

you can't spell Girl, they laugh 'cause you are one, and can't spell it. And ever what you do, they stare at you!"

"How long did you stay?" said Mother, still more gently. "These were real woes."

"Till wecess; then I come to the McDonald's barn yard of the school, and Alice Hughes got her dollies and we played house. And we saw a fat, and a spider spinning, and ever which way you looked the sunshine speckled the floor!"

Philip had come in and was listening in horrified but admiring silence. This last was too much for him.

"O, Miss Lady," he said, "you played Hooky, and not one of us boys ever did—not even Big Brother!"

"I didn't!" said Miss Lady, indignantly. "I never did. That's a bad, wicked play, and I didn't never! I played 'keep house.' And I'm never a-going to that school, 'cause the boys have dirty hands, and that Miss Dugan can't hardly read, 'A—black—dog—runs.'"

"We won't talk any more about it," said Mother, "now come. Come and have your lunch."

After lunch Miss Lady felt better. When the boys were gone, Mother took the little girl on her lap and talked to her. Then she wrote a note of apology to the teacher, and started a very tearful little maid back to school.

Just as the clock struck two, she saw her coming slowly—very slowly across the grass.

"What is it, dear?" said Mother, hastening to the door.

"I loss that note, and anyhow I can't go back to school when I've stopped!" said Miss Lady, trying to see some look of relenting in Mother's eyes.

"Gertrude Caroline Day," said Mother quietly, but in a tone Miss Lady had learned to know, "go right back and find that note, and take it to school, and stay until it's over."

Gertrude Caroline turned about, with her handkerchief a small wet ball in her hand, and tearfully went back.

"She's so little," said Mother, watching her with wet eyes. "Poor baby, to be caged up four hours like a little bird!"

At four o'clock there came a dancing step on the stair. Miss Lady, starry-eyed and beaming, flung herself into Mother's arms.

"Miss Dugan had on a blue dress," she announced. "And she made the boys go wash their hands! And she's got the tiny littlest watch. Her eyes are blue, Mother. She read us a story. I'm going to stay in her room always. She knows 'most everything, Mother. And even when you spell things wrong she smiles to you. And she kissed me when I come home."

"And what about the note?" asked Mother, holding her close.

"O—the note?" said Miss Lady thoughtfully. "I found it, Mother, wite under that big stone where I loss it, and tooked it to her!"—Congregationalist.

How Dolls are Made.

If in wax, porcelain, or composition, the way of making dolls is about the same. Machinery is little used in Europe, and the hot liquor is ladled into the plaster or lead molds. In America the workman, holding the mold in one hand, turns a faucet and allows the steaming white mixture to rush into the cavity. Quickly reversing the mold over an opening in the tank, he grasps and fills another and another, reversing each one to allow all the mixture which does not immediately adhere to the sides of the mold to

run back into the tank. Another workman seizes the mold as soon as it is cool enough to handle, and with two movements of his hands separates the leaden sides and pulls out the doll's head. It is not a lovely object in this stage, nor ten minutes later, even, when the polisher has trimmed off the ragged seams and the dyer has dipped it in flesh-colored paint. If it is to be a wax doll, its complexion resembles a freshly boiled lobster. This is because the wax itself is white. A girl or youth next paints the eyebrows, lips, and cheeks, and a man puts in the eyes. This last is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, when the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill. Nothing now remains but to put on the beautiful flaxen wig, which is tastefully curled and arranged by an expert workman. The best doll bodies are stuffed with shavings of cork. Hair, excelsior, cotton, and saw dust are also used. The arms and legs are molded exactly as the heads, and are sewed to their places by deft-fingered girls.

A Little Five-Year-Old.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

I know a little five-year-old
Who thinks that work is play,
And so he helps us hour by hour
In the very promptest way.

He wishes we would burn the wood
A great deal faster, faster,
That he may fetch us so much more—
This reckless little master.

When Mary goes below for coal
He's right there in a minute,
And tugs the big hod up the stairs
With just a little in it.

He carries out the jars for milk,
He brings them all in, too;
He saws the lightest kindling wood,—
So much he finds to do.

He runs to open wide the door
When callers ring the bell,
And if mamma is occupied
He entertains them well.

And thus he scampers here and there,
Upstairs and down, all day,
This merry little five-year-old
Who thinks that work is play.

—Sunbeam.

The Dutchman's Boy.

Perhaps a number of readers have heard the following story before, but it is good enough to bear retelling:

An old Dutchman had a beautiful boy of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted a very novel method to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible and a bottle of whiskey and a silver dollar. "Now," said he, "ven dot boy comes in, if he dake dot one dollar he's going to be a becznis mar; ef he dake dot Bible he be a preacher, and ef he dake dot whisky he's going to be a drunkard." And he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose. In came the boy whistling. He ran up to the table and picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm; then he snatched up the bottle of whisky and took two or three drinks and went out snacking his lips.

The old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed, "Mine goodness! he goin' to be a politician!"

India hotels are helping much to bring about the abolition of the wretched caste system.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

You cannot watch your little ones too carefully during the hot weather. At this time sickness comes swiftly and the sands of the little life are apt to glide away almost before you know it. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent during the hot weather. At the first sign of any of these troubles Baby's Own Tablets should be given—better still an occasional dose will prevent these troubles coming, and the Tablets should therefore be kept in every home. Promptness may save your child's life. Mrs. J. R. Standen, Weyburn, N. W. T., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction." This is the experience of all mothers who have used the Tablets. If you do not find the Tablets at your druggists send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and a box will be sent you by mail post paid.

Dwellers in the Ice.

The Etahyans, or "arctic highlanders" of Ross, live in ice caves within the vast glacier cap which covers all Northern Greenland. Theirs is perhaps the most wretched and isolated existence it is possible to conceive.

Their "dwellings" are always wet, owing to the melting of the ice walls and floor. For full six months of the year the darkness of the arctic night envelops them. The ice is around them, beneath them, above them. In nine cases out of ten, if they venture abroad, they breathe the frozen particles, and the sensation is akin to that which comes from inhaling the blast of a furnace.

Nevertheless, they refuse to move farther south with the approach of winter, as do all the Eskimo tribes. They take a sort of perverted pride in their loneliness, as in their misery. "What matter," they say, "if we are cold and hungry? We are the last of all peoples. We dwell literally at the end of the world. To the north of us there is nothing that lives, breathes or has independent movement."—Pearson's.

Wouldn't do for a Minister.

A carping old Scotchwoman said to her pastor one day:

"Deer me, meenisters mak' muckle adae about their hard work. But what's twa bits o' sermons in the week tae mak' up? I cud dae it masel."

"Weel, Janet," said the minister, "let's hear ye."

"Come awa' wi' a text then," quoth she.

He repeated with emphasis,

"It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house."

Janet fired up instantly.

"What's that ye say, sir? Dae ye intend onything personal?"

"Stop, stop!" broke in her pastor. "You wud never dae for a meenister."

"An' what for no?" asked she sharply.

"Because, Janet, you come ower soon tae the application."—Congregationalist.

Back Door Scraper—A nice scraper for the back door is easily made by taking an old broom and sawing off the handle to within a foot of the broom end, cutting the broom corn even across the bottom; then drive the handle into the ground. If the ground is soft, place a heavy stone on each side of the handle to keep it firm.—Woman's Magazine.