

and day, and by the time the Rev. Phineas returned all was in readiness for him. His wife met him at the door, all the children in her train, each burning to disclose the wonderful changes that had been made. In a tumult of excitement they hustled the minister into the dining-room and pranced delightedly about to the tune of their father's amazed and delighted comments. What a transformation! The old dingy rag carpet was replaced by another also of rags, but of such bright, cheerful colors and boasting fancy stripes of such gay combinations, that standing out against the back-ground of soft grey, the effect was as pretty as any one could wish. The old bleached, dull wood-work of the chairs was revived with a coat of mahogany shellac stain, and the cushions were recovered with odds and ends of strong woollen goods dyed a warm crimson. At the windows hung the same old curtains, but instead of dirty white they were a beautiful dark shade of old gold. Mrs. Ford had dyed with them some pieces of fine old lace curtain, and with these she had underlaid and mended the numberless rents with patient care, and now they scarcely showed as they hung at the windows.

"You see, dear," she said after matters had been somewhat explained, as her husband investigated and admired the neatly wonderful repairs, "it was well worth the time and trouble, because they will not now need washing (although they *would* wash beautifully as far as color goes) and I feel sure they will hold together for a year, perhaps two."

"I should think they would," said her husband. "And the tablecloth, Kitty. What a pretty soft thing to be sure. Is this bought or dyed?"

"It's a blanket! it's a blanket!" shrieked Nan before Kitty could answer.

"So it is," said the minister admiringly. "Who would have ever thought it, though, with that pretty worked stripe at each end. My dear, you are a wonderful woman!"

Kitty blushed high with pleasure. "It is a blanket," she said. "There were plenty of comforters for the beds, and this was a small blanket and almost new, so I thought I would take it and dye it crimson. That stripe at the ends is a trimming that was on some old green rag curtains up-stairs. I laid on two widths at each end to cover the blankety-looking stripes."

"To be sure, I remember it perfectly now," said the minister. "I never thought any part of those old curtains would be good for anything again. I remember they were faded to a dull yellow."

"Come and see them now," said Kitty, leading the way to the parlor and pointing triumphantly to the chairs and sofa. "I upholstered them myself. I think that dark rich green goes so well with the old green carpet, which is good yet. I rubbed green dye into a lot of the worn spots and up and down the seams. Has it not taken off the

shabby look? The gold and green gimp for the chairs I sent away for, and look, Phineas, we manufactured a piano cover out of the curtain that was left over. It matches the chairs and it is edged with the same gold colored trimming as the dining-room tablecloth. What a good trimming that must have been. The parlor curtains were like the dining-room, only of a much lighter shade, as being in less constant use.

"New loopers, I see," said Phineas, lifting a heavy tassel in his hand from where the curtains fell gracefully over it. "Not at all," said his wife triumphantly. "They're dyed, holms bolus, though I was dreadfully afraid that the pieces of wood over which they are woven would do something dreadful. But they didn't, and now they match the chairs exactly."

It would take too long to accompany the family on their tour of inspection over the rest of the house. Suffice it to say, that in every room were found many traces of cosy brightness, all attributable to the agency of Turkish Dyes in the clean, industrious hands of little Mrs. Ford. One of the bedrooms and the upper hall was covered with new, bright rag carpet, and in the other rooms strips bound at the ends with pretty colored woollen stuff were neatly laid in front of bed, bureau and wash-stand. Nearly every window boasted old gold or golden brown lace curtains so carefully repaired as to betray no trace of their age and weakness. Mary's study-table at her bedroom window was covered with a table-cloth similar to the dining-room, only the table being a small one, a piece of blanket had been used without the striped border, and a strip of pretty carpet binding had been laid on flat about 4 inches from the edge, instead of the handsome trimming down-stairs.

To say that Mr. Ford was delighted with all he saw, would be to mildly express his pride and pleasure on his little wife's achievements. She had great difficulty in persuading him to say nothing about it to anybody.

"I think it will be fun just to let every one who comes look and admire," she said gaily, "and we will tell them some day. But I want to mystify them a little. So please, Phineas, promise."

Phineas promised, of course. Debbie and the children were already bound down to secrecy; but little did Kitty think of the consequence likely to accrue from her harmless concealment.

At the minister's house there was never any lack of callers; and as the reports of refurbishing spread abroad, some one was always finding an excuse to run in for a chat and a further examination of the "new things." No one came more often than the Widow Wilkins, and no one made more acrid comments on the Ford's sinful extravagance. Miss Savory, too, was not behindhand in spreading her views on the subject, and by the time the topic had gone the rounds of the Corners, people began to feel it quite a

WHEN YOU GET TIRED OF COMMON DYES, USE TURKISH.