

now, since Mrs. Frances has sent forth the edict that no one must leave the Seminary, I have to give up everything and remain here."

"If only one could fly the problem would soon be solved," said Jessie Stanley, who was rather of a scientific turn of mind, and was always trying to work out everything on scientific principles. "All we would have to do would be to oil our wings and each take her departure for her own home."

"Oh! wouldn't that be lovely," exclaimed Flossie Hayes, the baby of the school. "I have always wanted wings, but mamma said I should have to wait until I was an angel."

"You dear little cherub, you," said Kate, as she stooped down to kiss the child. "I do not believe you will have to wait long for your wings. I see them sprouting already."

"Do you see mine sprouting, too?" remarked Nellie Lewis, the good-natured one of the class, and somewhat inclined to be stout. "It has been one of the dreams of my life to be able to fly, but if I don't hurry up and get my wings, I will be too heavy to use them."

They all laughed at the joke Nellie had made at her own expense, but quieted down as Amy Martin, a plain, thoughtful girl, took up the subject.

"There is no doubt about it, girls, we are all disappointed at not being able to go home for our holiday. Yet I do not see the use of crying over spilt milk and making ourselves miserable. Instead of building castles in the air, or wings, as you have been doing, let us get up some entertainment among ourselves, and if we are busy the time will pass quickly enough."

"It is all very well to talk about making the best of things," answered Kate, "but inside these prison walls I should like to know what entertainment one could have to last the whole day. If you were at home it would be a different thing. The time would be too short that would be the only difficulty."

"We might play 'Simon says thumbs up; Simon says wiggle waggle,'" sarcastically suggested May Fair. "That would be a highly intellectual game for Thanksgiving."

"Or, 'beans porridge hot,' 'beans porridge cold,'" chimed in Susy Reid. "It would circulate the blood this warm day and save us the trouble of keeping cool."

"Oh, girls! do stop your nonsense," spoke up Dolly Cope. "There are plenty of things to do if we want to exert ourselves. We might have a 'Fancy Ball,' or a 'Sheet and Pillowcase Party,' or a 'Fan Assembly,' or a —, but here her list was cut short by the sounding of the gong warning them to prepare for Thanksgiving service, and the girls dispersed quickly to their rooms to be in readiness when the church bell should ring.

B — Seminary was a time-honored institution, which had the reputation throughout the country for its high literary and disciplinary character. The resident pupils were limited to twelve, and as these were so well cared for in every respect, there was never any difficulty in procuring the desired number.

At the time of our story, the Seminary was in charge of Mrs. Frances, a woman of rare ability and of high Christian character, and one who had made the school what it was then—a blessing to the surrounding country.

The girls loved Mrs. Frances and her assistant, Miss Alliston, very dearly, and one could scarcely find a sweeter home life than that which existed at the Seminary.

They were twelve girls of whom any fond mother or father might well be proud, as they filed down the wide staircase on this clear November morning on their way to church. In spite of the depressing fact that they were obliged to spend a holiday in the Seminary, most of the faces were bright and smiling. Their superfluous spirits which had been kept down by the dismal proceedings of the morning now began to assert themselves. They chatted and laughed with each other until they came to the gate, where they lined up two by two for their walk and march in an orderly manner through the street.

Kate and Dolly were elected to walk together and as they proceeded on their way Kate suddenly burst forth, "I declare I haven't a thing in this world to be thankful for this morning. I wish I had asked Mrs. Frances to excuse me. I would much prefer staying in my room."

"Don't be disagreeable, Kate," responded Dolly. "It does not become you, and besides you have no right to be discontented. You have much to be thankful for—much more than you realize." "Let me see," and Dolly began counting on her fingers the various blessings that had fallen to Kate's lot. "First, you have to be thankful that you are white, not copper-colored or black," spoke Dolly in an oracular voice. "You might have been born in Asia or Africa and have shared the hard fate of our dark sisters across the seas. Second, you have cause to be thankful that you live in the free country of America and are not ground down under a tyrannical ruler in a foreign land. Your father might have been a foreign missionary, and your only society have been the wily natives or the unattractive cannibals."

Dolly was going on to enumerate blessing number three, when Kate broke in, "Yes, I might be thankful that I am not a white elephant, or an Angora cat, or any other ridiculous thing you can name. But that is not the point. I have nothing to do with anyone else, nor don't want to have. I am Kate Mason and never expect to be anything else."

"Perhaps you will change your name some day," demurely remarked Dolly. "Lots of people do, and it is leap year, too."

The line had reached the church door as Dolly finished her speech, and there was no time for an answer.

The girls were duly ushered to their seats and were soon settled in their places, anxious for the service to begin, and just as anxious for it to end. One could see at a glance that they were not in a worshipping mood. They listened to the reading of the lesson without any apparent interest, and entered into the singing in a listless sort of way. When the sermon began they settled back in their pews and made themselves as comfortable as possible. Their only aim and object seemed to be, to present a good appearance, and, at the same time, enjoy themselves.

Kate seemed to be having a particularly easy time. She had curled into the corner of her pew and was apparently fast asleep. Suddenly, however, she opened her eyes and leaned forward in the seat, arrested by the words of the preacher.

The sermon was on "Contentment," and the speaker in developing the head, "How to be contented," made the following statement. "If all discontents would stop for a moment and compare their condition with that of some one in less fortunate circumstances, they would find good reason for thankfulness. It is only the selfish who are really unhappy. Those who make the best of everything and live for others are the happy ones of the earth."

Kate heard no more of the sermon, nor in fact any of the rest of the service. This one sentence kept running through her head: "It is only the selfish who are really unhappy."

When they formed in line for their homeward march she was conscious of nothing but these words, which seemed to stand out in burning letters before her. All the way home they kept ringing in her ears and it seemed impossible to get rid of them.

Katie was glad to get to the Seminary and escape to her room where she had only time to make the wise decision, that, in the future, she would try to be more contented, when the dinner gong sounded.

In the dining-room they found a veritable Thanksgiving dinner spread—turkeys, jellies, fruits, in short, all those things which school girls are specially partial to. It is scarcely necessary to add that they did justice to the good dinner before them.

Those who have been thrown with school girls, and especially with boarding-school girls, know what capacities they have in this direction. No one could complain of their failing appetites, unless towards the end of the meal when the "vacuum which nature abhors" was about filled.

As soon as the last dessert was served and eaten, Mrs. Frances made an after-dinner speech. She told the girls they might have the free use of the house and the grounds for the rest of the day; and that if they liked to put their heads together and plan an entertainment of some kind for the evening, Miss Alliston and she would be only too glad to assist them.

Immediately the signal was given for dismissal the girls retreated to the music hall, where a lively discussion took