

world. One of them took place at this very time over in that other farmhouse wherein the orphan girl should have reigned as a daughter. Old Mr. Park had been rummaging in an upstairs closet when he came suddenly upon a stocking. It is not extraordinary to come upon a stocking in an unused closet, certainly, but this stocking had money in it. Uncle Jonathan took it to the light, emptied the contents upon a bureau and solemnly counted, even as Angelina was counting that dollar and twenty-five cents. This counted up much better; it was thirty-six dollars. It, too, was money earned from dried apples and dried cherries and dried blackberries, a woman's way of earning money when she had no interest in the cows and chickens of the farm. Uncle Jonathan had been good to his sister; no neighbor could say that he hadn't. He had clothed her and fed her during forty years of her life. She had always looked well about her clothes, neat during the week and fine on Sunday. He had wondered why she should have been worried on her death-bed even if she couldn't speak, her life had gone along so evenly. He wondered no longer, she had tried to tell him about the money in the stocking. He had found the money anyway; he was her heir, of course. But suppose she had spoken and bade him give the money to the girl? The perspiration came out on the old man's face and on his hands. Thirty-six dollars would more than buy the books for Angelina Park's first year at the normal school.

Old Mr. Park had enjoyed his own generous talk in the stores and the mill and the blacksmith shop, but all the time he had felt morally certain that Angelina could never get the book money. The book money on the bureau seemed to stare at him. He would have to board Angelina for three years; he would have to buy the books for the other two years; he would have to clothe her and bear all other expenses whatever they might be; he had said so and he was a man of his word. The perspiration on his face and hands turned colder; he could almost hear his sister's voice declaring that the money was for the girl.

'Angelyna,' he said, speaking timidly and beseechingly, 'I've give out that I was willin' to do it, everything but the first year's books; them she was to git herself. It was a bargain, Angelyna. You wasn't to have a finger in the pie.' He tried to laugh cheerfully, but it was a dismal sound that struck the walls of the room. 'I'm gunno give her this money, Angelyna,' he went on, 'though I'm the heir accordin' to the law; I'm gunno give it to her when she needs it most; when she is ready to git married. She's to git the first year's books and I'm to stand all the other expenses; you ain't to have a finger in the pie, Angelyna.'

It was at the moment that Uncle Jonathan repeated, 'You ain't to have a finger in the pie, Angelyna,' that the city girl put her lips to the key-hole and called: 'Angelyny, why don't you sell the quilt?'

The orphan tried to hem her kitchen apron; she did, indeed; but her thoughts kept wandering to the quilt that she had vowed her cousins and Marian White should never see again. At last she cast her sewing aside and got the quilt and threw it across the bed. The light from the window fell full upon it. Why, it was pretty, let the girls say what they pleased;

it was beautiful with that light upon it; why, it looked oriental. Angelina walked back from the bed to the limits of the small room and surveyed her possession, a gleam of hope dawning in her truthful eyes. 'Oh!' she said, 'Oh! if it can be done that way. 'Oh!' she said again, 'Oh!' and she thought rapturously of the dollar and twenty-five cents, which was twenty-five cents more money than she actually needed.

The girl from the city had fully expected never, never again to behold Angelina's wonderful quilt, but she did see it, nevertheless, as she strolled through the Art Department at the County Fair, arm in arm with her friends, the Wilson girls. The three of them cried, 'Isn't it beautiful!' and went closer. They did not recognize it in this unexpected place, with the sunlight full upon it. Marian White gave a little laugh. 'Really,' she said, 'I feel ashamed of myself for laughing at poor Angelina's quilt for, do you know, this is a little like it.' Then the Wilson girls said, 'Oh, only just a little,' and the trio moved away.

But some one else saw the quilt and recognized it instantly. He had seen it growing. It was there to draw a prize. Angelyna was smart, the smartest girl alive. The old man in the rough suit and the slouch hat did not have a doubt but that the quilt would draw a prize nor that the prize money would purchase the first year's books; but, strange to say, the man who was 'rich and mortal close' walked away feeling that a load had been lifted from him.

When the girl came to him on the following day and told him that she was ready to accept his generous offer, he looked at her with a dawning affection in his keen little eyes; he even laid his hand for a minute upon her shoulder.

'Yes, I know,' he said, 'I know; it's all right. Angelyna's had a finger in the pie and the thing's bound to go.'

Thus ends the story of Aunt Angelina's quilt.

The Uplifting of Thomas.

(Mrs. O. W. Scott in 'Christian Advocate'.)

Pauline Whitney secured her first school through a teacher's agency, and it was four hundred miles from her New England home, among the coal mines of eastern Pennsylvania.

Her parents wondered why Pauline should need to go so far from them, but, with half a dozen younger children growing with alarming rapidity, they agreed, with the acquiescence of necessity, that it was her opportunity. As for Pauline herself, she said: 'I am so glad it is outside my native State. It will give me a chance to see the world.'

It was not until she was riding over that long stretch of desolation which takes in Pokonoke Mountain that she felt her first twinge of homesickness, and this was only increased when she reached the end of her journey in a mining section called Snow Valley, which had little suggestion of whiteness aside from its name.

Pauline's schoolhouse was a building owned by 'the company'—which meant the mining corporation—crudely furnished and well filled with children of several nationalities. At the close of the first day the committee took her to her boarding place.

Mrs. John Evans, in a clean print gown, welcomed her to the small, well-scrubbed

house, so small and so plainly furnished that Pauline's heart sank still lower in the depths of homesickness. But there was no mistaking the warmth of Mrs. Evans's greeting.

'I've prayed that the teacher might be a lady—a real lady, you mind, for it's my Thomas that needs the influence. You've got my Gwendolen and Morgan in school, but Thomas, he's in the mine. There's so many ways for him to go wrong—but I do be thinking you'll help save him.'

'But what do you think I can do, Mrs. Evans?' asked Pauline, wonderingly.

'Oh, it's the playing and singing and the manner of you; and—' here Mrs. Evans hesitated, and then added in a low, intense voice, 'You're a Christian, I expect?'

'Yes,' Pauline answered.

'That's what I prayed for. Now, do you see that organ? I bought it by going out washing, to help the boy. You're free to use it, teacher, and Thomas has a good ear.'

This reference to Thomas's 'ear' filled the young girl with vague foreboding, but it was her nature to be obliging, and she was soon 'trying the organ'—embodiment of so many toilsome days—greatly to Mrs. Evans's delight.

Pauline's normal school diploma did not seem to cover the case of Thomas, but she could not help feeling a certain responsibility.

Mothers are very strange beings, always trying to cast up a safe highway for their children's feet. There is nothing too great or good in the world to lay under tribute for them, and of what use was 'the teacher from the East,' unless she could help save Thomas from the evil influences of Snow Valley?

When Mrs. Evans withdrew to prepare tea, Pauline went out into the small, uneven yard, under a scrubby pear tree, to be alone. Everything was new and strange. Off toward the west was an immense black breaker, marking the opening of a coal pit, and just outside was a hill of culm, or waste coal, across whose top a patient little donkey travelled back and forth, drawing cart-loads of culm which were dumped upon the slanting sides, adding constantly to its size. As Pauline watched the curious sight, asking questions of Gwendolen, who had ventured near, the beautiful September day drew near its close, and the miners came swarming across the field which lay between hamlet and mine. As they came nearer Pauline shrank back, for they looked like a company of gnomes.

Gwendolen eyed her curiously.

'Did you never see men comin' from their work? Be you scared, teacher?'

'They're so black,' murmured Pauline.

'That's because they're in it all day—the coal you know. There's Tom.'

A black face in which eyes and teeth looked strangely white, turned toward her with evident curiosity as the boy went around to the rear of the house to wash and change his clothes—an essential part of the miner's home-coming.

'Mother's 'fraid Tom'll learn to go to s'loons,' said Gwendolen, with a sigh; 'she says it'll kill her if he does.'

With coal dust washed off, save that which gave his eyebrows a darker hue than nature had given, Tom showed a fair round face with no marks of genius. Pauline concluded that the boy must be overestimated and that she was most unfortunate in her boarding place. But the