

Ike, and Grit having no better suggestion to make, they hid together out of the starlight in a near clump of witch-hazel.

The night was very still and clear and a bit chilly. Grit took a chum's liberty and cuddled close; but presently he was alert, his ears pricked.

'Easy now,' coaxed Ike, with a hand on his neck.

A step came along the slag walk. There came a rattle of a key in its lock.

'Me fortune's made,' whispered Ike in breathless excitement, 'if ye'll be still,' and he clung beseechingly; but Grit gave a yelp and broke in pursuit.

The door opened upon a furnace of very primitive type. A great firestone basin stood against the wall that shut off the bellows room, and underneath, still glowing, were the embers of the day's fire. Their light glinted on the nozzle of the bellows as it poked through the wall and showed the smelter's ladle hanging to one side. On the floor was the pile of lead ready for Monday, all the flint and clay broken away and the tiny blocks pure and shining softly in the dim light. Beyond were the weeks of pigs of metal.

At the sound of that yelp, Mitchel, for he it was, dashed inside, and Grit followed. By the dim firelight the tussle before it was all legs and breathings of great threatening, but for some moments nothing definite. Then by happy accident a chunk of cake fell from the defendant's pocket into Grit's jaws; his tail wagged truce.

Mitchel eyed the repast ruefully and then looked to Ike who had done what he could and now stood getting his breath alongside.

'Would ye be still keepin' the creature, Ike? I'm thinkin' ye forget it's the husband of ye're mother's sister I am.'

'What are you doing here?' demanded Ike.

'Och thin, am I to consult the beast before I take a walk of an evening?'

'We're the watch.'

'Presarve us,' said Mitchel.

'An' Uncle Mitchel,' white as the flint pile outside, 'ye'll have to go to Mr. Quentin.'

Mitchel stared for one instant, then sat sat himself down and roared.

'Ye're a broth of a boy,' said he.

'There's no other way,' Ike told him, and put a hand on his arm; 'I'm the watch.'

'An' I'm Pat Mitchel,' with a bit of a frown. 'Run round now and start the bellows while I get up the fire. We'll talk after.'

But Ike stood white and still.

'Then listen, ye little mule watch. The dozen pigs is under the drush yonder in the corner, see? They're to be melted over because they're done wrong, see? An' daylight'll be on us if we stay talkin'. Now will ye run to the bellows?'

'Why doesn't Mr. Quentin know?' was all Ike's answer.

'Go and tell him,' said Mitchel, who kept his eye on the dog while he built up the fire. 'Go and tell.' Then suddenly he turned to the boy. The new blaze was bright on their faces. 'An' will ye be pleased to name what ye're thinkin' of me, Mr. Watch?' said he; and it was very graciously done.

Ike gave a sob and flung his arms about him.

When he came back from starting the bellows four pigs of lead were beginning to soften in the basin, and Grit had made his apology and lay blinking at the fire.

'There's more of that cake,' said Mitchel, 'on the pantry shelf an' the door's unlocked.'

'I'll see how fast I can get it,' said Ike.

The regard of each for the other had taken new fuel like the fire.

From the door Ike turned back.

'Ought the watch?'

'To be sure,' broke in Mitchel smiling, 'I'll go meself and you'll do the smeltin'. See, ladle off the scum when it comes up, and keep the fire,' and off he ran, like a boy, for his cake.

Thus it happened that Ike was busy smelting when the astonished Mr. Quentin walked in. The clack of the bellows had hidden his approach even from Grit, who was fortunately asleep.

'Good-evening,' said Mr. Quentin.

The watch took a step forward and bowed to him. 'I was goin' to tell you in the mornin', sir,' he said.

'To tell me what?'

'That nobody's a thief, sir!' The glow of his eyes made it jubilant news. Again Mr. Quentin felt his heart warm and ashamed.

'It's ashamed I am of givin' such trouble and suspicion, sir,' said Mitchel's voice coming in the door. 'Will ye take a bit of cake, sir, while ye hear about it?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Thank you,' said Mr. Quentin, and munched with them amiably while the story of the pigs was unfolded to the bellows' clacking and the sparks of the fire.

'Well, sir, the first pigs came out with ragged taps on account of the moulds bein' too full. Then, thinks I, you'll be my work an' you'll be done overtime.'

'But why make a secret of it?'

'Sure, I'd bragged of my smeltin', sir. All the men would make a laugh on me.'

'So you hid the ragged pigs?'

'I did, sir. An' it'll be a fine joke on the thief talkers when the whole number's found to-morrow—beggin' your own pardon, sir.'

'An' ye'll not be wantin' a watch, sir,' said Ike.

'I'll be wanting Grit and Company,' said Mr. Quentin.

So the dimming of Ike's smile went by.—'Forward.'

'Keep Your Lantern by You.'

The words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening train: 'Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other.' The brakeman was a new hand, who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear end of the last car, and the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakeman passed toward the front end; there, to our surprise, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. While he was taking it down and suspending it from his arm, instead of from the hook in the corner, we began to think. We thought of others besides inexperienced brakemen who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency.

There are people who make a profession of religion who seem like shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in their daily life. They leave the lantern hung up somewhere where it can do them little good in a special hour. There are young people who go to places where they cannot take their religion with them. And then, how shall they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of trouble, if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises?

'Ye are the light of the world,' said Jesus to his disciples; but they who are to give light

to the world must bear their light about with them. 'Let your light so shine before men,' again said the Saviour, 'that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

Do not forget that if we neglect to let our lights shine brightly they are in danger of being put out entirely, and other light-bearers put into our places.—'Northern Advocate.'

Her Mother's Negative.

(By Marcella Hayden Crewson.)

In front of a large window in the fifth story of a business block sat three girls before three easels. They were still girls, though contact with the world had rubbed off some of the freshness of youth.

On each easel was fastened a negative which these photographic artists were retouching, enlivening their work by divers comments upon the faces before them, the originals of which were unknown to the workers.

'Oh, Daisy, do look at this face. Just see the wrinkles, and Mr. Board said most of them must come out,' called the girl with the auburn hair.

Daisy Barradell leaned over and looked at her neighbor's negative.

'A vain old woman, I should call her,' was her comment.

The door opened, and Mr. Board, the photographer, entered. Nina Carr at once appealed to him.

'There's a lot of work to do on this face. It won't look like her if you take out all those wrinkles.'

'Nevertheless, it must be done. The old lady has a daughter who has been away from home for several years and the picture is for her. The daughter is to be kept in ignorance of her mother's wrinkles and I promised to humor the old lady's whim.'

'Does she live here?' queried the girl at the third easel, looking at the negative with an air of interest. Until now her attention had been wholly concentrated upon her own work. 'No,' answered Mr. Board; 'she lives in Keithsburg, thirty-five miles west. She said she couldn't get anyone there to take a picture to suit her.'

But why does she want to look so different from what she really is?' asked Nina.

'Well, I suspect her daughter has been the cause of some of those wrinkles, and she wishes to keep the knowledge of that from her,' was the photographer's response as he closed the door.

The girl at the third easel took her negative from its position and brought it to Nina, saying in a voice that trembled a little in spite of herself, 'Will you change with me, Miss Carr? I'd rather do yours if you'll finish mine.'

Nina Carr looked at the likeness of a dimpled baby which Elsie Coen held in her hands, and quickly made the exchange.

Elsie fastened the negative on her easel, and sat motionless while she studied the face before her. Presently she took up her pencil, and some of the wrinkles began gradually to disappear.

Elsie Coen was a recent addition to their force of workers. She was rather slight, with light hair and blue eyes, and a face that always seemed ready to break into smiles at the slightest provocation. She was an acknowledged expert in her line, and had lately arrived there from Chicago.

'My! she looks any amount better, doesn't she, girls? She doesn't look so very old, now.'