

with shame. Mildred began to falter a confession, but an appealing look from Rachael stopped her.

The little festival did not come to an end until Sally Peyton had sung Southern plantation songs, accompanying herself on the banjo, and Mrs. Hickling had sung in a thin, sweet voice a Thanksgiving hymn, a reminiscence of the days when she sat in "the seats" at North Joppa.

After Rachael had taken her mother to her own room she came back and softly shut the door, standing with her back against it. Her face flushed and paled sensitively.

"It—it was real good of you, but I expect I made you feel as if you must," she said. "I didn't care, since it was for mother's sake!" Her words came in a torrent, as if, having begun to force them, she could not now check them. "You don't know, you couldn't understand, what a hard time she has had, nor what a comfort it is to her to think I'm having a good one. I was bound she should think so. I wouldn't have asked you for myself; I'd have cut my right hand off first!" The girl's face was actually fierce. "Maybe 'twas only pretty manners, what you did, such as girls like you have; you were making fun of my things when I asked you! But anyhow it made mother happy, and I'm real obliged to you. But I ain't your kind, and I never could be; and you needn't think I don't know it, or that I shall ever want to trouble you again!"

Mildred caught her in a firm clasp as she turned away.

"We're not your kind, and we own it with shame—not brave and noble and self-sacrificing like you. But—do let us be friends and help us all you can."

Rachael's repellent attitude changed suddenly to the awkward constraint that was habitual to her.

"If—if I could help you about your problems at any time I have got a head for figures," she said.

Mildred plumped herself upon a couch in a reflective attitude when the door had closed upon the girl from North Joppa.

"There was a clause in my father's will which stipulated that I should have a liberal education," she said slowly. "I'm going to get it, but not by way of the college. Rachael Hickling is a liberal education!"

It happened that, when the rich Miss Dobbins left college a few months later, Rachael and Mildred became room mates. They were such good friends that they both wished it. Some people thought it an incongruous association, but it seems likely to prove a liberal education on both sides.—Christian Endeavor World.

Waltzing Mice.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic animal a black and white mouse with pink eyes. The peculiarity of this breed of mice is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz; and they keep up their waltzing the greater part of their waking hours all their life.

If several mice are put together, they often waltz in couples; sometimes even more than two join in the mad whirls, which are so rapid that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. If the floor of their cage is not smooth, they actually wear out their feet, leaving only stumps to whirl on. These remarkable whirls seem to be as necessary to the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults to the tumbling pigeon.

An upright peg forms a convenient pivot for these Japanese pets; "but even without this guide," says Natural Science, "they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler."—Youth's Instructor.

Friends.

Having carefully chosen a few friends, we should never let them go out of our lives if we can by any possibility retain them. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be lightly thrown away, and yet

many persons are not careful to hold their friends once they have secured them. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little yet are books of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones; some take offense easily at imagined slights or neglects, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties.

Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friendships. Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no nests for their hearts in any. There are a great many ways of losing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives, we should cherish them as rarest jewels. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set aright. It is hard to lose a friend, but the loss is not utterly irreparable.

DREAMLAND.

I heard him laugh in his sleep last night,
I heard him laugh in his sleep,
And softly up to his bed I crept,
As softly as I could creep.

And I bent above him as he lay,
I bent and whispered low,
"O beautiful dreams that to childhood come,
I, too, your joys would know!"

And I listened as soft he laughed again,
I listened, and then I sighed,
I wondered where he was wandering
While Dreamland's gates stood wide.

For I could not follow where he went,
For my wings had been clipped by care,
And only those who can soar on high
May enter sweet Dreamland fair.

But I could patiently watch and wait
And love him as he lay,
For Dreamland's wonders he'd tell to me
When back he came with the day.

So I was glad when he laughed in his sleep,
Was glad, and I knew no pain,
For, led by the hand of my laughing boy,
Dreamland was my own again.

—Morning Guide.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;

Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;

And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;

His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.

—Henry Van Dyke.

"I once comed a name away back in 1876," says Robert J. Burdette, "for one of my so-called humorous characters—Bilderback. I put the Bilderback family in jocosse print for several years. One night, about 1887, I lectured in Salem, N. J., and told one of my Bilderback stories. The audience was convulsed with more mirth than the story called for. After the lecture I was introduced to about a dozen Bilderbacks, who enjoyed my story more than any one else."

Hints on Christmas Presents.

The Christmas tree is coming! And for that very reason there are many whispered conferences and many mysterious plannings. So much has been written and said on this subject that it seems almost superfluous to urge you to make your gifts appropriate and not to give a gold thimble to the woman who never sews, nor a pair of fur gloves to the invalid who can never go out-of-doors. But, on the other hand, do not make your gifts so very appropriate as to remind one too forcibly of his infirmities. Don't give a crutch to the cripple, nor an ear-trumpet to him who cannot hear. Have your own heart full of the "good will to men" of which this season especially reminds us, and there will be no fear that the result will not be a success.

Above all, never for one moment think because

your purse is slender you can do nothing. It is hard to try "to make one guinea do the work of five," as Robert Burns says; but, given a will and skilful fingers, it will not be very hard to find a way. Just a small circle of linen with a wide border of knot crochet will make a pretty doyley at a very small expense.

Other little pieces of linen may be used for box-covers, and these small boxes daintily mounted and lined will bring pleasure to any one as a useful and ornamental adjunct to the bureau. If the "five guineas" are plentiful, it will be better to buy the boxes which come lined, with a piece of denim or linen stamped for the cover, and a card for mounting. But, if you want to be very economical, the boxes may be made at home; or, if you have them of the required size and shape, candy-boxes may be used, for they generally have the necessary strength. In mounting them use fish glue, put a little wadding over the cover, always being sure to make it a little thicker in the centre.

A heart-shaped box on which are embroidered tiny forget-me-nots and roses is very dainty. A half circle makes another pretty box which will be found very useful as a receptacle for collar-buttons and cuff-buttons. Still a larger one may be covered with brocade and made oblong and large enough to hold cabinet photographs.

The shops, too, have a large supply of blank books with fanciful covers ready for working. One which is intended to hold the notes gathered on the summer outing, or the bright ideas which scribbling folk are fond of setting down, has a cover of tan denim on which are stamped a conventional design and the somewhat sarcastic legend, "Words, words, words."

Another, which is intended for the remarkable speeches every mother's child is bound to utter, has a white cover. On this are stamped forget-me-nots and the words, "My Baby." It seems to me that this book will be a great comfort to the youthful subject when he has reached years of maturity, for on the occasions when fond relatives would grow reminiscent, instead of repeating his wise baby sayings, the little note-book may be passed from hand to hand.

There are recipe-books for the young housekeeper. And for the bride is one with a white cover, of course. On this are the words, "My Wedding Day." Within are pages of heavy white paper on which can be written the names of the officiating clergyman, the bridesmaids and ushers. On other pages can be mounted pieces of the wedding gown, the going-away gown, and all the other dresses of the trousseau. Incidents and souvenirs of the wedding journey may occupy other pages.

"Kodak Views" is printed on a denim cover which holds white paper prepared for mounting the camera views which the amateur delights to gather.

The successful amateur photographer can make his play yield real pleasure for some one by mounting his pictures in a little booklet to illustrate some favorite poem. Tennyson's "Brook" lends itself readily to this treatment, and the beauty of the views may add even "to the rhyme of the poet." And the loving thought that prompted a gift for a friend in the midst of your own pleasure will, I doubt not, be well appreciated.

Pictures are pleasures always; and now, when copies of the masterpieces can be bought for a trifle, they may be easily utilized as presents. Neat frames in wood or gilt are found very cheap in many shops. And for a mat blotting-paper will answer, if something else is out of the question. Get one of the beautiful copies of the Madonna, and the whole year through it will not only serve as a reminder of you, but will preach a bit of a sermon about the "peace on earth" that the Christ-child came to bring.

If all of my other suggestions are impracticable for you, do write a cheery Christmas letter. This is a possibility for any of you, and the thought that you have brought joy to some one else will, I know, do much toward helping you to have a merry Christmas.—Christian Endeavor World.