

tangle Johnny Wheeler's ideas. Half an hour later she rapped at the door of the recitation-room.

Helen opened the door cautiously, handed Miss Dixon a chair, and returned with dignity to her place at the blackboard, where she had written the poem. Every word requiring stress was in orange letters and three times as large as the context. Line by line, with vigorous rapping of the embellished words, she was drilling her patient pupil.

'The lily has an air—'

'No!' Rap, rap!

'The "lily" has an "air,"'

'The "lily" has an "air,"'

rumbled the echo, and so on. Addie was certainly gaining; but when she reached 'Christina Rozzity' Helen caught her round the neck and closed her mouth.

'I mean to stop her before she gets so far,' she explained. 'After a while perhaps she'll get in the habit, and stop herself.'

It seemed rather improbable, but Miss Dixon had to approve Helen's zeal and ingenuity.

'It's lovely fun, isn't it, Addie? May we come here every day?'

'Yes, indeed, Helen. I shall be very glad. Keep the key, and practice when you like.'

Next morning Helen gave a superior glance at the little scrub-woman as she and Addie went away together. They worked at recess, at noon, at night, and when Miss Dixon came to note their progress, Helen cried joyfully: 'She has said

'The "lily" has an "air,"'

the first time trying, and I don't have to choke her any more at the end. She bears down too hard, but she stops if I just jump up and down and rap the blackboard.'

'Perhaps to-morrow she will stop if you only jump up and down,' said Miss Dixon, hopefully. 'It's a little bad for the blackboard, you know.'

Things went well in Number Eight that week, for Helen had an outlet for her energies, and was in her happiest humor. In season and out of season she drilled the delighted Addie, who could not have too much of her 'piece.'

Step by step the proper rendering was worn into Addie's brain, and there came a day when she stopped before reaching 'Christina Rozzity' by clapping her own hand over her mouth. The gesture was not graceful, and as she left her voice suspended, the listener's interest was projected beyond the sudden stop; but there seemed reason to hope that the danger, and not 'Christina Rozzity,' would 'blow over.' After a while she omitted the gesture and added the falling inflection.

Then Helen was confident enough to pin a rose under Addie's chin, and to invite a handful of girls to a dress rehearsal. Alas! the little locomotive glowed and swayed and jumped the switch, and rushed headlong upon 'Christina Rozzity!'

Helen shook Addie, turned the audience out in a twinkling, and sat down and thought, with her head between her elbows. Addie waited, her dark eyes full of half-comprehending penitence, like those of a scolded dog.

'Don't cry, Addie,' said Helen, at last. 'You'll do it right to-morrow. You must!'

Addie went home, and Helen went to

Miss Dixon. 'I was as sure!' she said, 'and now I can't be again. Nobody knows what she will do!'

'Could we make it up to her? Would it break her heart to give up?'

'O Miss Dixon, you don't know! She doesn't think of anything else. All her folks are coming the last day, and all her cousins, and her sister, who is a dressmaker in Boston, has come home for a vacation to make Addie a new white dress. And her aunt in Lynn, who comes every fall, is coming now instead, so as to hear Addie speak. Her father has bought her some lovely white shoes, and her aunt is going to curl her hair. It would almost kill Addie to give up now!'

'Well, Helen, do you dare to take the chances for your pupil?'

'Yes'm. I think I've just thought of a way. Won't you please not ask me, but let me do things a little different. Maybe you wouldn't like it beforehand, but you'd be glad when it was over.'

This was encouraging, and Miss Dixon considered. Young though she was, Helen was of the number of those who carry their enterprises through, and her past efforts deserved some reward.

'Very well, Helen. I am going to trust the matter to your energy and good taste.'



'WITH A BOW IN WHICH HE HAD BEEN DRILLED.'

You will do what can be done, and if we fail, we fail. I leave Addie to you.'

'Yes'm. Thank you.'

The drill was renewed, and there was a dress rehearsal every day, of which the select audience was requested to say nothing, and did so with much giggling. On approaching the schoolhouse Miss Dixon often heard the scholars' voices in the last music lesson, a gay little song about 'Roses, roses,' but this was nothing unusual.

Examination day came at last, ending all preparations. The room was bright with June flowers and young faces, the platform crowded with

Pa-rents and friends
Whom heaven sends.

as the song of welcome put it.

The girls' side was a flutter of pink and white and baby blue. The boys, in fresh shirt-waists and plaid ties, were no less attractive, and the behavior of both comported with their outward appearance. They read in concert 'The Defiance of Marmion' with tremendous energy, and if Billy Riley, in his excitement, did say

'Let the p-p-pillow-case fall,'

everybody knew he meant 'portcullis.'

They went through their arithmetic problems with an elaborateness of explanation that confused their parents; they traced

unheard-of rivers to their remote sources, and through it all they 'spoke up' to a degree that gave their gleanings in the fields of knowledge to all their visitors.

'The past, at least, is secure,' thought Miss Dixon, as she called for the flower exercise, and saw the rows of Armstrongs rustle and turn. The little maidens were every one as sweet as the blossoms whose praises they recited. Last of all came Addie, new frock, slippers and curls, flushed and happy. Helen was pale, and she slipped into the seat before the organ—to be near Addie? wondered Miss Dixon.

'The lily has an air,' (Yes.)

'And the snowdrop a grace,' (Good!)

'And the sweet pea a way,

And the heartsease a face—

Yet there's nothing like the rose

When she' ('Oh, will she?') 'blows.'

But no one ever certainly knew, for sharply after she pronounced the word 'blows,' Helen struck some resounding chords, which she had practiced with diligence almost as great as that she had given to Addie's training, and the school broke promptly into the gay little rose song, and sang it with a will.

While they sang, Jimmy Devling drew a basket from behind the organ, and handed it to Addie with a bow in which he had been drilled.

What was in the basket? Why, roses—Jacqueminots and all sorts of catalogue roses from the Kirtland grounds, cinnamon roses from Addie's home, damask, cabbage, sweetbriar and old-fashioned white roses from every yard in the village.

Addie trotted about with the flowers until the minister, the committeeman, the teacher, every parent and friend and every child had one, and then there was a small knot marked for Addie herself.

Everybody clapped. You would have thought that some inkling of the situation had reached the audience, and that they were relieved, too, but how could that be?

The minister and the committeeman made appreciative remarks, the parents and friends whispered praise, and after school Addie was showered with congratulations, which she accepted with honest delight.

'And she's going home to tea with me,' said Helen, with a little confidential smile, in response to something which Miss Dixon whispered.

That was a great day, and its triumph helped Addie through the bitterness of promotion-time.

It was not a last appearance, either. The new class regarded Addie with deep respect and often begged for 'Addie's piece' on Friday afternoons. The entire performance also became a favorite play with her younger brothers and sisters, whom Addie was always glad to gratify. And her fame endured for years afterward. When Miss Dixon revisited Spinningville, a brown-faced little girl said to her:

'My Aunt Addie used to go to school to you. She was a pretty famous speaker, wasn't she?'—Frances Allen.

Take Kindly.

Take kindly all that is kindly meant,
Be first to thank, be last to resent;
Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee,
And those who come frowning, feign not to see.

And O! believe me this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.
—'Waif.'