

The Inglenook.

How Eleanor Spent Her Birthday.

It was Eleanor's birthday. She stood looking out of the window of her pretty room, surrounded by gifts—and yet she was far from happy.

"It's so mean, mother, that I should have a cold this time of all others. Gertrude always gives such lovely parties, and it's such a disappointment so miss it," she fretted.

"I know, dear; but when you are over the cold you shall have a party."

Eleanor was not to be pacified by any promises of future happiness.

"I'm tired of dolls," she complained. "Every birthday Aunt Helen sends me a doll—and I wish she'd send me something else."

She gazed out at the shabby little house in the alley.

"Some people have moved into the house right back of us, mother. See there's a little girl at the window, and did you ever see such a looking doll?"

"As Mrs. Irving looked she saw a pale, thin, small face pressed against the dingy little pane, and a battered doll, wrapped in a shawl, held close in the thin arms. The day was mild, and the little girl feebly pushed up the window and leaned out."

Just then a Newfoundland pup came bounding up the alley, ready for a romp with some one. Seeing the little girl at the window he sprang towards her. She jumped and drew back, dropping the precious doll on the pavement. The dog seemed to consider it a plaything for his special benefit. He picked it up, shook it, and shook it again, and then ran off with it in his mouth, strewing bits of doll all over the alley.

"Why doesn't she run after it?" asked Eleanor; but the little girl looked after the dog with a distressed, helpless look, and then laid her head down on the sill and Eleanor could see she was crying.

"I believe she's sick," said Mrs. Irving, "and that doll was all she had, she seemed to love it so."

"O mother, and I have so many! Mother, do go over quick, and see what's the matter. Take her one of mine. I can spare it. Take Gladys!"

Gladys was a pink-and-whitefaced young lady, with yellow curls and a dainty white dress with blue ribbons.

"Do you mean it, dear?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I'm so sorry for her, and I have so many I won't miss Gladys at all."

Eleanor could hardly restrain her impatience as she watched her mother cross the yard to the window at which the little girl sat, and after a few words, disappear inside the door. The pale face brightened as it looked up at the window of the big house at Eleanor, and the girl kissed her thin little hand.

It seemed as if Eleanor's face had caught the reflection of the sunshine on the pale one opposite when Mrs. Irving rejoined her little daughter.

"Is she sick, mother? Is she very poor—and did she like Gladys?"

"Yes, she's very sick, and she's very poor, and you never saw a little girl as pleased as she is with Gladys. The poor little thing is a cripple. Her mother is dead, and her father has to work early and late. He

dresses and fixes her in the chair before he leaves in the morning, and there she has to stay until he comes back."

"Mother," and Eleanor looked very solemn, "I'm glad she's my neighbor."

"Yes, dear! We can do a great deal for her to make her life less miserable."

"I'm so sorry I can't go out. I'd go right over to see her and take her some of the fruit Uncle Howard sent me this morning. Oh! I know what I'll do. When Frank comes home from school I'll ask him to fix me a telegraph wire, like the one he and Fred Morris used to have, and I can send her things that way."

It seemed to Eleanor as if 4 o'clock would never come, but it did at last, and with it Frank. He entered into the plan heartily and went to work. It was hard to tell which little girl was more interested—the one at the plate-glass window of the big mansion, or the one pressing her pale face against the little pane of the rickety house in the alley.

At last the wire was strung between the two windows. Eleanor took a bunch of white grapes and a red-cheeked pear and put them into a dainty basket. Then she wrote on a sheet of her new note paper, with pictures of children at the top:

"I'm awful sorry you're sick. I'm sick myself, but not all the time like you. I hope you like grapes and pears and I hope you like Gladys. Good-bye. Your loving friend,

"Eleanor Irving."

Frank sent it across the wire for her, as she could not go near the open window, but she stood at the next one and watched glee fully. She could see the look of delight on her little friend's face as the basket slowly wended its way along the wire and finally reached the dingy little window.

In a few minutes it came back, apparently empty, but Eleanor found in the bottom a note scrawled with a dull pencil on a scrap of writing paper:

"You are so good to me. Thank you a thousand. I like grapes and pears—I never tasted such good ones—and I love Gladys. I can't send you anything only my love.

Your friend,

"Sarah Grey."

The next time the wire pulled, Sarah saw coming toward her a square box. Her curiosity was great, and her big eyes danced. When it reached the window she discovered some pretty note paper like Eleanor's, some nicely sharpened pencils, and another note from her friend.

The next thing that went over was a book, one of Eleanor's best stories, for Sarah to read; and later a small bag of taffy, Frank's contribution, was sent over.

Darkness came all too soon for both girls, and then the wire had to be abandoned.

Eleanor and her mother sat around the brightly-lighted table, and Eleanor was saying, "Mother, I felt so miserable and unhappy this morning, and I know I was cross, even though it was my birthday and I get so many presents and now I feel happy!" "You see you forget all about Eleanor Irving, and her aches, and pains, and disappointments."

And Sarah sat at the window, waiting for

her father, looking with happy eyes toward the lights in the big house, and hugging Gladys close to her heart, saying to herself that it had been the happiest day of her life.—Christian Work.

The Ameer's Woman Physician.

The death of the "terrible Ameer" of Afghanistan recalls the experiences of Miss Lillias Hamilton, the doctor who passed several years in Cabul as his medical adviser. She was practicing in Calcutta, says the New York Tribune, when the Ameer became curious to see and talk with an English woman doctor, and sent to invite her to visit his capital. It seemed a somewhat hazardous experiment, but as it was likely to prove interesting, Miss Hamilton consented to go. She soon reached a friendly footing with her royal entertainer, who was graciously pleased to be amused by her English independence.

"Ah," said the monarch one day, when he was taking her into one of his harems, "you treat me like a dog!" By which the Ameer merely meant that his medical attendant was not in the habit of crouching and quailing in his presence. "Just follow me and you will see how our women treat me." When Miss Hamilton asked him how many wives or slaves he had, he replied: "How many? God knows!"

The Ameer was, when he chose, most agreeable, refined and courteous. He was a master of the art of flattery, and wasted much of it upon Dr. Hamilton. The indifference to human life and suffering, innate in ruler and subjects alike, sometimes made her stay at the court rather painful. She had some very bad moments, and not seldom ventured to argue with the terrible Ameer, and even to intervene on behalf of unfortunate wrong-doers. But he was nearly always ready to argue the point.

Dr. Hamilton was not allowed to have any English books or papers, but lived luxuriously in a large house of her own. She had an English nurse with her, "hakims" to compound native herb remedies, and a guard of soldiers to keep her numerous patients in order, as she had a large though unprofitable practice.

The Obligation of Kinships.

We are put into the world primarily not to agitate in behalf of single tax or of co-operative industry or a socialistic commonwealth, but first of all to be good husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters. No degree of activity and apparent success in efforts looking to the public welfare can atone for lack of fidelity and tenderness in these primary human relations. The family always has been and always will be the sphere in which men get their best discipline and their largest growth. Not until a man is trying to do his utmost to fulfill the obligations imposed by kinship with others ought he to venture out into the wide field of action in which the general good of society is the object sought. Fortunately, we are not without men and women who are loyal both to the family and to society and who are serving both with unflagging zeal. From such persons as these and from them alone will proceed the impulses that will lift the world's burdens and right its wrongs.—The Congregationalist.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we waste in wealth, or soar in fame!
Earth's highest glory ends in "here he lies!"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.