

SELF-DENIAL WEEK

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

Rob Trask stood at the farm house window, looking across the meadows...

"What does she get out of it? She is a fairly good little thing; she doesn't lie nor steal, but no more do I. She goes to church like a deacon, but I'm sure, but I declare, on week days, I don't see any great difference between us. She can get as huffy as anybody if you tease her, and she is no fonder of extra work than the rest of the world."

"But Mrs. Trask had long ago ceased to follow him. So, with a shrug of his shoulders, he lounged out of the room, off somewhere to the barn or the orchard."

"Meantime Mart, up in her little chamber was talking off her Sunday attire for the following week, and she was thinking very hard all the while. Not pleasant thoughts they were apparently, from the crease between her eye-brows and the droop at the corners of her mouth."

"Miss Kate asked me if I understood what self-denial week meant. I told her yes. And so I do. But what is the good of understanding? There isn't any way for bound girls to earn money, or to save it up. I can't give anything."

"She shook her head hopefully. Her mind had been busy with the problem all the way home; she knew that she need not enter into it again."

"No, I'll not have any more than just the one cent penny Mrs. Trask gives me every Sunday. I believe I'll stay away."

"But her conscience objected to this. And Mrs. Trask really did try to follow her, sometimes, though it was rather an ignorant one."

"That would not help any. That would just cheat God out of a cent, and besides, Mrs. Kate says, she marks folks every time they stay home from church, and worries over it, unless he knows it is all right, and they couldn't help it. He would know I was just playing off. I've got to go to the store, dear. I could only find some money somewhere."

"She went down stairs to get a table for supper. Half an hour later Rob came in."

"Well, Miss Grumpy Pumps," he said, after a look at her face, "was there a general up-stair this afternoon? I did, they pigs round perambulations around the dining room?"

"Mart's mouth shut tightly; she designed to answer."

DOROTHY'S LUNCH.

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

Dorothy Willis settled back in her seat, as the train started, with a sigh of content. She was actually on her way to the city for a whole day's fun and shopping."

"It had been looking forward to this trip all the long, busy summer. It was to be her one outing for the year for the heavy mortgage on the Willis farm made mere pleasure impossible. But there was shopping that must be done in the city, and mother had said that Dorothy should be the one to go, so she had been saving up her pennies for all summer. She had found time to pick some berries, and she had gathered chestnuts to sell. She had a little money in one corner of her purse—just for reckless extravagance," she said.

"I know that you will think I am dreadfully foolish," she said to her mother, "but I'm going into Delaney's to lunch. Delaney was the most aristocratic place in the city, and charged accordingly. You almost had to pay for the privilege of passing on the sidewalk. It was a real treat, and it looks so lovely. It smells so good, too, clear out on the street. Somehow a put-up lunch goes down dreadfully hard after that. I'd like once in my while to play a rich, and could have just what I wanted."

"Very well, my dear," answered her mother, "do as you please. We should be more than glad to give you all you want. It hurts us both to the quick, my daughter, to have you work so hard, and be denied so many things, but—"

"Don't say another word, Mother Willis," cried Dorothy. "You know I'm happy as the day is long, most of the time, and I'll work ten times harder, and live on potatoes and salt, before I'd swap my blessed father and mother for any millionaires on the face of the earth. I only want to be foolish once for half an hour or so."

So Dorothy had picked berries, and gotten up early to tramp off after chestnuts, and all by itself in one corner of her purse was a crisp new dollar bill for forty cents."

She had amused herself and the family planning her lunch."

"If you don't come home, Dorothy," said her brother Tom, "we shall know just what the trouble is—you've died of indigestion. I should expect to find you such a conglomerate into my stomach."

"I'm pretty healthy," laughed Dorothy. "I guess I can stand it for once."

"But now the long looked for day has come—Dorothy was really on her way."

"It was just nine o'clock when she reached the city and started on her shopping. Such a long list as she had, and there was so much running about, to be sure and get the best bargains."

"I shall have a fine appetite," she thought, for she had been much too excited to eat her breakfast properly."

KATIE.

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

"If you please, mistress, canna ye gie a purr lassie work to do?" Here the pleading voice broke a little. "Ye see, miss, the strain had been too for me. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. I didn't get just what I planned, but it was even more indigestible if anything," replied Dorothy, with a happy little laugh; and that was all she would say about it."

"It may have been filling at the time but it doesn't seem to have stayed by you very well," said Tom, dryly, as he watched Dorothy eat her supper."

"The woman on the steps of the little Dakota home looked up apathetically, hardly hearing the words or noting their import. The girl's voice again broke the stillness."

"Ye dinna ken, mistress; canna ye gie me a work, and a bite and a sup for the week? I have walked as far, and I am sair wearied wi' it." The sweet voice grew pathetic; this time the woman had heard, but still looked apathetically at the girl."

"Say, lass, I canna gie anything, I am sair troubled myself, and I canna pay for the wage to any; nay, nay, I canna, I canna." And she relapsed into hopeless brooding thought again."

"Ye manna be ill, mistress," the girl said, looking thoughtfully at the wan face and listless eyes. "Ye manna be ailing; and ye manna let me come in and help ye a bit. It's no way I'll ask, just a bite and a sup forement meal time."

"Ye dinna ken, ye canna enter here. There's sair sickness, and 'tis sair tired and troubled I be, lass, but no sair dallas to let ye in. Ye dinna want the fever, lass, and I dinna want twa to care for instead o' one. Nay, lass, nay, as the girl pushed the woman gently aside and entered the door."

"Ye manna let ye sair, mistress," the gentle voice said, "but if ye are sair troubled and burdened, then it is for me to help ye both the quick and the slow. The Master tell us in his Bilk to bear each other's burdens. The girl spoke softly, but with quiet insistence, and as she spoke she took off her sunbonnet, the face was drawn with pain and flushed with fever, the bright eyes met hers, and she went into the room and to the bedside."

"It is sair pain ye are bearin'," she said, gently, with infinite compassion in her eyes as she looked at Katie's face before her. "But I ken how to ease to the pain. I cared for my ainfeather lang, and be theelst name could comfort ye as well as me. And Katie softly moved the bed head to a cooler place upon the pillows, and straightened the mangled bedclothes. "Noo, I manna get ye to drink, for ye are sair parchit wi' thirst," and she went out quietly, and finding a pail, went for water. The fevered man drank greedily, and then Katie drew the shades in the little room, and closing the door, left the sick man alone."

"And no, mistress, canna ye tell me about things a bit, and then ye, too, shall have a sleep and wake refreshit."

"The woman laid her tired head upon the girl's shoulder and wept for the first time in many days. Little by little she began to know the little family of the MacGregors were in a comfortable condition. Mrs. MacGregor was sitting by the little window, looking out at the sore and yellowed cornfield, and her eyes grew dim as she thought of all that had come and what had not come, through that trying summer."

"If it hadna been for ye, lass," she said to Katie, "mayhap John an' me would have been lyin' stark and cauld out yon where the corn is ripenin' noo."

SEA-FOAM.

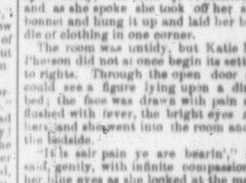
BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

"Ye have taught us a lesson, lass, and ye manna say 'it' on, and teach us mair of this ever present. Laid ye talk so smooth about," said Mr. MacGregor, "it's no the talkin', mon, it's the leavin', an' doin', an' hopin', an' lovin', said his wife."

"The Laird manna teach ye these things blyssed," Katie responded—Rose Seelye Miller, in N. Y. Observer."

Professor Hodgson, in his "Errors in the Use of English," notes the following curious epithet in an Ulster churchyard: "Rested to the memory of John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex, 8:30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 10:30 Express from Halifax, daily, 12:30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 12:30 Accommodation from Montreal, 12:40

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 7th October, 1903.

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BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

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