

Helen Keller With a Rose.

Others may see thee; I behold thee not;
 Yet most I think thee, beauteous blossom,
 mine:
 For I, who walk in shade, like Proser-
 pine—
 Things once too briefly looked on, long for-
 got—
 Seem by some tender miracle divine,
 When breathing thee, apart,
 To hold the rapturous summer warm within
 my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I!
 Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
 Thou feelest all the voiceless things I
 speak,
 And to my yearning makest mute reply;
 Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
 For God who made—Oh, kind!—
 Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for
 the blind!
 —Florence Earl Coates, in the 'Century.'

He Was Ready.

'Now,' said Freddy's mother as she got him ready for a visit to his aunt, 'be sure you are not late to breakfast. That won't do when you are visiting.'

On her son's return mother inquired if he was ready in time.

'Yes!' responded Freddy, triumphantly. 'I was down every morning soon's any of 'em.'

'I am so glad; hope you'll keep it up.'

'You won't let me.'

'Won't let you? Why not?'

'Well, you see, I just put my nighty on and slept in my clothes, so's to be nice and ready in the morning.'—New York 'Tribune.'

How Myra Struck Out.

(Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Mother was sewing by the shaded lamp and Dell was looking over arithmetic papers when the door was flung open and Kitty danced in, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed with the loveliest rose pink.

'Oh, mamma—Oh, Dell!' she cried out, joyously, 'I've got it—I've got the place with Miss Steadman. Isn't it too splendid for anything? Now you needn't worry any more, you dearest of mothers.' She stooped to drop a quick kiss on her mother's forehead as she spoke.

Mother pulled the happy face down and returned the kiss with interest, while Dell flung aside her papers and began to pour out eager questions.

'Oh, Kit, however did you get it? I thought Miss Steadman had engaged Laura Chase. When do you begin and what pay are you to have?'

'Three questions all in one breath,' laughed Kitty. 'How did I get it? By cheek, pure and simple. I happened to hear that Laura Chase was going to New York and I walked myself straight up to Miss Steadman's studio and persuaded her that I could do just as good work as Laura—'

'I should say so!' interposed Dell, indignantly.

Kitty laughed and went on, 'And I am to begin next Monday, and I am to have ten whole dollars every Saturday night. So now, Miss Dell, you are not the only wage-earner in this household. From next week on I am joint provider. Oh, I am so glad!'

Dell drew a long breath. 'Ten dollars a week. That's five hundred a year, allowing two weeks for vacation; and that with my six hundred will pay expenses, won't it, mamma?'

'It must,' mother answered, 'but I'm afraid it will mean very limited wardrobes for you girls, since neither of you will have much time for sewing.'

'Oh, that's all right!' cried Kitty. 'Then raising her voice, she called, 'Myra, isn't supper most ready? I'm famished.'

'All ready—I was waiting for a chance to tell you so,' Myra called back from the dining-room.

Kitty's laugh bubbled out again—she was so happy that she could laugh at anything or nothing, just then. She flung her arms about

Dell's waist and whirled her into the dining-room. All through the meal she kept up a joyous chattering; but when she and Dell went up to their room at bedtime the first effervescence of her delight had subsided and she was in a quieter mood. She and Dell shared the front room together. Myra had the big attic room directly over it. Myra was 'the odd one.' She was younger than the others and—different. It was like Myra to prefer that great half-furnished attic to the pretty little square room opening out of this of her sisters'. 'Myra always did like to crawl off by herself,' Dell said.

'I'm not sleepy a bit,' Kitty declared, as she warmed her feet at the register, while her sister was brushing out her long hair. 'I feel as if I wanted to sit up all night and rejoice.'

Dell laughed at her in the mirror. 'What an excitable little goose you are, Kit!' she returned. 'You'd better go to bed this minute and stop thinking.'

'I can't,' replied Kitty. 'Dell,' the bright eyes were shining now through a mist of tears, 'you don't know how it has worried me all this year past to have you the only one earning and to feel that Myra and I were just living on you.'

'Kitty!' Dell flashed around in instant indignant protest. 'As if you haven't been working every bit as hard as I have, with your sewing and painting and all!'

'Oh, yes, but you know I can't sell half the things I have painted, and as to sewing, I never was much good at that any more than poor Myra is. But now you see, while I help Miss Steadman in the studio I shall be learning all the time, too, and maybe bye-and-bye—who knows?—I may turn out a real artist, and sell my pictures for dollars and dollars.'

'Who knows?' echoed Dell. 'I hope you will, I'm sure, and then your poor little school-ma'am sister may be living on you.'

Kitty shook her pretty head smilingly. 'Just counting chickens,' she warned, and then she added soberly, 'If only Myra could strike out for herself somehow! What a pity it is that she hasn't any—any—'

'Marketable talent,' supplied Dell, promptly. 'Yes, Kit, it is a pity. I don't see how she is ever going to earn her own living.'

'Well,' Kitty tossed aside her regrets; she would not let even Myra's talentless condition shadow her content to-night, 'never mind! Myra's a dear old thing, and if she can never earn her own living we must earn it for her, that's all, and we can do it now, I am thankful to say!' she concluded happily.

The girls talked on, planning many things for the future, while upstairs the 'odd one' lay with wide, grave eyes looking out at the shining stars. Myra's ears were keen and Kitty's voice carried well. Through the open register her words had come to Myra's ears, and cut deeply into Myra's heart. It was true—wasn't it true? She had no 'marketable talent,' as Dell had said. She could cook and sweep and scrub. She felt that after all she did her full share of work in the home every day of her life, but as to earning, Kit was right—she had no marketable talent. It wasn't Myra's way to cry, else her pillow would have been wet with tears that night.

When the breakfast work was done the next morning and the house was in its usual dainty order, Myra disappeared. Her mother

found her at last out in the wood-room at work on an old lounge. She had taken off the covering and the packing, and was fastening the springs in place with heavy twine.

'Why, child, what are you doing with that old lounge?' her mother exclaimed.

'Renovating it,' answered the girl, cheerfully—'making it over. Don't you think it needed it, mother?'

'I thought it was past making over,' the mother answered. 'Myra, what made you undertake a hard job like that to-day?'

'Just because it's hard, mother. I wanted a hard job, and as there wasn't any snow to shovel or coal to put in, and no house-cleaning needed just now, this was the next hardest thing I could think of.' She broke off rather abruptly then and bent lower over the springs.

'Dear,' said her mother, laying her hand tenderly on the girl's thick dark hair, 'you must not feel so. You help just as much as Dell or Kitty, child—just as much.'

Myra did not lift her head, but she caught the hand and touched her lips to it. She made no other answer, but all the same it comforted her sort heart to have her mother say that. Mother always understood.

The springs were all securely fastened, the packing replaced, and Myra was tacking on the new covering when Mrs. Peters ran over to borrow some baking powder. Through the open door of the wood-room she saw the girl at the work, and in easy neighborly fashion, walked in.

'Myra Slade, what are you doing?' she exclaimed.

'Upholstering,' laughed the girl. 'Haven't I made a good job of it?'

'Is that the old lounge you used to have in the sitting-room?'

'The very same,' returned Myra.

'And you've fixed the springs and all?'

'I've done it all, every smitch—myself, Mrs. Peters. Putting on this covering is nothing, but I must confess that I am a wee bit proud of those springs. I never fixed any before.'

'And well you may be proud!' declared Mrs. Peters, emphatically. 'Now ain't that jest the way things go in this world? Here are you, a girl, jest as handy with tools as any carpenter; and there's my Tom can't drive a nail straight to save his life. Why Tom couldn't have fixed those springs no more than I could myself. I've got to send our old lounge down to Parker and Brown's to be done over.'

'Oh!' Myra exclaimed, then stopped short, the color flushing her dark cheeks.

'Well, what?' said Mrs. Peters, watching her curiously.

'I was wondering if you'd just as soon I'd do it. I wouldn't charge as much as Parker and Brown.'

'Just as soon?' echoed Mrs. Peters. 'Well, I'd like to know why not. Will you really do it for me, Myra?'

'Yes, indeed,' returned the girl, promptly. 'I'll be glad to.'

'That's settled then. I'll get Tom and his father to bring it over here this very night.'

So the next day also Myra had a 'hard job,' but she sang softly to herself over this one. She was earning money as well as Dell and Kitty, even if it was only a little.

When she went across the yard to tell Mrs. Peters that the lounge was done and she could send for it, Myra found her neighbor as nearly cross as it was in her nature to be. Mrs. Peters was a stout woman and she was standing on a chair with a green shade in her hand.

'This plaguey curtain tumbles down almost every time it's touched,' she exclaimed; 'I declare I get out of all patience with it.'

'Let me see what is the matter with it,' Mrs. Peters, Myra said, and the woman lumbered heavily down from her exalted position and with an air of great relief handed the shade to the girl.

Myra stepped lightly up on the chair and held the shade up to the fixtures. 'It's only that they are too far apart—the fixtures, I mean,' she said. 'If you have a screw-driver I can fix this for you in two minutes.'

'Here's my sewing machine screw-driver, if that will do,' Mrs. Peters said, fumbling in the drawer of the machine.

'That will do,' Myra replied, holding out her hand for the tool.

Two screws were taken out, one fixture moved a trifle and the shade put back. Then Myra stepped down and rolled the curtain up and

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