

buried her head in her arms, and with something like a sob, she said bitterly, 'What if it is good! We ain't got no liniment—and we ain't got no money, neither!'

'And if you ain't got no liniment—I know where there's liniment to be got! You watch the shop till I come back!' Clapping on his head the straw hat that hung back of the door, and turning up the collar of his coat, he went out into the Court. There was a drug store a few blocks away, a very small one, to be sure! but if its space was small, and its furnishings not quite so fine as those of some stores farther away, its prices, too, were none in accordance with surroundings. Ten cents worth of liniment does not fill a very large phial, but the clerk threw in a pleasant 'good-night,' and the wish that the liniment would do its work. Jim explained what it was for, and the clerk's face grew grave at once. 'A fall that hurts the back is a nasty one! Ought to call in a doctor!'

Jim looked the young man full in the face, and smiled bitterly. 'Your liniment costs ten cents, and ten cents is a good deal to some folks. Doctors cost many ten-cent pieces.'

He was a kindly young fellow—that clerk! And he knew a good deal of the life that lay about him there near the Court. So he said, 'I tell you what—if the liniment don't help, come in and tell me, and I'll see that a doctor goes down. He gets paid by the city for just such calls, and he's a friend of mine.'

'Maybe I'll be glad to call on you,' was Jim's good-night, and the clerk caught a grateful glance from the deep set eyes.

When he entered the little shop, the Saint sat as he had left her, with her arms crossed upon her knees, and her head resting upon them. She got up when he came in, and Jim saw what he had never seen before, great tear-drops rolling down her cheeks, and her eyes red and swollen. Her voice shook with sobs as she took the bottle he held out to her. 'I hate to take it, Jim—I wouldn't if it wasn't for Puddin'. I can't say thanks, but I'll work to pay you off,' and without listening to Jim's answer, she went out. She didn't even know, and Jim was very glad that she didn't, that the ten cents that had gone for liniment, was to have bought his breakfast the next day.

## V.

### JIM'S VISIT TO THE SAINT'S HOME.

All the next morning, Jim now and then looked out of the window to see if the Saint might be in the Court; he lingered over the shoe he was mending; it was the only piece of work he had to do, and very likely he would not receive any pay for that. It was rarely that Jim had plenty of work—the last few weeks had been the worst he had ever known; for the first time in a very long while, he had eaten no breakfast, and while he was not particularly hungry, the idea that he hadn't a cent lay heavily on his mind. He knew that if he walked up town a way there was a fashionable maker of boots who would probably give him work for the day; he was a good workman, and had no difficulty usually in finding work in a shop. But it irritated him to work under a master—it irritated him to feel the fashionable life of the city passing by; the life of the Court was the life that he could understand, the life of which he felt an integral part.

(To be continued.)

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Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

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### Offerings Great and Small.

'I am but a penny  
From a baby's hands;  
Can I bear glad tidings  
Over many lands?  
Baby's love goes with me,  
So her penny's blest;  
God's love joined with Baby's,  
Will do all the rest.'

'I'm a piece of silver,  
Worth ten cents, they say;  
Oh! that boy worked for me,  
Giving up his play,  
Digging in the garden,  
Though he longed to run  
Where his young companions  
Joined in joyous fun.'

'I'm a silver "quarter";  
Little stitches neat,  
An' full many an errand  
Run by childish feet,  
Earned me very bravely,  
Little girls can do  
Noble work for missions  
When they're good and true.'

'I'm a bright gold dollar;  
Ah! the child who died  
Loved me 'mid her treasures  
More than all beside.  
One sad, mourning mother  
Held me very dear,  
And my bright face glistens  
With her parting tear.'

'Surely God will bless us—  
Some a little "all"—  
As into the treasury  
Of the Lord we fall  
Dropping, dropping, dropping,  
Offerings great and small,  
Dropping, dropping, dropping,  
Hear us as we fall!'

—Selected.

### What Jeanette Missed.

'No, I didn't take Jeanette with me when I went to England last summer,' said Jeanette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend.

'Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her one of those unpleasant persons who think it looks countrified to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the Corcoran art gallery she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan Museum. The library of Congress had too much gilt in the mural decorations and the Capitol was not so imposing in its appearance as it ought to be, according to her ideas.

'At the churches the music was not so fine as that she had heard in a small inland city church near her village home, which some minister who had travelled much said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America. She thought Washington so different from New York. It certainly is, but there is no comparison between the two cities, as I tried to point out to her one day.

'In addition to her disparaging criticisms, I was obliged to listen to her gossip of the small village where she lived until I was tired and bored. Her family, her friends, her neighbors, and herself were assumed to be of as supreme importance to the world at large as they were to Jeanette. She would wait with impatience for me to finish some remark and answer with something quite irrelevant concerning her own affairs. Before she went home I said to her, frankly:

'My child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place, to try to see only what is attractive? You will not be accused of provincialism for simple appreciativeness. I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try and interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least. While, by virtue of our kinship, I am

interested in all that concerns you, I grow weary of hearing you harp continually on one string—yourself and your own affairs. You ought to learn to talk about books and current events; to listen more to the conversation of your elders.'

'Jeanette cried and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that bad habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?'—S. A. Rice, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

### The Doctor's Saddle Bags.

Dr. Tenney was used to being called up at all hours of the night, but when his telephone bell rang fiercely at one o'clock a.m., of a balmy night in June, he sprang out of his bed with a distinct impression that something uncommon was in the wind. Hastily throwing his dressing-gown about him, and thrusting his bare feet into slippers, he ran to the telephone.

'Hello!'

'Hello! Is that you doctor?'

'Yes; what's the matter?'

'The Bridport Bank is a-fire! We can't save it. Come right over.'

'All right,' cried the doctor. 'I'll come.' He hung the receiver in its fork with a trembling hand, and hastened to dress himself. Midway in this operation he stuck his head out of his chamber window and called loudly:

'Jonas!'

The doctor's 'man' had evidently been disturbed by the continuous ringing of the telephone bell, and was already stirring, for he came immediately out on the back porch, in overalls and suspenders, and answered:

'Hitch the brown mare to the buggy, quick—no! hold on! You may put the saddle on her—with the saddle-bags, Jonas. I may need them.'

By the time the doctor was dressed and at the door, Jonas had brought the brown mare to the block, saddled and bridled. The saddle-bags looked oddly now, even to the doctor, yet they had been a familiar sight to him in the days before he could afford harness and carriage, when he used to make all his trips on horseback, with his medicines and instruments in the saddle-bags. By hard work and wise investments of his earnings, the doctor had become a rich man for that section of the country. He was president of the bank in the neighboring town of Bridport, and his financial interests, investments, etc., were nearly all connected with that institution. Dr. Tenney and the Bridport Bank had come to be considered almost synonymous terms. The man stood for the institution, and buttressed it by his sterling character and financial soundness, and the institution stood for the man, in the sense of being a fit expression of his steadfastness, reliability and success.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the doctor's heart sank within him, as he saw the summer sky over the woods to the southward all lit up by the blaze of the burning bank. There was no fire apparatus or fire-fighting organization in the little town of Bridport, or in any of the villages around it. If a building caught fire there in the country that was the end of it. People expected nothing else. The best that could be done was to save adjacent buildings by keeping them wet down. Dr. Tenney realized as he sprang into the saddle, and rode away at a gallop toward the glare in the sky, that the bank building in Bridport was doomed. How much greater the disaster might prove to be, he could not say.

Half way to Bridport, in the woods beyond the big barns of the Dolan Brothers, breeders and handlers of trotting horses, the doctor heard the clatter of hoofs behind him. The pursuing horse was evidently a better one than even his pedigreed brown mare, for the sound of the hoofs grew rapidly nearer, and presently a big bay horse forged alongside with a small boy on his back.

'That you, Lonnie Dolan?' asked the doctor, peering through the darkness.