

had come, when the father was well and the mother only had her pretty, cosy home to keep in order and her little ones to care for, she had taken special care with Mildred's education. To keep her from evil influences she had taught her at home; so that now, at twelve, the poor child had her first experiences of school life. She had started out that morning with such shy eagerness; she had thought of it by day and dreamed of it at night, wondering if the first of September would ever come; while her mother had tried so hard to get her dressed suitably, and the efforts, according to Mildred's ideas, had been crowned with such perfect success, she had felt herself well enough dressed to call on the President at the White House as she walked down the quiet street from their cottage to the crowded thoroughfare that led to the school-house. Paul and Gracie had stood at the gate watching her, while mother glanced up from her work with a happy feeling in her heart as she watched her daughter starting out with the busier currents of life. She was willing to take a good many extra stitches in order that her daughter might be preserved from the rude companionship of a public school. She seemed, in spite of their poverty, so dainty and flower-like, the mother longed to preserve this characteristic of her first-born. The