

month after she left she was stricken with erysipelas in her face and had to give up her school. The neighbors were of the opinion that Mrs. Taski had put the black curse upon her, and many conversations were carried on behind hands, and heads were shaken darkly. Miss Maizie Trent was one big fool to make Borska Taski her enemy, for Borska Taski could charm away warts, and cure headaches and fevers, and tell fortunes. Who was this young teacher to put herself up against Borska Taski?

Listening to all this, and seeing the moral state of her district, Mary Borden decided that she would start a Sunday-school. The older people might not benefit, but she knew she could do something for the children to lift them out of the hate and ignorance that surrounded them. She found everyone willing, and no one more anxious to help than Mrs. Taski.

Every Sunday saw the school-yard full of cars and buggies, and Mary Borden, with the young and old in one big class, did her best to expound the Scriptures. They had never had any religious service in the settlement, and so Mary's efforts had all the charm of novelty.

One Sunday evening, when she and Mrs. Taski had gone for a walk down by the river and were sitting on a violet-covered bank watching the June flood race by, Mrs. Taski suddenly began to cry. Dan had gone to the city the day before, and had not come back, and Miss Borden thought this was the cause of her tears.

"You must not be so suspicious, Borska," she said, kindly. "Trust Dan; he is all over his infatuation for that girl."

"Teacher, it is not that," she replied. "I am not mad any more. I want to get all that black