

one, and the bitterness had somehow tinted her own hungry, aching heart.

Nina had barely reached her place at the bundle counter when the 'tardy' gong sounded. She drew a breath of relief, and looked about again in vain for the foreman. Mary Hines a cash-girl, stopped as she was passing.

'Old Frink's gone,' she whispered hurriedly—'transferred to the white goods. They say he doesn't like it. That's the new foreman, down there. Name's Merwin. Here he comes now.'

Mary moved on, and Nina raised her eyes timidly.

She saw a broad-shouldered, a stalwart man, with a kindly face, keen eyes, and an alert, businesslike manner. One other thing Nina noted—a deep dimple in his chin. She wondered vaguely how it happened that a 'head' should have a dimple like that. Then she dropped her eyes, quite disconcerted by a direct, observant glance from those of the foreman himself.

As the hours went on, and the scattered summer shoppers began to gather, Nina was conscious of strange sensations. Back came the thought with which she had begun the day—'I'm so awful tired.' Paler and paler she became, while her eyes grew large and pathetic.

No one noticed all this, except the broad-shouldered man who paced the aisles to and fro, intent upon his duties as overseer.

Nina realized only an utter weariness with her surroundings and an urgent longing to look again upon the elm branches against the blue sky.

'Or some water,' she thought thirstily. 'Wouldn't I like to see some real water—like that?'

'That' was the photograph of a bit of Atlantic beach, of which the only features were a tiny cabin, with one or two rocks, and the surf rolling in. Once Mr. Frink had caught her looking at the picture, between bundles, and it had made him unaccountably angry. He had said bad words under his breath, and threatened to destroy the thing if he saw it again. 'Your business is to tie up bundles, not keep an art gallery,' he had said, with some added sneer about her 'summer cottage.'

Since that time the little photograph had been hidden under the counter, and the girl had seldom disturbed it. To-day she pulled it out and looked at it with a reckless disregard of consequences. As she gazed, her head dropping listlessly on her hand, there was a slight movement near her, and she looked up, startled to encounter again the blue eyes of the new foreman.

'I like the water,' Nina apologized falteringly; 'and I wasn't busy. It kind of cools me off to look at it somehow.'

The man drew a snowy handkerchief over his own flushed face.

'I don't blame you,' he said cheerily. 'It would be good to get a whiff of salt air and a dash of spray, wouldn't it?' Then he asked abruptly, 'When do you get your vacation, my girl?'

'Vacation?' Nina looked uninterested. 'Oh, in August, I believe. Last year I took the place of one of the sales girls while she was away. Mr. Frink wanted me to, and I wanted to keep in, you know.'

'"Keep in!" echoed the new 'head' indignantly. 'Did he pay you double salary?'

The girl looked up with a faint smile of amusement.

'Not as I remember,' she said with shy irony; 'but I didn't lose my place.'

The foreman moved away at a summons from another aisle, but in a few minutes was back.

'You are going to have a vacation this year, child,' he said briefly.

'And—don't tell anybody,'—the dimple in his chin grew deeper with the smile of warm kindness that flashed over his face,—'I know of a way to have you spend it down at the seashore—all your expenses paid, too. And your place'll be waiting for you when you come back. I don't want any such pale cheeks in my department. Hold on till next month; then we'll see!' And with another of those wonderful smiles he was off to settle some difficulty at the 'wall counter.'

Several hours following this—to Nina—astounding suggestion passed with her as a kind of dream. No thought of doubt or distrust of this new friend entered her mind.

Her confused brain seemed to hold only two impressions, the contrasting images of the two men on whom her own well-being had so closely depended. In her excited fancy they seemed to stand as representatives of good and evil; and her one question, a puzzle which seemed to worry her, was, 'What is it that makes the difference?'

About three o'clock Nina sat on her stool, conning this question over mechanically. Coming down the aisle was the foreman, his hands behind him, his quick glance everywhere. Nina watched him, her heart beating with queer, slow strokes. They seemed to grow slower and slower. As he drew nearer, she could hear—hark! he was humming something. It was strangely familiar, something that seemed like a part of her own early child-life. What was it? Ah, she remembered now. Words seemed to fit themselves to the tune in her memory:

'All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!'

It was the hymn she had sometimes heard her father sing when she was a little child, long before the dreadful day when he had left them all, and gone, as people said, to heaven.

That was the last Nina heard or knew until—she opened her eyes and found them resting upon the face of the new foreman.

'Lie still, child,' he said gently. 'Don't try to move for a few minutes. There's a carriage coming to take you home. And see here,' he added, bending over her, 'that vacation we spoke of is to begin next week. I'll come and tell you about it.'

Nina understood, and smiled gratefully. 'Thank you, sir,' she said, with a confiding little hand tucked into his. 'Mother'll be so surprised and pleased! I'm glad of the vacation, but I'm more glad because I've found out what I wanted to know. I couldn't seem to make it out at first, but it's plain enough now. It's that hymn that's made all the difference.'

No one understood, but Nina had guessed the truth. It was the hymn that had made the difference; the grand old 'Coronation' hymn of the church, with all that it meant, to the new foreman, of allegiance and loyalty to Jesus Christ.

Mehitable Jane's Call.

(By L. M. Montgomery.)

Who was to be elected president of the Kappa Nu? This was the question which was agitating the girls of Saint Agatha's, right in the middle of the term, too. Mary Douglas had been president and she had been suddenly called home by the death of her father and was not coming back. Jennie Harris had been vice-president, and Jennie had left school owing to eye trouble. Consequently a new president had to be chosen at once and a special meeting of the Kappa Nu was summoned for the next Friday evening. Meanwhile, wires were being pulled.

The presidency of Kappa Nu was the biggest social honor in Saint Agatha's and every girl secretly aspired to it at some period of her course. Intellectual attainment in class counted for a good deal; it would never do to have a dunce at the head of Kappa Nu. Popularity counted for a good deal more; the Kappa Nu president would be shorn if half her influence if she were not liked. Besides these qualifications many others had to be taken into account—tact, originality, executive faculty, and the ability to rise to any and every occasion.

Even the teachers of Saint Agatha's felt interested in the election. They approved of Kappa Nu, realizing that it was an influence for good in the school; its ideals were fine, and the Kappa Nu girls were the best students in an all-round sense that Saint Agatha's possessed. It was known that its standard was very high, and, as its membership was limited to the third-year girls, it was a sort of goal to which all the Preps and Juniors set their faces during the first two years, striving to live up to the mark, socially and intellectually, which would be required by the Kappa Nus when they sought for admission therein.

There were three candidates for the presi-

dency—Freda Monroe, Helen Blake, and Stephanie Bartlett. Freda was the cleverest of the three, Helen the most popular, while Stephanie was a good all-round candidate.

On the Thursday evening before the election Maud Clifton and Caroline Gray were talking together in Corridor Three and thereby creating a mild commotion in Saint Agatha's. When Maud and Caroline conferred thus, the Kappa Nus looked reverentially on from afar and the candidates held their breath. For, after all, human nature being the same inside Saint Agatha's as out, Maud Clifton and Caroline Gray virtually elected the president of Kappa Nu.

They were the leaders at Saint Agatha's as far as social power went—and it went a long way there, as elsewhere. They were the richest girls there and represented the best families. Maud was secretary of Kappa Nu, Caroline was chairman of the Membership Committee, and both possessed great influence. If they had been foolish or frivolous, it would have been so much the worse for the society. But fortunately they were serious, high-minded girls and their influence was certain to be used in the right direction.

They had only to indicate the candidate they preferred and the Kappa Nus would vote for her unanimously. If they came out for different candidates the contest would be an exciting one. But hitherto not a word had been said by either to denote or hint a preference, in spite of much skilful pumping. Consequently when, at this late date, Maud and Caroline were observed to hold serious conference the suspense was dramatic.

Maud and Caroline really were talking about the candidates this time. They understood their responsibility and they honestly wanted to choose a girl who would make the best president of Kappa Nu, irrespective of any personal bias.

'There is no doubt,' Caroline was saying, 'that Freda Monroe is the cleverest. She leads in all her classes, and she is original and resourceful.' Maud shook her head.

'I don't think Freda would do at all. She is all you say; but she is utterly tactless and consequently not very popular. She has her adherents, of course, but the rest of the girls dislike her. Besides, she is too domineering and masterful; she just antagonizes people. No, Freda will not do. What about Helen Blake? She is clever enough and very popular with everyone. In fact, she has all Freda's good points with none of her drawbacks.'

Caroline shrugged her shoulders. 'Ye-e-s,' she said, doubtfully, 'that is true. And I like Helen—like her so much that I hate to pick flaws in her. If it were a mere matter of personal preference, I should vote for Helen, but it is Kappa Nu we have to consider. Has it ever struck you, Maud, that Helen Blake is—well, just a little snobbish?'

Maud considered. 'Perhaps it has—just a little. But so little that it really wouldn't influence me against her if it wasn't that I'm afraid it might manifest itself more strikingly should occasion call it forth. Yes, she is a little snobbish. She doesn't like to mix with the shabby girls or those of poorer families. Her native tact and kindness prevent her from showing this so offensively as to hurt their feelings, but it is there and I have noticed it more than once. Besides, she talks rather much about her people, their good qualities and attainments. It is love that makes her do it—not pride or vanity, I admit that—but even love can be snobbish. Yes, you are right, Caroline. I don't think Helen would do for president. Snobbishness would be worse than downright unpopularity. Well, I shall vote for Stephanie Bartlett. There's really nothing to be said against her, she averages up so well. And yet there is no doubt that Helen would make an ideal president for Kappa Nu if only—'

'Yes—if only,' agreed Caroline. And the Kappa Nu presidency was virtually decided—or so at least Maud and Caroline thought as they separated. 'Visitors' afternoon' came the next day. Girls whose homes were in or near the town had many callers. Girls whose homes were far away had few or none at all. Among the latter was Helen Blake. She was sitting alone in her room, trying to study, but in reality thinking about the Kappa Nu presidency and the election which was to come off.