housed like himself and, unlike him, be homeless. This plan was duly laid before the class.

It was nothing more nor less than that they should save what money they could through the winter for the benefit of a child in the children's hospital. The sum they raised was not large, but it went to brighten a shadowed life, and so considered it was inestimable. When spring came the boys felt they had received more through their meeting together than they had given, and Miss Trueman felt that in coming to know her class thoroughly she had gained most attentive scholars.—Mary J. Porter, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

### Straws,

'Why didn't you keep that boy?' asked one merchant of another, referring to a boy who had applied for a position in his office.

'I tried him, but he wrote all morning with a hair on his pen. I don't want a boy who hasn't sufficient gumption to remove a hair from a pen.'

'That was a very slight reason for which to condemn a lad.'

'Pardon me, but I think it is a very sufficient reason. There was a hair on the pen when he began to write, for I put it there to test him. I am satisfied that I read his character from that one thing.'

'I didn't keep her because her finger nails would turn her down anywhere,' said one member of a law firm to another in response to a question about a stenographer and typewriter whom he had on trial. 'She was a competent person, I think, but her nails—he shrugged his shoulders, and the subject was dropped.

'Oh, yes, she wrote a good letter,' said the same man, speaking of another applicant. 'There was one thing I didn't like, and that more than counterbalanced the good points in her application. I don't want a typewriter who is careless about her machine. Her letters were blurred; her machine needed cleaning. If she wasn't careful enough to clean her typewriter when writing a letter of such importance to herself, she would be sure to be slovenly in her every-day work.'

'I can't stand his voice. I'd as lief hear a buzz-saw,' said a man about a boy who applied for a position in his office.

'Tell that young woman we can't take her. She wears too many rings for us,' said an editor-in-chief to his associate, speaking of a lady who was seeking a position as sub-editor.

One might go on indefinitely quoting similar cases. Trifles, perhaps some young man or woman may call them. But in reality they are no trifles, and in the business world nothing is trifling. Even straws may serve to show which way the wind blows.—A. L. R., in 'Wellspring.'

### ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER.

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