



COUNTRY life has become monotonous, narrow and mean, only as it has concerned itself exclusively with its local problems.—Rev. Matthew Brown McNutt.

The Adopting of Kezzy

By Susan Hubbard Martin

"THERE'S only one thing worse than being ugly, and that's being an orphan," whispered Kezzy, disconsolately; "but when you're both, it's something just awful."

She gave the brown ribbon that tied back her short, black locks an extra twist as she spoke.

"I wish it was wider," she added, regretfully. "I might look a little better if I could have wider hair ribbons and not brown ones. But it ain't any use to wish. I'll always be ugly, and I'll always be an orphan. Nobody ever, ever'll adopt me." And then two large tears trickled slowly down Kezzy's sallow cheeks.

At that very moment a little girl about her own age burst into the room. A little girl she was with golden hair that had a tendency to curl, large blue eyes, pink cheeks and dimples.

"Kezzy, Kezzy!" she cried. "I'm adopted—I really am! A rich lady came this mornin', and she's told Mr. Pickett to get my things ready right away. I'm going South to live, and oh, Kezzy, I'm to have a beautiful little pony all my own, and a doll as big as I want it. The rich lady said so. And my name's to be Dorothea Alicia Campion, after her little girl who died."

Kezzy's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Of course, you would be adopted Patty," she said, gently. "You've got such pink cheeks and such blue eyes and such beautiful hair. It don't make any difference whether your hair ribbons are wide or not. You look pretty in anything, even blue calico. She put her arm affectionately about Patty's neck.

"Nobody ever'll adopt me," she added, with a break in her voice. "I don't see why if I had to be an orphan, I had to be ugly, too. I'd like a home," she went on, "a real home with things in it. I'd like to have pictures on the wall, and some books, and oh, Patty, I'd like, better than anything in the world, to be in a room with a dear little dresser in it, with drawers, and in the drawers I'd have hair ribbons—wide ones—of all colors, and nice handkerchiefs and turnovers. And I'd like plants in the windows of my home, and I'd like a cat, and I'd like to go out and gather the eggs and pick berries and help in the garden."

Patty looked at her meditatively. "I guess you'd like a farm, Kezzy, better than anything, if you like eggs and chickens and all that. Don't look so sad honey; maybe, after all, somebody'll adopt you."

But Kezzy shook her head. "Ugly folks have no chance," she said soberly. "Least, not in orphan asylums."

But in the mail the very next day, Mr. Amos Pickett, who was at the

head of this particular Orphans' Home, received a letter.

"Dear Sir," it ran, "Of course, you don't know me, but I heard you tell about your Orphans' Home at a meeting last spring in my own town. You came here to attend a convention, you remember. I've been interested in orphans ever since. New I have a

"Send me Keziah Snow," he said to the attendant who answered it.

As the train stopped at the little Western town that autumn night, a small girl alighted. She was dark and plain with irregular features, and straight; black locks tied with brown hair ribbons. But the eyes were frank and honest, and the mouth, if a trifle wide, was sweet and firm and further adorned by two rows of very pretty, even teeth. The new arrival's awkwardness in the lines of Kezzy's mouth. She got off the train with her suitcase, and stood still, looking about. But at that very moment a large, stout woman, with very pleasant eyes and a brisk, business-like manner, came up to her.

"This is Kezzy, I am sure," she said, with a smile. The little girl looked at her. "Yes'm," she answered, shyly. "You're Miss Warner, aren't you—the lady who is going to adopt me?" Martha Warner smiled, well pleased, and looked with keen eyes into the small, plainly anxious face. Kezzy shrank back a little. "Please don't think I'm too ugly," she whispered. "Oh, I was 'most afraid to come, because"—her voice

with a cuspion, and a whole shelf of looks.

Kezzy peeped at the titles delightfully. There were the "Elsie" books and some of Miss Alcott's, and one or two of Mrs. Whitney's, besides some others she had never heard of. But they all looked very interesting, she thought; and then she opened timidly the first drawer of her dresser. As if her new-found friend knew all about the fondness for wide ribbons, there they were—a great many of them, and in all the beautiful colors she had longed for. And there were some dear little turnovers, too, a pile of dainty handkerchiefs, and—could it really be?—a lovely, little red pocketbook.

At the sight of that, Kezzy got right down on her knees. "Dear Lord," she whispered, "I'm glad you made me ugly, after all, because if you hadn't, Miss Martha Warner wouldn't ever wanted to adopt me, and I'd rather be her little girl than anybody's else in the world, and I'm going to be as good as I can be. And I know you'll help me to pay Miss Martha back, won't you?"

Not far from Kezzy's room at Martha Warner's. The memory of that cold, little land, the wistful, plain little face was with her yet. She would do her best by the child. She could see already how much she was going to love her.

"Dear Lord, help me," she whispered, "to make her happy." To ugly little Kezzy in that somewhat dreary Orphans' Home, the light of love had come, and in it she blossomed and ripened, and grew—not ugly—out beautiful.

Watch Yourself go By!

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;

Think of yourself as "he" instead

of "I";

Watch closely, as in other men you

note

The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy

coat;

Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man

is you,

And try to make your estimate ring

true,

Confront yourself and look you in

the eye;

Just stand aside, and watch yourself

go by.

Interpret all your motives just as

though

You looked on one whose aims you

did not know.

Let undisguised contempt surge

through you when

You see you shirk, O commonest of

men—

Despise your cowardice; condemn

what'er

You note of falseness in you any

where.

Defend not one defect that shames

your eye—

Just stand aside and watch yourself

go by.

And then—with eyes unveiling to

what you loathe—

To sins that with sweet charity you'd

clothe.

Back to your self-walled tenement

you'll go

With tolerance for all who dwell be-

low.

The faults of others then will dwindle

and shrink.

Love's chain grow stronger by one

mighty link—

When you, with "he" as substitute

for "I,"

Have stood aside and watched your-

self go by.

—From Triumph Chronicle.



The Home of an Eastern Reader of Farm and Dairy

Big clapboarded houses, such as the one here illustrated, the home of R. B. Wright, Victoria Co., N. B., are the characteristic farm homes in the Maritime provinces. Lumber there is cheaper than in brick, and it is seldom that a brick or stone house is seen in the farming country. Notice the rural mail delivery box in the foreground.

large, well-stocked farm, and I'm quite alone in the world, with more money than I need. I've never married, been too busy, and never expect to now—but I have a motherly feeling in my heart just the same as own mothers have. And it's been borne in upon me, ever since I heard you speak, that I ought to be doing something for a little girl in that way, and that I would be pleasing the Lord very much if I took one of his little orphaned ones. Now I may be what some people call peculiar. I suppose I am, but I don't want any of your pretty children. If you have a plain, ugly little girl whom nobody wants, you send her to me. As to the matter of expense, I'll pay everything, and be of the chance. The matter of making out the papers I'll leave to you. But I want her for my own and for all time. Please let me hear from you at once. With best wishes, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"Martha Emmeline Warner.

"P. S.—You need not be afraid. I was an ugly little girl myself."

"M. E. W."

Mr. Pickett read the letter through, then he smiled, well pleased. He thought at once of the little girl in because she was so ugly. He coughed a bell by his side.

broke—"because no one ever wanted to adopt me before. I'm ugly, I know, but I'll look better when I get hair ribbons."

"Bless the child!" cried Martha

Warner, under her breath.

Then she took hold of the cold, little hand that somehow sent a thrill to her lonely heart.

"Don't you mind about your looks,"

she said, heartily. "You'll come out all right. Why, if you had been pretty, I wouldn't ever have wanted to adopt you. Didn't you know that?"

I was at ugly little girl myself, Kezzy,

and that's why I wanted you. I want to make up to you for every heart-

ache I suffered myself. The Lord made you Kezzy, and he made a place for

you, too, and its right here in my heart."

And then Martha Warner did a

strange thing. She bent down and

kissed tenderly the little sallow cheek

That night, as Kezzy, after a boun-

tiful supper, looked about the clean,

little room, that was her own, she

be her own, she gave a sigh of deep

joy. The bed—a low, brass one—was

so plump and white, and the pillow

slips were even edged with lace. Kezzy

dresser with a white bureau scarf on

it, a plump, blue pin-cushion and

three roomy drawers. Besides these

there was a dear little rocking-chair