

into the post-office?" she demanded of Mary Jane Sullivan.

"Why, you just put 'em in. You go in the door, and there's an open place where you drop 'em right down," explained Mary Jane, lucidly.

How good Rue was for days after that. How she washed dishes in the kitchen, under the care of Miss Dorothy, and made beds in the dormitories, under the supervision of Mrs. Mehitable, and so at last earned the privilege of being the one sent to town on some trifling errand for the matron.

Thus it happened that one bright morning the clerks in the post-office were surprised by a little packet tossed in upon the floor, and a glimpse of a blue check apron vanishing hurriedly through the door. Unstamped, and with its odd address, it created a ripple of amusement.

"'For the greatest heathen.' That must be you, Captain," declared one; and the postmaster laughingly took charge of it, and then forgot it until, at home that evening, he found it in his pocket.

"What is it?" asked his wife, presently, as she saw him silent and absorbed, and, looking over his shoulder, she read the little letter with him. Original in spelling and peculiar in chiro-