

was being cut off; and how terrible the pain was in her neck! Then she was Joan of Arc, bound to the stake, with the cruel flames creeping up about her feet. They had not touched her yet, but the smoke stifled her. She turned and coughed, then started up choking, with a wild cry, wide awake now, to find the church full of smoke.

Quickly as the stiffened limbs would allow, the little girl made her way into the vestibule, seized the bell rope, and pulled with all her strength. Ding! dong! ding! dong! Out upon the wild winter wind was flung the sound; faster and faster fell the strokes. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" One after another took up the cry, but still the bell kept up its quick, loud call; still Ruth pulled and tugged. And so, tugging and pulling, pale and exhausted, but plucky still, they finally found her.

Yes, she had saved the church; there was no doubt about that. On such a wild night there would have been no possible chance for it by the time the fire had been discovered from without.

"It was a mighty lucky thing for us that I looked in, Miss Ruth," said Mr. Mace when he met her next day coming out of church. "I think the village owes me a debt of gratitude, and that I ought to be the hero instead of you, my dear."

But only Ruthie and her mother knew that for the brave resisting of a sore temptation, the dear old church would have been lying at that moment a mass of ruins; that the real heroism lay, not in the ringing of the bell when she did, but in unselfishly refraining from ringing it when she did not.

"I am glad and thankful that my girl was the means of saving our dear church for us, but I am far more proud of her victory over self. We two know that therein lay the hardest fight and the truest conquest," said Ruth's mother, as she stooped to kiss her after tucking her up the next night. And Ruth did know it, and the knowledge made her very humble and very thankful to God who had given her the victory.—The Living Church.

Good Society.

Good society is that which can give a dinner without sending a notice of it to the newspapers; can introduce a daughter without having her frocks made the subject of a paragraph, and which believes that the family and its happiness is of more importance than the booming of a beauty or being counted among the Four Hundred.—Good Housekeeping.

It is a mistake to imagine that a man's brain is the only seat of insanity. There is another phase of the disease which originates in another part of this organism; it is called insanity of the stomach, or, to use a shorter term, gluttony.

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