

it disappeared behind a bend of the road. 'I'm glad I met her,' he said, aloud.

A walk of half an hour brought Jeff to the small house which differed from the usual house of the mountains in its neatly-kept garden and yard.

His mother was sitting on the porch, sewing. She was a thin, pale woman, with prematurely gray hair and kind, blue eyes.

'You are late,' she said; 'but what fine berries,' she added, as Jeff sat down the pails beside her.

'I picked them up on Bell's Knob. There's lots there.'

'I'll jelly them this evening. Put them in the springhouse now. Your dinner is in the oven. You must be hungry.' Mrs. Miller looked affectionately at her son.

When he had eaten his dinner, Jeff came out and sat on the step of the porch near his mother. He told her about the young woman who had lost her way. 'That is why I was so late. It was a good bit around to put her on the right road.'

'I am glad that you happened to be there to help her,' returned his mother.

Presently Jeff said: 'I saw Mr. Moore this morning, and he told me that the fair opens the 1st of September.'

His mother's eyes left her work to rest on his face. An anxious look had crept into them.

'I think you must give up your idea of taking Star there,' she said, gently.

'Why?' asked Jeff, quickly. 'Because your father thinks she ought to be sold.'

'Father is not fair!' exclaimed Jeff, hotly. 'He might give me a chance to enter her for the prize. It's only six weeks now. It could not make much difference to keep her that much longer.'

'No,' answered his mother, with increased gentleness of tone, 'it wouldn't; but he has a good chance now for you to sell her. Mr. Dale says he will buy her, if he finds her as your father represented her. You are to take her over there in the morning.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jeff.

His mother let her sewing drop to her lap. 'Your father won't be home till to-morrow evening. He met Mr. Dale on his way to dinner.'

Jeff made no reply. His mother watched him anxiously a moment, and then resumed her sewing.

'Father is not fair. Because he does not think I need much education to farm, he won't help me to get to college. I feel sure Star would take first premium. And that money would be a great help with the hundred dollars Uncle Ed left me.' For all his sixteen years, Jeff had to blink hard to keep back the tears.

'I am so sorry, dear,' said his mother, softly.

'I know, mother.' Jeff stood up, and leaned over his mother and kissed her. 'You can't help it. Don't worry. I'll try to hope for something else. Is there anything you want done?' he asked.

'No, not till evening. Do as you please till then.'

Jeff crossed the yard to the road, and made his way to a shady hillside overlooking the valley. He threw himself on the soft grass. His thoughts were in a tumult. If they had been put into words, they would have read somewhat like this:

'Father's not just. He ought to give me a chance to try for that prize. If I could get a start at the Agricultural College, I am sure of being able to earn enough to keep me there. If I am going to be a farmer, I want to be a tiptop one. He thinks farmers don't need much education.'

He remained there till the lengthening shadows on the mountains warned him that it was growing late.

'I'll go and get Star,' he muttered, as he stood up.

He descended the hillside, and followed the road to a strip of meadow back of the house.

A cow was grazing at the further side of it. She came readily at Jeff's call. She was a beautiful creature—dark red, with a large, white star in the centre of her forehead.

'You are a beauty!' said Jeff, as the animal came to him. It rubbed its nose against his

arm. Jeff threw an arm around its neck. The cow turned its mild eyes on him. It seemed to the boy that their expression was sad. Again it rubbed his arm with its nose.

'Come on,' said Jeff, and the cow followed him docilely to the barn to be milked.

When Jeff entered the kitchen with two pails of foamy milk, his mother was there preparing supper.

'You will miss this,' he said.

His mother sighed. 'You father thinks it is cheaper for us to buy the little milk we need.'

The next morning Mrs. Miller said to Jeff: 'You must get to Mr. Dale's as soon as you can. He goes away so early. If you miss seeing him, the sale may be lost.'

So, immediately after breakfast, Jeff started, with Star following him willingly.

It was a beautiful morning. Ordinarily, Jeff would have noticed the mist about the mountain-tops—how it hung in soft, veil-like draperies as the sun bore down upon it. And he would have enjoyed the fresh odor of the pines. His mind was too much occupied with the approaching loss of Star. He was so fond of the cow. She had been given to him when a small calf by a neighbor who was leaving the country, and he had always had the care of her himself. The thought of giving her up was painful in itself. He felt so sure of her taking the premium at the fair. There was no other cow in the neighborhood so fine, he felt sure. He felt almost bitter towards his father. 'He's not fair,' he kept repeating to himself. When he reached Mr. Dale's farm, it was to be told that he had gone to Warren.

'He left word,' said Mrs. Dale, that you could follow him there with the cow, if you wished. You will find him at the bank.'

Jeff's first feeling was of relief. Star need not be sold now; for, of course, it was not his fault if Mr. Dale were not there, as his father had expected he would be. He had come early enough. He could not be expected to follow Mr. Dale up. It did not seem as if he were very anxious to buy the cow, any way.

He turned to retrace his way home. He had gone but a short distance when he met old Mr. Wells, a man who had had much experience with cattle. He stopped to look at Star. 'She's a fine cow,' he said. 'You ought to enter her at the fair. I think that she'd have a chance for the first prize.'

'I don't see why father doesn't see what a fine animal she is,' Jeff thought, after Mr. Wells had gone on. 'Every one else does. Well, she'll not be sold this time, and I can't help it.'

But even as he thought this, it occurred to him that he could help it. He ought to go on to Warren and find Mr. Dale. Jeff's steps became slower and slower. He was having a struggle with himself. All he need do was to tell his father that Mr. Dale was not at home, and— But when his thoughts reached this point, Jeff wheeled suddenly around. 'Come on, Star,' he said, 'we'll go on to Warren. It's the only right thing to do.'

Jeff walked along briskly now, Star close beside him. When he reached Warren, he went direct to the bank, and, tying the cow to a post, went in and asked for Mr. Dale. He was told that Mr. Dale had left some time before to take the train for Walton.

'Well,' thought Jeff, 'I have done my best. Father can't find fault with me. Mr. Dale surely doesn't want the cow very much.'

Jeff was starting home with Star when he saw coming down the street the young woman whom he had met the day before. A tall, pleasant-faced gentleman was with her.

'O,' she exclaimed, 'here is my friend of yesterday!' and she walked over to Jeff, the gentleman following her.

Jeff took off his hat politely. 'This is my brother,' said the young woman. 'I had just been telling him about your kindness yesterday.'

The gentleman shook Jeff's hand. 'That is a fine cow you have there,' he said, looking Star over critically.

'Is she yours?' asked the young woman.

Jeff explained how he happened to have Star with him. 'But I am glad that it has happened so. I want to keep her. Perhaps, after all, I shall be able to induce father to let me do so, any way, till after the fair. I

feel sure that she would take first premium.'

'She is certainly a fine animal. But why does your father not wish you to keep her?' asked the gentleman.

Jeff colored. 'He thinks it is cheaper for us to buy our milk,' he answered. 'You see, Star was given to me when she was a calf. I hate to give her up; and I'd like to have that premium money to help me start to Agricultural College with.'

'Well,' said the gentleman, smiling, 'perhaps we can help you out. We are looking for a cow. My sister and I are to spend the winter here in Warren. We have rented the old stone cottage. How would you like to hire Star to me? That would give you a chance to enter her at the fair, too.'

'O,' said Jeff, 'that would be splendid! I think father will not object to it.'

'I shall come and see him. I am sure we can arrange matters to suit all around.'

The young woman put her hand on Star's head. The cow looked at her with her mild eyes, and then rubbed her nose on Jeff's arm.

'I am sure that I shall love her. How gentle she is!' she said. Then, turning to her brother, she said: 'You are wanting some one about the place. Perhaps—here she looked at Jeff—perhaps we could make some arrangement with you. My brother could direct you what to study to prepare for that college you were speaking of yesterday. He is a teacher in a college himself. He is here to have quiet while he is working on a book.'

'Murray is my name,' said the gentleman, smiling.

'O!' exclaimed Jeff. 'Professor John Murray!'

'Yes,' answered the gentleman.

'It is almost too good to be true, my meeting you!' said Jeff. 'Every one knew Professor Murray's reputation as one of the first scientific men of the country.'

Professor Murray warmly shook the boy's hand. 'I hope the meeting is for our mutual benefit,' he said, kindly.

'Thank you,' answered Jeff, gratefully. 'If you need a boy about your place, I know father will be glad for me to come. And,' he added firmly, 'I'll do my best.'

'Then,' said Miss Murray, 'come over to our place now with Star. We'll drive out this evening and see your father. I am so glad we met you. Everything has turned out so nicely.'

As Jeff walked home, he thought so, too. 'And if I hadn't gone on to Warren after Mr. Dale, as I ought to have done, I would not have met them. I hope father will do as Professor Murray proposes. I am sure Star will take the prize.'

Star did take the first premium, and Jeff was happy. 'I'll do all I can to help you to college,' Mr. Miller said to him; 'but Professor Murray is doing so much that there will not be much left for me to do.'

Lady Li's Tooth.

Dr. Anderson, of Tali Fu, China, tells in 'China's Millions' the following story, showing the importance of medical mission work in China:

It is often very difficult to win the confidence of the Chinese. They are taught to regard the foreigner as a wicked man, who comes to their country for the purpose of injuring them, or getting rich at their expense. When they see him doing his best to heal the suffering bodies of their friends, and succeeding to a degree that had not been dreamt of, they are first surprised, then perplexed, and finally, in many cases, convinced that in this instance, at least, they have found a good man who desires to benefit their fellowmen. At once the barriers of prejudice begin to break down, and a heart may be opened for the Gospel. In this land of thronging millions, living in dense ignorance of the science of healing, we find that souls can be reached through the suffering bodies when attempts by other means have failed. Here is a bright boy of some twelve summers. When he came to us that morning, he looked wistfully into my face to hear whether I thought he could be cured or not. The two servants whom his father sent with him received the medicines and promised to act according to instructions. In a month or six weeks the boy brought a gift of two chickens,