

Where was all the mutinous furniture? Everything seemed to be in its own proper place; and a hasty glance into the dining-room and the hall revealed the same state of affairs. There was no disorder whatever. Olive again rubbed her eyes.

"Well, I declare!" said she.

Walking swiftly into the hall she found that there was no trace of oil upon the umbrella jar. She thought this very odd, indeed. The lamp with the tulip globe stood upon the round table in all its accustomed calmness. Not a book was misplaced, nor a chair.

"That's queer," said Olive.

Then she chanced to glance at the clock. Five minutes to four! She realized that she had been asleep for more than two hours—asleep and dreaming! But she could not forget how vivid the dream had been, and she actually went up to the porcelain time-piece and opened it to see whether the wheels and springs were in order. She was amazed to find that they were; then she recollected that it had all been a dream.

"You're a silly little thing to want to change that way," she whispered, and then went straight to the piano, sat firmly down, and spread out the music.

"I've had enough of change," she assured herself, smiling. "I'm glad I'm just plain Olive Deering and nobody else!"

"Which was a very sensible conclusion. The experienced eight-day clock struck four in a pleased way, and a delightful cool breeze was wafted into the room. The bee had flown away to other flowers long before, but just as Olive struck the keys the little bird awakened and filled the air with song.

OUR LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

By Mrs. F. W. Ward.

Only a little wanderer, peeping in at a door, wondering what those long benches of little girls were here for in that bright, cheery room.

"Why! they are sewing!" she whispered. "I wonder if I could go in and sew, too." Then she stole in quietly to an empty seat.

"Here is another little girl," said a sweet-faced lady, as turning about she espied the stranger. "Well, little one, how old are you?"

"Seven years, ma'am."

"And do you wish to learn sewing, like all these little folks?"

"Yes ma'am!" came the quick response.

"Our patchwork class is so large, dear, you must come with me into the next room," said the gentle voice. "Here, Mrs. Stewart,

I have brought you a new scholar," said Mrs. Thomas, as she hurried away to her own work.

"Good-morning, dear! Who are you?" exclaimed the new teacher.

"I'm a dressmaker," answered the tiny maiden.

"A dressmaker?" queried the surprised lady.

"Yes, ma'am! a dressmaker."

"Do you mean your mother is a dressmaker?"

"No, ma'am!" came the reply in her own quaint way. "I'm the dressmaker; but my mamma is not."

"What do you make?"

"Dolls' dresses. I cut out paper patterns, then I get rags and make dolls' dresses."

"That is very nice," said Mrs. Stewart; "and what is your name?"

"Tiny Holson," responded the little woman. We thought her well-named, this tiny creature, who interested us strangely.

When the session was nearly over, the children sang a hymn. What a happy little girl was Tiny then! Strange to say, this child, who went home with the resolve to return on the next Saturday with clean hands, had never before seen a school-room of any kind. Strange to say, because she had lived all her life in the heart of Philadelphia with school-houses and churches in plenty about her, left to wander the streets at will, this was the first time she had ventured inside the big houses, as she called them. Dear little wild-flower, growing still under her heavenly Father's care, though neglected by man! Surely God's angels guided her steps that day.

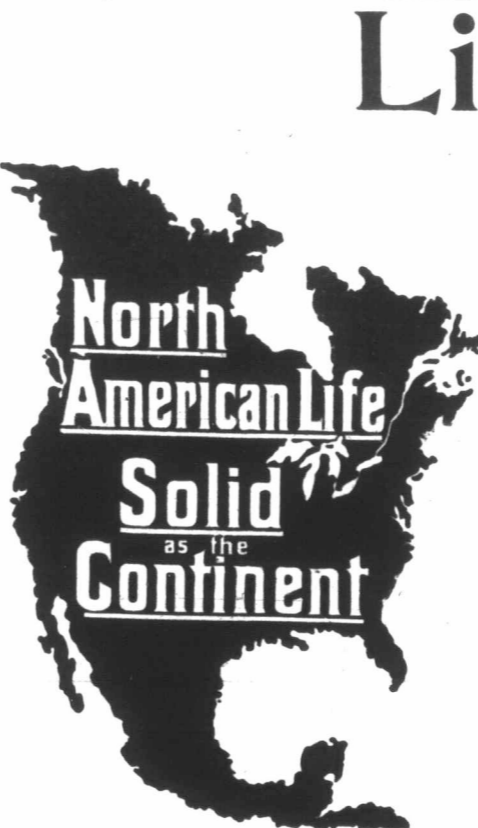
Tiny was so much pleased with the beautiful building that she must go take a peep next day. On that Sunday morning a few of the well-dressed church-goers may have noticed a shabby little creature peering cautiously into the vestibule, afraid to enter lest some one should order her away in the rough tones which she heard so frequently.

"Good-morning, Tiny," said a pleasant voice. Looking up to see its owner, Tiny's eyes met the kind eyes of Mrs. Stewart. "Do you want to come into church, dear? You may come and sit with my daughter and myself."

The little maid was very ready to accept the invitation, and although she grew tired, she sat quietly through the service, only fidgeting about occasionally to see those lovely windows. She had never seen anything so beautiful. How still, too, she was when everyone sang! What did it all mean, she wondered?

Sunday after Sunday Tiny found her good friend's pew, and every Saturday she was in her place at sewing-school. Some additions to her scanty wardrobe, with a plentiful use of soap and water, made a vast improvement in the child's appearance.

Mrs. Stewart had found her way to the one upper room which served for bedroom, kitchen and all



Life!

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for parents and three small children. This room was in a small street, several squares from the church, close to the dirt and noise of a railroad used principally for freight.

Evidently the mother wished no visitors, for only after several attempts was the persevering Mrs. Stewart admitted to the room, which told the sad story of dirt and liquor only too truly. As Tiny had said, the mother was not a dressmaker, but Tiny had adopted the name for herself.

"Now, Tiny, you must go to school next year," said Mrs. Stewart, one day. "I have a little girl I send to the parish school, but next year you shall go in her place." Oh! how happy was our little dressmaker then! To go every day to that nice school where the children had such pretty books, and sang such pretty songs! She had stayed out in the school-yard to hear them often!

Summer had come. While the birds were singing so sweetly and the streams flowing so swiftly; while flowers were growing in every hedge, many of God's little children were shut in narrow streets, away from pleasant sights and sounds. Where was our little dressmaker?

One of those warm days, skipping gaily along near her home, Tiny slipped, no one knew just how, but thought some careless person had left a fruit-skin on the sidewalk. A simple fall, people said; but poor Tiny was taken to the hospital, a sufferer for some weeks. "If she lived, her legs would be of no use," said the physician. A helpless cripple! But God thought it best to take His little one to Himself.

And so when school was open a week, and no Tiny was there, we hunted up Mrs. Stewart, who told us of this strange, sad close to a strange, sad little life. We sorely missed the quaint child, "Our dear little dressmaker."



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MARRIAGE

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—The best method of showing sincere regret for past shortcomings is not to do so again.

—Many a man spends all his health in getting wealth, and then would willingly spend all his wealth in getting health.

—The simple gospel of the Son of God, preached by twelve fishermen, has survived the centuries, and out-lives all the other philosophies of eighteen hundred years.

—God is not regardless of moral issues. He cares supremely that the good should triumph in you as well as in the world.

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