

The Inglenook.

Nelly's Secret.

"Not even a penny! Well, you are a selfish little thing," said Winnie Page. "It is mean, isn't it?" she continued, turning to the group of girls standing in the playground.

"Whatever's the matter?" cried tall, black-eyed Cynthia gaily. "How cross you do look, Winnie."

"Well," said Winnie, "I got a missionary card at Sunday school last month with forty spaces to fill in with pennies, and as I have still six empty spaces, I thought I'd bring it to school with me, and some of you would be nice and fill them up. And there—just think!—Nelly Scott, the very first girl I've asked, has refused. It is such a bad beginning—won't even spare a penny for the poor heathen." And Winnie turned virtuously away.

"Dear me!" said Alice Pack scornfully, "I thought that would have been quite in Nelly's line. She always thinks herself so much better than the rest of us."

"Oh, Alice, don't say that," cried Nelly entreatingly. "You know I love you all dearly, and you are all ever so much cleverer and better than I am."

"Well, don't let's quarrel," said Cynthia kindly. "Here is one penny for you."

"And here!"—"And here!" said one after another of the girls, till at last only one space remained.

"Only one penny more," said Winnie. "Won't you please give me one, Nelly? You're always pretending you want to help others, and now here is a chance."

Poor Nelly! All eyes were now fixed upon her crimson cheeks.

"I'm sorry," she stammered, "but I haven't got any money."

"No money!" exclaimed the girls, while Winnie said reproachfully:

"Why, Nelly, you had your month's pocket-money only last week."

"Yes; but it's all gone," said Nelly.

"Well! I never!" said May.

"Good morning, girls," said a pleasant voice behind them, "How solemn you all look. Is anything wrong?"

Turning round, the girls saw their governess, Miss Wingate, regarding them smilingly. Instantly the story was poured out to her, for she was her pupils' friend as well as teacher, and enjoyed their full confidence. When Miss Wingate heard Winnie's story, she looked rather sad, and, turning to Nelly, said softly:

"This is surely not like you, Nelly. Wasn't it very foolish of you to spend all your pocket-money at once, and not have even a penny for God's poor? But come," she said, "it is time we were in school. And, Winnie, I think I have a penny here that will fill up your card."

There was only a week of the session to run at Westmore School, and all the girls were working their hardest. There were a number of prizes to be gained, and one in particular excited much interest.

Some years ago Mr McKenzie, a rich old Scotchman resident in Westmore, had come to Miss Wingate with a rather curious proposal. It was that he should give a special prize every year, but that the girls, and even Miss Wingate, should not know till the end of the session for what subject it would be

given. His idea was that if the girls knew a special prize was to be given for a certain subject, it would make them work at that subject to the detriment of others. But by his plan *any* subject might be *the* subject, and, consequently, all would receive their best attention.

The eventful day had come at last. The schoolroom, prettily decorated with plants and flowers, was filled with a crowd of white-robed girls chattering gaily. A little apart from the rest sat Nelly, rather paler and quieter than usual, for the last week had not been altogether a pleasant one for her. She had been favoured with a number of sarcastic remarks, such as only schoolgirls know how to make, about "people that thought themselves better than other people, and yet spent all their money on themselves," and so on. But poor Nelly had taken them all so patiently, and never answered back, that they had soon ceased their tormenting.

Suddenly silence falls on the room, as the door opens, and the managers, with Mr. McKenzie in their midst, enter and take their places on the little platform on which is already placed a large table laden with prizes.

Of course there are the usual songs and recitations by the girls, the usual speeches by the minister and head manager, who concludes in the usual way by calling upon Mr. McKenzie to distribute the prizes.

Name after name is called. Cynthia leads the way proudly to receive the first prize for English, and returns again for one in Algebra. Slowly the pile of books grows less, even little Nelly being called upon to receive a prize for French.

But now the table is cleared, and Mr. McKenzie steps forward to say a few words.

"Now, I know you are all longing for this ceremony to end, in order that your holidays may begin, but before presenting the last prize, I want to tell you a story.

"Last week," said Mr. McKenzie, "I took my chair into the park and sat down in the shade of some bushes to enjoy my morning paper. Lifting my eyes presently, I saw a little girl also hidden among the bushes, earnestly watching something. Wondering what could be exciting so much interest on her part, I peered through the trees, and on a bench close at hand I saw a poor woman seated with a child in her arms. Her face was white and pinched, and on it was a look of despair. She was feeling in a little shabby purse, carefully running her finger along each seam. No, it was quite empty—not even her desperate search could discover the smallest coin. With a sob she pressed the infant closer to her breast, and cried in a tone of anguish, 'My child! my child! what shall I do? God has forgotten us! There is nothing now but death!'

"Before I could move or speak, a little figure dashed past me and thrust something bright into the woman's hand, then, without waiting for a word of thanks, darted away again and was lost among the trees.

"I spoke to the woman, sobbing over a new half-crown, and learned her story. She was a widow, had been ill and lost her work, and that very morning her landlord had threatened to turn her out unless her rent were paid before night. Penniless and friendless, her thoughts had turned towards

the river. But now, she said, she would take courage again, since God had sent one of His own little angels to help her.

The girls had listened with great interest to Mr. McKenzie's story, but had seen no connection with it to their special prize. Imagine their astonishment, then, when he continued:

"Now, I had just been wondering for what subject I should give my prize, and it struck me that I would give it to the girl who had performed the kindest deed I had seen for many a day. Therefore"—here he drew from his pocket a small box wrapped in white paper—"I have much pleasure in awarding the prize"—now the box was open, and he lifted out a lovely little gold watch—"to Nelly Scott, and I am sure you will all join with me heartily in three cheers for the prize winner."

How the girls clapped! It seemed as though they would never leave off. This was the "mean," "selfish" little girl.

Nelly was trembling so much that she could hardly walk up the room. As Mr. McKenzie put the watch into her hands, he laid his hand on her head and said gently, "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The last words were spoken, and the girls were at liberty to cluster round Nelly and admire her lovely prize.

"I have been a horrid wretch," cried the penitent Winnie. "But why didn't you tell us what you had done with your money?"

"Yes," chimed in May, "I am sure if I had given away all my money that way, you would never have heard the end of it."

"Oh no!" said Nelly shyly. "Don't you remember what teacher was telling us about not letting your left hand know what your right was doing? I wanted it to be a secret between Jesus and me."

"You're a little darling," said tall Cynthia giving her a great hug and a kiss. And amid a perfect shower of kisses Nelly ran happily home to her mother.

The Manufacture of Paper and Paper Pulp.

Improved methods in machinery and the great change in the character of materials used has had an important bearing upon the printing art. In the earliest mills established in this country, the raw fiber, after being prepared in the beating machine, was formed into a sheet in a mold or wire sieve which was dipped from the pulp vat by hand, the water drained off and the pulp left in a wet sheet in the mold. The sheets so made were turned out upon a felt press and then dried by exposing to the air in single sheets. Such mills were small and the output was limited. Strictly hand-made paper to day is a rarity, although it exists. By the aid of the Fourdrinier machine the transformation of the fluid to stock or finished paper is made an automatic operation. The pulp is screened from the vat over an apron to a moving endless wire cloth made of closely woven fine brass wire, and supported by a series of small metal rolls set close together, yet without touching each other. In this way an even surface of the wire cloth is maintained and by preserving an unvarying flow of the pulp and a constant forward motion of the wire cloth, the thickness of the layer of pulp deposited was kept uniform. By lateral motion of the supporting rolls the fibers are caused to interlace in various directions and give greater transverse strength to the texture. As the pulp is carried along on the wire cloth, much of the water drains