

ward the buildings; 'I've been robbed at every turn.'

Indignant Leslie made straight for the cookery building. The crowd had followed the band to another portion of the fair grounds, and her way was clear. She rushed up the steps with a flood of angry words at her tongue's end; but at the door she suddenly paused and stood as if petrified. Only a few persons were in the building. Stout Mrs. Dollar, calm and placid as usual, sat near the fruit she was guarding. Back and forth before her raged the owner of the other cake. The furious woman was an unlovely spectacle as she stamped her foot on the floor and poured out a flood of anger in a tone that was in itself an insult. Leslie shuddered as she listened.

'If my cake was good enough to eat it was good enough to take a price' screamed the woman. 'You're all thieves and robbers, the whole lot of you—and you're the worst of the lot. I bet the Dollars ate that cake for their supper. It took seven eggs to make that cake and you've got to pay them back. Do you hear. You've got to pay them back. I will sue you for damages. Where are them judges? I'll tell the president on you—I'll sue the company—I'll—'

The woman paused to recover her breath, and then let loose a second torrent of vituperation, ending at last with the words, 'There, now, what do you think of that?'

'I think you must be feelin' quite relieved by now,' said Mrs. Dollar, pleasantly. 'Is there something I can do for you, Leslie?'

The angry woman opened and closed her lips several times, but no words came; she brushed past Leslie and hustled off toward the administration building to tell the president what she thought of him. Mrs. Dollar repeated her question.

'Yes—no,' replied Leslie, whose eyes had grown almost dovelike in their madness. 'Nothing, thank you, I came to get my cake for the picnic, but really it doesn't matter.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Dollar, 'I felt real put out about those two cakes—I'll give you a plate of my seed cookies for your picnic. The lads worked like Trojans over that stand, and you can't altogether blame them for bein' hungry. They did have the grace to leave a little piece of your cake—enough for the judges to taste—and I told 'em it looked as good as it tasted, so you got the first prize. But land! Them boys made a terrible mistake when they picked out Mrs. Greenbaum's for the other. 'Twas a good cake, but there ain't a worse-tempered woman in the county. I'm thankful you were the other victim. Another like Mrs. Greenbaum would have taken all the tucker out of me.'

Leslie flushed and stammered, 'I'm much obliged for the cookies,' said she. 'I—I never was so thankful for anything in my life.'

'Why, they're just plain cookies,' said Mrs. Dollar. 'I'm sure you're welcome.'

Leslie, however, did not explain that she had a far deeper cause than cookies for her thanksgiving. Nevertheless, whenever she was again tempted to give anyone a piece of her mind, she had only to think of the sample she had seen of Mrs. Greenbaum's.

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When Friends Were True.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Junior C.E. World'.)

They kept the toll-gate at the end of the Gobang bridge—Nellie Bly and her brother Alphonso and their father and mother. Mr. Bly had kept the toll-bridge, of course, in the happy times when he was well; but now he had been ill for a long time, and Mrs. Bly had to spend almost all her time in taking care of him, and Nellie and Alphonso were really the keepers of the toll-gate and of the little shop that was hitched on to the toll-gate, where they sold sandwiches and cakes and candy, chiefly to the lumbermen who came down river on their rafts. For a month, now, neither Nellie nor Alphonso had been able to go to school at all, for their father was in the Gobang hospital, and their mother went every day to see him.

'Nellie Bly, you must be a woman,' her mother said every day when she started off over the long bridge to the Gobang hospital. And she looked into Nellie's eyes, and smiled, although Nellie knew that she felt more like crying.

Of course she could be a woman! She was eleven, 'almost half-past eleven,' Nellie would answer hopefully. She could take the toll just as well as if she were thrice as old and a head taller.

And Alphonso, who was not quite ten and small for his age, had a head for figures, and could remember the prices of everything.

Even if there should be a crowd of people crossing the bridge on foot and in carriages, Nellie could take the toll. Even if there should come down river the great fleet of rafts that they were expecting on any one of these spring days, Alphonso could tend the store.

Even if a crowd of those rough boys from Turtle Hollow came along, Nellie would not let them 'run their toll'; no, indeed, she certainly would not!

She said that very positively one Saturday afternoon, the time when the Turtle Hollow boys were likely to come, because her father was to undergo an operation in the hospital, and her mother was very anxious. On this day, most of all, Nellie wished her mother to feel sure that she could be a woman.

There was much driving to and from Gobang that afternoon, but Nellie quite forgot to look into the fine carriages, as she was in the habit of doing, in search of a little girl who was her very dear friend, although she had only seen her once, and although this friend was a very rich little girl, whose father had built the great, handsome house on Walnut Hill, and she was only Nellie Bly, whose father kept the toll-gate. Had not the little girl said, as they had looked into each other's eyes at parting: 'Now remember, we are friends forever!' It was only as the little girl was going away that they had met. The little girl was in a carriage, and carried her kitten in a basket. The little girl had screamed, and the nursery-maid had screamed, and the coachman had jumped out and chased the kitten, and the kitten had been so frightened that it had tried to scramble down over the rocks, and had fallen into the river.

While every one screamed still more, Nellie and Alphonso had run down the back steps of their shop, which extended to the river, and waded in, and rescued the poor little half-drowned kitten.

The coachman had wished to pay them, but they had refused to take money. Nellie had felt more than paid when the little girl had

said that they would be 'friends forever.' The toll-house was a good way off from other houses, and Nellie had but few friends.

The great house on the hill had been closed the next summer, but Nellie had not yet ceased to wonder whether her friend would ever come again.

On this afternoon she had too much on her mind to think of looking into the fine carriages, even before a whole crowd of Turtle Hollow boys came in sight. When that happened, her heart beat fast. There was not much danger that they would try to 'run their toll,' she thought, with all those carriages near at hand; but one could not tell what they might do if they should find out that Alphonso was alone in the shop.

They stood near the shop door, as many as a dozen of the rough boys, and then they all suddenly rushed in! Oranges, corn balls, and sandwiches, came flying into the street! Nellie left the toll-gate, and hurried to the shop. A big coachman from one of the carriages had got there before her, and the boys were being driven out.

But two of the largest had seized Alphonso, and were dragging him along with them in spite of his screams and struggles. The coachman had to return to his horses, which were becoming frightened by the uproar. The boys were running their toll, and they were dragging Alphonso along with them. You never could tell what those Turtle Hollow boys would do. And now they were angry and disappointed at being driven out of the shop, where they had expected to have a big feast. Nellie was even afraid that they really might throw Alphonso—who was such a little fellow!—over the bridge into the river.

She ran on after them, crying for help with all the breath that she could spare from running; but the people on the bridge saw only an angry little girl running after some boys, who perhaps had been teasing her, and took no notice.

They thought all the more that it was only fun because one of the bad boys kept shouting back to her, 'Nellie Bly shuts her eye'; and Nellie wished that her mother had remembered when she named her that there had been a Nellie Bly in a silly old song.

There were policemen in Gobang. If the bad boys did not throw Alphonso into the river before they reached the city, she might find one, thought Nellie, as she ran on.

There was no one to take the toll! The neglect might cause them to lose the place. And the little shop was left to wreck and to ruin. She had promised her mother that she would be a woman; yet what could she do? So thought poor Nellie, and felt that her troubles were greater than she could bear, forgetting that God's watchful care was over her and Alphonso and the toll-gate and the little shop.

In the meantime a little girl had hopped out of the carriage whose horses had been so frightened.

'Michael, you stand by the horses. Oswald, you take the toll, and I—I will tend to the store until Nellie Bly comes back. There is a reason, a great reason, you know, Oswald, why we should do all we can to help Nellie Bly,' she said.

'Of course there is! And of course we should help her if there wasn't,' said her brother Oswald as he swung himself out of the carriage. Oswald was almost thirteen, and he felt as if he would rather follow those roughs and rescue the little fellow than to stand and take the toll. He felt that that would be the manly thing to do, but a moment's thought showed him that the better