

ery. No; Doctor Bowen would never consent to your resigning in another's favor. Besides, it's an honor you should covet—not throw away!"

"I believe the poor child is worrying herself thin," remarked Eleanor Wilson to her chum, a fortnight before commencement. "It isn't her examinations; a girl of her intellect never has fears from that source."

"I think I know the cause of her 'decline,'" as Alice Randall calls it, laughed Julia. "It's not a deep-seated malady—nothing chronic. But, laying aside all joking, I believe the valedictory appointment is at the bottom of it. I've noticed she hasn't seemed herself for two weeks, and then I've heard a few things that tend to strengthen my suspicions."

"Doesn't she want to speak—is that it?"

"It isn't the speaking, so I've heard, but her dress. She's nothing to appear in—only her 'reception gown'!" The muslin for a long time had been so known among the girls. "Do you blame her for feeling as she does—especially when the salutatorian," and she glanced over to the bed where lay a charming creation of satin and lace, just from Madame La Manette's famous establishment, "appears in such fairy-like finery! I would pine under the same circumstances—I'm sure of it."

The last two weeks were busy ones for Eleanor Wilson. Besides her duties as class president and chairman of the committee on arrangements, her article, to be delivered in Latin, took an unusual amount of time. Yet with all these things to take her attention, there was another matter she couldn't keep out of her mind, a matter with respect to which not even her closest friends were consulted.

"I know how she feels—though, of course, not by experience, but I can imagine," soliloquized Eleanor thoughtfully. "She's sensitive—Dorothy is—but so noble-hearted, and with such a beautiful spirit! I suppose I might," and she hesitated, an 'of-course-I-ought-to' expression puckering her brow.

She went to her trunk and took out a plain muslin dress, one that had never been finished.

"I might wear it—perhaps I—"

But there was the other dress—the handiwork of Madame La Manette, and with a sigh, made up of resolution and doubt, Eleanor spread the muslin garment on the white coverlet. Not even her chum saw her smuggle it out of the room that afternoon.

"Yes; I can have it done in time," said the little dressmaker briskly.

"I shall make such an appearance tomorrow," thought Dorothy bitterly. 'Twas the evening before graduation. "If it wasn't for you, little mother—the disappointment—I'd give it up even now. It's so hard to go before all those people with— Oh, well, it's the only dress I've got, so I'll have to make the best of it."

Such a commencement morning was rarely experienced at Bancroft Seminary—it was cool and beautiful, a perfect June morning. Miss Kellogg could hardly remember when, on that occasion, it had not stormed, or at least been cloudy.

No member of the graduating class had an opportunity to visit another before the exercises, so busy was each with her own preparations.

Half suppressed exclamations of sur-

prise were heard from the girls, as Eleanor Wilson came to the front of the platform to deliver the salutatory. "Her dress must be beautiful," thought Dorothy, without looking up, "and mine— Nobody knows how I feel!"

Dorothy didn't summon her courage to look at the speaker till Eleanor was nearly through, and then—could it be possible, or did her eyes deceive her! For there stood the tall, graceful figure of the most popular girl in Bancroft Seminary, clad in a muslin gown, more simply made than the one she—Dorothy Dascomb—had on!

In a moment she realized what it meant—a sacrifice for the sake of a member of the class—for her.

All through the exercises, until her turn came, Dorothy Dascomb was under the influence of strangely conflicting emotions. She scarcely heard her name, as it was announced in the clear tones of Doctor Bowen.

She held her paper firmly before her, as she began to deliver the valedictory, yet her eyes only now and then sought the carefully written pages.

"I thought her subject was 'Motive Principles,'" whispered Julia Thomas to Alice Randall, wonderingly.

"It was—it's on the programme. That's the way it's printed!"

"No! her theme is 'Unselfishness'—plainly so. How came she to change? Or—yes; she's extemporizing!"

Doctor Bowen leaned forward and whispered to Miss Kellogg.

It was but a moment before the speaker had the attention of everyone present—tired though they were with the length of the exercises.

The audience was swayed with her wonderful pathos and power. Never before had they listened to such eloquence from a member of a graduating class. Men and women leaned forward that not a syllable be lost, and when she ended with a passionate appeal against self-inflicted misery, brought about by an over-sensitive dwelling upon one's circumstances and surroundings, there wasn't a motion in the large audience room. It was the silence of conviction.

"How came you to do it—speak on another subject without preparation?" whispered her mother proudly, as they left the hall together.

"Eleanor Wilson's unselfishness, and the foolish sensitiveness of Dorothy Dascomb—nothing else."

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The Testing of Jack

(Cora Hammond, in 'Western Christian Advocate'.)

"Kodaks, so simple a child can use them. No more beautiful or serviceable instruments made. Five dollars to seventy-five dollars," read Jack, as he sauntered home from the post-office with his father's weekly paper.

"My, don't I wish I had one? If only I had a rich uncle, like Joe Stevens, that would send me one. Joe is awful good to let me go with him when he takes his views, and 'tain't half so much fun as if I had one all my own. But it's no use talkin'. I can't have one. Five dollars seems to be the cheapest, and would probably be no good. Hello, there comes that gang of men that are out here huntin' and fishin'. Looks as if their buggy was about full, with their guns and fishing tackle, and everything else. Must be lots of fun for them city men to come up here to the 'North Woods,' as they call it, and camp out. Five dollars don't seem much to them, I guess. Looks as if they had started home now for good."

The merry load went quickly by, and Jack stood watching them with boyish curiosity.

"Hold on there. You've dropped something," called Jack, as he saw a small black box roll out of the back of the waggon.

The noise of the waggon drowned the boy's voice, and the horses dashed on. Jack ran up the road to see what had rolled out.

"I really believe," he gasped, "it's a kodak." I hope it ain't broke. No, sir; it's all right. Guess it must have struck a soft spot. What'll I do with it? It hadn't ought to be left here. S'pose Miss Hawkins would say I ought to take it to them fellers; but they'll git another, and never miss this one. Then, I guess, they are tryin' to make the 10.40 train, and I could never git there if I tried," added Jack.

He trudged home, with the kodak under his arm, but there was no more talking to himself that morning. Someway Jack didn't feel just right.

The Miss Hawkins he had mentioned was his Sunday-school teacher. He knew little about her, except that her father was the village doctor, and one day, when his sister Maggie was sick, she had come out with her father. She had brought a bag of oranges, and had urged Jack to come to her Sunday-school class. He had gone the next Sunday, and she and her boys had been so pleasant that he had become a regular attendant.

"Hello, Jack," said his father, as Jack reached home, "what you got there?"

"A kodak I found back here," answered Jack, shortly.

"Well, now, you're in luck. Them city duffers lost it, and they'll never come back for it. Good thing you learned to run one of Joe Stevens's. Guess I can scrape enough together to git you the furnishin's, and you can take all the pictures you want to. Guess you'll have to git this wood in the shed this afternoon, though."

Jack went into the kitchen, where his mother was busy with getting dinner.

"Why, Jack," she said, "has Joe let you take his kodak?"

"I found this in the road," said Jack, trying to look as if finding kodaks was an every-day occurrence.

"Probably that gang of men lost it. Your