

that night. Helen hoped very much that she would be the successful candidate. What an honor it would be to tell the dear ones at home! And she believed that she could do so much for Kappa Nu—dear Kappa Nu! Plans for its development simmered pleasantly in her brain. She knew that there was a large party in her favor and those who might oppose her election would only do so out of love of Freda or Stephanie. If she were elected, the defeated candidates and their adherents would serve under her loyally.

At this point in her musings a maid appeared.

'A caller for you, Miss Blake,' she said. Helen thought there was a faint glimmer of amusement on her face. 'She is in the reception room. She did not send up her card—said to tell you Mehitable Jane wanted to see you and you would know who it was.'

The maid was gone and Helen stood in the middle of her room, turning from red to white and from white back to red again. Mehitable Jane!

'I can't go down—I won't,' said Helen, passionately to herself. 'Before all the girls and their friends! I can't. What possessed Mehitable Jane to come here. I'll send her down word I can't see anyone to-day—I'm too busy. It is true though. There are all those extra problems to be worked out and they've got to be done some time to-day.'

But Helen felt a prick of shame at her decision; and she did not at once carry it out. Instead she sat down on her rocker and thought hard and unpleasantly.

Mehitable Jane was an old family servant and nurse. She had been in the Blake household since long before Helen was born, and they were all warmly attached to her. Mehitable Jane considered herself one of the family, and petted, scolded, and 'did for' the children as if they were her own. Helen was her favorite, and the girl loved her old nurse fondly. She knew that if she did not go down, Mehitable Jane would see through her excuse and be deeply hurt. But go down she could not. Mehitable Jane was a big, red-faced, raw-boned person. She talked ex-cruciating grammar in a loud, cheerful voice. She dressed like a left-over from Noah's ark. What would the girls think of her? What would Maud and Caroline think of her? Surely they would be shocked at the idea of making an intimate friend of an old, illiterate servant. They would not show it, of course; they were too well bred for that. But there were some girls who were not—girls who would smile and laugh among themselves and whisper significantly that Helen Blake's family couldn't amount to much after all. No, she could not go down. Mehitable Jane should have known better than to come to Saint Agatha's to see her. Helen rose determinedly to summon the maid and send down her excuses.

And then, as in a flash of revelation, Helen caught a glimpse of herself. She turned red again with shame. What she was going to do was snobbish—yes, the very worst kind of snobbishness. How ashamed father and mother would be of her if they knew! How ashamed she would be of herself! She remembered how kind Mehitable Jane had always been to her—how she had sat up with her night after night when she had scarlet fever, and how the doctor had said it was nothing but Mehitable Jane's remaining that had saved her life.

'Am I going to reward her for her years of service and devotion, such as money could never buy, by snubbing her? No, I'm not. I'm going right down to see her. I'm not going to be ashamed of her, because I can't be ashamed of her without being ashamed of myself. I don't care what the girls will think or say. I owe as much to Mehitable Jane as I owe to my mother. Down you go, Helen Blake, and what is more, down you go whole-heartedly. You're to receive Mehitable Jane as if she were the first lady in the land. There is to be no compromise.'

Helen whisked down to the reception room. A glance showed her that it was crowded with visitors. Maud Clifton sat in a window recess, talking to her aunt, the wife of a Governor, a tall, distinguished-looking woman, with magnificent furs. Caroline Gray was chatting merrily to her mother, likewise an imposing grande dame.

And, sitting stiffly and rigidly in one corner, Helen saw a familiar figure—a tall old

woman with a rusty hat atop of prim iron-gray hair. The hat was trimmed with a wreath of faded purple roses and all the rest of Mehitable Jane's attire matched the hat. Mehitable Jane looked tired and weary; and she was feeling very uncomfortable. It had just dawned upon her that perhaps she had done wrong in coming to Saint Agatha's—perhaps Helen might not like it.

Helen had come down to the reception room grimly determined to do her duty. But at the first sight of the kind, patient, weary old face duty simply disappeared beneath an inrush of real pleasure and affection. Helen loved Mehitable Jane and she didn't care who knew it! She had meant to give her old nurse a cordial handshake. What she did was to throw her arms about her neck and kiss her. In that moment Helen's little snobbishness was washed out of her nature.

'I'm so glad to see you,' she said; and she meant it. 'But I'm so surprised, too. When did you come up? And how are they all at home?'

'They're all well, dearie,' said Mehitable Jane, beamingly, her doubts dispelled by Helen's sunny welcome. 'I had to come to town on some errands, and I thought I'd just drop in and see you. You're looking real well, dearie.'

Helen laughed and pulled an ottoman close up to Mehitable Jane. She knew that everybody in the room was looking at them, for the hum of conversation had stopped, but she did not mind after all. Nothing mattered, except that she really loved Mehitable Jane better than anybody in Saint Agatha's put together and cared more for her good opinion.

'Won't you come up to my room and take off your hat? You must be very tired. And I'll make you a cup of cocoa.'

Mehitable Jane shook her head.

'I guess I haven't time. The train leaves purty soon. I jist wanted to have a peek at you. That's all.'

They talked happily for a little while of the folks and pets and things at home. Mehitable Jane's voice was rather loud and her grammar hadn't improved any, and now and then Helen heard a giggle behind her. But she knew that the girls whose friendship was best worth caring for were not the gigglers.

That night Caroline Gray went to Maud Clifton's room before the Kappa Nu election.

'I think I was mistaken in my estimate of Helen Blake,' she said. 'She can't be snobbish after all. Did you notice her manner to that queer old woman who came to see her to-day?'

'I did,' said Maud, promptly. 'She was glad to see her—honestly glad—and she showed it with perfect good breeding. I think she will be the right president for Kappa Nu, Carol.'

'So do I,' agreed Caroline.

An hour later Helen Blake was elected president of Kappa Nu.

A True Story About Quails.

One evening the children—Rovenue and her little guest, Walter—were playing croquet, when all at once Rovenue called out, 'O-o-n, L-o-o-k here!'

Walter ran, and then there were more 'O's,' and he said, 'Let's show mamma.'

Rovenue tenderly lifted the object, and ran, screaming: 'Mamma, mamma, auntie, look! here's the tiniest little chickie you ever say!'

'Why, it is a young quail! Where did you get it?'

Rovenue told her on the croquet ground, and the ball almost ran over it, and talked so fast that Walter could not get in a word so he just jumped up and down while she was telling it; but at last he managed to gasp, 'It's about as big as a number sixty spool of thread.'

Auntie coddled it to her face, saying: 'Poor little thing. Where can its mother be? It must be lost. What shall we do with it?'

'Keep it; keep it!'

So they got a little box, and made a cozy nest, and tried to feed it; but it only cried all the time. The children were so distressed at its piteous peeping, and did all to comfort it, but in vain. So auntie and mamma said: 'Let us take it out to the old orchard, where

the grass is tall, and maybe we can find the mother bird and the rest of the brood.'

So they went through the new orchard, climbed the high rail fence, then looked all about and listened. They could hear many young quails peeping in all directions, and as they walked a few steps farther there came another tiny quail running right to Rovenue. She took it up, amid screams and shouts, and petted and loved it.

While they could hear others, they could not find them, although they hunted a long time, and auntie said: 'Something has happened to the mother. Poor little things, they will starve.' And they went back to the house very sorrowful.

After a while, Rovenue said: 'O, let's take them over to show Eva. She's got a pet lamb; but we will have pet quails.'

Mamma and auntie said they might go; so they ran, talking and laughing gleefully. They had much to tell Eva, who was quite astonished.

After they had looked at the quails and told it over and over how they got them, Eva said: 'Let's take them out to Chum, and see what she will do.'

Chum was a bantam hen with a brood of six young chickens, snugly housed for the night. They set the little quails before her. She stretched her neck, and looked a moment, then deliberately reached out her bill and tucked each one under her, all the time clucking in a motherly way. How the children did scream with laughter!

The little birds at once ceased their crying, and seemed perfectly contented. So the children concluded to leave them with Chum; but they were to be Rovenue's and Walter's when they were 'raised.'

Next morning Chum was as attentive to the little strangers as though they were her own, and after a while proudly conducted her family out to the fields; but when she came home that evening the little quails were missing.—'Pets and Animals.'

What We May Do.

'Our hands may be small,
And our words may be weak;
We cannot teach others; how then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?'

'We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials. The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest.'

—Selected.

If.

If you want to be interesting don't talk much about yourself.

If we had more good hearers we would have more good sermons.

If you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.

If you want to be strong in trial don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.

If there is some man you hate begin to pray for him, and you will get ashamed of yourself and try to help him.

If you can't be rich you can become better off by being contented.

If you want to be a thinker ask yourself a good many questions.

If you can't do the work you like to do try to like the work you have to do.

If you are a Christian the devil will never get in front of you unless you turn around.

If the earth were covered with flowers all the year round the bees would get lazy.—'Christian Missionary Alliance.'

Sure Cure for Fits.

For a Fit of Passion: Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness: Count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to work like a beaver.

For a Fit of Despondency: Look on the good things God has given you in this world and to those he has promised you in the next.