

Mrs. Allen laughed. 'The dear little soul is in a bad condition,' she said. 'I will give it to you, and you may make it live if you can.'

Mattie did not care for anything else the rest of the day. She hung over that basket as if it contained the most precious thing on earth.

Mr. Allen took her home in the afternoon. Mrs. Allen gave her an apron and a dress, and with the gosling, a small bag of meal to feed it. How happy she was! A kingdom could not have added to her joy. Her father came home at night, and really seemed pleased with her treasure, and promised, if the gosling lived, to make a coop for it. That night she hardly slept for joy. The gosling was tenderly fed and warmly covered, and the basket was placed by the side of her bed.

When she woke in the morning she sprang up and found that her pet had crept from under the covers, and seemed to be looking around as if surprised that she did not see her mother.

Mattie took her up and put her on the floor, and she put her foot down and walked with a little limp. There was never a happier child! 'Oh, the darling!' she cried. 'She can walk. God has made her well. I asked him to?'

I cannot tell you all about it, but from that time the gosling grew. She seemed to understand and appreciate the love bestowed on her, and to return it in her own way. She liked no other place so well as Mattie's lap, and when in any fear she ran to her and sought refuge in her arms. So all summer these lonely creatures kept each other company and enjoyed a pleasure that was beautiful and sweet.

But now it was autumn. The little yellow gosling had grown to a big goose, but the friendship between the two had not diminished. After examining the fire Mattie said, 'I must give Polly her supper, and put her to bed.'

Mattie had a kind neighbor who that day had sent her a small basket of food. She sat down by the stove and put her feet on it. It was getting warm. She took from the basket a slice of bread and a piece of pie, which she ate eagerly, saying, "Isn't Mrs. Hayes good?" Then she filled a saucer with crumbs from the basket and went

out. Taking the goose in her arms with many caresses and loving words, she fed her and then carrying her to a little coop in which was a nest of grass and feathers, she put her in, saying, 'Good-night, dear Polly.'

It was growing dark, and she went in and sat down to wait for her father. She waited what seemed a long time, but he did not come, and she climbed the ladder and crept into her bed.

She woke in the morning and went down, finding her father on the bed in a drunken stupor, a jug of liquor sitting by his side. This did not surprise her. She was used to it. She took down the little basket. 'It is Thanksgiving Day,' she said, 'and Polly must have her breakfast.' She went out and opened the coop. Polly was not there. She uttered a low moan, and sank down on the ground. A moment later, 'What is that?' she cried, springing up, as a familiar sound struck her ear, and looking up the road, in the direction of the town, she saw Polly coming, half flying and half walking. Mattie ran to meet her, and with a loud squall of joy the great bird threw herself into her arms.

Mattie understood at once—her father came home after she went to bed, and in his insane thirst for liquor had sold Polly to the nearest saloon-keeper. That was why he was so drunk this morning. But Polly had escaped and come home. 'Oh, darling,' she cried, 'I suppose they would have killed you, and eaten you for dinner, if you had not got away. But they shall not have you, I'll carry you to Mr. Allen's; and without entering the house, she started for the farm.

Mr. Allen's family were about to sit down to breakfast when she entered with the goose in her arms, and weeping, told her pitiful story. She was given a bountiful breakfast and assured of such help as they could afford her and was soon so far comforted that she began to make acquaintance with the calves and lambs in the barn.

'That's a nice girl,' said Mr. Allen to his wife. 'I wonder if her miserable father would let us keep her.'

'I wish he would,' she replied.

He said, 'After dinner we will go and see.'

After dinner, which was such a

feast as Mattie had never dreamed of, Mr. Allen and his wife drove away toward the town. Reaching the hut which Mattie called home, they alighted and opening the door, saw Billings crouching in one corner of the room. When he saw them he uttered a yell and tried to hide under the table. 'A bad case of delirium tremens,' said Mr. Allen and they returned hastily to their carriage and drove to the town, from which they speedily returned with a doctor and a policeman.

I will not attempt to describe what followed. With eyes that seemed bursting with terror and agony, the poor victim of the drink demon saw himself surrounded by snakes and evil beasts, and hellish imps from whom he could not escape. The doctor tried the usual treatment with no avail, and before the sun went down, with howls and shrieks of terror the soul of that man who might have been beloved and honored and happy went into the presence of God.

I need not describe what followed. There was the pauper funeral and solitary little mourner, for, low as he had fallen, Mattie loved her father, and remembered in her sorrow only his tenderness and his unhappy fate. She found a good home in Mr. Allen's family, but she has grown to womanhood with a shuddering terror of the drink evil that makes her a heroic worker for temperance.

Selling Character.

'It is a jolly knife!' said Ted, admiringly.

'There are three blades besides the cork-screw,' said Tom. 'It could not have cost less than half a dollar.'

'What made him give it to you?' said Ted.

'Why, I'll tell you,' said Tom, laughing. 'He is so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it and the medal I picked up in the road; and I told him the medal was silver and the alley was real marble, and he thinks he's got a great bargain.'

'Oh,' said Ted, 'that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well.'

'He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes,' he added, turning on his heel, 'but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world.'—'Boys' and Girls' Companion.'