

The Inglenook.

The Beautiful Twin.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"Goody," cried the Homely Twin, "I believe it's goin' to." She dropped the bit of cloth into the saucer of sand and stood gazing proudly at the little crimson face in the looking-glass. For nearly an hour she had stood there, scouring the tiny gold-brown spots, one by one. Winced? Not the Homely Twin! But, truly, it had hurt—my!

"I believe—I believe it's goin' to!" she breathed, in rapture. For all the little freckles swam in the sea of red, faint and pale. They certainly looked as if they were fading out!

"I wonder if it wouldn't do to wait till tomorrow to do the rest," she murmured, doubtfully, feeling of her smarting nose with a pitying little fore-finger. "I shouldn't want to make it bleed—not just exactly before the picnic. I guess I'd better wait."

There was a sound of light steps coming up the stairs, and the Homely Twin hurried the sand saucer out of sight and sauntered over to the window.

"Barby! Barby! where are you? What you doin' up here?" a voice called.

"O, I'm lookin' out the window. What you doin'? I know—you're comin' upstairs!"

The Beautiful Twin danced into the room, a radiant picture of flying curls and clear little pink and-white face. But scorn was in her blue eyes.

"Out o' the window! I hope you're havin' a good time, Barby Witherspoon. lookin' at an old red cow and a stone wall!"

"She's a dear red cow, so there!" cried the Homely Twin, quickly. "I'd rather look at Cream Pot than at—at—"

"Me! No, you wouldn't, 'cause I've got my new dress on!" the Beautiful Twin laughed. "Look here, will you, Barby Witherspoon!"

Barby turned slowly. She knew beforehand just how lovely Betty would look in the pale pink muslin dress. She knew how white her forehead and nose and chin would look, and how splendidly her cheeks would match the dress. And how all her soft golden curls would make a beautiful shiny rim—Barby could not remember halo—around her face.

"Isn't it be-oo-tiful?" sang Betty, circling slowly round the little room with her crisp, rosy skirts spread daintily. "Pink is remarkably becomin' to me, Miss Cecilia says. And you guess what else she said, Barby Witherspoon!"

"That every other color was, too," Barby answered, instantly.

Miss Cecilia was the seamstress, and she admired the Beautiful Twin very much. Sometimes she said things about the Homely Twin, too. "It's a pity pink ain't more becomin' to Barbara, ain't it. I don't know really what color is." Sometimes she said that. Barby had heard her say it a little while ago.

"Well, she said it, honest, Barby. I can't help it," cried Betty, with a little toss of her curls. It was the beautiful thing about the Beautiful Twin that Betty meant. But it was the dreadful thing about the Homely Twin Barby was thinking of. Poor Barby!

"And that makes me think—that's what I came upstairs for! Miss Cecilia wants you to come right down and try on your dress, Barby."

The picnic was next day but one, and O, dear me, the freckles had all come back by that time! Worse still, the scrubbing with the sand had roughened and reddened the poor little nose and cheeks dreadfully. Barby, in her pretty new pink dress—it was exactly like Betty's—gazed at herself in the glass in dismay.

"I look a good deal worse," she groaned, "O, a good deal. Now, there's the skin off, and the freckles too! But I'm goin' to that picnic, yes I am! You hear me, Barby Witherspoon? O, I couldn't miss it. It makes me ache I want to go so!"

"After all, in the excitement and fun, perhaps folks would not notice freckles and things so very much—they never did notice the Homely Twin much, anyway. It was always the Beautiful Twin. So Barby's sore little heart was comforted, and she buttoned her dress and ran away to wait for the picnic wagons. She was only seven, and at seven you can forget that your nose is scraped and red even when it smarts! That is, if you're going to a picnic.

But at the very beginning of the picnic something quite dreadful happened to the Beautiful Twin. She got tangled all up in some blackberry vines and the sharp, cruel little teeth tore her frail dress "to flinders." That was what Barby thought when she saw it. It hung in shreds, to her excited imagination; anyway, the pretty skirt was torn nearly off the waist. "O, Betty, O, my stars!" she cried, in sharp distress.

"I'm all to pieces!" sobbed Betty. "And I've got to go home and it will b-break—my—h-heart!"

Go home?—from the picnic? And it had just begun! Barby shuddered. But there seemed no home for the poor little Beautiful Twin. It was certainly a dreadful looking dress.

"I think it's mean! I think it's mean!" she burst out, fiercely. "What did it have to be me for? Why wasn't it you, Barby Witherspoon? It would have been a good deal more—more 'propriater, so there! Miss Cecilia said you wasn't anywhere near as becomin' to your dress, not—anywhere—near!"

Sobs interrupted the angry little voice, and Betty threw herself down on the ground and hid her face. The twin sisters were all alone. The "picnic" had gone on ahead, but they could hear the laughter and joy of it distinctly.

By and by Betty lifted her face. What! Barby had disappeared, but right there on a bush hung her new pink dress, whole and fresh! And there was a piece of brown paper pinned to it, in plain sight. It had been torn from the luncheon bag.

"Dear Betty," it said, in the little Homely Twin's uneven writing, "ware mine. Here it is and I've gorn home with my jacket on over my Petticoat. Nobody'll know, and I can just as well as not, I shall run. It isn't so bad for me to Miss it, nobody will Miss me! don't look for me for I am gorn."

That night, when the "picnic" got home, it was very late, and Barby was in bed, asleep. Betty crept in beside her and lay

looking at the flushed, homely little face. Once she put out her fingers and smoothed it gently. Then she got out of bed again and found a pencil and wrote something on paper, sitting up close to the window in the starlight. When it was written she pinned it carefully to the breast of Barby's little white nightgown, and then Betty kissed the unconscious little face, in the softest, lightest way.

"It's so," she whispered. "What folks call us isn't right. This is."

In the night the moon rose, and its tender light stole in and made the crooked words on the bit of paper on the Homely Twin's nightgown clear and easy to read. "You are the Beautiful Twin," it said.

The Land of the White Elephant.

If our boys and girls could be transported to Bangkok, the capital of Siam, they would see some very strange sights. Bangkok itself is said to be a beautiful city, filled with lovely palaces and magnificent temples. Neither are modern inventions unknown, for electric lights and electric cars are quite as conspicuous there as in our own cities. Yet Siam, with a population numbering 1,200,000 is given to idolatry. Strange to say one of the most sacred objects of worship among the poor people is the white elephant, these deluded souls treat their elephant with the greatest honor. When captured, he is escorted to the palace grounds with much pomp and ceremony by the king and his courtiers. His elephantship is tied with scarlet ropes and noble men fan him all day while at night he sleeps under silk embroidered mosquito netting. He owns a boat, rich with draperies of silk, heavy with gold and silver, in which he is floated down the river, while the people stand along the banks as he passes and sing praises to him. When he eats, his dishes are of gold and silver, and when he is sick, the king's physician treats him. When he dies, he is given royal burial, and "lies in state" three days, after which he is placed on a pyre of costly wood and cremated. His ashes are placed in an urn, which is buried, and a handsome monument is erected to his honor. Boys and girls, this is the way heathen men and women treat their gods. They give not only worship, but wealth and sometimes life itself. How much do you give to Jesus?—Exchange.

An Archipelago of 3000 Islands.

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"Ignorance," remarked young Borem, "they say is bliss."

"Oh, that probably accounts for it," rejoined Miss Cutting.

"Accounts for what?" queried the youth.

"The contented and happy look you usually wear," she replied.