

Here was a pretty state of affairs. And on New Year's Day, too! And before anybody knew it, the room was in one great commotion, just as they say it is in the big hall of Congress sometimes.

Half of the girls took sides with President Crinkle, and half with Nancy.

'Children,' came a quiet voice suddenly from the door, 'what is the name of your society?'

President Crinkle flew at once for her chair, the seat of honor, while each girl slipped into the nearest place that could hold an active little body, and Nancy clapped her hand over Ted's mouth.

'We haven't thought of it,' said the president, meekly. Oh, how ashamed they felt!

'You live in Canton,' said mother, after a moment's silence. 'How would "The Little Tea Leaves" do? May your good deeds and words go out to comfort and refresh all the world, even as the plant, whose name you would bear?'

She shut the door. Down flew President Crinkle again from her chair; and this time something shone in her eye, as she rushed up to Nancy and little Ted, who was beginning on another howl.

'I can't be a Tea Leaf, Nancy,' she said, 'unless I comfort and 'fresh. Oh, I'm dreadful sorry I snapped his corn-ball!'

She leaned over and gave Ted a kiss on the tip of his chubby nose.

'He shouldn't a-done it,' said Nancy, while a pretty pink flush mounted up to her forehead. 'And I'm so sorry he spoilt your ma's pretty mat. I am.'

And then, all the corn-ball girls rushed immediately into the no-corn-ball girls' arms, and kissed and made up on the spot! And the meeting began!

'We're Tea Leaves,' said the president in her loudest voice, 'and we're goin' to comfort and 'fresh everybody through the year. Let's all vote "Yes".'

And every Tea Leaf there said 'Yes' as sedately as if they were grown up, while Ted, smiling through big tears, hugged his corn-ball and murmured happily 'Mi—ne!'

The Molasses Dress.

(Celia M. Stone, in the 'Zion's Herald'.)

'O mamma, may I go to Ada Mabry's to a candy-pull, just as soon as school is done? She has asked six of us girls to go home with her to the party. May I go?'

'Certainly, Anna,' said Mrs. Win-

ship. 'I remember how I used to enjoy candy-pulls.'

'And, mamma, may I wear my new white dress that Auntie sent me? Lottie Barber says she guesses she shall wear her next to the best white, and Pearl Strout said she almost knew her mother would let her wear her white, and Mamie Gould said she knew she could wear hers, only it was too shrunk up for anything, and—and—may I, mamma, wear my pretty new one?'

'Oh, no, dearie, it would not be at all suitable. I couldn't think of letting you wear yours, even if the other girls should wear theirs.'

'Well, mamma, what shall I wear?'

'Your pink dimity is all done up fresh.'

'Yes, but it's faded.'

'I know it, but I think it will answer nicely for a candy-pull. We will put it on now so that you will be all ready to go after school.'

Anna Winship was too well brought up to tease, but the pink dimity was never a favorite, and to-day it was a trifle homelier than ever. She could not help two large tears that came and ran down her cheeks right on to the dimity. Of course mamma did not see them, for she did not say anything about the two spots where the starch was all gone, and, with a good-bye kiss, away ran Anna to school.

The afternoon was a little long to the six little girls, but away they went to Ada's house as soon as dismissed. Mrs. Mabry met them at the door with a very pleasant smile, and all went directly to the kitchen. Anna Winship had looked in vain for the white dresses that the girls had hoped to wear. Not one had even a freshly-ironed dress except herself.

Ada Mabry measured out the molasses, put on a clean apron, and the fun began. Just then Jennie Morton said: 'O Ada, let me make the candy, and the rest of you may pull it.'

The girls all liked Jennie Morton, but she was so heedless that something was always happening to her. Ada Mabry did not know what to do. The girls were her guests, and she wanted them all to have a good time; but something would happen if Jennie tried to make the candy, so she said gently: 'It will be pretty warm work to stand over the stove and make it, but you shall not pull it if you don't want to.'

'Oh, I don't mind that and I'm used to all kinds of kettles,' she

added, as Ada explained that it was one of those kettles that had to be steadied on the side, or it would tip.

She seemed to want to do it so much that Ada gave her the chance, and the six little girls grouped around her.

'Why there isn't fire enough. This molasses isn't warm yet. Please hand me a stick of wood, Anna. I'll lift the kettle and put the wood in at the top.'

She raised the kettle and in a minute Anna Winship was covered with molasses from her neck to her feet.

Jennie stopped stirring long enough to say: 'Too bad, Anna! Lucky for you the molasses wasn't hot. I forgot to steady the kettle, and I'm sorry to lose so much molasses;' and then she went on making the candy.

Poor Anna! It almost looked as if she would have to go home and lose the party after all, but Mrs. Mabry brought a dress, stockings and shoes for her to put on. To be sure, they were Ada's and were much too large, but Anna did not mind that.

When the party was over, how Anna did hug and kiss her mother, saying, between the hugs: 'I am so glad that you didn't let me wear the white dress! I'm sorry I cried over the dimity if you didn't see me cry! Mammams do know best, don't they?'

The molasses never quite washed out of the dimity, and the little yellow rivers always seemed to say: 'Aren't you glad we are not on the white dress?'

Do Your Best.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your
hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right goodwill;
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his
task
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be
hard?

You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.
—Selected.