

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

HER NEIGHBOR'S WAY.

People were beginning to avoid young Mrs. Hildebrand. There was a certain irritability about her manner, and little fine lines were beginning to show about the mouth. Her voice already had a sharp tone, and from the sweet-faced, happy girl who had started life to walk by Allan Hildebrand's side, she was fast developing into a peevish, fretful, fault-finding woman.

"It's her house, that's what's done it," said Mrs. Borton to her friend, Mrs. Phipps. "She's making an idol of it. That's what she's doing. I just wish you could see it. Not a speck, not a spot anywhere, but my! what is it going to amount to if she keeps on sacrificing everything to keep it so? She can't get anyone to stay with her long, and if a girl breaks a dish, they say she flies into a regular passion. She's that particular she'll soon have Allen Hildebrand so well trained he'll take off his shoes before he goes in at the front door."

"Ain't it too bad?"

"Perhaps she'll get over it," suggested Mrs. Phipps. "Young people need a lot of disciplining."

"Well," good Mrs. Borton arose, "I do hope, for the peace and comfort of all concerned she'll get over it," she remarked.

Singularly enough, young Mrs. Hildebrand happened in at Mrs. Phipps' not long after Mrs. Borton had taken her leave.

Mrs. Phipps was a comely, placid woman, with soft, brown eyes and a pleasant smile. Everyone loved her, from the milk boy to the man who emptied her ash-pit. Always courteous, considerate and thoughtful, she treated everyone after the fashion of the Golden Rule.

"It's such a trial to keep house," young Mrs. Hildebrand was saying. "Things upset me so—they will go wrong."

Mrs. Phipps smiled.

"They always will," she returned gently, "long after you and I have folded our hands in our last sleep. The thing to do is—"

It was Saturday afternoon, and just at that moment Mrs. Phipps' small son opened the door.

"Ma," he said, "Maggie's brought home the clothes and she says may she come in just a moment. She wants to tell you something."

"Why, certainly, my son. You will excuse me, I know, Mrs. Hildebrand."

The next moment a small, care-worn woman entered. There were tears in her eyes.

"What is it, Maggie?" kindly inquired Mrs. Phipps.

"Oh, ma'am, you know your lovely drawn-work centerpiece? Well, I knew how choice you were of it, and I tried to be as careful as I could, but when I was ironing it my little Mary came up behind me with a bottle of ink. I didn't see her and I turned real quick and bumped into her and she dropped the ink and it spattered all over your lovely centerpiece. I tried everything I ever heard of, but I can't get it out."

"Did you bring it, Maggie?"

"Yes; it's with the clothes. I'll get it."

A second later Maggie came back and held it up.

Yes, there it was, the beautiful centerpiece, all bespattered with very black ink.

Mrs. Hildebrand looked at it and wondered what Mrs. Phipps would say.

"If it were mine—well, I should simply go into hysterics," she thought. "I'd

discharge the woman and everything else. She was too utterly careless."

"I'll be willing to pay any price you set, ma'am," said Maggie, tearfully. But Mrs. Phipps was as placid as ever.

"You couldn't help it, Maggie," she said, "and don't think another thing about it. I know of a good ink-bleach that will make it nearly as good as new. Now, don't worry any more. You've been a faithful worker and I appreciate it. These accidents will happen."

Maggie wiped her eyes.

"Sure and you're a good, kind woman," she cried, "and there's not many like you. The world would be a better place if there was."

And Mrs. Phipps only smiled, but the little washerwoman went away not only with her full week's wages, but a plate full of cookies for the children.

The next moment another small boy came into the room.

"Ma," he cried, "Charley's gone and cut a big slit in your tablecloth!"

Mrs. Phipps arose.

"May I come, too?" asked Mrs. Hildebrand.

"Yes, indeed."

So both ladies adjourned to the dining room. There by the beautifully-set table, with its glossy cloth, stood a little boy with downcast face.

"I'm awful sorry, ma," he said; "but the knife slipped while I was slicing an apple and I cut the tablecloth."

They both looked at it, Mrs. Phipps and Mrs. Hildebrand. Yes, there it was, a long, clean cut that had gone clear through the handsome cloth, leaving the table exposed beneath it.

Mrs. Phipps laid her hand on Charley's head.

"Mother's little boy should have cut the apple on the kitchen table," she said gently. "Never mind, sonny; it can't be helped now, but remember next time."

"I will," humbly returned the little boy.

As the ladies went into the sitting-room Mrs. Hildebrand looked curiously into the sweet face. It was as unclouded and tranquil as ever.

"Well," she said, "I imagine it was a good thing for me that I came in here today I've had a lesson in patience I won't forget. Why, if either one of those two things had happened in my house I'd have flown all to pieces."

Mrs. Phipps smiled.

"I overcame all that years ago," she returned, "by the grace of God. I used to go all to pieces, too, as you say, until I found a verse in the Bible and lived up to it." And then she repeated softly these words: "Be careful of nothing." That means," she said smiling, "broken dishes, cut tablecloths, ink-spattered centerpieces and vexations we cannot help, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

Young Mrs. Hildebrand rose suddenly and kissed her friend.

"Thank you," she said humbly. "I'm going home to read it for myself and to turn over a new leaf. Why, I'm beginning to be nothing but a nervous wreck over the subject of good housekeeping—the question of having things just so. But I'm going to stop right now, and get back some of my old-time spirits and rosy cheeks. It doesn't pay, all this fretting and fussing. At any rate, I'm going to stop."

"No," replied Mrs. Phipps, "it doesn't pay this sacrificing of time and

comfort and physical health for the keeping up of any house. I'm not deprecating good housekeeping—far from it; but there are better things farther on."

And young Mrs. Hildebrand saw the wisdom of the other woman's philosophy and stopped just in time, and all because of her neighbor who was noble and large-hearted enough not to permit the carking cares of life to sour, embitter and narrow her.—Susan Hubbard Martin in Exchange.

HOW GRACE SPELLED LOVE.

A class of very little girls were learning to spell. "Etta, spell pig, and tell us what kind of noise little pigs make," said the teacher. "P-i-g, pig," answered Etta, "and this is the noise they make, 'Que, que, que.'" "You may spell dog, Roey," said teacher to the next little girl.

"D-o-g, dog, and our doggie says, 'bow-wow-wow.'"

"Now, cat, Mary."

The next little girl said, "C-a-t, and my kitty says, 'mew, mew.'"

"Grace, you may spell love," were the teacher's next words. Grace didn't stop to give the letters, but ran and threw her arms about the teacher's neck, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "We spell love that way at our house," said she.

How the girls laughed at this queer way of spelling!

"That is a beautiful way," said the teacher, "but do you know another way?"

"Oh, yes," said little Grace. "I spell love this way," and she began putting the books in order on teacher's desk. "I spell love by helping everybody when they need me."

"That's the best way of all to spell love, and now we will have it as the books spell it." Then all the class said together, "L-o-v-e, love."

God's command is to love God how? And your neighbor?

A NEW USE FOR SQUIRRELS.

"One of the uses of education," said young Mr. Quimby, when he settled down on his newly acquired farm to put his agricultural studies into practice, "is the ability to turn everything to account." Having delivered himself of that wisdom, he procured a board, painted a sign upon it, and nailed it upon one of his pear trees, where all might read:

"These trees and pears are infested with Scierus Hudsonius."

"The owner considers that this notice frees him from responsibility for the fate of any persons who disregard the warning."

All that year luscious pears hung unguarded from Mr. Quimby's orchard boughs—Sheldons, Bartlette, Clapp's Favorites, and other choice varieties. Hungry boys stood just outside the fence and eyed them, but none intruded.

"What are skurrus hudsonicusess?" they asked Mr. Quimby, fearfully.

"Little red things that eat into the pears and devour the seeds," said Mr. Quimby, in his most learned tone.

Later, when the pears had all been picked and sold, one of the small boys mustered courage to put the question to the school teacher, who looked it up.

"They are red squirrels," she announced, authoritatively.—The Youth's Companion.

The habit of happy thought would transform the commonest life into harmony and beauty.