

personal matter. Mother Kitty, quite unconscious of the impression her pretty house was making on the neighbors, kept her harmless secret and continued to enjoy all her little artifices.

The Sewing Circle met at the Parsonage for the first time since the new Mrs. Ford's advent, and a goodly gathering it was. Needles and tongues alike flew fast, and it was not until nearly tea-time that anything occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting. Then some one made an innocently admiring remark about the carpet, and it became for a few minutes a general theme of commendation. At last Widow Wilkins' opinion was asked and the storm broke. What the widow said was short, sharp and to the point, though it need not be noted here; but in less than three minutes poor Kitty, standing among her guests and turning great bewildered dark eyes from one to another, was put in possession of the facts of the case. In a flash it was all revealed to her, and she saw plainly that the coldness which had sprung up between her and many of her husband's flock was simply due to a misunderstanding.

"And so," she said quietly, after a minute or two of silence, "you think I am an extravagant woman?"

"We know you are," said Widow Wilkins grimly. "From the very first I said so, and though 'tis not my affair, Mrs. Ford, I just felt to mention it when it was brought up. We've all seen the children's clothes of new fashionable material, and as for the house 'tis just the same. Rag carpet with half the rags boughten. I knew a woman once bought a dollar's worth of Turkey red for a rag carpet, but that ain't a circumstance to your'n. New covers for the parlor furniture and new curtains all over the house. I want to know how you expect to do it on \$500 a year, even if livin' is cheap up here; and as we pay the salary, we've got some right to see that the minister don't get over head and ears in debt." "Wait until he does, Mrs. Wilkins," said Kitty demurely, her red lips twitching with a mischievous smile. "Excuse me for a minute please, I have something to show you." She ran up-stairs, and in a moment was down again, flushed and breathless, with a great armful of dresses and a little piece-bag in her hand. "I kept these pieces," she said, "to show my husband; but I can use them now to show you what the children's new things were made of!" She threw the fresh, pretty dresses deftly across the long dining-table in a row, and laid on each a sample of the goods in all its original dinginess. The ladies crowded round eagerly to look, and after the first surprise the air was filled with a buzz of delighted admiration. Kitty explained at full length all her shifts and contrivances, and they listened breathless and entranced. "And what did you say was the name of the Dyes?" asked the doctor's wife. "The Turkish Dyes," said Kitty. "I have used

other kinds again and again, but with no certain prospect of success. Now, with the Turkish, there need never be a failure. Follow closely the directions, which are most clearly stated on every package, and you are sure of success. You can get all the newest and most fashionable shades, which is one thing that misled you all, I expect."

"You could not, I think, name a color, no matter how new, that I could not show you how to produce with the help of my invaluable little friend, 'How to dye well.' Then the dyes are absolutely fast. Many of the shades scarcely color the rinse water, and the goods may be washed with soap times out of number. Black cotton stockings done with Turkish Dyes are absolutely seamless, and old light thread or silk gloves can be dyed without the slightest fear of staining the hands. In fact, besides being the only household dyes in my opinion worth using, they are even superior to very many of the dyes used by the manufacturers. New goods often wash out far worse than those dyed with Turkish Dyes. There is very little trouble in using the Dyes, and many colors set so fast that they do not even stain the hands. Look at this exquisite pink shell nun's veiling; it was cream once, but was sperrily yellow and old. It did not lie in the pink dye quite *three minutes*, and look at it now! It is just the color of an oleander blossom."

Kitty paused for want of breath, and the ladies looked at one another in silence. They were beginning to realize how they had misjudged her, but scarcely knew how to offer an apology. At length Miss Savory Jones rose, her tall, angular figure drawn to its full height, and crossed the room to where Kitty stood. "Mrs. Ford," she said, holding out a long yellow hand, "We've all done you a wrong, and I guess we're all sorry. If you think you could just take and forget all about it, we'd like to be your friends." An affirmative murmur ran round the room, and in two minutes' time Kitty's kindness of heart and ready tact had adjusted a matter which might have rankled in some women's hearts forever. From that day the minister's wife took her place in the hearts of her husband's people. Now that they were no longer blinded by prejudice, they saw her in her true colors, and for long years she lived among them on the best of terms.

Not long after the sewing circle, the village store displayed in its window a wonderful revolving stand covered with crescents of all colors of the rainbow, in which the proprietor took such pride that for some weeks he spent all his spare time walking up and down the pavement with his hands behind him admiring it. And many a time, as customers began to pour in and he sold the little magic packets to all the country round as fast as he could order them, did he congratulate himself on possessing the agency for the Turkish Dyes.

When you get tired of dull color dyes, use Turkish.