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The Girl Nobody Liked.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea—so like Aunt Elizabeth!

"Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant?" she observed.

"Not exactly," and Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and, rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street, the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmy to-day?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap-books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

"It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt-waist."

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheeks as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else, she said, "Haven't this been a beautiful day?" and her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over, the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;" yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love every one, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself. —Young People's Weekly.

Two Ways.

After Sammy had eaten his dinner, he went out behind the barn to feed the chickens, and there he saw Peter Drew out in his garden. "Halloo!" he shouted, "what are you going to do this afternoon, Peter?"

"Don't know," answered Peter, with a scowl; "spect it's pick apples."

Sammy laughed. "I've got mine all finished," he said, joyously. "I filled five sugar barrels this morning. Mother says I'm a regular beaver for working. Did you work like a beaver, too, Peter?"

Peter sniffed. "I sat on the stone wall 'most of the morning."

"Restin'?" inquired Sammy.

"Yep," answered Peter, and then he scowled again.

"I'm goin' nuttin' for my rest," said Sammy. "Nut trees an' woods an' squirrels are heaps better for restin' than stone walls, I think."

Peter did not answer.

"I wish that you could go nuttin'!" exclaimed Sammy, earnestly. "Do you s'pose you'd work like a beaver pickin' up your apples if another beaver should come over to help you?"

Peter smiled. "I might try," he said, quickly.

So over the wall jumped Sammy, and away to the orchard ran the two little boys; and, oh, how fast they did work! I do not believe that there ever was a fat, furry beaver who did his work any faster. And at last the barrels were filled, every one of them, away up to the tip-top. Not one single rosy apple was left in its grassy bed. And then off to the woods ran the two little boys, and somehow they both felt very happy.

"I think I'll make-believe I'm a beaver every day when I have got to work," declared Peter with a smile, which was a very good thought indeed.—Mayflower.

A "Come-to-Pass" Dream.

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Saturday night late, when mamma put up her work, every bone in her body ached. Her head and her eyes ached. All over and through her she ached—except her heart and her conscience.

"The children have not a thought of care," she mused, as her weary head touched the pillow. "Their rooms and beds are comfortable and their little stockings, dresses and trousers are all in shape for Sunday. I know they do not realize how much it costs me to do for them, but they are such good children. There never was a better little brood than mine, and I love to work for them!" Then mother fell asleep, and just before morning she dreamed—dreamed that little Clara got up, tiptoed to brother's room and whispered.

"Oh, Clarence, wake up and let's dress and go down and get the breakfast for mother. You know she worked just awful hard for us yesterday!"

"What—what you say, sister?" asked the sleepy little boy, rubbing his eyes.

"Hurry and dress, and let's go down and get the breakfast," answered Clara.

"And surprise mamma? Oh, that will be jolly. Let's see who gets dressed first."

Ten minutes later mamma dreamed that she heard the stairs make telltale creaks, and that some one whispered: "S-h-h, or we'll wake up mamma!" Then, later still, with her eyes wide open, she got up, dressed and in a great hurry went down and into the dining-room, for it was getting late, and she must needs hasten, or they would not be ready in time for church. And, lo, the breakfast was already partly on the table!

Then she heard some one out in the kitchen giggling! Then the half-suppressed giggles turned into merry peals of laughter. Then two voices in unison shouted: "Oh, mamma, we've got the breakfast ourselves, all alone, and it's almost all on the table."

And what a beautiful breakfast it was, too. "The best tasting meal I ever ate!" said mamma.

That Sunday morning they all got to church in time to catch the very first note of the opening voluntary.—Ex.

Jamie's "Means of Grace."

Little Jamie Danforth sat in a chair by the fire, dangling his legs and every now and then giving vent to a rueful little sigh, that somehow seemed out of keeping with the bright face.

There did not seem to be much in his surroundings to cause unhappiness; the room in which he sat was very comfortable, and he looked a rosy, well-cared-for little boy; still the sighs were quite heavy at times, and a little pucker showed itself between his eyes.

"Jamie," called his mother from the hall, "will you come, dear, and rock baby a while for mother? I want to get things ready for tea."

"But it is time for our Band meeting, and Miss Haven said she wanted us all to be there today, 'specially, because we are going to finish our scrap books for the children in India, and mine is nearly done, so I don't see how I can," said Jamie, coming out into the hall with his cap in his hand.

"But, dearie, don't you think mother needs you quite as much as the children in India need the books?" asked Mrs. Danforth, stroking the curly head tenderly.

"But your needing me isn't a 'means of grace,'" said Jamie, "and Miss Haven told us that if we were going to be truly Christian soldiers we must lay hold of the means of grace, and going to band meetings and doing things of that sort are doing it, and I haven't missed one meeting this year."

"Well, run along, dear," said the mother, knowing that the wisest and surest way was to let Jamie's conscience settle the matter for him, and Jamie, with a lingering look and an undecided air, went out.

All the year, ever since he and the other boys in his class had taken a stand for the Master, he had been trying very hard to be a real Christian soldier, and he had been very regular in his attendance at church and Sab-

bath school, and, as he said, had not missed a single meeting of the Boys' Band, never allowing anything to interfere with his being present when they were in session; but just now he had become a little troubled and his conscience bothered him.

Was it just right to go off always and leave his mother, who often looked tired lately, to take care of baby and do all the housework by herself? And yet, Miss Haven said, we must lay hold of the means of grace; and it's so hard for a fellow to know what to do, he thought desperately, as he sat on a fence railing to think it over, tossed about between his desire to go to the meeting and the sad little look he had seen in his mother's face. His warm heart was conquered by the remembrance of the look, and he got down and went resolutely back. It's too bad to miss the meeting, but I guess I'll take care of the baby, he said to himself.

His mother, hearing the door open, came out into the hall as he came in. "Did you forget, something dear?" she asked.

"No," said Jamie; "I only thought I wouldn't go to the band meeting today; but would rather take care of the baby for you; so I came back," and the mother understood and kissed him tenderly.

"I guess Jesus means boys to help their mothers; he makes 'em feel so happy while they are doing it," he said later. "And I guess it makes you feel better, too, doesn't it, mother?" noticing how her face had brightened and that she sang as she went to and fro through the rooms in her work.

"Yes, darling, mother does feel better, and you have helped me very much, and helping mother is a very great 'means of grace,' dear, although you thought it was not," and after a few trials Jamie knew that it was. —Ex.

How Rover Saved Punch.

BY ANNA GUILBERT MAHON.

Kathleen stood at the window looking down at the snow. It was the biggest snow-storm she had ever seen; she was sure it was going to be a blizzard such as she had heard her father and mother talk about. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, hurling the snow into high drifts in some places and leaving the ground almost bare in others. She wished with all her might she could be out in it, plunging through the soft drifts with her little rubber boots and feeling the soft, cool flakes on her face. But Kathleen had a bad cold and a sore throat, and the doctor said she must stay in the warm bedroom.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the little girl, "if there isn't Punch! How in the world did he get out?"

Punch was about as small as it is possible for a black spaniel to be. He was Kathleen's great pet, and was very much spoiled in consequence. He had the prettiest bed to lie on and the daintiest food to eat; he scorned what an ordinary dog would like, and he thought himself twice as good as any other dog in the neighborhood.

Next door the boys had a big Newfoundland, and he and Punch were sworn enemies. Punch growled fiercely if Rover even walked past the house, and if he could snap at the big dog's heels and then run to a safe distance, he felt very proud indeed. Rover treated his little neighbor with lofty scorn, although once, when Punch was very annoying, he caught him and gave him such a shaking that the little dog was thoroughly frightened and did not venture near him for many a day.

"Mother! mother!" called Kathleen, "Punch is out, call him in!" But there was no response from the kitchen.

Meanwhile Punch was enjoying himself to the fullest extent, climbing over mounds of snow and shaking the flakes from his back. But his fun was soon to end, for, as he started to cross the street, he stepped suddenly down the curb into a huge drift of snow and went down, down, until there was no little black dog to be seen.

Kathleen turned pale with fright.

"Mother! mother!" she screamed, but her mother was too far away to hear.

Kathleen looked up and down the street. There was no one in sight. What should she do? The doctor said she must not leave the room and her mother had expressly forbidden her to go into the cold hall. Punch would be buried in the snow bank and there was no one to save him!

Just then a big black object came running up the street and went straight to the place where Punch had disappeared.

"Rover!" cried Kathleen, and watched breathlessly the big dog as he commenced to scratch at the snow bank. How fast he worked, first with one big black foot and then with the other; clods of snow flew in all directions.

The minutes seemed hours to Kathleen, but finally the big dog's efforts were rewarded and a small black ball rolled out; and Punch, very cold and frightened almost