

figure. The girl was seated on a rock preparing to open the second letter that the mail had brought her. Her eyes rested proudly on the initials B.A. They represented more to her than words could tell.

'Why, Martha, what brings you here?' she asked, in surprise. 'I thought it took you all the morning to make those delicious cakes and whips which I so enjoy.'

The expression on Martha's homely face arrested her questions, and she gasped slightly as the woman said bluntly:

'I followed you down here to ask you what value you might put on them two letters you write behind your name.'

Had it not been that Frances was thoroughly familiar with the old servant's modes of speech, she might have had reason to doubt her sanity. As it was, she said simply:

'I value them more than I can tell. They represent hard but pleasurable work, and they assure me of employment. The value of a degree from a college such as mine cannot be estimated in money.'

'Yours came high,' said the servant, tersely. 'Your folks were always proud of your cleverness, and well they might be, and they laid out to give you the best education that money could buy. They didn't calculate though, that I ever heard of, that your mother should lose her health and your father become a bankrupt into the bargain.'

'What do you mean, Martha?' said the girl in an alarmed tone. 'I know mother is not well, but I fancied it was because she was getting to be an old woman, and father is just the same silent man I always remember, only grown older.'

'Tisn't age, but worry that is the matter with your folks,' said the woman, bluntly.

Frances drew Martha to her side. A realizing sense of her own ignorance of family matters bade her say humbly, 'Please tell me what the trouble is.'

'There isn't much to say,' said the woman, bluntly, 'except that your father's business has been in a bad way for the last three years. Your college expenses have used up all his savings, and now the failure of a big city firm will make him a bankrupt unless help comes from somewhere. Your mother hasn't never been strong and money worries have brought on all her present troubles.'

'W—what can I do?' asked the girl, helplessly, looking down at the envelope in her lap. Was it possible that the B.A. degree held no provision for such an emergency?

'You can give your consent to mortgage the house,' said the servant promptly. 'You can get the principalship of the academy and earn five hundred dollars a year and pay the money to the home folks, and—and'—she added, hesitatingly, 'you can stop talking so much about the college. It kind of hurts your mother to have your thoughts there so much; seems as if you were comparing home folks with college folks, and she being nervous it wears on her considerable.'

There was good stuff in the girl, and then and there on the woodland roadside Frances Carter, B. A., thought several new thoughts and made several new resolutions. After she had opened the letter which, as Martha had conjectured, contained the offer of the principalship of the academy, she walked into the village and made her way to her father's office. She noticed, with an unwonted tug at her heartstrings, how worn and sunken his face had grown.

A very few words sufficed to make her errand plain, but, to her surprise, all her boasted control of her nerves disappeared when her father clasped her to his breast, and she felt tears of relief dropping upon her upturn-

ed brow. Then she, too, cried like a little child.

The father and daughter, after paying a satisfactory visit to the village banker, passed through the streets arm-in-arm, a pretty and somewhat unusual sight. Mrs. Carter, from her seat at the window, looked eagerly at them as they came up the garden walk. There was that in her husband's face which told of trouble averted.

'What has happened, John?' she cried, rising to meet him as he entered the room.

While the relieved father explained the situation Frances flew to the kitchen and caught Martha in a close embrace.

'Everything is to be as you said,' she cried, happily. 'From this out I shall be a model daughter, and'—there was even a gleam of fun in the face of the girl who had so bravely done her duty—'you must remember that I still have my ambitions. Perhaps in time you, too, will learn the value of a B.A. degree.'

The Crusade at Roxbury.

(By Mrs. J. Elliott Schnell, in 'Morning Star.')

'I tell you what it is, girls,' said Jessie Everett, in the energetic, go-ahead way that made her a leader among them, 'I believe there is a good deal of truth in what Prof. Bousteel said last night about our having so much influence over the boys, and it makes me feel as if we ought to be very careful what we say and do before them.'

'Well, I am sure none of us would drink even wine or cider ourselves, much less offer it to any young man, so I don't see but that our skirts are clear,' said Clara Barton, with a gesture of impatience, as if she would like to dismiss the subject.

'I wonder who I saw riding yesterday with a young gentleman who had a cigar in his mouth?' asked Emma Denham, with a sly look at Clara which caused her cheeks to flush and brought forth the quick retort:

'I guess the most of us will have to plead guilty to that.'

'That is a fact, girls,' said Alice Barnes, the usually quiet one, "'though pity 'tis, 'tis true.'" I was thinking about that myself while the professor was speaking; and I believe there is temperance work for us right along that line. You know he said smoking and chewing produced such a continual thirst that it led many men to intemperate lives.'

'Yes,' chimed in Stella Higgins. 'He said, too, that nine-tenths of the young men who fell into drinking habits first learned to smoke and chew tobacco.'

'I think the other tenth is just about as bad, for they get so stupid and selfish,' said Ada Clark. 'You know that Mrs. Eagle who lives next door to us? I've been in there many a time when she was flat on her back with the sick headache, and that great lazy husband of hers would sit there rocking back and forth with his old pipe in his mouth and the doors and windows all shut—bah! it makes me sick to think of it! I wonder she ever gets over those spells, and, poor thing, she has them so often!'

'Well, I wonder she lets him do it. I think I would not stand it like that very long.'

'Perhaps she cannot help herself now. He smoked before they were married, and I suppose sees no reason why he should not keep on. Maybe she married him to reform him, as Prof. Bousteel said.'

Ada's comment was received with an expressive silence till Jessie again spoke.

'I think it is a disgraceful habit, any way, and I cannot for the life of me see what nice clean young men want to pollute themselves

inside and outside, and I do not believe they would do it if they knew we, I mean all good girls, did not like it.'

'How are we to let them know it? Organize a club with a constitution pledging ourselves not to look at a young man who uses tobacco? We would have to pass by on the other, pretty often if we did,' and Clara's voice was slightly sarcastic.

'Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted,' quoted Alice Barnes, softly.

'But how are we to get at it? How can we "restore" them if we refuse to have anything to do with them?'

'That is just where the trouble lies, and we must try to plan a better way. Could we not kindly tell them that we believe tobacco using to be a bad habit and get them to thinking about it, and if they will read it give them some literature on the subject. Then if they are determined to continue the use of it, firmly refuse to accept any attention from them?'

Jessie's proposal was received with varied emotions. Each knew that it meant unpleasant scenes and perhaps sacrifice; and each was conscious of a shrinking at heart. 'The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak,' and these merry, fun-loving girls realized how very weak indeed the flesh was. Just then Anna repeated in a low, soft tone, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me.'

'Girls,' Jessie spoke with an added earnestness. 'We must do it. I think we are all agreed on that. Now, had we better organize or work as each one can best?'

'We all belong to the Christian Endeavor Society, and have we not all pledged, ourselves to do "whatsoever he would like to have us do"?''

'There you are, Anna, right to the point, as usual. I for one never thought of this as being one of the "whatsoevers," and Jessie added reverently: 'I am sure though, "He" would like us to do anything that will make men purer and better.'

'Well, I for one,' said Grace, 'am willing to agree to do all in my power to discourage the use of tobacco among men.'

The girls quite generally assented to this, and soon after separated for their respective homes.

Jessie stopped to do a little shopping, and as she turned toward the corner which led to her pleasant home she met Harry Edson with his stylish turnout, who quickly drew rein, exclaiming:

'Here you are. I have just been to the house after you. It is a perfect afternoon for a drive, and my colts need a little exercise. Will you go?'

Of all pleasures Jessie enjoyed that of riding the most, and she quickly assented, but as he alighted to help her in, she noticed a little curl of smoke issuing from between his fingers, showing that was only a temporary abiding place for the cigar, and she involuntarily drew back.

'O Harry, I want to go so much! But really I can't if you are going to smoke.'

'Is that all? Here goes, then,' and he gracefully threw the cigar away. 'Now jump in quick, my colts don't like standing still.'

Jessie gladly complied, and while she fancied a trifling coldness in his manner, her consciousness of having done right, and natural buoyancy of spirits soon asserted themselves, and ere long they were laughing and chatting as merrily as ever, for they had been friends almost from babyhood.

On her return, after the first exhilaration