

bank, the second shock proved too much for it, and in the moment in which she untied Sawdust, with a final crash it went down and whirled on, a shapeless mass of time-worn timber.

Janet could have cried as she followed the last child to safe footing. But every one of the thirteen was ready to do exactly the same, and that would never do. So she only leaned against the horse for a few moments to rest her trembling limbs, murmuring:

'Poor old Sawdust! You never can know what you have done.'

Janet still cherishes a desire to go East, but not a harassing or insistent one. For, when the longing seizes her, she sometimes whispers to herself: 'If I had gone East I might never have had the opportunity of saving thirteen lives.'

Good Manners at Home.

How much pain and misunderstanding would be avoided if girls would only be natural! The girl one meets away from her own home is so frequently a purely artificial creature, to all appearance so sweet tempered, bright and unselfish, full of spirit and energy, laughter and fun. But frequently in her own home, where these qualities would be so greatly appreciated and do so much good, what do we find? That she possesses an unlimited faculty for making home miserable. She is selfish and ill-tempered and will see her own mother overburdened by work or anxiety, but will not hold out the helping hand she would give to strangers. With a desire to appear well in the eyes of others, it is astonishing what an amount of trouble she will give herself and how helpful she will be. But all this is spoiled by her increased ill-temper in the home circle.

How can the girl who is not genuine expect to possess the desire of all girls—a happy home of her own? She imposes upon a man for a time, but when the mantle of airs and graces slips from her and he has been treated to one or two domestic scenes what bitter disappointment follows! Girls, don't put on your smiles with your visiting costumes, but let them be for home wear and they will become part of yourself. Don't make those who love you unhappy, but cultivate a willing, cheerful disposition and a determined spirit to make the best of things. You are not only making those who love you suffer, but are laying up for yourselves a store of misery. You can avoid this if you wish it; every girl can become what she should be—the sunshine of her home. Begin to-day by wearing your company manners at home; exert yourself to be pleasing, agreeable and obliging, especially in small things, and you will soon be quite content. They are best to themselves, who plan their daily battle as generals plan their campaigns in war and who are as fair and generous in the struggle as they are brave. These are the heroes and heroines of the day. They command success by deserving it.—'North-western Christian Advocate.'

Sample Copies.

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Dorothy Dascomb's Valedictory.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

There was a murmur of suppressed excitement in Lucy Hobart's room, as the group of girls, scattered about on the bed, divan, and floor, anxiously awaited the return of Frances Elrod, who, a few moments before, had volunteered to go to the registrar's office, to learn if the report was true—that the class parts had been assigned.

'I imagine Eleanor Wilson will get the salutatory,' remarked Julia Thomas, breaking the silence. 'But as to the valedictory, there's more necessity for an interrogation point! I think Eleanor's knowledge of Latin would give her the "graduatur salutamur" honor—coining an English-Latin expression for the occasion—if she hadn't superb scholarship, also, in her favor. Professor Horsman says he's never had a student in all the course of his teaching who shows such a mastery over Roman literature, and appreciates the fine shades of word discrimination so well as does Eleanor Wilson.'

'And then, you know,' added Alice Randall, changing her position on the divan, the 'salutatory is always given in Latin. You remember, two years ago, what a fine appearance Florence Lundy might have made, had they allowed her to give the salutatory in French; but no—Latin it must be, and what a miserable failure she made, just stumbled through it. The law of the Medes and Persians changeth not in Bancroft Seminary, or, I might say, the law of Professor Horsman and Miss Kellogg—especially as to the salutatory!'

'She's coming—that's Frances's step,' silenced Julia. 'I never saw another girl who could go up those stairs, two at a time, as she can. It just tires me out to go half way up.'

'It's true—they're chosen! The assignments were all made last night at the faculty meeting, though the girls haven't been notified yet—won't be till this afternoon,' announced Frances, completely out of breath.

'Didn't you get them—the names?' exclaimed a chorus of voices, impatiently. 'Wouldn't she—the registrar—let you have them?'

'Yes and no. That is, not voluntarily. But after a little urgent coaxing she told me, and didn't charge me to keep the matter secret, either. 'Twould be better though—'

'But who got the appointments? That's what we want to learn! Can't you see we're pining to know?' interrupted the girls on the bed. 'Tell us, and draw up resolutions afterwards.'

'Well, you've already guessed who is to be the salutatorian.'

'Eleanor—'

'Eleanor Wilson—really?'

'I was positive of it—have been for weeks!'

'And prophet?'

'And historian, and—'

'One at a time, please,' and Frances glanced hopelessly around the room. 'Prophet is on the divan—further end!'

'Alice Randall!' and there was a rapid shifting of places for offering congratulations.

'Give me something fine—great wealth, trip abroad—or a two-pound box of caramels!' exclaimed Mildred Hammond, in

her customary anti-climax fashion. 'Be sure!'

'Louise Mannering records the past,' announced Frances with proper dignity, 'but you'll never guess who's to be valedictorian—never!'

'How many trials?'

'Oh, we can't wait; tell us—quick!'

'Hold your breath, each one of you. Are you prepared? Well, then—Dorothy Dascomb!'

'Dorothy!'

'You don't mean it!'

'It's some mistake—or you're fooling!'

'I mean it: no mistake: no fooling: Dorothy Dascomb is appointed valedictorian.'

The girls looked at each other incredulously.

'It can't be favoritism—there are a dozen more popular girls in school than she,' said Julia.

'No; the appointment rests wholly on scholarship—it always has,' replied Frances, gathering up her books. 'It's fair, and I'm glad she got it. Though I'm afraid her appearance commencement day will hardly be up to the standard—may fail to do the class credit.'

'Especially,' added Julia, 'when there's a millionaire's daughter to graduate, and Senator Thorpe's two girls—he's one of the richest men in the West.'

'Never mind,' said Alice Randall, 'she can speak if she can't dress!'

'Wonderfully, if she's moved at the time! She says herself she can't write anything to deliver—needs to feel inspired while she's on her feet,' added Florence Hills. 'You remember how she always thrills us at the public debates. She makes no preparation for it—not in the least—and she's eloquence personified.'

For a moment, after Doctor Bowen had announced at chapel the class parts, Dorothy Dascomb's face flushed with pardonable pride. 'Twas indeed gratifying after four years of hard, conscientious work, to have one's efforts publicly acknowledged, and to feel one's efforts appreciated.

'But—I don't know; I'm afraid I ought not to accept the—the honor,' and the look of pleasure on her face gave way to one of doubt.

'The other girls—and especially Eleanor Wilson—will have beautiful gowns, and I—well, we know, little mother, you and I, the agreement we made. We know the sacrifices we decided on, and one of mine was to give up having a single new dress this year—not even a graduating gown, providing I could remain in school and go out with my class. Eleanor Wilson already has her dress selected, and it's to be a charming creation—white satin and lace—and mine, my poor worn muslin, which has already been my best for three summers.

'No; I never can do it in the world—never! It wouldn't be treating the class right, for the valedictorian to appear, as I should be obliged to, with hardly a ribbon to flutter a farewell. I must decline the appointment—make some excuse.'

'No, dear,' and Miss Kellogg, the lady principal, spoke pleasantly but firmly, 'unless you've a more satisfactory reason, of course you can't be released. Your appearance need cause no hesitation—young ladies shouldn't think so much of dress. I supposed you were above that, unlike so many, whose sole ambition seems to be outdoing someone else in superfluous fin-