

"Them's the children's old stockings," remarked Debby, rather grimly, "and there ain't no sort of use looking for holes, Mrs. Ford. I know they don't want much mending, but just look at the color! The children couldn't wear 'em—no way!"

"Well, not just as they are," said Kitty, "but just throw them into that clothes basket we brought up, Debby, please. And here are some lace curtains, not much worse than in the dining room, are they? They would do nicely for a bedroom."

"They wouldn't hold together two minutes, if you tried to put them onto the stretchin' frame, said Debby, "and if you put them up without starch, they wouldn't be clean a month on this dusty road!"

"Well, I think something may be done with them," said Kitty, "so into the basket with them."

"And now I don't think there is anything more here I want, so let us go to the next box."

This receptacle proved to be full of old woollen garments of different shapes and sizes, some very much worn, others only faded and spotted. Mrs. Ford threw some on one side for rags and put others into the basket, while Debbie looked on wondering and intensely sceptical as to putting such things to any use. At last Kitty untied a bundle and disclosed a thin summer coat of the minister's, of true clerical cut and not much worn, but rusty and brown as only a cheap russel cord can get.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Ford's thin coat is just gone; this one will hide him over the rest of the summer nicely."

This was too much for the faithful Deborah, and, like the proverbial worm, she turned.

"Now look here, Mrs. Ford," she said decisively, "if this is the way you're goin' to carry on, I don't know what'll come to us. Them old curtains is no use—no use at all! And them stockin's is ten times worse than what the children's wearing now, and they're bad enough, I should say; but when it comes to puttin' that there old brown faded, spotted coat onto the minister"—Debby stopped for want of breath, and Kitty burst out laughing.

"Oh, Debbie," she cried, "I can't help laughing at you. But I should have explained to you that I mean to dye these things;" and she entered into a few details. Now Debbie did not believe in dyeing and did not scruple to say so, but Kitty told her to wait and see. Between them they carried down-stairs a goodly basket of things ("rubbidge" Debbie called it) and spent the rest of the day ripping and washing the old garments, all but the coat which was left entire. "How it's going to turn out, give me a day's dyein. But as for that there coat there's cotton into it—lots of cotton—and no person can dye cotton black; it gets a kind of a grizzly grey."

Kitty explained that there was a black dye expressly for cotton and mixed goods, by which they could be made to look as well as wool. To which Debbie replied "H'm! when I see it I'll believe it!" and bounced into the pantry to make soft gingerbread for tea.

Next Sunday the little Fords went to church in the same clothes as heretofore, but with legs and feet neatly clothed in fresh jet black stockings and shiny well varnished boots, and even this little change was a great improvement. The village was not behindhand in making acrid comments, however.

"Did you see," said the Widow Wilkins that night, as she and Miss Savory Jones were sitting over a dish of tea, "she's been and bought new stockings for all those children; bran new, and the stainless black too, I know by the looks of 'em. Catch her darning up old ones, when she could buy new."

"And their boots," said Miss Savory, "sponge varnished they were, I know, and we all know what a bottle of varnish costs and how soon it goes. Let her use the blacking brush and a little elbow grease, as we do."

These good ladies did not know that from 10 cents worth of Turkish Shoe Dressing, Mrs. Ford had concocted a large bottle of the best of varnish, enough to last the family boots for a long time. That the minister should wear an apparently bran new coat of deepest richest black, roused no one's ire, and his wife soon eyed it with pride as she reflected what new buttons, freshly worked button holes, and last, but not least, Turkish Dyes, had done for it.

Next week came Miss Prissy Wade, the village dress-maker, and she and Mrs. Ford worked from morning till night. There was no lack of material, and nothing was bought but linings and a little trimming of one kind and another for anything that seemed to demand it specially. Miss Prissy was lost in admiration of the beautiful shades of the goods she was working on, and Kitty let her into the secret, but begged her not to mention it. Miss Prissy asked many questions as to the *modus operandi*, but Kitty told her that the directions accompanying each package of Turkish Dye were so clear that any one following them closely could scarcely fail to have the best results, "and in my case," she went on, "I am at a double advantage. I have often dyed before, and when I was married a friend gave me a large box of Turkish Dyes of all the most useful shades, so I am put to no expense at all. Really, though, even if one has to buy the dyes, the expense is nothing compared to the results."

Next Sunday, the two youngest girls, Milly and Nan, came to church in pretty suits of navy blue made from all wool delaine which had been a lightish blue, and which Kitty discovered in a desperately soiled and dingy condition. Two years before the four

TURKISH DYES DO NOT SMUT.