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A DOLL'S DRESS.

ANE is a good girl, but she has no sense. She is always telling people that I am "out" when I am "in," and "in" when I have told her that I am "out." That was what made the trouble

about the bazar. I was reckoning up the butcher's book when she came bustling into the I have to be careful about the books, because father does not get so much money for his tales as they are. worth. He is Mr. Marchant, the great author. My name is Molly, and I have kept house for him and the boys ever since I was a child. Now I am four-

"What have you come bothering about now, Jane?" I asked. The bill was five shillings more than the month before, so I was rather cross.

before, so I was rather cross.

"Mrs. Cattley to see you, miss."

'Of course you told her I was out?"

Jane jerked her thumb in the direction of the door, and I heard a rustle outside. Mrs. Cattley is the sort of woman that always wears crackling "No." she called, in a loud voice.

"Jane told me that you were in." I maye Jane such a look! Then I slipped the butcher's book under something, and got up with my best smile. "Jane generally does the wrong thing," I explained. "I was so afraid that she had sent you away. Do sit

down."
"Umph!" she said. Of course I knew
that she did not believe me, and she new that I knew.
"Bring some tea, please," I told Jane. She walked out, grinning all over her face, and I made up my mind to speak to her when Mrs. Cattley was gone. "Put your cap straight before you come in again." She shut the door with a bang. "You've no idea what a trial

"I was keeping house before you were born." She shut her mouth with

"Long before," I agreed. She turned red, and I looked innocent. "So, of course, you know exactly how to manage them." She can never get a serrant to stop.

"Things were very different when I was a girl." I hoped that she was different in those days; but I did not tell her so. I have a good deal of tact, father says. "You never had any trouble with ser-

vants, I suppose?" (I have heard that they did not keep any.) "None whatever." She put up her eyeglasses and stared at me as if she wanted to be contradicted. Fortunate-

ly, Jane knocked at the door. "Come in," I called; but she only opened it a little way and beckoned. "We ain't got no loaf sugar," she whispered. Her whisper is rather loud. "Hush!" I shut the door hastily.
"You must go to Scales' for a pound."

She shuffled from one foot to the other. She always does that when she is uneasy in her mind.

"E said as 'e wouldn't let us 'ave nothink more till we settled for wot

we'd 'ad." It was only a few little things; but he is a surly man. "Then go to the new shop round the He doesn't know us, but-"E'll let us 'ave it," said Jane,

promptly; and off she went. "I beg your pardon for leaving you,",
I apologized, when I returned. "Jane requires so much telling."

"I should not keep her a month." "I am sure you would not," I agreed. Mrs. Cattley pursed her lips and looked at me very hard. Then she sighed, as if she thought me too bad

for words. "I came to see you about the bazar," she said; "but perhaps I had better speak to your father." "Oh, no!" I said, hastily. "You can

tell me." Anybody can persuade father into anything.
"The rector insisted upon my being

on the committee." She seemed very proud about it. "They have unanimously elected me collector," "Oh!" I made up my mind not to

give anything.
"I have come to see what you will "I will ask father;" I promised. Of course I did not mean to do anything

of the sort! Why don't you make something yourself," she said, unpleasantly, "in-stead of troubling poor Mr. Marchant? He must have expenses enough al-

"If you think that," I suggested, "there is no need to trouble him." "I do not ask my husband for money

"I am sure you don't." I am afraid I smiled a little. Everyone knows that he has to ask her! She looked as if she were going to

fly at me; but she changed her mind and pretended not to understand. "I suppose you can make fancy hings? When I was your age—"
"I hate making fancy things," I interrupted. I like making them really;

but they cost such a lot for material. "I presume you can sew?" she enquired sarcastically.
"I never do sewing." I do nearly all

the mending of the house really; but it wasn't likely I was going to tell her.

"I am afraid that the wish is lacking," she said severely. "Of course, if you choose to be the only persons who do not give anything. do not give anything, you must please yourselves. At the same time I think it my duty to warn you that people

"It doesn't matter."
"Perhaps not"—she snifted—"to you.
If I were in your place I should study
my poor father.".
I should have said something rude if

I had answered her, so I held my tongue. I don't suppose I manage very well, but I do study father. I promised mother that I would, the last thing of

"There are people enough, already,"

"There are people enough, already," she went on, "who speak disparagingly of him, because he is an author." I laughed. It is called ironical, I believe, the way that I did it. "Your friends are jealous, because they have not the brains to write." I said. Father has often told me that this is the reason that people run down authors. "My friends are not people who are

in the habit of er "said Jane, "Ere's the tea, miss," said Jane, "Ere's the tea, miss," said Jane, coming in suddenly. "An' the loaf sugar. An' the grocer says will yer te sure an "".

"That will do, Jane. Put it here, please. How many lumps will you please. How many lumps will you

have, Mrs. Cattley?" Jane was begin-ning again, but I frowned at her so that she went. "Jane is always forget-ting to tell me what thing, have got

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cattley. "You can't expect a girl to think of everything!"
Of course she meant that we were always running short; but I pretended not to understand.

not to understand.

"Father has been very successful with his tales lately," I said in a confidential way. "He looks for the postman to come every evening regularly." He says he only goes into it drawing-room to pull down the blinds. "To bring a cheque, you know." Unfortunately, it doesn't often come.

"They don't pay very well, I suppose?"

"It depends upon the quality. Father

"It depends upon the quality. Father

gets a very high rate, of course."
"Then no doubt he will be pleased to subscribe handsomely, if I ask him. Subscribe handsomely, if I ask him."
She looked very determined.
I did not know what to do. Father cannot bear people to think we are peor; and when he is asked to give he never refuses. I felt sure he would subscribe a savaraign; and the trades.

cribe a sovereign; and the tradesmen were worrying me so about the "You need not trouble," I told her. will get something, or make it." meant to make something—an excuse!
"Thank you, dear." She was quite

olite. "Any little thing will do."
"Will it?" I thought at once of som small scarves in Tape and Drape's. hey were one and eleven-three.
"So long as it is suitable to your father's position, of course. People naturally expect that everyone will give according to his means. I menyoung, my dear." She got up.
"It is very thoughtful of you. Thank

so much. Must you really go?" She said she must. So we embraced one another, and she went. When I embrace Mrs. Cattley, we put our cheeks alongside and a little way off, and kiss the air. It is the proper way with her!

"I won't give her a thing," I said to myself, as soon as she had gone. "The horrible, spiteful old creature!" I said the same thing to Mrs. Serplis, the new curate's wife, when she called next day. They are no better off than we are; but she is a dear. "I shall say

I forgot," I told her; but she shook her "You don't know the artfulness of that woman, Molly."

"What has she done?" "She is telling everybody that, according to your account, your father is 'getting over his difficulties.' That is how she puts it. She doesn't believe it she says; but they'll see what sort of a present he gives to the bazar." 'The hateful woman!" I cried. "She

"She was talking about it in Joynt's, the butcher's, when I passed this morning. Of course I did not listen-" "Of course not," I agreed. "But I could not help hearing what

she said. Old Mrs. Wilkins heard her say the same thing in Staize's, the costumier's; and Mr. Cattley asked Char-lie about it, and said he did so hope it was true." "I don't think he is to blame," I said.

"My dear, he is to be pitted—poor fel-low! But anyhow you see___" she shrugged her shoulders and held up her "You mean they'll say nasty things if

father doesn't give something expen-"That's what I'm afraid of, dear."

drew a long breath. "They shan't.
will give something good somehow.
don't know how I'm going to do it."
felt like crying, but Mrs. Serpl stroked my shoulder. "Couldn't you get some fancy mater-

ials? I'd soon run you up something."
"They cost such a lot."
"I know they do," she sympathized.

"I wish we had something to-lend you. But there's the doctor's bill-where we came from; he's been waiting such a time—and the rates just come in." Sne sighed. "I hardly know what we shall ourselves, Molly."

I sighed, too, and we did not say anything for a few minutes; then she found it was time to go, and we said good-bye. When she says good-bye, I put my arms right round her. It is the

roper way-for her! After I had thought the matter over, I made up my mind to save the money out of the housekeeping, by giving up jam and things that are not really necessary; but the boys grumbled dread-fully. Boys want such a lot to eat, and they don't know any better, poor little chaps! They said something about it, too, when father was playing with them, and he gave me four shill-

ings extra. "Buy the little beggars some goodies, Molly," he said. "Yes, yes, dear! I know you do your best; and a wonderfully good best it is. But you get too much for me, dear. I really don't want

bacon for breakfast, and—" I put my hand over his mouth. "Don't," I said. "Oh, daddy, don't!" Mother always saw that he had things.
However, I promised that they
should have some nice cakes. Mrs.
Serplis helped me to make them one afternoon, so they came rather cheap. You see, she was one of a large family. I saved one-and-three out of the four shillings. That made five-and-six

altogether. expected to make it up to nearly half a sovereign the next week; but father was worried because he had not quite enough for the gas bill. It will run up, though I am ever so careful. So I gave him part of my housekeep-ing money toward it, and tried to put off some of the bills; but the trades-

people were not very nice. "Seein' as ev'ryone sez as 'ow yer father's doin' better," the butcher told me, "I was expectin' as 'e'd pay orf some of the back owin's. I'm a man wot's got to live, I am." I suppose he has; but he need not do it so disagree-

Then there were the boys' boots Bob's were right out at the toes, and they'd been capped twice and soled half a dozen times. Tommy's wer nearly dropping off his feet. He cam Tommy's were home crying because the boys at school teased him about them. Boys do not mean to be unkind, but they never think. The shoemaker was very pleasant, and said if I paid for one pair I ant, and said if I paid for one pair I might owe for the other. I could not expect more than that, because he has a large family, and they are very poor. If we had a lot of money I should like

had given handsome presents." In the list I found: "Mr. and Miss Marchant." I really did not know what to do, so I consulted Jane. Jane is not much use to consult, but Mrs. Serplis was not well, and I felt I must talk to some-

"Yer carn't give nothink, w'en yer ain't got nothink to give," Jane said, when she had nearly bitten the end off her apron. "You always put things so clearly!"

I told her. It was meant to be sar-castic, but she took it for a compli-"An' if yer ain't got nothink to give yer carn't git nothink."

"That is exactly my difficulty."

"The question is, ain't yer got nohink?" She looked at me meaningly.

"What?" I asked. She fidgeted about. think?" "I've got three-an'-six." vouldn't dream of such a thing,"

"I don't see "I couldn't, Jane. Really, I couldn't; though it is very very kind of you." It really was. "Besides, it is not nearly

"No," she agreed. "I don't suppose it ain't. Well, yer'll 'ave to do it out of the 'ousekeepin'."

I shook my head.
"Wot does them boys want with

treacle, an' suet puddin's, an'-"
"Oh, Jane! They must have something, poor little fellows."
"Greedy little pigs, I call 'em!" Jane does not get on with the boys, because they say her hair is red. It is not red really, but carroty.

"If you cannot speak properly of them, Jane," I said, "you had better hold your tongue."
"Alwus goin' without things for 'em,"

the grumbled, "you an' the master; stuff an' rubbidge, I call it. Wot I don't 'old with, an'—"
"Last Saturday," I pointed out. when I had no pennies for sweets

you made them some toffee; and—"
"More fool me!" She bit her apron ly. "'Owsomever, that ain't savagely. "No; but you said there was something I could give."

"I didn't say no sich thing." "Well, you looked it." "Wot if I did?" Jane can be very obstinate. I am not

obstinate; but I am firm.
"What did you mean?" I insisted.
She fidgeted about more than ever.
"For goodness' sake, stand still!" "I was thinkin' of-the doll's dress." I sank down on a chair. "The doll"

dress! Oh, Jane!" "In course, I didn't suppose as 'ov yer would, but— Don't look like that, Miss Molly. Don't, there's a dear!" "I-I shall be all right in a minute. ft-it isn't that I mind, only-oh, Jane! I laid my head down on my arms

and Jane put her hand on my shoul-der. It may not be a soft hand, but it is a very kind one.
"I know, dear," she said—and I think she was crying-"I know as yer moth-

er made it, an' no one couldn't 'ave done it lovelier; but-"What would she think, if—if—" Jane wiped her eyes fiercely. "She'd rather yer done it a thousand times

than she'd 'ave people look down on the master." I got up from my chair quickly. You are quite right, Jane. I shall send it to-morrow; and-thank you." Then I ran upstairs and locked myself in my bedroom. I bathed my eyes before I came down, so that no one should notice. Jane was very nice, and did not grumble, even when I gave the boys a penny each to spend. I thought

it would please mother if she knew.

The next morning I took out the doll's dress, and did it up ly, and sent Jane round with it. It was a very beautiful dress-white satin worked all over with tiny little silk flowers and leaves. It must have taken mother a long, long time; and 1 know that she would never have done it if she had not been very fond of me. Even Mrs. Cattley could fault with it, and she wrote to say that she should be surprised if it did not fetch-at least a couple of pounds. People could not say things of father af-

ter that: so I was glad. At least, I tried to be glad; but I did not seem very bright somehow. Father asked several times if anything was the matter. He always notices. I told him "Nothing;" but I was afraid that he did not believe me. So I tried my hardest to be cheerful, because he is so quick at guessing anything, and I did not want him to be worried about the

I played with the boys more than usual; and Mrs. Serplis helped me to make them some soldiers' clothes. They were very pleased with them; and when they caught me moping, I said it was only toothache, and they must not tell father, because I did not want to go to the dentist and have it pulled out. So they did not say anything. They are good little fellows, if they are

tiresome sometimes, like all boys are. When the day of the bazar came nowever, I was right down miserable Of course I would not go to it; and in the afternoon I went to sleep. When I woke up. Jane told me that father had been home, and dressed himself, and

gone out again. "Rare an' smart 'e looked," she said.
"I 'ope as 'e ain't got one in 'is eye,
wot wouldn't never do for 'im wot you

I was so cross that I stamped m "You are a bad, impudent, foolish foot at her. girl, Jane; and you can take a month's

She stared at me. "No fear, I don't Io no sich thing. I know when yer well off, if yer don't yerself."
"It is not your business whether I am well off or not." I told her. "Please

leave the room." She stared at me again. "Lie down on the sofa, Miss Molly," she suggeston the sofa, Miss Molly," she suggested, "an' let me bring yer some tea. It'll do yer 'ead good. Yer know I didn't mean nothink, an'—there! there!"

If Jane does silly things sometimes, she never means any harm. That is why I like her, and will not let the boys tease her about her hair.

After I had had some tea, I went to sleep again upon the sofa. At least I

sleep again upon the sofa. At least I should have gone to sleep, only the boys came in from school and jumped on me. They were playing that I was on me. They were playing that I was an elephant, when father came in. Then they made believe that he was a tram-car, and climbed up on his shoulders. He said they might have tea with us, if they were extra good. After tea he read two chapters of Robinson Crusoe aloud. Then he gave them some chocolates that he had bought, and Jane took them up to bed. When they had gone he came and

sat beside me. "What is wrong?" he asked, "dear little girl?"
"Nothing, daddy," I said.
He walked up and down the room two or three times. Then he came back and put his arm round me. "Tell me, little mother?" he begged.
So I told him. He blew his nose very

hard several times; but he did not speak till I had done.
"I am glad you have told me, dear." he said at last, "but I knew."
"You knew?"I cried. "Who? When?"
"It was Cattley. He—he is a good fellow."

I nodded. "He came to me this morning and told me about it. He wanted his wife to let him buy it and send it back to you, but she would not. That woman -!" He kicked the footstool sud-denly. "I can't say things about a wo-"I can." I sat up on the sofa. "She

Father held up his hand. "We should pity her, Molly." he said, "for being-what she is! Anyhow, Cattley begged me to accept a couple of sovereigns and buy it for you. He dared not buy it himself, he said, and he was set on your having it. He is a good man."
"A very, very good man." I said.
"Luckily I had no need to borrow

The 'Whirlwind' sent me a cheque for three tales this morning. So I went to the bazar this afternoon, and I brought back your doll's dress."
"Daddy!" I cried. "Daddy!"
He lit his pipe, but let it out again.

directly. "When your mother was finishing that dress, one night"—he seemed to be talking to himself—"I remember teasing her about spending so much time and meney on a plaything for a little girl. She smiled up at me—you remember how she used to smile—"

He turned away and pretended to light the place again

light the pipe again.

"Isn't she worth it, dear? she said.

"She always—she".

"He stopped suddenly, and I jumped up and put my arms round his neck.

"She thought there was no one like you," I whispered; "and there isn't, daddy dear."

"He signed and smiled, too, "You are

He sighed, and smiled, too. "You are just like her, my child," he said. "Just like her!" I know myself that I am not good,

Where They Differ.

like mother was; but I want him to

"Men are dreadfully brusque some-times," sighed Belinda. "The other night my brother and I went to the house of a friend to a reception. It was a hot night, and the house was crowded, and there wasn't anything to do but to stand around and talk to the people one could reach, while the people one really wanted to talk with could only be seen at a distance and over a sea of intervening heads. In addition the croquettes were cold and the ice cream warm, so when we finally got away both my brother and I said: 'Thank Heaven,' quite fervently,

and went to a hotel and had supper. "The next day all of my friends whom I met asked: 'Didn't you have a lovely time at the Blanks last night?' and I invariably replied, 'Delightful.' Then we went on our separate ways. When they asked my brother the same question he answered with a frankness that appalled and embar-rassed me. 'No, I did not. I had the stupidest time of my life; and, say, they'd better get another chef the next time they entertain, for the supper was awful.'

"Here," said Belinda, "I trace a strong point of difference between men and women. The average girl has too much pride to let it be known that she has gone to an entertainment and has still failed to be entertained. I saw one pretty, guileless looking creature sit alone one night at a dance for nine straight dances, then I had compassion on her and sent my escort and a couple of other men to ask her for the remaining twosteps and waltzes. She danced four times in all, yet the next time she saw me she said she'd had a real delirious time at that ball, a delightful, neverto-be-forgotten time, and, she added modestly, that she had been quite a belle. A man under the same circum-stances, though they had been of his own making, asked if he had enjoyed himself, would have replied emphatic-ally and vulgarly, 'No, I didn't. 'I had

"Why, I know of one lord of creation who told some friends that his honeymoon had been very tiresome. and of another who in bidding his host good-by after a yachting trip remarked that he had had a pleasant time, all things considered, but that all water journeys were more or less of bores. Imagine a woman doing anything so tactless. Why, if it had been a girl instead of a man in the latter case, though she had been seasick for the entire two weeks, though the salt water and air had ruined her prettiest gowns, taken the curl out of her hair and the rose from her complexion she would have staggered off the yacht declaring faintly that she'd had the time of her life, and that she'd like to go again to-morrow. That's the feminine idea of true politeness."

-"Waverley Magazine."

Philosophy.

A dull saw won't do much cuttin', but it makes more noise than a sharp

There's one consolation a poor man's got-when he dies nobody'll fight over his money. Nothin' great was ever done thet

there wasn't somebody a-fighting again Ye kin stretch a rubber jest so far an' then it'll bust. Some people's faith's like a leakin' bucket.

It's mighty hard sometimes to tell just where exaggeration ends an' lying begins.
It's a mighty common thing fer a man to make mistakes, but a mighty oncommon un fer him to own up to

Ye can't read a feller's thoughts, but his actions speak fer 'emselves.

I know uv a feller that was bit by a rattlesnake twenty years ago an' is still a-drinkin' whiskey to cure it. Good resolutions is easy to keep; they gen'rally kin be found on the top shelf under a half-inch o' dust. . Gittin' mad's sometimes like throwin'

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