

unbusinesslike thing. A little lame girl came in for the third time to see the doll.

'I can't get her by the window,' the little girl's older sister said, 'she has taken such a fancy to that doll!'

Her crutches humped up her little shoulders and her face was pale and drawn with pain, and Polly, as she said afterwards to Miss Dinsmore, simply couldn't stand it. So when she handed the doll to her she said gently, 'Take her! you may have her for your own.'

'Cousin Mary never said that a doll should not be given away over her counter,' she told Miss Dinsmore.

'Oh, you foolish child! You have spoiled your chances!' cried the dressmaker. 'Miss Tidd would have liked to have a doll dressed so that it would draw custom like that one. But to give it to that child! Why, her mother was Abby Fosgate, who treated Miss Tidd so badly when they were great friends that it has made her odd and cross. Oh, what will she say when she finds out what you have done?'

Poor Polly dreamed that night that she was sent back to Dumpling Hill, and the conductor cried out, 'No business bump!' every time he came through the car. And when she did reach home the twins had turned into wooden dolls and couldn't speak to her!

But bright days come after dark nights, and bad dreams do not come true. Miss Tidd came home the very next day and she looked into the money drawer the very first thing. And she was astonished! When she saw how many new customers came in, she was delighted; and when they asked for dolls she said she didn't care if Polly filled the window with them, if they drew the customers like that!

But she did not yet know whose little girl it was to whom Polly had given the doll! Miss Dinsmore said she didn't want to be there when she found out! And Polly had not yet mustered courage to tell her when a woman came hurrying into the shop and actually threw her arms around Cousin Mary Olive's neck, a thing that Polly had decided she should never dare to do. And she said with tears that she knew Cousin Mary Olive had forgiven her, because she had given her little girl that beautiful doll; and it would seem like heaven if they could go back to the old times and be friends. And Cousin Mary Olive cried and kissed her.

Polly slipped out of the shop then because she thought she might be in the way. When the visitor had gone Cousin Mary Olive, with her scowl all smoothed out and her face looking young and bright, took Polly in her arms and kissed her. She told her that she had found out that something that had darkened her life had been all a mistake, and it was Polly who had set things right!

'A kind heart is even better than a business bump!' she said. The gray parrot, on his perch in the sitting-room, kept repeating that, and Polly heard it that night, in a happy dream.

Cousin Mary Olive paid for the doll when the drummer came again, and ordered a dozen more dolls for Polly to dress for the shop; and more than a dozen—enough to go 'round!—for her to send to the children at Dumpling Hill.

### Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1904, it is thine that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

### Frank Lowell's Reference.

Aunt Martha, young Dr. Snow's maiden sister, sat by the north window knitting and watching the boys come and go. Dr. Snow had advertised for an office boy,—a boy 'honest, kind and capable.' A dozen or more boys had come and gone; but at last one came, smaller than any of the others. His blue eyes were frank, his face smiling, his whole air hopeful, but he too was rejected. He was too small and had no reference. Aunt Martha dropped her knitting and started to her feet when she saw him go out.

'Call that boy back, Arthur!'

Her brother went to the door obediently and whistled, for he did not know the boy's real name. When the latter turned his pale, disappointed face, Dr. Snow, beckoned to him. 'Come in,' he said shortly, 'my sister wants you.'

'Sit down, my dear,' she said kindly. He sat down near her.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Frank Lowell.'

'Well,' she continued, 'I was at the Arlington a few days ago, waiting for a friend. As I looked out of the window I saw my friend. Her hands were so full of packages that she dropped one, and with it her purse. She did not know it, but a boy picked up the package and purse and gave them to her. She wanted to reward him, but he would not accept anything. Did you know that boy, now, Frank?' Aunt Martha continued.

'Yes,' he said, his face flushing with embarrassment.

'He was honest, wasn't he?' she questioned.

'All boys ought to be,' said Frank meekly.

'But all boys are not,' she answered. 'That is what my brother wants—an honest boy.'

Dr. Snow realized that after all his sister was not crazy. But by this time she was telling another story.

'It was last week, one windy day,' she was saying, 'and I had just stepped out of a store, when I saw an old woman standing on the corner. Just then there appeared the boy who had picked up my friend's purse. I heard him say, "I'll help you across the street, ma'am." And he did.'

Frank rose as if to go, but Aunt Martha said, 'Just wait a minute. I've found out that the boy has been taking care of his mother, who is a widow and is sick. He has kept the wolf from the door for two years.'

'Well, laddie,' said the doctor, smiling down into the small face, 'my good sister is your reference, I see, and I could not ask a better one. If you'll stay with me, consider yourself engaged.'—'Morning Star.'

### Self Support.

Miss Chester, in her valuable and readable little book, 'Girls and Women,' has a chapter with the above title. In it she relates the experience of 'an agreeable girl whose great failure was her self-conceit,' who fancied—until she tried—that 'she could do everything that anybody could do.' How she was cured of this delusion, and then of the discouragement which followed the cure, may well be of interest to many young women who have their own way to make in the world.

As she did not look down on other people's efforts, her self-conceit was amusing, rather than annoying. She was always ready to write a poem, or sing a song, or paint a picture; and, as she was a society girl and lived in a grand house, her little doings were often favorably mentioned in the local papers; so she may be pardoned for believing she had

a variety of talents, though no one who read her poems or heard her songs agreed with her.

Then came a crisis in her affairs. She was thrown on her resources, without a moment's warning. She had to earn her living or to starve. She had plenty of energy and was willing to work. She took a rapid view of her powers. Then the scales fell from her eyes. She felt very doubtful if there was one among her accomplishments which could furnish bread for her.

She would have said that all her conceit was gone. But it was not so. As her need was so urgent, she tried to find work, first in one way and then in another. She was prepared to have the editors reject her manuscripts, and she was not surprised that she could not sell her pictures but it was amazing to be told that her grammar and spelling were faulty, and it was hard to see the amusement in the faces of the art-dealers, when they regarded her most cherished paintings.

No woman can earn a living without some mortifying experiences, but the more conceited she is the more such experiences she meets, because she is inclined to attempt things preposterously beyond her. So this poor girl, who had always held her head high, was snubbed by every one. She was told the truth, with almost brutal frankness and, in time, she learned her lesson.

She was not a dull girl, nor a weak one. There was one thing she could do well at the outset, though she had so little discrimination in regard to herself that it did not occur to her that this would be her lever for moving the world. She was a beautiful housekeeper. She remembered this finally, and acted accordingly.

I cannot say that she enjoyed her experience but she did her work well and was paid for it. She also had a talent—strange to say, it was for drawing. She did not realize this, either, for she could not discriminate enough to see that her amateur work as an artist was at all different from her amateur singing and playing.

At first she had thought she could do almost everything well, and then she thought she could do nothing well. But, by slow degrees, and through much tribulation, she began to set her faculties in order, and when she found her germ of a talent, she cultivated it. Ten years later, she was able to support herself by her drawings.

By this time, her one fault had vanished. She was simple and modest and self-respecting, while she retained the courage and cheerfulness which had made her attractive as a girl. 'If you wish to cure a girl of conceit,' she once said to a friend, 'let her try to earn her living. As long as she does not ask to be paid, everybody will praise her work; but let her offer to sell her services and then see.'

I have not told this story to discourage girls who wish to be independent, but to show them the difficulties in their way.—'Youth's Companion.'

### 'Keep Your Eyes on the Text, Lads!'

The captain of a collier-brig said to a Christian worker who was visiting him and inspecting the ship, 'You see the Roll of Texts you gave me; they are grand, sir.' He then proceeded to tell how when the brig was just caught in a terrible gale, the coals having shifted and the ship lying on her beam ends, the captain descended to the cabin, and his eye rested on the text, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble,' etc., which was the text for that day. 'It came to