

She carried the rose into the modest drawing-room, and when she had set it in a vase on the piano she took a look around her.

'Everything is about as stiff and unlovely as a poker,' was her verdict. 'There really is no reason why it should be so ugly. Setting the chairs round the walls in rows doesn't keep one from running into debt.'

Frances had a knack at decoration. She had loved to exercise it in the old home, but, as she now recalled with another prick of conscience, her gift had not counted for much in their new quarters.

'It seemed so trivial to care about beautifying, and—and'—she confessed unwillingly, 'maybe I felt too spiteful. Yes, that's just the right word, Frances Ellett.'

Meantime, she had been pushing the chairs about and arranging the books on the table; already there was an improvement. Seeing it, Frances's spirits rose. 'Wait till I get that old blue silk scarf upstairs and a few more things,' she said, briskly.

Somewhat later her father, coming in at the front door, heard his younger daughter caroling a gay tune, such as had not filled his ears for six long months. If Frances could have seen how the shadow lifted on his tired face it would have rejoiced her heart and assured her that Mrs. Reeves had advised wisely. Perhaps it might have hurt her, too.

'Is that you, daddy?' she called out. 'Don't you wish to see the art exhibition?'

He went in gladly, and his admiration of her handiwork was all that the most exacting could desire. Afterwards, as they went gayly out to tea together, Frances caught sight of a card lying on the edge of the piano which kept her thoughts so busy that she was more silent than she had meant to be during the meal. At its close she whispered to her brother Tommy: 'Come up to my room, please, for a few minutes; I have important business matters to discuss with you.'

'Are you going in for business, too?' said Tommy. 'All the members of the family will be earning their keep soon but me. I wish father would let me quit school and go to work, too.'

'But he will not,' said Frances; 'he doesn't think it is necessary. I haven't found any way of making money, either. So we are both on the same level. I know how you feel. But I've had my eyes opened tremendously this afternoon, and now I see a good deal more clearly to pull the mote out of my brother's eye.'

Thereupon, with her best eloquence, she gave him a report of her interview with Mrs. Reeves.

'Don't you see how it is, Tommy?' she ended. 'You and I mayn't belong to the wage-earning classes; we must just resign ourselves to that fact. But we have our part, nevertheless. Yours is to study and get ahead with your books. Sometimes I'm afraid that you aren't doing as well as you might in school, lately.'

'The trouble is that it doesn't seem right,' said Tommy. 'My mind is so full of thinking how I could support myself and how I ought to be doing it, that I can't settle down to algebra and things.'

'You must,' said Frances, raising an impressive forefinger at him. 'Listen: You know that father and mother have their hearts set on your being a scholar. Jack and Robert went to college partly because they were sent and partly as a business investment. They stood fairly in their classes, and wouldn't shirk. But they were not enthusiastic about it. Jack was saying the other day, "Bob and I are born money-

grabbers. If dad and the mother want a son with an LL.D. after his name, they'll have to look to the little chap; luckily, he has a turn for that sort of thing." So what right have you to disappoint them all? Do you suppose that if you quit school and worked the money you could earn would make up to father for interfering with his cherished plan?'

Frances stopped breathless. Tommy sat on the edge of the bed and considered what she had said.

'Well,' he said, at last, a good deal of boyish relief in his tone, 'if it's all right to stop worrying and just study, why all right; I'm willing enough,' and Tommy laughed, with much satisfaction. 'But,' he asked, a little curiously, 'what is your part in this reform league?'

'Oh, I'm going to enjoy life!' answered Frances, not expecting to be understood.

'I wish you would!' said Tommy, fervently; 'it's been awfully stupid at home lately. Going to wipe your weeping eyes, are you? Hooray!'

'Yes, there's a tea at Lila Foster's to-morrow afternoon; I just happened to see the card downstairs before supper. I'm going to it.'

Frances laughed at herself afterwards when she remembered the heroic accent with which she announced her decision.

'I felt as brave as if I was Leonidas and all his three hundred. Maybe I was a little brave. Who knows? I guess if all the Thermopylaes were marked on the map with a cross they'd be found at very queer places, some of them.'

Frances went to Lila Foster's tea, and, to her surprise, enjoyed herself immensely.

'I didn't have to try at all,' she confided to Tommy; 'and, by the way, this talk, and more especially print, about all your friends promptly deserting you as soon as you get poor, is fudge and ought to be abolished. I don't know how many stories I've read in which deserving families lost their fortunes and instantly all their acquaintances walked on the other side of the street to avoid saying good-morning to them.'

'The story writers have to put their characters into holes,' remarked Tommy, practically, 'so as to get them out to the blowing of trumpets. Then, if besides adorning the tale they want to point the moral, what can make a nice little lamb look whiter than for everybody else to be pretty black?'

'It's wicked,' said Frances, with righteous indignation. 'It's false witness. Our friends have been just lovely to us; and everybody, almost, that was ever on our calling list has hastened to leave cards by the quart, since we moved on a back street. It doesn't do good to preach that your neighbors have not any heart.'

Two years later Mr. Ellett one day announced in full family council: 'We have weathered the storm; and if ever a man had a wife and children that stood handsomely by him in misfortune, I am that man. I thank you for it, my dears, as I have thanked you and heaven in my heart every day all these months.'

'I was the only one,' said Frances, with a touch of the old discontent, 'who never counted for one penny in the assets. I was the sole unmitigated expense. Even Tommy deserted me and went and earned good dollars from the college for the best entrance examination.'

'Pennies are not the only assets,' answered Mr. Ellett. 'One of the most valuable is to feel that life is good and that the world is a fine place to work in. It helps fill the till about as well as any economic factor

you could name. And as a producer in that line I recommend my daughter Frances.'

## Ezuzu and the Ghost Dance

(Annie Beecher Scoville, in 'The Southern Workman and Hampton School Record'.)

He is only an old Indian, and some seem to think there is no work nor place for such as he, save to be quiet, and to make way for school-bred sons.

Yet we should be in a poor way on the Palani Wakapa if it were not for these old men. It is not much of a story, and yet it is the same story as Dr. Van Dyke tells in 'The First Christmas Tree,' and as I laid his book down, and saw through the golden haze of the past the hero monk cutting down the sacred tree of the pagan Saxons, before my eyes rose the Tenton village in Dakota, where, untouched by any halo, keeping with a joyful heart a cold and meagre Christmas, lives old Ezuzu, who saved the village in the time of the Ghost Dance.

To have a history in the village of Takcha Iyanka is nothing noteworthy, for our poor little civilization, the log cabin, the corn and melon patch, the bunch of cattle, the shabby citizen clothes, and the tiny church, have been won by blood and suffering, by painful and pitiful efforts.

When, defeated and disheartened, the Tetans were shut within the reservation, Takcha Iyanka and his band pitched their camp as far from the hated whites as possible. Here, cut off from the rest of the world by weary, barren plains, they built a great dance-house and devoted themselves to memories of the past. Sitting Bull was their right-hand neighbor, Flying-By their left, and for more than a hundred miles up and down the river all trails led to their dance house. All social, all religious life focused here. In this place they feasted, even if for days after they ate roots, and fought starvation. Here they rehearsed old glories, and cried aloud to spirits who answered them not, and here, in a village consecrated to the past, came a white woman teaching a new faith and a new life, and Ezuzu was one who followed the new trail.

The years slipped by, and only fifteen had left the dance to worship in the little log church, and the boom of the dance drum and the thud of moccasined feet still drowned the church bells and hymns. How it came about that there were even fifteen members of the church would be a long story, but nevertheless there were, and then came the Ghost Dance.

For more than ten years these wild men in the prime of life, cut off from every natural activity, had silently brooded over the deserted buffalo trails, the broken past, and the hopeless future. At last they saw, drawing near, all the Indians of by-gone days, all the countless herds of buffalo they had once hunted, and heard a voice that assured them that, if they had faith, and cried aloud to the Great Father, the Indian Ghost, should return, and their nation be builded again.

The centre of the new dance was at Sitting Bull, not ten miles away, and the people who crowded there saw visions and brought messages from the dead whose names mark their old war trails. The mother heard the cry of the child she had buried in the dark flight to Canada, the son saw the father who fell before Custer's last stand. What was the Christian promise for the future worth compared with this pagan reality? So questioned many a weak convert as he stood on the outskirts of the