

asked Sally. Then as she saw astonishment written all over the cook's face, she added, 'You know I'm to work for my and Tim's board. That was the 'rangement me an' the man made.'

The cook threw back her head and laughed heartily. 'Yes,' said she, 'I'll tell ye what ye might be doin'. Jest ye stay out o' this yer cook house, an' don't be lettin' me see the loikes of ye exceptin' at feedin' time, an' jest 'fore dark when ye must be crawlin' into that bunk over there. The farmer sent ye out here fer fattenin', not for the work that could be gotten out of eech as ye be,' and with a good natured grin the cook went about her work.

That night Sally lay awake long after Tim's steady breathing told her that his weary little body was wrapped in slumber. Tim was eleven years old—four years older than Sally—but he was blind and so timid that Sally had long felt toward him as an older sister might.

'It's awful grand up here,' she commented to herself. 'The air is so good, an' the water, an' the victuals; but I'm cheatin' the man, I know I be, 'cause he 'tended me to be roust. about man. He thought I was a boy, 'count of my overalls, an' I never told him different, fear he'd think I couldn't do 'nough. But I'm cheatin', if I don't work some way.'

All the next day Sally did her best to make Tim happy, but her heart was heavy. As evening drew near and the men gathered about the door of the cook house, she heard one man say to another, 'There's lots of chittim in these parts.'

'Yes,' replied the other, 'a little could be made off of it, if it were gathered; but I guess the boss ain't no time to fool with it.'

Sally's face brightened. As they started in to the cook house, she timidly accented the last speaker, 'Do you think the boss would like to have me gather the chittim fer him?' she said.

The man smiled. 'I guess what you'd do wouldn't make much difference to him one way or 'nother,' said he.

That night Sally went to sleep with a happy face, and next morning immediately after breakfast she took Tim with her and began her work. Armed with Tim's pocket knife she peeled the bark from the slender tree, climbing first one and then another, and dropping the bark at the foot of the tree, where Tim would sit and respond to her cheerful chatter.

'You can help Timmy,' she told him. 'You can break the pieces all up in little bits, so the man can sell it to the folks that use it for medicine tea. You know it couldn't get into the tea pots in big strips like this.' And Tim gladly consented—he always consented to Sally's plan—and together they worked day after day. Nobody knew how tired the little arms got with reaching, or how often the little shins were skinned by the rough knots on the trees, except Sally; but she felt that she was keeping her word, and she was happy.

Sally and Tim had been at the mill for nearly three months, and all through the woods there stood chittim trees, shorn of their bark, which lay in little heaps on the ground below. They had never seen the farmer who owned the mill since the first day that they were there; but now the machinery had broken down and he was to come and look after it.

'Well, here are my boys,' said he, as he came to the cook house at noon, 'and they have grown so fat and rosy, I wouldn't have known them.'

Sally looked at Tim. He had grown fat and rosy. She remembered how pale he used to be, and her heart welled up with gratitude toward the man who had brought them there. Then she remembered that he didn't know what she had been doing, and perhaps it was not what he would be pleased with, either. After dinner she slyly approached him and told him her story. Hand in hand they went through the woods and she showed him pile after pile of the carefully prepared chittim. Finally he took her on his knee and said, 'Little man, what one thing would you like to have more than any other?'

'I'm not a man,' said Sally, 'I'm just a little girl, an' I wear overalls 'cause they're all I got. I never meant to be lyin', and the tears began to gather in her eyes.

'Landy, child! I knew that. I just called you "little man" for fun. But you didn't answer my question,' replied the man.

'Oh, more than all the things in the world I'd like to have Tim get to go to school, exclaimed Sally so he could learn how to do things like other boys, an' be able to 'sport himself, when he gets to be a man. When I get old 'nough, I'm going to earn money and send him.'

'What would you think,' said the man, 'if I should tell you that I have given all of this chittim back to you, and that I can sell it for enough to send Tim to the blind school and buy you a new dress or two, besides?'

Sally's eyes and mouth were wide open with wonder, and, as the meaning of the man's word began to dawn upon her more fully she jumped up and down and clapped her hands for joy.

That was nearly eight years ago. Tim graduated last year from a large eastern university and he has recently been elected as instructor in the school for blind in his own State. His first year at school was so successful that he was able to win a scholarship, which carried him through the rest of the course. The farmer and his wife adopted Sally, gave her the best advantage that their means could afford, and now she has gone to keep house for her brother, whom she lovingly calls 'Professor Tim.'

Yield a Little.

Yield a little to a brother!

Sometimes, yielding is a grace;
If it smooths life for another,

Yield a point with smiling face.

Yield a little of your pleasure!

Pleasures pall enjoyed alone—
Filling someone's scanty measure,
Fills, and overflows your own.

Yield your way; if it be better,

Prove it by the yielding test;
It will leave someone your debtor,
When he finds your way is best.

Yield your comfort to some other,

Whom but few have thought to please—
Find your comfort in the brother
Whose sad lot you help to ease.

Yield a little of your leisure!

Toil, that other hands may rest;
Share a portion of your treasure
With the most unwelcome guest.

Yield your rights? Yes, yield a little,

But of Honor, Truth, and Faith,
One jota, jot or tittle,

Yield not, yield not until death.

—Selected.

Indestructible Picture-Books.

There is no toy which affords a little child more amusement than scrap-books filled with bright pictures. They are welcome gifts in children's hospitals, where their pages delight the patients. The cost is trifling, and they are easily made if one knows just how to go to work.

Cut from silesia four pieces fourteen inches long and twenty-three wide, one pink, one red, one yellow, and one blue, then one of pink and one of blue fourteen inches long, but only eleven and a half inches wide. Fold the wide pieces down the centre, turn the raw edges of the three sides in and baste together. They should now be a little less than fourteen inches long, and about eleven inches wide. Next, with blue single zephyr wool finish the three sides with buttonhole-stitches, making them one-quarter of an inch long and one-quarter of an inch apart.

Have ready a number of bright-colored pictures of various sizes—such as can easily be clipped from advertisements, the covers of magazines and papers and old fashioned plates—and some photographer's paste, and arrange them according to fancy upon both sides of the double leaves, and one side of the two single ones. In the book before me one

has a goat, a group of hens with one or two wee chickens, a boy holding a dog, and a clown teaching a dog to leap from one chair to another, a second has the bottom occupied by a coach drawn by four horses, while a handsome cab ornaments one of the upper corners, and the remaining space is filled up with a fish, a donkey, a girl carrying a waiter, and two soldiers wrestling; a third displays a whole circus—performing elephants, dogs, lions drawing a chariot, girls jumping through hoops, etc. A small globe of goldfish, a goose and goslings in a pond, birds, cupids, brownies, wreaths, butterflies, etc., are put in to fill the spaces between the larger pictures. The paler-tinted ones are put on the red pages, and the brighter ones on the blue, pink, and yellow leaves.

When the pasting is finished, put the pages under some heavy weight—a large book will do—and let them remain overnight.

Next cut two pieces of thin pasteboard, each fourteen inches long and eleven inches wide, and one piece of figured cretonne—a dark, but not black ground, with gay colors—fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide. Lay the pasteboard pieces on the wrong side of the cretonne, leaving a space one inch and a half wide between the two, and baste the cretonne down over the top, bottom, and outer side of each, turning down and basting the same width upon the space between the two pieces. Lay the yellow and the pink single pages upon the pasteboard covers, turn the edges in, and hem them down on the cretonne along the top, bottom, and outer sides, letting the fourth raw edge lie smoothly upon the cretonne between the two covers.

Put a row of machine-stitching through cretonne, pasteboard, and lining on the sides of the covers next to the centre. Lastly, baste all the leaves together on the sides which have no buttonhole-stitching, lay the pile carefully exactly midway between the covers, fold the two covers over them, so that their outer edges meet, and with the sewing-machine stitch one row through the cretonne and the leaves half an inch from the edge of the fold in the centre of the cover, and a second one-eighth of an inch inside, between it and the middle of the cover. This method fastens the pages securely, and yet leaves ample room for them to turn freely and open to their full width.—'Harpers' Bazar.'

A Bad Foundation.

Passing along the street the other day, I saw a crowd collected around an unfinished building. I stopped and soon learned that the side wall of the house had fallen, killing two men and wounding several others. The questions passed from lip to lip, 'How was it?' 'Why did it fall?' 'Who is to blame?'

'The cause is plain enough,' said a man, evidently a builder, pointing to the base of the building; 'it had a bad foundation—too weak by half for such a wall.'

I passed round to the front; it was tall and stately, of red brick, with white marble capitals and ornaments—altogether a fair and noble house, and, but for the terrible gap, pleasant to look upon.

With a sad heart I went on my way. Two souls gone to their last account, and wounded sufferers left to drag out weary days and nights, all because somebody laid a bad foundation. What folly, nay, what guilt, thus to endanger human life! Ah, yes, it is not only a thoughtless, but a wicked thing to lay a bad foundation, and yet how many are every day guilty of it!

The schoolboy who is only studious and quiet when the teacher's eye is upon him, who will get the answers to his problems by the 'key,' or from another boy's slate, instead of working them out himself; who will break rules whenever he can do so without being punished; or who will spend the day in the street playing truant when his parents think he is at school, is laying a bad foundation.

The girl who is careless and untidy as to her dress, who is in too much haste to set her room in order neatly and thoroughly, is laying a bad foundation.

Worse still the boy or girl who is ill-tem-