



How Margery Found an Angel.

It was a lovely August afternoon, and Nan Danescombe was breathlessly pumping up her new and much-loved wheel.

"Oh, do hurry, Nan!" exclaimed Margery, "I am sure it will be three o'clock before we get to the Simpson's, and mother says we must start for home directly tea is over. Oh, I feel as if I could fly there! I thought Saturday would never, never come." The little girl danced madly up and down the hall, holding her dear Darkey's paws, much to his disgust, for he was old and lazy.

"Well, I declare!" said a surprised voice at the door. "What is the meaning of all this finery?" for the little dancing figure looked like a fairy in her dainty dotted muslin and blue ribbons. The fluffy curls stood out like a golden halo round the bright face as she dropped the dog's paws and flung both arms round her father's neck.

"Why, daddy, dear, you surely haven't forgotten that this is the day of the Simpson's garden party?" she exclaimed. "Nan is so slow, and I think my heart will really stop beating if I have to wait much longer. It feels so queer."

"Can't I do that for you, Nan?" he said, as he stooped down beside his other daughter. "I think you will surely break some hearts to-day. Is this the new bicycle suit that you and your mother have been building this week?"

"I wish I could break that old foot-pump!" declared the young lady, emphatically, as she stood up and stretched her arms above her head, with a sigh.

"Why?" asked Mr. Danescombe. "Because, then you might get me a new one on my birthday. That old thing must have come out of the ark. It has been lying about the house for years, anyway, and it leaks like anything."

"Well, perhaps I might be able to afford a new one," said her father, as he carefully screwed on the cap. "Let me see, you will be thirteen, won't you?"

"Thirteen, indeed!" said Nan, with a toss of her head. "I shall be fifteen! Come along, Margery! You can engineer the wheel while I put on my gloves."

"But how is Margery going?" said her father, as he hung the useful yet despised pump carefully on a nail.

"She is going on the car, and mother says I must walk to the corner with her, and see her safely off before I start."

"Margery," said Mrs. Danescombe, coming to the door, as the girls carefully lifted the wheel down the steps, "are you sure you know enough to get off the car at the right corner when you come back? It will be nearly dark then, and you seem rather small to be trusted alone."

"Oh, yes, mother! I have often come from school alone. I have my tickets tied up in a corner of my handkerchief." And she walked on, carefully guiding the bicycle.

"Your dress looks very nice, Nan. That white vest and sailor collar are just the thing to brighten up the blue serge."

"Don't I look nice, too, mother? It isn't only my dress, is it?" exclaimed Nan, dashing up the steps again, to give both father and mother a hug, and then racing after Margery, without waiting for an answer.

The garden party was over, when Nan rushed in a few hours later. It was not quite dark, although the electric lights were shining on the busy Toronto streets.

"Oh, mother! We've had a perfectly glorious time!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "We had heaps of ice cream, and—Why, where's Margery?" "She hasn't come in yet," said Mrs. Danescombe, jumping up from her sewing machine with a frightened face.

"Why, I put her on the car before I started. She ought to have been here long before me," said Nan, turning quite pale, as she thought that some accident might have happened to her little sister.

Mr. Danescombe was out of the house almost before she had finished speaking, and Nan rushed after him. The poor mother was not slow in following them.

Had something delayed the car? Surely little Margery, the pet of the whole family, must be safe. The mother's heart seemed as if it must break with the awful anxiety and fear.

"Father, you don't think anything has happened to her—anything dreadful, I mean?" said Nan, slipping her trembling hand into his as they stood at the corner waiting for the next car. She turned cold with fear as she remembered how a little boy had been killed a few blocks away by one of those terrible electric cars, only a few weeks before. Her father had not forgotten this either, but he only said, quietly, "She is in God's hands, dear. He can take care of her—and I know He will," was added, with a quick catch of the breath that sounded almost like a sob. If "anything dreadful" had happened to his little daughter! Oh, he could not face the thought of such a thing.

Presently the car came along, but no little dancing figure descended the steps, so Mr. Danescombe went into the nearest drug store to telephone a full description of the missing child to police headquarters.

And what was Margery doing all this time? She settled herself comfortably in the car when Nan left her, feeling very important and quite determined to show that she was old enough to travel about the city alone. Her ticket was soon dropped into the conductor's box, and then she stared out of the window, prepared to get out when the right corner came in sight. But it was a long ride, and her attention was soon distracted by a little girl of about her own age, who came in and sat down on the opposite seat. Her clothes were very shabby, but clean and neatly patched, and she carried on her knee a large covered basket, which seemed almost ready to fall to pieces.

Now, little Margery was rather given to dreaming, and she soon began to invent a fanciful story about the pale, sad-looking child, who looked so poor and tired. She felt sure that her father must be a drunken man, and that Patty—as she called the little girl in her own mind—was a great comfort to her mother. "I dare say she has been buying something for the Sunday's dinner, and is carrying it home in that old basket," she thought. "Perhaps her mother is ill in bed, and there are a lot of other children." Then a fresh thought struck her, and she began to imagine that the mother was dead, and that Patty took care of all her brothers and sisters. This was very interesting, and both time and car flew swiftly on. Suddenly Margery looked out, and jumped up with a startled cry. It was getting dark, and she must have passed the right corner without knowing it. In another minute she was on the street—a forlorn, lost child. She was too shy to even ask a policeman the way, and she had no money. From one unfamiliar street to another she

wandered, getting more and more bewildered all the time. As she passed down a street where the houses were very poor and shabby, she saw a door opening and a man coming out. "Perhaps he may be a drunken man," she thought, for she had a great fear of drunkards. But this man looked like a gentleman. He was standing talking to a woman at the door, and she heard him say, pleasantly, "I will come at nine o'clock, and sit up with Jim. We'll pull him through all right, never fear."

He ran quickly down the steps, and was striding off, when a little hand was slipped into his, and he looked down in astonishment. "Why, Margery, how in the world did you get here?" he exclaimed. "Have you run away from home?"

But the sudden relief was too much for our poor little girl, who had not cried one tear until then. She dropped all in a heap on the sidewalk, and sobbed out all her troubles. It seemed to be a queer jumble of garden parties, electric cars, and poor little girls with drunken fathers. Mr. Harman looked quite bewildered, but he was a very old friend of her father's, and felt that the most important thing to be done just then was to get his little charge home as soon as possible. She soon cheered up, and trotted along beside him, talking as fast as her tongue could go.

"Wasn't it strange, Mr. Harman, that you should have come out of that house just then? Why, if you had been five minutes sooner or later, I might never have seen you at all. Do you think God sent you there on purpose? You know he sent an angel to take care of Daniel, and I asked Him to send one to take care of me, too, and then you came out of the door. You see, He did answer my prayer, and so you must be an angel, though I never heard of an angel with a beard," she added, mischievously.

Mr. Harman laughed his own jolly laugh, and declared that he was afraid he was not at all angelic. "But you are going to sit up with a poor sick person," persisted Margery, "and angels are always trying to help people."

I can't begin to tell you of the excitement and joy when the lost child turned up safe and happy, and as sunshiny as ever. The whole family talked at once, and then the two tired little girls were packed off to bed.

"Nan," said Margery, sitting up in bed, and hugging her knees thoughtfully, with her serious face almost hidden by her tangled golden curls, "do you think that everyone who tries to help people is an angel? I should like to be that kind of an angel myself, and I am sure Mr. Harman was one to-night."

"Well," murmured Nan, sleepily, "I don't know much about angels, but I shouldn't think they would ever be late for Sunday School, and you certainly won't be up in time to-morrow, if you don't go to sleep pretty soon."

Margery gave a great sigh as she laid her rumpled head on the pillow, and decided that perhaps Nan was right, and that even angels must rest sometimes. "But I should like to do something kind to help Patty," she thought as she shut her eyes.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Humorous.

Here is little Johnnie's composition on "Men": "Men are what women marry, they drink and smoke and swear and have ever so many pockets, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they might. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women have sprung from monkeys, but the women certainly sprung farther than the men."

Mr. Jenkins—"This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies." Mrs. Jenkins—"Is it?" Mr. Jenkins—"I should say so. If you are drowning, turn to page 103 and there you will see how to save yourself."

Domestic Economy.

TABLES OF MEASURE FOR CULINARY WORK.

In cooking the table of measures is as follows:

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 4 saltspoonfuls | 1 teaspoonful |
| 3 teaspoonfuls | 1 tablespoonful |
| 4 tablespoonfuls | 1 cupful |
| 4 cupfuls | 1 quart |

The table of comparison between weights and measures is as follows:

| | |
|--|------------------|
| 2 cups of butter, packed solidly | 1 pound |
| 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar | 1 pound |
| 2 cupfuls of finely-chopped meat, packed solidly | 1 pound |
| 4 cupfuls of flour | 1 pound |
| 9 or 10 eggs | 1 pound |
| 2 tablespoonfuls of butter | 1 ounce |
| 4 tablespoonfuls of flour | 1 ounce |
| The juice of 1 lemon | 3 tablespoonfuls |

All these measurements are given level.

A useful and inexpensive little medicine cupboard for a bedroom can be made out of two cigar boxes of equal size. Glue them together at the sides, so that the lids of the boxes come together like cupboard doors. Then paint or enamel them both inside and out, or, if preferred, cover with a pretty, small pattern wallpaper. For handles use two small rings, such as are used for hanging pictures, and also fasten two at the top to hang the cupboard on the wall.

GREASE SPOTS.

Grease spots can be removed from material which does not allow liquid cleansing. Lay a clean piece of blotting paper over the spot, and place a warm flat-iron on top of it. Move to a clean part of the blotter from time to time until the grease is all soaked up.

FOR THE BOYS OF THE FAMILY.

Boys, do you save you mothers all the steps you can? I wish all mothers would train their boys as they are trained in the military schools—to take care of their own belongings, and keep their room in shipshape order. That term "shipshape" came from the discipline of the sailor, who is expected to keep his decks and berths in spotless condition.

ONE WAY TO BE ATTRACTIVE.

The housekeeper has many things on her mind, but she should not neglect giving at least ten minutes out of every twenty-four hours to her own personal attractiveness. Every boy and girl thinks "mamma" is beautiful, and why should she not be universally admired, even though not beautiful by nature, if her appearance shows she has taken care of her complexion? Every night, just before you retire, try washing your face with good soap, rinsing and drying well, then rubbing with a solution made of two parts of rosewater, one part of glycerine and the juice of two lemons. Have enough on to make the face moist, and rub until the skin is rosy-red. If there are any wrinkles around your eyes or mouth, be careful that you do not rub parallel with them, but straight through, crossing them. The effect will surprise you. The freckles, tan and wrinkles will gradually grow dim, leaving a soft, pink-white, smooth skin.—[January Woman's Home Companion.]

Noble Two.

In a Scotch regiment the colonel in charge had the option of changing the time-honored kilt and rugged bare knees of his soldiers for modern uniforms. This order was to go by a majority vote of the men themselves.

Upon putting the question before them, it was found that all but two were willing to wear the hated trousers of the Saxons.

"Cowardly sons of bonnie Scotland," exclaimed the frate colonel, "and noble, noble two! Noble two! true to the costume of their proud ancestors! Give me the names of these Scotchmen that they may be handed down to generations yet to be, as examples to them that come after them, as patriots, every inch of them!"

The sergeant, looking at the list, said, proudly: "Michael Doolan and Patrick Murphy, sir!"