

clothing and the necessaries that kept us alive this winter!

'No, he is not your worst enemy!' thundered the doctor. 'You are your own worst enemy. A man who cannot let go of his little boyhood quarrels, but must carry them, and coddle them all through life, will never find a worse enemy than himself!'

'But Sheldon—' John was panting with excitement, and the doctor interrupted him:

'Sheldon has put all those little boyish tiffs behind him, why cannot you, too? Moreover, he loves your little Bonnie as if she were his own, and he would do a great deal for her if you would let him.'

John covered his face with his hands, and groaned:

'Indebted to him for so much!'

'You are indebted to him only for fair treatment and common courtesy,' insisted the doctor.

Nell laid her hand upon John's arm.

'Won't you go and see him?' she pleaded.

He shook off her hand and then left the room; then the outer door slammed. An hour later she saw him coming with Sheldon Darrow, and one look into their faces told that there was no enmity between them.—'The Living Church.'

The Sapphire Pin.

(Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Well, Molly dear, why is this thus? Why such dire confusion and chaotic conditions among your belongings?' exclaimed Margaret Auten, as she came into her schoolmate's room.

'The perversity of inanimate things, Madge. They vie together to see which can be victor in exasperating me the most. They fairly dote on creating mysterious disappearances. I've been hunting for an hour for my pin, and I can't find it anywhere.'

'You surely can't mean that lovely sapphire pin your father gave you on your birthday, Moll!'

'The very same, Madge. I would not lose it for the world. The last letter I had from home mother wrote: "Be sure and not be careless and lose that beautiful pin, Molly." You see our folks think that I am careless, but I'm not a bit—it's the way things of mine have of getting out of sight just for meanness.'

As Molly spoke these words she was in the act of crawling under the bed in quest of the lost treasure, and after an unsuccessful search she drew her head out and gave it a hard knock on the side of the bed.

'Oh, dear me, Madge, I've hurt myself cruelly.'

'I'm so sorry, dear, but why did you think you might find your pin under the bed when you said you were sure you left it on the bureau? I'll wet my handkerchief in hot water and put it on the bump. You did give it a whack and no mistake.'

'It's almost time for my French lesson and I don't know but very little of it, and what I had learned has been knocked into "pie," as the printers say, by that big thump. Do, dear, sweet Madge, go to Madame and tell her I have a severe headache and ask her to excuse me. She will

do it for you, I know—you are one of the chosen ones.'

After Molly's schoolmate left the room, she threw herself face downward on the bed 'and sobbed as if her heart would break,' as some of the girls said who passed the door.

Her friend found her in this state when she returned. Madame had been quite gracious (for her) and Molly was excused.

'To think, Madge, that dear father is away off in the Philippines and may die there and what if that pin should be the last present he will ever give me?'

'Look on the bright side of questions, Moll. Now, I'm going to rearrange all this dire confusion and see if I can find the pin.' Madge was very orderly and soon had the bureau drawers in a better state of subjection than they had ever been under Molly's discipline. But the pin was not found.

'I've just thought of something,' Molly exclaimed, wiping her eyes. 'I believe that little red headed girl who takes care of our rooms stole that pin. When I had it on once she looked at it and said, "Miss Sampson, that's the prettiest pin I ever saw in my life." She was tempted beyond that she could bear when she saw that pin on the bureau and she has taken it.'

'Oh, Molly, you do not know she did, and it does not seem fair for you to come to such a conclusion. It is terrible to accuse others wrongfully. She always seemed like a good sort of a girl to me, and think of all the pretty things we girls leave around in her way and she has never taken any of them.'

'Not to our knowledge, Madge. I am going to Madame and report the loss. I shall tell her my suspicions, too.'

At that moment the little red-headed girl who took care of the rooms came along the hall with a broom in her hand.

'Jane, have you seen anything of my pin. It is missing from my room,' Molly said in a severe tone of voice.

'No, Miss, I have not seen it except the other day when you had it on.'

'Do you remember telling me at that time that it was the prettiest pin you ever saw?'

'Yes, Miss, I do. Oh, it was just lovely. I'm awful sorry you lost it.'

'Do you suppose you could find it, Jane? I will give you a dollar if you produce the pin to-day. I have my suspicions about that pin. I shall report the loss to Madame.'

'I would not take your dollar, Miss. I'd be just too happy for anything to find it for you. I'll tidy up your room again and I'll hunt in every place. Maybe you lost it off your dress when you was outside somewheres.'

'No, because I remember perfectly taking it off and putting it right in that spot on the bureau.' 'Come, Madge,' added Molly, 'I'm going to stay in your room, and let Jane have a clear sweep.'

'Jane,' she called back, 'my father gave me that pin, and he has gone away off to the Philippines and I may never see him again, and I would not lose that pin for the world—remember!'

After the girls had gone into Madge's room some of their mates came in, who had heard of Molly's loss, to condole with her.

'I'm pretty sure Jane will produce that

pin. I'm convinced in my own mind she has it, and she knows I'm going to Madame to report the loss.'

Poor Jane swept and garnished every crevice and corner—she moved out all the furniture, but the pin was not forthcoming.

Molly told the Madame of her loss and suspicions. She told everybody. The other maids heard it talked of, and told Jane. Madame questioned Jane very, closely. The young ladies looked at her with suspicious glances, and all passed her by without the usual pleasant greeting. Five dollars reward was offered for the recovery of the pin, then ten dollars, but three weeks passed by and it was not found. The situation was a very trying one for poor Jane, and she gave up her place—a proof of her guilt, as Molly and some of the other girls reasoned. The Madame would not give her a recommendation for another place.

There was going to be a reception at the end of the three weeks at Madame's, and the young ladies were planning to wear their party gowns and were getting them out for the occasion. Molly's had been folded up in the bottom of her own trunk since she came back to school. She was taking out the waist when the missing pin dropped on the floor.

'My pin! my pin!' she exclaimed. 'Now I remember I was bending over the trunk that last night I wore it putting away my organdie dress, and it must have dropped into the trunk. Madge, Madge, girls, all of you,' she called out, running through the hall, 'I've found my pin,' and hurriedly she explained the mystery as she held up the recovered treasurer, 'But Jane, poor Jane,' said Madge.

'Yes, Jane,' said Molly in a sad tone of voice. 'I had not thought of her. What shall I do? Does anybody know where she can be found? I must not delay a minute.'

With the number and street of Jane's whereabouts, Molly put on her wrap and begging Madge to go with her she was soon on her way to make restitution.

'I never had such a hard thing to do in my life, Madge,' she said, as they rode along in the cars. 'I do not know what I can say to undo the wrong. What a bitter lesson I have learned.'

Jane was found in the tenement house in which she made her home. She looked pale and thin and careworn. Molly poured out her whole heart filled with the saddest regrets to her. Would she forgive her?

Oh, yes, Jane would forgive her. Mother would be so glad the pin had been found; it had almost killed mother to think her child had been suspected of a theft, and she had been ill for over a fortnight. Jane had found a place in a shop, but she had to give it up as there was no one to stay with her mother.

Molly looked about the room, she knew they must be very poor. She took her monthly allowance, which she had just received, out of her purse and put it in Jane's hand.

'Nothing can ever recompense you, my dear Jane,' she said with tears, 'for the wrong I have done you, but so long as I live I shall try to show how truly I am sorry for my injustice.'

As Molly and Madge rode home, Molly said, 'I can never have the same respect