

Wentworth,' put in Jack Landes mischievously, 'for Lily was so cross and yet so tender that I'm sure we would have ended by devouring her, "boots and bones".'

When the feast was at length over the young men withdrew to the smoker for the night. Tommy was tucked up on one seat, and Miss Temperance, having rendered herself a fearsome object by winding her thin hair on ferocious looking steel hair curlers, also slumbered, while the girls retreated to the farther end of the car to chatter and giggle as girls will.

'I'm afraid you thought me frightfully rude to-day, Miss Wentworth,' began Lily apologetically, 'but I never could endure having children paw over me, and as for our laughing at Miss Tinker, of course we could see at once that she isn't your sort. But I suppose that when one lives in the country it is impossible to avoid knowing odd people. You must be uncommonly kind-hearted, however, to allow that queer old soul to order you about as if you were of her own class.'

Marian's familiar spirit spoke loudly in her ear: You see that they do not understand, owing to Miss Tinker's unwonted reticence. Now all you have to do is to remain silent,' it told her.

Then there flashed through the girl's mind the many kindnesses she had received from her grandmother's old friend, and should she deny her now through her besetting sin, False Pride? Without a perceptible pause she answered bravely:

'You do not understand, Miss Landes—Miss Tinker is my grandmother's dearest friend and we are all plain people together.'

Marian Wentworth was quite unaware that by this little speech she had won for herself the lasting friendship of fastidious Cicely Thurston, the acknowledged leader of Madame D'Arblay's, and that even frivolous Lily Landes regarded her henceforth with secret respect. On the contrary the girls, neither of them knowing just what to say, changed with evident embarrassment, and Marian's heart sank as she mused dejectedly.

'Now I've spoiled everything—O, dear me, why is it, when it comes to the test that I'm always so hopelessly truthful?'

But at this point in her meditations John Paul Jones, who had been feasting royally on scattered crumbs, flew up to the back of her seat, and flapping his wings above the girl's fair head, crowed loudly, with a fine effect of applause.

Antiquity of the Doll.

Who played with the first doll? How was it fashioned? When and where was it born? are questions easily asked but not so easily answered.

We must search the archives of the past, we must go to buried Egypt, to pagan Rome, to India, the wonderland of the world. As far back as documentary evidence, or legend, or myth will carry us we find dolls; no recorded history goes back to the time when there were no dolls.

They are found in the sanctuary of the pagan, in the tombs of the dead; pictured in quaint and sometimes awkward lines in plaster and stone that have withstood the elements for thousands of years.

Since time was they have been, apparently, the presiding deity of the hearthstone and the cradle. Most people would subscribe to the popular theory that the mother impulse is so strong in every child that she must have some object upon which to lavish her childish affection, and that the most natural object is a doll built on somewhat the same lines as the baby brother or sister or some of the 'grown ups' of the family.

I have gathered the opinions of various early and classic writers, all of which seem to me to point to the fact that the doll, as the image of a human or superhuman creature was first used, as so many other articles and customs were, in religious ceremonies, probably in India, perhaps in Egypt, possibly in China.

That dolls were common in the time of Moses is certain, for we read that in those sarcophagi, which are frequently exhumed in Egypt, there have been found beside the poor little mummies pathetically comical little imitations of themselves, placed there by loving mothers, within reach of the cold little baby fingers.

In 'Ave Roma Immortalis,' Marion Craw-

ford speaks of children's dolls of centuries ago, 'made of rags and stuffed with the waste from their mother's spindles and looms.' He also tells of effigies of bullrushes, which the Pontiffs and Vestals came to throw into the Tiber from the Sublician bridge on the Ides of May.

When Herculaneum was being excavated, there was found the figure of a little girl with a doll clasped in her arms so tightly that not even death could divide them.—From 'The Doll Book,' by Laura B. Strar. The Outing Publishing Co.

A Recluse in Name Only.

One of the brightest, most accomplished and best-loved young girls of all those in her school and society circles, at the age of seventeen was so terribly injured in a street-car accident that she has ever since been closely confined not only to the same house and chamber, but to the selfsame bed; and forty-two years is what 'ever since' means. During these years of tantalizing isolation she has seen her young girl friends successfully completing their different school courses, and coming out well equipped for spheres of active usefulness in the world, while the same slowly moving, relentless years marked her own exiled ongoing from joyous, elate girlhood to dwarfed and aimless womanhood.

Meantime, too, she has lost by death nearly all her near relatives and friends: father, mother, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles; and of nieces and nephews only one remains.

Most tenderly cared for during many of the first years of her illness by an aunt but little older than herself, who gave up an eligible marriage engagement for the duties of a vol-

untary nurse, there followed a well-nigh insupportable anguish when this dear aunt, too, was taken away, as also, later, the most devoted and dearly loved of her physicians.

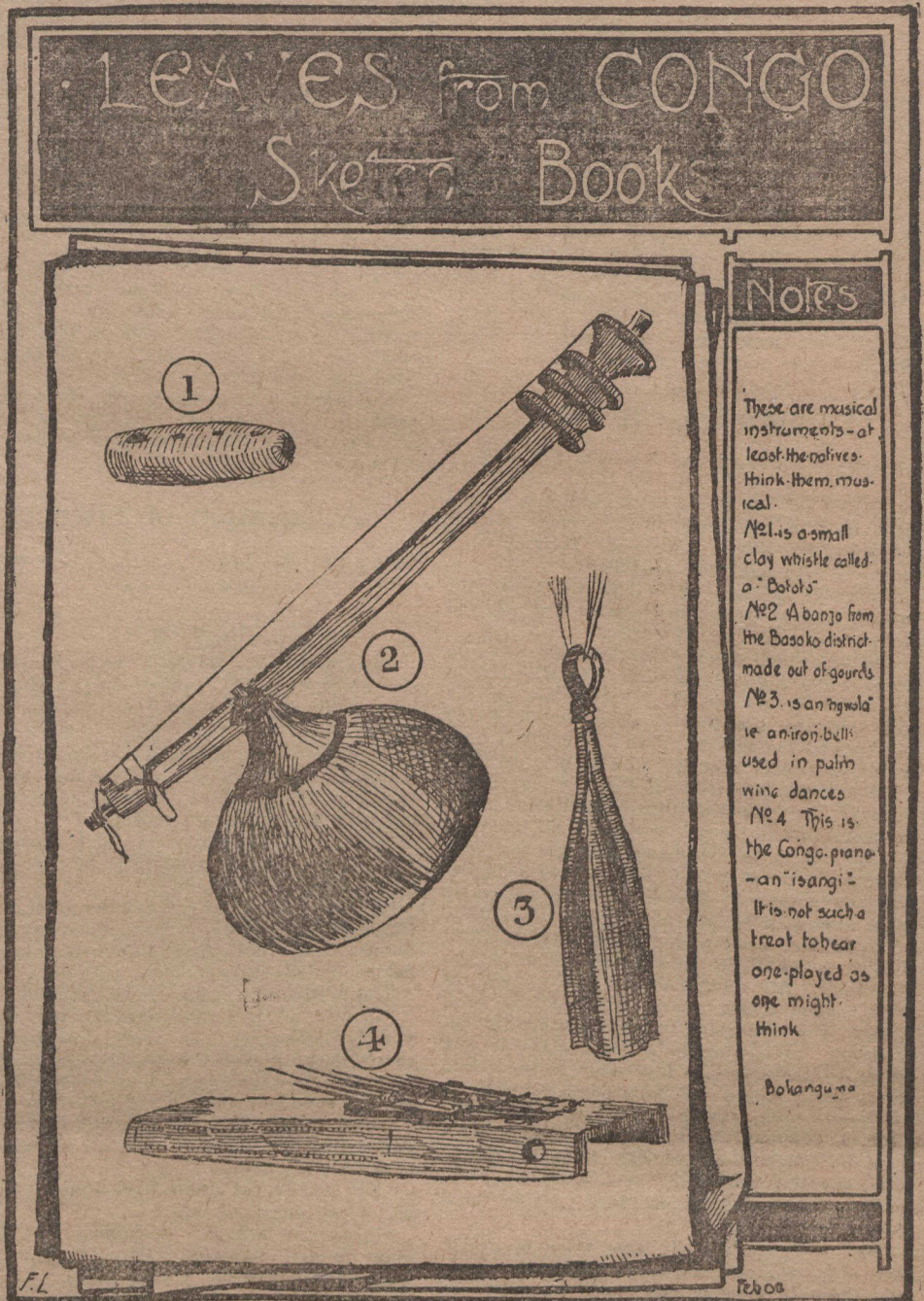
There are things of such exceptional interest in her case that many have taken the opportunity to call upon her.

'And what did you find?' asked a friend of one who had thus called, not from curiosity, but from a desire to express his sympathy.

'I found an animating and most spiritually elevating surprise awaiting me,' he answered. 'First, on the negative side, no trace of impatience or dejection, no hint of murmuring or complaining, no finding fault with any person or anything, no charging Providence with having cruelly darkened her life at the very crisis of her fondest and most eager anticipations.

'On the positive side, a spirit of complete trust in God, and of thanksgiving for a spared life and for the blessings still bestowed upon her; a lively interest in the news of the day and a readiness to join in any proposed subject of conversation; heart-fellowship with her friends in their good or ill fortunes, finding solace for herself in counseling and consoling those in trouble; and all enlivened by such a genial humor and quickness of witty repartee as made conversation with her at once a privilege and a delight.'

'After nearly forty-two years of prostration and suffering, can I be resigned, peaceful and happy?' the woman said to her visitor, repeating the question after him. Then she answered in this way: 'Yes, "My faith looks up to Him," undaunted, never questioning and at peace. I go plodding on, keeping my eye ever upward, looking for the light and the dawn which, some day, will come to me.



—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'