perversely. "I wonder if that's a com-

"Yourself and other people, I mean." "Oh."

"I'll tell you what I mean. Do you remember the first time I saw you?"
"No," said Hester. "When was it? Oh, I know. On the train coming from home. And Miss Young got on—where did she get on? She had been visiting somebody."

"I don't know where she got on. Don't change the subject."
"I wasn't changing the subject. Let me see. She introduced us didn't she?"
"So she did. I won't forget that. But she kept her hat and coat on."
"Dear me," said Hester. "What has that to do with it?"
"Everything. You hung yours up, don't you remember. And then you took out a kind of little work-basket effect, out a kind of little work-basket effect,

and sat in the corner by the window and began sewing."
"Oh, of course," said Hester reminiscently. "I must have been making that centers." that centrepiece for Aunt Matilda. It was one of the prettiest patterns I ever did, and I was crazy about it—ivy leaves you know."

leaves you know."
"Don't know I'm sure. Only when you sat down here a minute ago, I thought out thought you were going to whip out some fancy work."

"You have the fancy work in your pocket—at least the materials. That reminds me I mustn't let you run off with

them. "I could take them out to-morrow," suggested Murray. "Is it Christmas presents?"

"No, something more interesting."

"Wedding present?"

"Perhaps, it's a secret."

"May as well tell. Girls are never expected to keep secrets."

"I can. It's one of my specialities."

"Gee," said Murray. "I'll tell you some of mine by and by."

Rolls and butter and a fetching teapot with its accessories arrived at this

Pot with its accessories arrived at this moment. Hester gave her attention to pouring tea.

"Two lumps?" she asked.
"Three, please," said Murray.
"It would be very bad manners to sew here," remarked Hester resuming the subject. "Worse than sewing on the train." the train. And that was bad enough. Mother says it isn't well-bred to make oneself too much at home in public places."

"You can't help making yourself at home," said Murray. "I've noticed that. You haven't been anywhere five minutes before you begin to—build a house as it were."

"I'm afraid it isn't because I always do my duty," said Hester lightly. "Some-body says 'duty done is the soul's fire-side.' I pretty nearly quoted that to a girl behind the ribbon counter to-

a girl behind the ...
day."
"Did she catch on?"
"Not very well. She understood some other things, though."
"What, for instance? How came you to say it?"
"If I want you to suppose that I am always in a good temper," said Hester, "I'm afraid I'd better not tell it."
"Oh, go on. You'll have to now. What happened?"
Hester gave the story with a few

Hester gave the story with a few lively touches.

"So I came out feeling rather ashamed of myself," she concluded, "both for being so cross in the first place and so eitusive at the end."

"Well," returned Murray with a judicial air, "When we're all miserable together it isn't always worth while to mind the rules. I'll bet it cheered the girl up. I say, was that straight, about the dress, you know?"

"I'm afraid it was."

"Oh, that's too bad, now. But say,

"Oh, that's too bad, now. But say, it looks fine. Can't you fix it up?"
"Perhaps," said Hester courageously. Her private reflections were something like this. "I'll have to wear the waist with a cleth cleirt but it isn't waist with a cloth skirt, but it isn't suntable. It will have to be made over.

The skirt can be dyed and used for a lining. But oh dear, my lovely dress!"
But she answered her smiling "Perhaps" without wincing.
Murray brightened up at once. He had unbounded faith in her understanding of all the mysteries of fixing things un

things up. must run for that train," said Hester with decision when the last roll And June returns to lead her little flocks had vanished.

Outside they found it still raining

"Queer, isn't it, how much better things look all the same." observed Murray. "I had all kinds of bad luck this afternoon, and now I feel posi-tively jolly."

"There's nothing like a cup of tea,"

said Hester.
"On the contrary there are one or two things very much like it. Is it the Japs that have that saying 'As good as a piece of bread?' Now I'd say as a piece of bread? Now I'd say as good as a cup of tea, and a wood-fire and hot rolls, and—a work-basket. Don't you want to know what is as good as all that?"

"There's our car," said Hester.

They caught it and as it was crowded nearly to the doors there was no more talk until they were in the sta-

Hester went through to her train so fast that Murray had to apply himself to dodging through the crowd in order to keep up with her.

"Two minutes," he said triumphantly as they entered the car. "Now, do you

as they entered the car. Now, do you want to know what is as good as a cup of tea?"
"I'm loyal to the cup that cheers," said Hester. "I can't think of anysaid Hester.

thing."

"A girl that can keep jolly and comfortable when things go wrong, and keep the rest of the world jolly, too."

"I sincerely hope that you don't mean anything personal. If you'd seen metearing my hair over my dress this afternoon, and scolding the little shop girl!"

"Pshaw," said Murray. special on for to-morrow afternoon:
"No," murmured Hester. "Nothin

"I'm coming out. Will you go for a walk? I'll tell you the rest then."
"The rest—the rest of what?" enquired Hester innocently. particular."

"The rest of everything," said Mur-

September Comes Again

BY HELENA COLEMAN.

And now September! in whose languid

The wine of summer, slow-distilling,

The light and glory fade—the laughter But earth more lovely grows.

O rare September! has it all been said-The wistful hours, the soft, reluctant

days, When Nature seems to pause with arms And heart that yearns both ways? outspread

Upon the mellowed harp-strings of the

The fitful winds their soft forebod-

ings urge,
And with the liquid murmurs of the pine In plaintive sweetness merge.

The mountains, veiled in gold and amethyst, Their once familiar outlines scarcely

Across the uplands, faint with purple

The oaks and maples glow,

Those gathering mists the coming change would hide, But in our hearts already sounds the knell.

O, never surges love in such a tide As when we say farewell!

Yet come, September! All the old

desires, The old enchantments, at thy touch

'Tis in our hearts thy August-kindled In deepest rapture burn.

And in our hearts the ancient melody That Earth has yielded of her joy and

Comes softly stealing, echoed back from In one surpassing strain.

Still Summer waits, her moods with

As if her love could not release its hold

Until her little hosts were folded in Against the coming cold-

Against the cold till March once more The gates of frost and rives the icy

chain, Across the fields again-

Across the fields, beyond the shining hill, When Pan plays up his pipes o' But now, O heart of mine, be still, be and pain-

September comes again!

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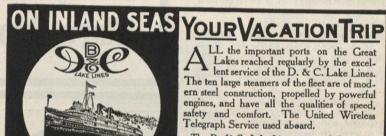
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