

one side of it was a narrow slit, familiar to us who have used missionary jugs.

"I am sure I don't see how I can ever get fifty cents in it," said Nellie to herself. "I can't walk and save car-fares, for there aren't any cars, and I can't save on candy, for there isn't any store, and grandma won't let me wash dishes because I break 'em, and I've made dish-cloths and pen-wipers for everybody I can think of. I wish I hadn't taken the old thing!"

It was just at this point that the mistiness began to gather in Nellie's eyes, and a minute longer of such sorrowful thinking would have brought a shower of tears, but suddenly the old red rooster sprang to the top of the fence, and with a triumphant crow dropped heavily down into the forbidden ground of grandmamma's bed of sweet-peas. Away rolled the Nellie after General Jackson, and in the excitement both tears and orange were forgotten.

That evening after tea, Nellie's aunt Rachel came to the front porch and spied in a corner the forsaken fruit. "Where in the world did an orange come from this time of year?" said she, and as she picked it up and discovered what it was, around the corner of the house came Nellie and kitty in a hot race.

"Nellie! Nellie! you've forgotten your orange!" called auntie.

Poor Nellie's face grew sober in an instant. "Oh, dear, auntie," said she, "I wish I had never seen that orange. The boy's mission band had six left over, and they got six of us girls to take them, and we promised to get fifty cents in them this summer, and I know I can't. Kate and Elsie were going to earn ten cents a week by being good, but mamma said she wanted me to be good without being paid for it, and I just know they will get their oranges full and I shan't have anything." Nellie threw herself at Aunt Rachel's feet with a despairing look, and Aunt Rachel laughed softly.

"Well, Nellie," said she, "we must have

a 'Ways and Means' Committee. I will be the Ways and you can be the Means, and between us I think we can earn something, if we persevere."

Nellie had caught up her aunt's fan, and was fanning herself vigorously, for she was an active little body, always rushing through space," as grandpapa said, and consequently always very warm.

"Auntie," said she suddenly, "didn't a missionary lady give you this fan?"

"Yes, dear. One of the prettiest, sweetest little ladies you ever saw, and she had been a missionary more years than you and I have lived. Why, Nellie, I wonder if I haven't a 'way' already! You see those delicate grasses painted on the fan? Well, you and I know that the loveliest grasses in the world grow all over this old farm. Don't you remember those old swamp-grasses that grow in the 'brook meadow', and the feathery ones that we always find by the old oak on the hill?"

"Well, auntie," broke in Nellie, "you aren't going to make hay, are you?"

"Yes, silver hay, Nellie. Now listen to my plan. You will gather the grasses; we will send to cousin John for half-a-dozen palm-leaf fans, and you and I will tie on each a tiny bunch of the prettiest, and fasten it with ribbon, and they will make dainty little souvenirs of the mountains. I don't believe you will have any trouble in getting your fifty cents, as well as the cost of the fans and ribbon."

Nellie was delighted with any plan that offered a ray of hope for filling the fat, empty orange, and she sallied forth next morning in search of grasses, with a little basket and large enthusiasm.

It would make too long a story to tell all the experiences of the Ways and Means Committee, but the result was a great success. Aunt Rachel had a good many friends scattered about in the various farm and boarding houses down in the valley, and the first modest half-dozen fans grew to several dozen, and Nellie's fingers were deft in making variations on the original plan. Some quaint East In-