

that a grown-up person could touch it with his finger tips.

There was a large open fireplace on one side of the room with a wide, red brick hearth. Here on fall and winter evenings apples were roasted and nuts cracked in the firelight.

Aunt Lizzie used always to sit with the children on the floor and tell stories, but those about the time she was a little girl pleased them best.

Aunt Lizzie had never married, but she understood children and had a way of making them do things when other people sometimes failed.

Betty was just coming from a most fascinating cupboard, which was built into the wall beside the fireplace. It reached from the floor to the ceiling and was divided in the middle.

The upper part was where Aunt Lizzie kept her sewing and work basket. Candy and peanuts were always on hand for the many children who stopped on their way home from school.

Down below it was Betty's doll house, and this was furnished with beds, chairs and tables that had once belonged to Aunt Lizzie.

Betty crossed the room and seated herself in a tiny chair. She was six years old. Apparently her doll need-

Aunt Lizzie sewed, placing her threads on the deep window sill, and watched Betty as she stood on the sofa holding her dolly up to examine a highly-colored picture of a barnyard scene.

A plough horse coming home from the fields, driven by a small boy with very blue trousers, was receiving a hearty welcome from hens, chickens, ducks, kittens and a noisy dog. A barefoot boy was pumping water into a trough for some extremely red cows.

Betty loved to look at this picture, and many years before Betty's mother had liked to look at it. Aunt Lizzie and it had been bought for Betty's grandmother when she was a little girl.

After every animal had been pointed out, the dolly was put to sleep on an old-fashioned pillow with a great wreath of flowers embroidered on it. "How I do wish that tooth was out!"

"Why, auntie, I don't! It will hurt me."

"Just for a minute, and anyone could stand a little pain for the fairy's gift."

"Fairy's gift! Oh, auntie, what do you mean?"



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ed a great deal of attention, for she never answered her aunt's remark.

Betty's mamma had been to Aunt Lizzie a few hours before with a worried look on her face and had said: "Oh, Lizzie, I don't know what I shall do. That tooth is so loose I am afraid to have her go to bed for fear she may swallow it, and she won't let me touch it."

"Leave her with me a little while and I will see what I can do," answered Aunt Lizzie.

There was silence in the room.

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Betty's eyes sparkled and her cheeks grew pink, for she loved fairies.

"Let me look at your tooth. I won't touch it, and I will tell you of what happened to me when I was a little girl.

"I had a tooth just as loose as yours. I was crying, for I didn't want it out. Uncle Henry, who was just home from college, told me if I would put my hands behind my back he would put a thread around it, and if I would let him give one pull it would come out. Then before I went to bed I must put my tooth on a flatiron under the kitchen stove, and the fairies would come in the night and take it away and leave a five-cent piece."

"Did you let him pull it out, auntie, and did you find the money?" cried Betty, breathlessly.

"Certainly I did."

"Do you suppose the fairies would do that now? It's a long time since you were a little girl."

"I don't think there is the least doubt about it. I will ask your mamma to let me undress you, and we will put the tooth on the iron together. Perhaps she might let you sleep in my room, and we could go down early in the morning before anyone was up and see if the fairies had left the money."

"Oh, goody-goody! I will run and ask mamma, and if she says 'yes' I will let you put the thread on right off."

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Away flew Betty and in a few minutes was back crying eagerly:

"Put it on quick, auntie, I am going to stand so still; for mamma wants me to be her brave little girl."

A short time later Betty stood with the tiny tooth in her hand.

"Why, auntie, it didn't hurt one bit, and now I can hardly wait for bedtime to come."

Early next morning two white-figures stole softly down the quaint old stairway that led into the kitchen, and there on the flatiron under the stove they found the fairy's gift.—The Christian Register.

presently his attention was attracted by a little voice saying, "Please take one or two," and looking down he saw each little girl extending to him a screw of sweets which his pennies had purchased! Though he never ate sweets and particularly disliked those offered to him, he remarked afterwards that he could not resist courtesy of such true refinement.

NOVEL HORTICULTURE.

A Yorkshire paper tells a good story connected with Dr. Pulleine late Bishop of Richmond, who recently passed away. He once occupied the chair at a reunion of past students at the Training College, Ripon, and told the following story about his father:—

"He was a farmer, and a nice old gentleman, too. One year he took it into his head to grow flax, so he sowed the seed, and having a good crop, sent it away to be made into a tablecloth. Some time later, when seated at dinner, he remarked to a lady near him, 'Do you know I grew this tablecloth myself.' 'Did you, really?' she answered, with the greatest surprise. 'However did you manage it?' 'Well'—most mysteriously—'if you'll promise not to tell anyone, I'll tell you. I—planted a napkin.'"

KINDNESS REWARDED.

A pretty story is told of two little girls which rather disproves the statement (which many of us are inclined to think a true one) that the manners of the younger generation leave a great deal to be desired. A gentleman noticed two very poor little creatures gazing longingly into the well-stocked windows of a sweet-shop, and having a tender heart, he provided each with the magic penny which would make them the owners of some of those tempting delicacies. He then passed on to the street corner to await a tram to take him home and thought no more about them. But

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