

would not, Emily thought, be a bad place in which to spend the pleasant days of early autumn.

However, she was for the most part far too busy to be lonely. The housekeeping for herself and father, the book-keeping, and the paying off of the long row of Indians, who every evening lined up in front of her pay-table on the veranda, kept her fully occupied. The pay-table had a strong drawer, from which Emily counted her change, and between it and the row of waiting Indians was a panel of wire to keep pilfering fingers from meddling with the tempting silver pieces.

The first time the Indians lined up for their day's wages, Emily regarded them curiously. The younger men and women were dressed like white people, but the older ones wore blankets and had long, straight black hair dangling about their copper-colored faces. The younger ones seemed inclined to make merry at the idea of having a young white girl for their paymaster, but the stolid faces of the older ones showed only the weariness of their long day's work in the marsh. One feeble old woman was so weary that Emily had her sit in a comfortable veranda chair to rest awhile. Several of the women had their babies swung Indian fashion on their backs, and one baby cried so persistently that its mother took it in her arms to quiet it. Seeing that it was half starved, Emily got it some bread and milk, which it ate ravenously. Then all the women looked kindly at the dainty white girl who was so kind to the papoose. As the Indians came before her, evening after evening, Emily learned to know their names and faces, and often spoke to them about the number of quarts they had picked and the weariness and difficulties of the work. They liked being spoken to by the pretty white girl with the gentle voice and kindly ways, and soon began to wait for a word from her, standing patiently while she looked at their cards and estimated the amount of pay each was to receive.

One evening Mr. Brown, having completed his task before Emily finished hers, came to help her, that the Indians might not have to wait so long for their day's wages. But when he offered to take their

cards, they drew back, saying, with a decided gesture towards Emily, 'No, no; wait for her.' And wait they did, and seemed well repaid for doing so, because Emily chatted to them while she counted up the number of quarts they had picked, and gave them their pay. During these little chats she learned much of their homes and manner of living. When some of the women expressed admiration for a gown she wore, she offered to cut a pattern of it, and teach them to make gowns like it if they would come to the cabin after their evening meal. Thus many an evening found her teaching a group of red women the art of dressmaking. Lessons in cleanliness, cooking, and house-keeping followed, and the results were very satisfactory, for the women were apt and eager pupils.

Only one unpleasant incident occurred during the entire two months, and that was occasioned by a cranberry rake. This rake is a small, shallow, partly-covered box, somewhat resembling a dust pan. From the front end a row of long teeth project outward; on the covered part of the top is a loop-handle for the left hand, and from the back end projects a straight handle for the right hand. The box is taken by both handles, and held under the cranberry bush; a quick jerk upward catches the long slender stems between the rake-like teeth and strips them of their berries, while the quick, backward-jerk throws the berries thus plucked back under the covered part of the box. They are then emptied into some receptacle.

Gathering cranberries with these rakes is a much quicker and easier process than to pick them with the fingers, and many more can be gathered in a given time. But the rakes greatly injure the bushes, and, therefore, Mr. Brown strictly forbade their use in his marsh.

For several days Emily noticed that young Two Bears, a large overbearing Indian, of whom the others seemed to be afraid, had gathered more berries than the others. Every evening his card showed a surprising number of quarts, and Emily wondered how he could possibly pick so many. She learned the secret by accidentally overhearing the conversation of two pickers who did not notice

her nearness. Two Bears was using a cranberry rake on the sly, and the other pickers were afraid to tell Mr. Brown, because Two Bears had promised dire punishment to any informer.

(To be continued.)

Katie's Lesson.

Katie had just come back with her mamma from church, where the minister had preached from the text: 'Faith, if it hath not works, is dead,' and she was very thoughtful. 'Mamma,' she said, 'I'm so little and I haven't anything. What can I do for Jesus?' Mamma said slowly: 'Whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name——' Katie blushed. 'Oh, mamma!' she cried, 'I understand.' The day before, her aged uncle who could not walk, and who was querulous and displeasing to the child, had not had his request for a drink answered with pleasing promptness. 'Mamma,' Katie confided that night when she said her prayers, 'I'll never mind running around waiting on people any more. I never thought that such little things could be service to Jesus.'—'Christian Herald.'

Meeting Father.

Margery stands at the garden gate,
Breathing the odor of brier-rose.
Smiling, expectant, 'tis hers to wait,
Freshly arrayed in her dainty
clothes,
The pleasure of meeting father.
The breezes ripple her silky hair,
And crickets chirp to her from
the wold,
While rosy beams from the sunset's
glare
Paint her in tones of pink and
gold,
As she stands looking for father.
Hark! There's the roar of the com-
ing train;
Margery's face is a picture bright.
Melody never held sweeter strain
Than the shrill toot, toot she
hears each night
With the coming home of fa-
ther.
Daffodils skirting the garden wall
Nod to the pair as they take their
way,
And wandering night birds softly
call:
'The blithest happening of the
day
Is the welcoming of father.'
—Jane Ellis Joy in 'Youth's Com-
panion.'