

losing what we value, missing what we desire; disappointment in other persons, wilfulness, unkindness, gratitude, folly, in some cases where we least expect it.—Rev. J. Keble.

MARGERY'S CONCLUSION.

"Ellen Raeburn has gone into the city, and has found a situation in the library where she is paid fifty-five dollars a month."

"Has she, dear?" said Margery Day's mother in answer to Margery's eager announcement. "That is very nice for Ellen."

"Nice for almost any girl, I should think. Oh, mother, I should like to do that sort of thing."

"Would you, my daughter," Mother looked a little pained. "I thought you were very happy at home."

"Why, of course I am happy, mother dear. But you know it is natural for a girl to have her ambitions. And I think it must be so nice to feel one's self independent. To be earning money for one's self, for one thing—"

"Don't you have whatever you need, Margery? I mean in a general way. Of course we all have to be limited by the family circumstances."

"Yes, I have all I need, but how I should like the feeling of having my own and never have to go to anyone for it!"

"As to being independent, Margery, you surely may have that feeling in knowing that the help and comfort you give here at home are worth more to us who love you than we can spend on you."

The tone touched Margery, but she went on, though in a gentle voice: "Still you can realize, mother, that now that I am out of school it is natural for me to feel like trying my wings. I could do just as well as Ellen Raeburn, I know. There is something inspiring in the idea of a girl being able to take care of herself and make her own way, as the boys do."

"I wish, dear, that there was some inspiration in the thought of the blessing it is to me, to all of us, to have you here at home. In all you can teach the little ones, in the cheer and companionship to father, in the help and uplift to me."

"Ah, mother, you can always get the better of me when it comes to talk!" said the young girl, laughing as she kissed her. "I have sometimes wondered what you might have made of yourself—no, what you might not have made of yourself when you left school, if you had not given up all your ambitions to settle down to housekeeping."

"And home-making," added mother. "Well, Margery," half-jestingly, "when I have aided the world's progress by bestowing you upon it I cannot feel that my ambitions have failed in fruition."

"You foolish old mother! But, seriously, don't you think it is a fine thing for Ellen?"

"Very likely. There are two or three girls at home there, and I suppose it is quite a help that one of them should support herself."

"And have such wonderful chances at improvement as Grace Raeburn tells me Ellen has. I think far more of

that than of the money feature of it. Just think of living among books and scholarly people!"

Margery thought of it with increased longing to leave home. Out in the world of which she knew so little were chances on chances—opportunities for self-culture, of living a wider life surrounded by books and

LET YOUR STOMACH HAVE ITS OWN WAY.

Do Not Try to Drive and Force it to Work When it is Not Able or You Will Suffer All the More.

You cannot treat your stomach as some men treat a balky horse; force, drive, or even starve it into doing work at which it rebels. The stomach is a patient and faithful servant and will stand much abuse and ill-treatment before it "balks," but when it does you had better go slow with it and not attempt to make it work. Some people have the mistaken idea that they can make their stomachs work by starving themselves. They might cure the stomach that way, but it would take so long that they would have no use for a stomach when they got through. The sensible way out of the difficulty is to let the stomach rest if it wants to and employ a substitute to do its work.

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Total Assets (over) - 24,000,000

people who kept abreast of the world's work.

Her mother observed it with a sinking at her heart. It had been such a joy to her to have this oldest daughter home from school, to feel the relief found in the sharing of her cares, the comfort in her daily companionship.

"But I am living my life, and she must live hers. I would not have her feel burdened by my need of her."

So when Margery came with a direct petition for leave to seek a situation in the city, she made little opposition.

"You would give up all the sweetness of your home life—you think you will find something that will repay you for it?" And Margery could only say:

"Forgive me, mother, for wanting to try."



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There was nothing very definite in Margery's plans when she set out to try her wings—nothing except her own girlish confidence in her ability, her enthusiastic desire to test her powers, and a general, vague conviction that all about her in the great city, the roar of whose stir and bustle thrilled her, were lying places waiting for exactly such as she, opportunities beckoning for youth and hope and enthusiasm to find full development.

Two or three reliable friends in the city stood ready to afford her such aid as they could, and, satisfied that she could be safely trusted in their hands, her parents did not stand in her way.

"Yes, her friend Ellen Raeburn said, with an outpour of welcoming words, "there are some fine things open here. A place in the Historical Department. And I heard some talk of an assistant being wanted in the cataloguing of some antiquities in the museum—good study there, and might lead to other things. But, dear me! there are applicants on applicants ahead of you. You can only leave your name and I will do what I can for you. I haven't heard of any other vacancies, but if I do I'll let you know."

Her other friends were also kind, introducing her to various Boards of Education and agencies for anything which might be open to an intelligent and well-educated young woman anxious to take her place in the forward-

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