

When the dress had been fitted and I put on my old dress again, I could not find that pin, high or low. Mother said that it might have been dragged off the table with some piece of lining or trimming. Well, we thought that when the room was cleared up at night the pin would be sure to be found, and so it was, but not in the way we had expected. I came in at dusk when Mrs. Brown, the dressmaker, and Rose were putting away their work, and began to look all round for the pin. I looked everywhere, and as I was turning over a pile of goods on that sewing table a little hand satchel, which Rose always carried, slipped out from the pile and fell to the floor. It unclasped in the fall, and scissors, thimble, and other such things as dressmakers carry, tumbled out, and my pin fell out with the rest and lay there on the carpet in plain sight. I had not till then thought of suspecting any one of taking it. But there it was, and I had seen with my own eyes that it had fallen out of Rose's bag. I pounced on the pin, delighted to get it back, but so shocked to think Rose would steal. Oh, you needn't hush me up for telling this in a public place. There is no one here who knows us.'

'But what did she say, and what did you do then?' asked Ruth.

'The girl insisted that the pin must have caught on her tape measure, and in that way have been put into the bag without her seeing it. It was a very unpleasant time. Mother told me the proof against Rose was not clear enough—I'd like to know what could be clearer—and she insisted that I must not speak of the occurrence outside of the family. Rose wouldn't have come to the house again if we had been willing to have her, and so I lost sight of her. I supposed she was still doing dressmaking and was surprised to meet her behind a counter. I never told this story about her, before, though I did say that we were not altogether suited with her when the girls noticed that we did not have her at the house any more, and that I no longer spoke to her.'

'Well,' said Ruth, slowly, 'it did seem very much against her, your finding it in her bag, but then things do tangle themselves up strangely, sometimes. It would be a dreadful thing to accuse one of being a thief, and find out that it was all a mistake.'

'Now you talk like mother,' returned Mildred, rather impatiently. 'I did not want to believe it of her, but I had to believe my own eyes, and I have never hurt her prospects by accusing her to others. I don't like to meet her, however, and so I hurried you away from her counter. Now, if you have finished luncheon, we must hurry round, for I have several errands to do yet and I know you are not at the end of your list.'

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and the girls were about to take the car for home when Mildred said, suddenly:

'Oh, there is one thing more I meant to look at. I wanted to find a remnant of silk for another silk waist. I would have looked while we were in at Osborne Brothers, if seeing Rose had not put it out of my mind. I suppose we might go back there now, for we are quite near that store.'

'I thought you did not care to go there,' said Ruth, in surprise.

'I don't; but we are nearer to it than

to the other big stores, and it is almost five o'clock. Come on, Ruth.'

Mildred turned round, and they hastened back to the store they had visited some hours before. Mildred hurriedly turned over the stock of remnants, but nothing seemed to suit her fancy. As they left the store Ruth, in an odd, excited manner, drew her cousin down the alley at the back of the building.

'Why, this is not the way. What is the matter?' asked Mildred. 'How strange you look! Are you sick, Ruth?' she continued, anxiously.

'No; oh, no,' returned Ruth, when she had drawn her cousin into an angle of the building out of sight of passers-by. 'I am all right. But, Mildred,' she exclaimed, in a low voice, 'see here!' Seizing Mildred's parasol from her hand she drew out of its folds a remnant of silk of nearly the same color as the parasol itself. 'I saw it as we were coming out of the door and I was so afraid that some detective or floorwalker would see it before I could tell you what you were carrying off. What would have happened if one of them had seen you with it hid in the parasol?'

'Why, I would have been accused of stealing it, and perhaps arrested,' said Mildred, with a quickly-paling face. 'Do let us hurry back so I can take it to that counter from which it must have fallen. I don't see how it could have happened. But what an escape I have had!'

With quick steps she entered the store and sought the silk counter. With a brief and embarrassed word of explanation, she restored the piece of silk to the clerk in charge. Then as they turned away she said to Ruth: 'I must find out Miss Collins's address so I can go to see her, and ask her to forgive me. The evidence against her wasn't any greater than that against me to-day, and I am sorry I judged her so severely. I wonder if she can ever forgive me?'

When Mildred reached the office and inquired the address of Miss Collins, of the ribbon counter, she was at first at a loss to understand the manner of the man who met her.

'You have some complaint to make against Miss Collins?' he asked.

'Complaint? No, indeed,' said Mildred, rather indignantly, and then added: 'Miss Collins is an excellent girl. She is, in fact, a friend of whom I have lost sight till to-day, and I wish her address only that I may be able to call on her at her home.'

'I beg pardon,' said the official, 'but may I ask your name? A story regarding Miss Collins has been repeated to me this afternoon, and I fancied your request might have something to do with the case. Your testimony to her is on the opposite side, and may be valuable to her if you would be good enough to give your name.'

Mildred gave it, and also her father's place of business, and noticed an increase of deference in the man's manner. He assured her that a few words from her as a friend of Miss Collins would quite overbalance a report overheard in the restaurant, and he was very glad she had happened to call at the office that afternoon.

Mildred was very quiet all the way home, and on her arrival at once told her mother the whole story.

'Only think,' she said, sorrowfully, 'I

came near doing the poor girl another wrong by my thoughtless talk this afternoon. I might have cost her her place in the store. I suppose she gave up dressmaking because she did not get many engagements after we stopped employing her. People probably thought there must be some good reason for the fact that I would not speak to her, and so without making any complaint against her I spoiled her outlook for work in the trade she had been learning. Then I am ashamed that I should have talked about her as I did in a place where any one might overhear me. You have often told me not to talk of personal matters in a public place, but I have been so heedless. When will I ever learn wisdom, mother?'

'My dear,' said her mother, as she stroked the head of the penitent girl, 'what you need to learn is the charity, which thinketh no evil.'

'Yes, mother,' said Mildred, meekly; 'but now that I have learned my lesson what can I do toward undoing the harm to Rose?'

'Possibly we may be able to get her an easier place if she prefers to be in a store to taking up dressmaking again. I will talk to your father and he may know of some opening for her. I am sure he will feel that something ought to be done to make up to her for the unhappiness that suspicions aroused in our house have caused her.'

'The suspicions were all mine,' said Mildred, sadly. 'I am sure I have learned not to trust circumstantial evidence again. Can you imagine how I felt, mother, when I saw that to all appearances I had been shoplifting?'

That evening, shortly after Rose had returned from her duties at the store, she was astonished at a call from Mildred and her mother. It was no longer the haughty girl who had so coldly turned away from her that morning, but a pleading penitent. Rose's generous heart could not hold out against the evident sincerity of the sorrow Mildred expressed, and before she left, the old friendly relations were re-established.

Do Your Best.

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can,
Time speeds along, and day by day
Life is hastening away.
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of His goodness tell,
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring,
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds sing,
And if you think, I'm sure you'll say
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man,
You'll find it is the nobler plan,
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work, you work with care,
And when you play, you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man
If you do the best you can.
—Jennie W. Lyall, in 'Adviser.'

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