

the frantic manner in which she rushed to the store convinced the on-lookers that something would shortly be accomplished. Returning home with a penny card of darning cotton, she triumphantly announced herself ready for business. Stockings were darned for anyone who would pay her. In this way the capital slowly but surely increased. With it more cotton was purchased and more darning done, until sufficient money was gained to pay for canvas and paints. A picture was then painted and sold for five dollars. With such a teacher no surprise was manifested when the combined efforts of the class amounted to ten dollars.

Teacher Number Two was a writer, whose pen wins for its owner many dollars in the course of the year. For her share she wished to write a story, but while one cent would purchase paper, it would not provide the envelope and stamps. One week, two weeks, passed, and the penny was yet without investment. Being on the alert for opportunities, she was quick to hear one day when her sister said she would give five cents for some pop-corn. Taking her sister at her word, she immediately bought one ear of corn for the one cent, shelled and popped it, and received therefor the much desired five cents. Paper, envelopes and stamp were now hers, a story was written, and in due time printed and paid for.

Teacher Number Three bought one cent's worth of flower seeds, planted, watered, weeded, watched, and after a season was rewarded with blossoms which were sold, for a small sum, to be sure, but this small sum was invested and increased to a much larger one. But what about the children?

Two little boys, aged six and four, knew that their grandmother had received from Texas a barrel of nuts. Trudging up there one day, holding tight their precious pennies, they asked to buy two cents' worth of nuts. Probably grandma was generous in her weights and measures, but she took the money nevertheless. The nuts were carried home, carefully cracked, and the meats sold to some of their aunts living near. Again grandma was called upon for more nuts, and so the business of buying and cracking and selling went on. As the capital increased, molasses was purchased, and then mamma was called to assist in making nut-candy, which was also sold. The tiny fingers of these boys may have been pounded and pricked occasionally, but the little fellows had their reward in bringing a generous Christmas offering to the church as the result of honest investment and hard labor.

A little girl bought and sowed one cent's worth of lettuce seed. Receiving the tenderest care, these seeds grew and flourished in a manner worthy of the cause. When the lettuce was ready for use, so anxious was the child to sell it that all her acquaintances were importuned to buy, so in a short time every leaf was disposed of, and the one penny has increased more than ten-fold. These items might be multiplied indefinitely as they are taken from the programme of the Christmas entertainment of this school, a programme of which no one seemed to weary.

However, we must not close without the story from the minister's four children. They decided to combine their four pennies and invest in eggs. Not having an incubator, they borrowed a hen from one of the neighbors. This hen, as if divining the cause of her visit and the responsibility of the situation, sat upon the eggs with true motherly instinct until they were hatched. Then the way in which she brooded over those chickens and scratched for them looked as if she meant to do her share for the Christmas offering. The boys were highly pleased, and as soon as the chickens could scratch for themselves, carried the hen home in great glee. The chickens grew and prospered, and in the fall were sold for a sum quite in keeping with the occasion. When all the money and contributors were counted, it was found that from the eighty persons receiving one cent at Easter, seventy-two had responded, and the sum total of the increase was fifty dollars. When the Treasurer of the Home Missionary Society received a cheque for this amount he little thought it had grown out of eighty cents and the enthusiasm of a wide-awake woman.

Five loaves, two small fishes; five thousand people fed; twelve baskets of fragments remaining.—*Mary Louisa Butler, in The Advance.*

GEORGE BAKER'S FAMOUS KITE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"George, are you busy?" said Susie, peeping into the little work-room near the barn.

George nodded his head without lifting his eyes from the long slender stick in his hand.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Making a new kite," replied George, slowly passing his knife down the stick.

"You are always making kites," said Susie, laughing. "I came to tell you something."

"Please don't disturb me, Susie," replied George, still whittling very carefully. "You see you might make me split this wood, and if it splits it is done for."

"But, George—"

"Wait," said George, hastily; "first hold these sticks for me; it is very important that they should be fastened together evenly. I told the boys in Barton that I could make as good a kite as they could buy in any store, but they do not believe it."

Susie held the sticks as she was desired, and watched George silently, while he passed the cord in and out and around the slender frame of the kite. Then she helped him paste the bright piece of tissue-paper over the cord. When this was done she said, "George, we are going to have a children's festival at the church on Monday."

"Are we?" said George, still looking at the kite in his hand. "That's nice."

"And," continued Susie, "all the girls in my class are going to bring some fancy dish."

"Are you going to take any?" asked George, snipping at a square of gilt paper.

"Yes, indeed," replied Susie, quickly; "and I want you to help me find some eggs, George."

"Yes," said George, undecidedly, "if I have time."

"I wish you would come now," coaxed Susie; "it is too late to fly that kite this afternoon."

George glanced out of the door, and saw that it really was growing late, so he said, "Just wait until I finish cutting out these letters, and I will go with you."

"Is it a name for the kite?" asked Susie, bending forward and watching him as he pasted the golden letters *S U C C E S S* one by one across the upper part of it. "Well, I hope it will turn out a success," laughed Susie, as George hung his newly finished toy on a nail above the work-table.

"I think it will," replied George, giving it a parting look as he followed Susie from the room.

They searched the barn with so much energy that before it was quite dark Susie had her small basket heaping full.

As they came out together a young man passed the gate. He had some tools in his hand, and was walking rapidly. When he saw George he nodded and smiled.

"Who is he?" asked Susie. "I never saw him before."

"He has only been here one day," replied George. "His name is Mr. Hunter, and he is a steeple climber."

"A steeple climber!" repeated Susie. "What is that?"

"A man who mends steeples," replied George. "There are very few in the business, because it is so dangerous, and they had to send a great distance for Mr. Hunter to come and fix the church, that was struck by lightning last summer."

"I heard some gentlemen talking about it in Barton to-day," cried Susie. "They said it ought to be mended, and that it was a disgrace to the village."

"It will be mended now," replied George, still looking after the young man. "This morning, when I was going to school, he asked me to show him where the blacksmith's was. I never met such a nice man. When I began telling him about my kite he was just as much interested as a boy, and told me ever so many kite stories, and how they were made very useful sometimes. He said they were often used to help make bridges."

"How?" said Susie, wonderingly.

But before George could tell her the teabell rang; so they both hurried into the house. The next day, as George and Susie passed the church in Barton, they saw Mr. Hunter at work.

"There he is," said George, pointing to a man's figure half-way up the steeple.

"What a dreadful trade!" exclaimed Susie, with a shudder, turning her eyes away.

"But think how brave he must be!" replied George, watching the man as he moved backward and forward on a narrow platform.

That evening, as George with his kite in his hand, and Susie with a small basket of eggs on her arm, stood by the gate, they saw Mr. Hunter again.

When he caught sight of the children he stopped and asked George how his kite was progressing, and spoke to Susie about the eggs in her basket.

George told him that the kite was finished, but as there had been no wind, he had not tried it yet, and Susie told him about the festival to be held in the very church he was repairing, and how all the girls in her class were going to contribute something.

Before Mr. Hunter left them he promised to make some improvements in George's kite. And he kept his promise, and was always so kind and pleasant that the children soon began to watch eagerly for his appearance, and look upon him as a friend.

The day of the festival came at last, and Susie was happy, but George still stood in the little work-room, looking at his kite disconsolately, for it was not a "success" after all, and some of the boys even said that it was crooked and too heavy, and even laughed at it. But George had still a little faith in it, and wanted to give it just one more trial.

As Susie came running from the house, and calling, "Come, George, it is time to go," he gave an impatient shrug and turned away.

"Susie," said George, as she peeped into the work-room, "is there a good wind now?"

"I don't call it good," replied Susie straightening her hat, "for just now it blew off my hat and mussed my hair."

"It is too bad!" muttered George.

"Yes," replied Susie, smoothing her hair with both hands; "but does it look very rough?"

"I don't mean about your hair," said George, quickly. "I was thinking how unfortunate that this high wind should come now, when I have to go to the festival. I have been waiting for it all the week, and, besides, I want to try my messenger. Mr. Hunter told me about that. None of the boys here ever put messengers on their kites."

"What is a messenger?" asked Susie, looking on the table.

"This," said George, pointing to a circular piece of pasteboard with a hole in the centre. "You slip it in the twine, and it travels up to the kite. The wind takes it, you know."

"But whom do you send the message to?" asked Susie examining the pasteboard circle with interest.

"The man in the moon," said George, laughingly. Then he added quickly, "Did I ever tell you what Mr. Hunter said kites were sometimes used for?"

"No," replied Susie.

Just then their mother called them, and Susie ran off to join her, without waiting for the end of the story.

George lingered a few moments while he wound the twine closely around the stick, and slipped the messenger into his pocket, for he was quite determined to try the kite that day, festival or no festival.

All the way to Barton he kept his hand, with the kite in it, behind him for fear of being questioned.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, whirling the dust into their faces, and whistling savagely among the budding branches of the trees, as though it had been March weather.

As they came in sight of the church Susie said; "Look, mamma, at the very top of the steeple. There is the nice man I told you about, who was so kind to George and me."

"It makes me shudder to think of him, poor man," replied her mother, turning her eyes away.

"He is safe enough, mamma," cried George, eagerly. "He told me he built little platforms to stand on; then he has ladders and ropes to climb up the steeple from the trap-door."

It was quite early when they reached the church; so George said: "Mamma, may I go out upon that hill just over the way, and fly my kite? I will be back long before all the children are in their seats."

"Well," said his mother, smiling and glancing at the kite, "I see you have come prepared; but be sure not to be late."

George ran off delighted. He had the hill to himself, for all the boys of Barton were going to attend the festival. But the wind was very strong up here, and seemed to grow fiercer every moment. Both hands were busy with his kite, when a violent gust swept his hat from his head. As George ran forward to recover it, a loud crash in the direction of the church startled him. He looked up, and saw that a great part of the scaffolding around the steeple had been blown away, and that the boards were sliding off the slanting roof, in every direction and at each new blast more poles, ropes, and planks came spinning through the air.

George hardly dared raise his eyes to where he had seen Mr. Hunter only a few moments ago. When he did so, however, the sight that met his eyes was almost worse than any thing he could have thought of. For there, close to the great brass ball at the very point of the steeple, hung his kind friend, swinging backward and forward on a single narrow plank at every fresh gust of wind.

George threw down his kite, and rushed over the hill to join the crowd that came pouring from the church and along the road. On every side he heard cries of horror and pity. Presently he came upon a group of men talking excitedly.

"If there were time," said one of the men (a fireman), we could send for another steeple climber or build up another set of platforms. But every instant I expect to see that bit of board he is on slip off. It is fastened in the frailest way."

"It is terrible," exclaimed another man, "to see a human being in such peril and be unable to assist him."

"I am awfully sorry," replied the fireman. "Nothing but a bird could reach him now. If we could get a rope up to him he would have a chance. But I don't see any way, for my part. He knows his danger, too, by the way he clasped his hands and looked down at me," added the fireman, sadly, turning his head away.

George listened until he felt the tears spring to his eyes, then he went slowly back to the hill, away from the crowd, and, crouching down upon the ground, hid his face in his hands.

All the pleasant things Mr. Hunter had said and done in the short time he had been in Barton came back to George as he sat there. He shuddered at every puff of wind that came over the hill, and buried his face deeper in his hands at every cry from the people around the church.

"He was always so ready to help others!" thought George; "why cannot some one find a way to help him now?"

At that moment something struck him a smart blow on his bended head. He looked up quickly, and saw his kite, which he had thrown down, swaying loosely about. The heavy ball of twine kept it from blowing quite away. It fell as the wind died out, and lay at his feet, the golden word "success" staring him in the face.

Somehow, George never knew how, this word reminded him of what Mr. Hunter had told him of the use kites were sometimes put to.

George's back was toward the church, and the wind blew directly into his face as he pushed back his hat and slowly raised the kite from the ground. He wound the twine smoothly over the stick again, and thoughtfully straightened the tail.

Suddenly he uttered a low cry. "I will try, at least," he said, as he turned his face towards the church, and raising the kite high in the air, let the twine glide through his fingers.

After flapping wildly about and making two or three sweeping dives in the air, the kite was suddenly caught by the wind and went soaring upward.

George walked slowly down the hill, his eyes fixed intently on the kite. His hat blew off; he did not notice it, but left it where it fell. At this moment Susie came running up to him.

"Oh, George," she whispered, "how can you fly your kite now? How can you be so heartless? I am so ashamed!"

"Don't bother me!" was all the answer George made, as he went carefully on.

He shoved his way through a crowd of children; they turned and looked at him, whispering among themselves; but George did not even see them.

A large boy sprang forward and snatched at the twine.

"Get back!" cried George, savagely, his eyes shining and his face very white.