

like she was—that there were still a few women in the world, with grace in their hearts, and so on.

Aunt Bek fairly chuckled. "Give my best respects to the owner of that room if you see her," she called out as Jim left.

The business still continued to grow, and a railway station being planted within a quarter of a mile of the little establishment, increased its value considerably. And as the business grew the little village chapel, through the efforts of many a consecrated worker, grew likewise, and in eighteen months was ready for the opening ceremonies. During all this time Jim had never guessed his wife's secret.

On a sunny weekday afternoon the doors of the little sanctuary were thrown open, and a grand London preacher gave the opening sermon. In the evening there was the public meeting at which one of the principal items of interest was the reading over of the list of subscribers. One of the last names to be read was—

"Mrs. Rebecca Byles, fifty pounds."

Everybody stared at everybody else; everybody searched to find where Mrs. Rebecca Byles was sitting, but Aunt Bek had disappeared. There was quite a hum all over the church, and poor Jim felt that every eye was fixed on him as the next best thing to being fixed on Mrs. Rebecca Byles.

As soon as Jim got home, before ever he had finished wiping his feet, he said solemnly, "Rebecca, I do believe I've done you a great wrong. I never believed you would have fetched that amount of money out of the bank to give away."

"And you're quite right—should never have grace enough to do that. Them fifty pounds were never in the bank."

"Then where did you get them, in the name of all that's good?" exclaimed Jim, opening both eyes and mouth.

"Why, you see, it's like this, Jim—I'll tell you all about it if you'll sit down and have your supper—I'm not a woman of grace, you know, but that doesn't say I'm not a woman of gumption."

"No," meekly answered Jim.

"Well," continued Aunt Bek, "you've heard tell of the woman who owns that shop near Baring's tunnel?"

"Yes."

"Well, the fifty pounds came through her. Do you know her name?"

"No."

"I do. It's Mrs. Rebecca Byles, and that fifty pounds is the clear profit she's made, and she'll have another fifty soon to go for an organ."

"Bek!!" There was the sigh of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, and the carol of a spring bird all in that one word.

"And that woman," Aunt Bek continued, trying hard to speak without a sob, "has prayed every day that God would give her success; that she might be kept from doing it for any other motive than for His glory; and that some day she might find grace in —"

"She has! she has!" exclaimed poor, contrite Jim, putting his arms round her and — Aunt Bek just managed to get out the words, "God wants more than one kind of —," but Jim just *wouldn't* let her finish anyhow.

### Talking Women.

Curiously enough, club women are organizing talking classes. This sounds paradoxical, coming from the expressive sex, but the idea is not as ridiculous as it might seem.

The talking teacher deals particularly with the impromptu speech. There are countless women who "think they think" until they try to think on their feet, and after an unbecoming case of hysterics on the platform in an endeavor to express an elusive thought to a thousand club women calmly stationed behind a thousand critical lorgnettes, many of them despairingly decide they were born to blush unseen.

To begin with, the presiding genius of speaking proclivities is pretty apt to say there is no such thing as an impromptu speech. What appears to be an extemporaneous effort is the result of really serious thought at a previous time. By a course of training, which enables the fair speechifier to concisely classify her ideas, and to overcome that eternal stumbling block, self-consciousness, or "ego-mania," as it is more cleverly called, she may step before a multitude and speak her mind with no uncertain sound. Otherwise she will have to follow the advice of Miss Frances Willard, and "always carry her impromptu in her pocket."

The trouble with many platform paraders is they have positively nothing to say. They are continual reminders of George Eliot's character—"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside." If a woman is full of her subject, on the other hand, she forgets herself in an earnest effort to pass along a "good thing," and speaks in a manner calculated to call out effusions from the most exacting talking teacher.

After all, Edward Everett Hale laid down a splendid rule for the speech-maker when he said, "Have something to say. Say it. Stop."

—Public Ledger.

### How It Comes.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
A bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone,  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which even mortals find—  
They come in night and silence,  
Each chill, reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging,  
And blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you left undone,  
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache  
At the setting of the sun.

Watercress is accounted an excellent tonic, stomachic and cooling.

### Why Women Don't Get Rich.

Nearly every woman wants to be rich, but she has vague ideas of how she should go about making money. She reads in some newspaper about some woman who has been successful in stock operations, and the first spare cash she gets she invests in stock with some curbstone broker. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred she loses her savings. Then she's discouraged, and believes that it's not possible for women to make money. She resigns herself to keeping house for the rest of her life, and her career as a capitalist is ended.

This woman went about her task in the wrong way, and so does nearly every other woman who starts out to become rich. Those men who say that no woman in ten has the money-making instinct are very nearly always right. Women like to spend money, but they don't know how to make it. If they could become rich in a day, or a month, all would try, but they can never make up their minds to work years to accumulate a fortune, as men do. Women would much rather spend than earn.

And, because women spend so much, they are hardly ever in the field for investing when the chance comes along. No person can invest unless he has the wherewithal. Most great fortunes have been started by men who saved and saved and saved, and finally had a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to invest whenever the opportunity should come. There are many women who earn good salaries, and who might lay by a few hundred dollars a year, if they were so minded. But this is not the way of women. They spend every cent they make, and in most cases have their monthly salary all spent before it's in their hands. As long as women won't save, we're not likely to have many women millionaires in this country.—Mrs. Hetty Green, in Success.

North and West: Prof. Triggs may know something about literature but we would not think of allowing him to compile a hymnal—were he able—nor to select a Sunday school library. Such utterly irrelevant and trifling remarks suggest the unfitness of the young professor for serious work in his chosen department for they show a bias and prejudice which are unworthy the broad student. A few more such generalizations will give Prof. Triggs all the notoriety he can weather.

Peach ice cream is a delicate kind, and if properly made, will not be in the least insipid. Put one quart of cream on to boil with one pound of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, add one pint of rich milk, and when cold, freeze. Pare one quart and one pint of large ripe peaches, mash, and stir into the ice cream when nearly frozen. Finish the freezing and pack.

A writer on "Round-Shouldered Boys" says: "I have studied physical culture, and am led to say that instead of trying to keep the shoulders back let the boy throw back his head and breathe from his chest; that is, expand his chest every time he breathes. I have found this to give good, straight shoulders and increase chest expansion. Another good exercise," he says, "is to hold the arms out straight or level with the shoulders, in front. Hold light dumb bells in each hand, and swing them back as far as possible. Keep this up until tired, which will, at the beginning, be very soon."

A late innovation in carpet sweepers is one that has a plate glass top, through which the machine at work is easily watched for clogging of the brushes or an overful dust pan.