

and give it to me and says, "Take that to Mr. Parker, and if what you say is true, all right; but if you've been collecting money under false premises, I'll have you sent to the house of c'rection."

As she finished her story Mary Lizzie produced the letter, much crumpled and soiled from contact with her tear-dampened handkerchief. Mr. Parker glanced at it, and then looked up in amazement.

'Don't you know what a check is?' he asked.

'Yes. I've checked packages when I was a cash at the Bee Hive. But that isn't a check.'

'Mary, Colonel Bair has put into my hands as a trustee enough to send Mr. Wicks and the whole family to the country for the whole summer, and something more besides.'

Two weeks later it was Miss Ann Royal's turn to draw her breath with a quick gasp of wonder over a letter that came to her, just as Janet Wicks had done over the same sort of letter that came to her. The minister's wife had written it, so that Miss Ann might not be humiliated by receiving what she called charity. This was the letter.

My Dear Miss Ann: Will you not allow me to reach out into our friendship far enough to offer you the enclosed? It is not my money that I am sending you; it has been hallowed already by having been given to the King, and I am only passing it on to you.

I know you need rest from the hard work which you have done so bravely for all these years. Just drop everything, and go to your old home, in the country for as long a time as you can. I am not going to sign my name to this; only let me say that I am one who loves you and one who is, like yourself,

A Daughter of the King.

'It's more than you deserve, Ann Royal,' she said to herself, as she wiped her eyes. Miss Ann had lived so much alone that she often held animated conversations with herself.

'Here only last week,' she went on, 'you were grumbling because you had to work such long hours, when you know it was a blessing that the daylight lasts so long now that you needn't buy any oil. And now you are a regular aristocrat, going off for a long vacation. But, Ann Royal,' she shook herself sharply erect as she spoke, 'you wouldn't think of going off to enjoy that money all alone, would you? Go straight to Mary Lizzie Moore's and divide up with her. Let her go to the country, too.'

Mary Lizzie sat blissfully smoothing out the crisp bills which lay in her lap after Miss Ann had gone back to her own room.

'Catch me going to the country!' she said. 'Why, I'd die of lonesomeness! I'm going to get a lovely new dress, I am; one like they have in the show-window at the Bee Hive. I'm going down to the beach. I'll catch onto a different excursion every day. I'll go to the merry-go-round every night, and I'll ride all the time. And I'll go to the bicycle railway, and the crystal maze, and the roller toboggan slide. I'll have ice-cream for breakfast and for every other meal.'

'Why, Mary, I thought you were going off for a vacation!' Mr. Parker exclaimed, a week later, when Mary Lizzie, in the same faded dress she had worn on the day of her visit to Colonel Bair, came into his library.

'I did go down to Light House Point with the Third Ward Tigers on Monday,' she said.

'I think I could find you a pleasanter company than that,' Mr. Parker began.

'Oh, the crowd was all right. One of the men swum out in the surf till they thought he'd drown; and there was some men on the boat that's going to vote the other ticket, and they almost had a fight. McMullin's independent Club is going down to-morrow.'

It was evident that Mary Lizzie was not seeking advice on the question of excursions.

'Say, Mr. Parker,' she broke out, 'can't there be something done for that baby of Mrs. Fogle's?'

'Why, I thought it was well again! Hasn't Doctor Creigan been attending it?'

'It was better till the hot weather came back last week, and now it's worse'n ever. I just believe it'll die, like all the rest! It



'I SASSED 'EM BACK.'

cries 'most all the time. Monday the last thing I heard when I went down the hall was its little, weak cry. I couldn't get it out of my ears all day. I heard it all the time the orchestra was playing on the boat, and at the beach I could hear it like it was out in the waves. It's crying now. I can't have a vacation if that baby's going to die! See?

'But it ain't, going to die!' she added fiercely; 'not if I can help it. I've brought you the money Miss Ann Royal give me—what's left. I wish I hadn't spent some of it. They took the dress back, 'cause I used to work in the store. There is twenty-two dollars and thirteen cents. Won't that do some good?'

'Mary, you dear girl, it will do some good! I am sure you'll get more money, if you can give like this! But you've been planning to do so many things with this money; can you give them up?'

'I reckon I can give 'em up better'n the baby can. See? Besides, I've got to get that crying out of my ears, or I'll be nervous prostrated.'

Three weeks later, when Doctor Creigan and Mr. Parker were visiting the Sanitarium, as they had come to call the little colony of sick babies and children at the old

Royal farmhouse, Colonel Bair's private car ran on the switch to wait for the passing of a freight-train. Mr. Parker persuaded him to come up to the porch, where it was cooler, and to see the crowd of convalescent children. He took but languid interest, however, until Mr. Parker asked him whether he had ever made a better investment.

'What have I to do with this?' he asked.

'Not everything, but the principal subscription is yours.'

'How's that? I thought I gave that money to the girl for my man Wicks.'

'So you did, and the doctor and I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars of it at once, to come up here and camp out. They are on that high ground. He sent back fifty dollars because they didn't need so much. We gave that to Ann Royal, a woman who was working herself to death in the city, to come back where she was born for a rest. She divided her gift with the same little girl who came to see you. The girl gave practically all her share to get the first of these sick babies out of the heat of the tenement. We took some other money that was given us afterwards to buy milk, ice and other supplies. We are paying the Wicks family, who rented the farm, and paying Miss Ann Royal, too, for the work they do in caring for these children out of the other hundred you gave for Wicks.'

'You don't mean that you have supported a family, given a poor woman a vacation, and brought all this mob of young ones out here on that two hundred and fifty dollars?'

'That and a very little more.'

'Mr. Parker, you ought to have been a railway man. If I had got hold of you before you went to preaching, I could have trained you so there wouldn't have been a sharper superintendent in the State.'

'The doctor had as much to do with it as I had, and the girl had more to do with getting it started than either of us.'

'Where is that little hustler of a girl who got the money in the first place? Isn't she going to have any of the fun? I call that shabby! Bring her up here and make some sort of place for her. I don't know but I'll have to make a railway man of her. But anyway, we'll establish a vacation fund, and you may call it for the Old Mogul, if you like. Only keep the farmhouse filled with babies all summer long, and have that girl here to help take care of them. There's that freight whistling.'

'Tis Time You Began to Care.

They are dying by millions! yes, millions!

All over the world's wide lands,
In Africa, India and China.

Can you sit with idle hands?

They grope for a light in their darkness;

They call on their gods for aid;
There is no one to tell them of Jesus
And the sinner's debt which He paid.

None did I say? 'Twas an error;

For God has a few lights there!

But when it's not three in a million,

'Tis time you began to care.

—'Missionary News.'

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