

chattering, but quietly working; she had even imposed on the girl her old-time stint in the shape of table and bed-linen, which she said was "shockingly low." At these times Mr. Douglas watched his daughter carefully, so that when early winter came he remonstrated gently with Aunt Louisa, telling her that Madeline was pale and thin and needed a change.

"Stuff and nonsense!" Aunt Louisa answered, "Girls of this generation need more change in a year than their grandmothers did in a life-time. Madeline is healthy; it will not hurt her to get tired. I hope you think I know my duty, and do it, Robert."

"I think you mean to," the brother replied, and the subject was dropped.

But that evening, when Madeline came to say good-night, her aunt detained her. "Are you very tired to-night, Madeline?" she asked.

Madeline looked up in surprise. "Tired?" she repeated, "why—no!" Then seeing real interest in Aunt Louisa's face, she dropped her reserve and spoke, and spoke more naturally than she had for months. "I am strong and well, and I fancy I am not so much tired as disappointed. Still—laughing—I suppose this is good discipline, too, Aunt Louisa."

"Yes, it's good discipline," Aunt Louisa replied as she clicked her knitting-needles vigorously. And there was a gleam of triumph in her bright eyes, as Madeline went out and closed the door softly, that Mr. Douglas did not understand until his sister enlightened him.

A few weeks later Mr. Douglas, Madeline and Jack (who had come home for a few days), were sitting before the library fire in the twilight, when Pete brought in the afternoon mail. Madeline glanced at her letters listlessly. There were two or three from the girls at the Art School. She could not bear to read those while her father and Jack were watching her. Then she spied another beneath them, in a well-known hand. "It's from Cousin Kitty," she cried, joyfully. She broke the seal with a hasty excuse, and opened the letter. As she read her cheeks turned first pink then white. Again and again she turned the sheets, completely absorbed in the contents. When at last she looked up there was a bewildered expression upon her face, and her eyes were bright with unshed tears. "May I read it aloud?" she asked, in a queer, subdued voice. "You can make allowance for the compliments. To leave them out would spoil the strangeness of it. Just listen:

"My dear little girl,—Do you think I have neglected you all these weeks. But you will understand, for you know how ill Rose has been. Now the doctor tells me that I must take her to a warm climate, and advises a trip to the Mediterranean, going to Egypt, and up the Nile, if she is strong enough when we get over there. Of course we must have a bright, jolly, travelling companion, and whom should we choose so quick as Madeline? Your father gives a willing consent, and (here comes the strange part, Madeline interposed, not noticing a person standing erect in the doorway, whose rigid features and twinkling eyes seemed oddly at variance), 'Aunt Louisa, who has kept me so well-informed concerning Cousin Robert, has told me also, what a dear, helpful child you have been and how capable you have grown.' ('Fancy!' exclaimed Madeline, 'The features of the person in the door-way relaxed'). 'She says that although you were bitterly disappointed because you could not come to us this winter, you have borne it bravely, and have shown yourself worthy of your name—Aunt Louisa's highest compli-

ment, you know. And it was she who, when your father thought at first he could not spare you, offered to stay still longer with him that you might go. So now it is all settled, and we sail early next month. I forgot to say that after we travel a little, I shall take Rose to the South of France, and leave you with the Allens in Rome. From there they will take you to Florence and Milan before you join us later in Paris, and I fancy the opportunity to live with them so long in your beloved artistic atmosphere will compensate in a measure for what you have lost this year, so that you can begin work another fall not far behind, after all. I will run up next week and make final arrangements. Until then I am, as always, your loving,

MOTHER-KITTY."

"Now, what do you say to that?" Madeline exclaimed. Then, seeing her aunt, she rushed up to her in her old impetuous manner, flinging both arms around her neck. "Oh, Aunt Louisa," she cried, "why didn't you tell me you were thinking such kind things, you dear, cross, lovely old aunt? Yes, you have been cross, and all prickly, and how could I imagine you were soft and shiny inside like—like those smooth brown chestnuts on the table there, any more than you could know what I was like until you had tried me? Now we shall know each other better, and love each other, I hope. How can I ever thank you?" And Madeline fairly hugged her aunt in her joy and excitement.

"There, there, Madeline, such demonstration is unladylike!" Aunt Louisa said, sternly, as she settled her cap. "I came in to tell you to go out and take that abominable mixture you call a salad off the table and tell Biddy to cook some herring." And Aunt Louisa walked off in her usual austere manner.

Madeline turned to her father and Jack, a comical expression of despair on her joyful face. "If it were not for that letter, I should not believe it, even now," she said. "Give it to me quick, that I may rustle it and be sure of it when Aunt Louisa—bless her—scowls at me as before. But Jack, honestly, this would never have come to me if it had not been for you. You put me on my mettle, you know, talking about my name, and all that. Why, he preached me a regular sermon, papa!"

"A name does very well, Madeline," said Jack, half laughingly, as he roused himself from the reverie into which he had fallen while Madeline read her letter, "but in this case I fancy even that wouldn't have done much good if there had not been courage and perseverance at the back of it."

And again Madeline looked surprised at Jack's increasing wisdom.

### A Good Lesson.

"I never will put off anything again, so there!" came very emphatically from a small maiden of twelve, who was curled up with her kitten in the depths of an easy chair.

"Why not, Lottie?"

"Auntie! I didn't know you were here. I'll tell you, though, I am ashamed of myself. Papa told us the first of January that we were to move to 'The Knolls' the first of March. Then mamma said Antoinette and I must pack the books and trinkets in our rooms, and our clothing, ourselves."

"Did you each have a room of your own?"

"Yes, on our tenth birthday mamma gave us each a room, and said we were to keep them in order ourselves."

"I wonder if the rooms were as much alike

in appearance as the twin girls were in feature?"

"No, auntie," with a blush. "Nettie's was very nice always, but I couldn't find my things half the time. I didn't stop to put them in their places."

"But go on with your story, Lottie?"

"Antoinette said right away she was going down to one of the shoe stores to buy a box to pack her books in, and off she went. She had one promised, and it came in a week. I thought I would do the same, but kept putting it off till almost the last, and then the boxes had all been destroyed, and I had nothing to put my books in but an old basket I found in the attic, and some of them were very much marred in moving; but Nettie's are just as nice as ever."

"Her plan was best then, it seems."

"Then she got her trunk down two weeks before moving-time; packed the things she was not using when she had time after school, and they were all out of the way when the hurry came."

"Did you do so, too?"

"No, I thought I could pack everything in a day, and left all till the last; then there was such a hurry, and mamma needed our help; so my dresses, jackets, hats and shoes were all tumbled in together, anywhere and any way, and I haven't found them all yet."

"How was it when you got here in your new home?"

"It has been just the same."

"Antoinette's room is all in order, and she knows where to find everything, and mine is all topsy-turvy yet."

"Where is Nettie this afternoon?"

"That's the worst of all, auntie. The Williams girls came for us to go to Cedar Lake with them, and they were to take their papa to the train on the way. Nettie was ready in ten minutes, for she knew where everything was; but I could not find my jacket anywhere, and they could wait no longer for fear Mr. Williams would miss the train; so I had to stay at home."

"Where is your jacket?"

"I hunted a long time before I found it on the floor behind my trunk. I threw it on the top when I came in, and then I wanted something from the trunk, and away it went, and, of course, I forgot all about it by the time the girls came."

"Where was Antoinette's cloak?"

"On the hook where she always hangs it. Why, auntie, she could get anything she needs from her closet in the dark. Everything is hung on its own hook."

"That is an illustration of the old proverb: 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'"

"Yes, and now I will not do this way any longer. If I have anything to do, I shall do it, as mamma has always told me! So, kitty, you may sleep here in the arm-chair, if you want to. I'm going to put my room in order, and keep it so, too."

And Lottie went off to her task, leaving auntie thinking that, perhaps the disappointment about the ride was a very good thing for her dilatory little niece.—Herald and Presbyterian.

### Found Faithful.

Amongst all the letters that came home from the East during the Crimean war, one of the most affecting was that of a little drummer-boy to his mother. After describing the hardships of that memorable winter, the cold and pitiless wind, the hunger and nakedness which the army endured, he concluded with the simple, touching words, "But, mother, it's our duty, and for our duty we'll die.—Helping Words."