

Mrs. Fletcher inclined her head, and, seating herself, motioned Sister Gertrude to be seated. Little Alice looked wonderingly at the beautiful lady.

Receiving no answer, Sister Gertrude went timidly on: 'I have come to ask you a very great favor, Mrs. Fletcher, and you will pardon me if it is more than you can grant. This poor little child was left to my care when her widowed mother died. She had no relatives that we know of. Our school is not very prosperous, for, although we have a large number of scholars, they are all of the poorer class. I came to ask you if you could make up your mind to give me some of the very plainest of your little girl's clothing, it would be a great help towards providing for this little one.'

Sister Gertrude paused. Mrs. Fletcher did not speak. Her large mournful eyes were fixed on little Alice. The child began to be frightened at this strange, silent, woman. At last Mrs. Fletcher spoke. 'This child's mother is dead, you say, Sister?'

'Yes, madam.'

'And you would like me to give you some of—my baby's clothing—some of my little Alice's dresses?' The words died in a whisper.

Mrs. Fletcher did not like to refuse the gentle Sister, but the thought of parting with anything associated with the child was too painful to be considered. She drew her pocket book from her pocket. 'If you will accept a gift for the child, Sister, in place of the clothing,' she said, courteously, 'I would prefer it. I cannot explain—everything my darling left is just kept sacred; and to give them to another child—she shook her head and held out a roll of money.'

As Sister Gertrude hesitated, Mrs. Fletcher called the child to her. 'Take this, little one,' she said, and Alice, accustomed to the demonstrations of the warm-hearted school girls, in place of immediately taking the money reached up her little arms and clasped Mrs. Fletcher around the neck. 'Oh, you pretty, pretty lady! you look so sorry! Alice just loves you!' and before the startled woman could untwine the clinging arms or frightened Sister Gertrude could take away her impulsive young charge, Alice had enthusiastically kissed the desolate mother.

Oh, the sunshine of a child's pure love! Oh, the balm of a child's sweet comforting!

Trembling and unnerved, Mrs. Fletcher held the little one in her arms, while the blessed, softening tears rained over the sunny hair and the bright young face.

So Sister Gertrude's faith was not in vain, and the providence of God had provided for little Alice a more generous future than she had ever dared to hope for.

Alice was adopted by Mrs. Fletcher, and she filled, in a great measure, the place of the little daughter whose name she bore.

Mrs. Fletcher gave, in Alice's name, a most beautiful Christmas tree to the school, something far beyond what the children had ever aspired to. The handsome house is no longer silent and desolate. Often the patter of little feet is heard through its halls; and the music of children's voices—sweetest of earthly sounds—rings through the house as Alice's little friends gather around her in her happy home.—Catholic Columbian.

THE TEMPORARY EDITOR

The editor of the 'Hartsock News' lay very ill in bed, suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and jabbering like a perpetual motion phonograph. As a rule he was as sane as could be expected, considering he had chosen Hartsock as a promising field for journalism. But on this occasion he was certainly wandering in his mind, otherwise he would not have asked his grandmother to assist in getting out the weekly edition of his paper.

When Granma Huff paused, panting, at the head of the stairs and pushed open the door of the 'News' office, Jimmie was sitting in the editorial chair, studying his Sunday school lesson. The editor never spoke of Jimmie as the 'devil' although that is the customary title. He called him the 'angel,' Jimmie was such a good boy. Goodness stood out on him like freckles. Every time he washed his hands and face he washed off enough goodness to supply a dozen boys, and he had signed so many temperance pledges that if he had started in to drink steadily for the balance of his life he would have wound up with some of the pledges still unbroken. Later in life he tried it. But he was a good boy.

Granma Huff looked over the rims of her two pair of spectacles and smiled.

'Jimmie,' she said, 'my gran'son's sick, so I've come down to git out the 'News' this week, and I want you to hurry round and help me all you can.'

'Yes'm,' said Jimmie meekly.

Well, now, said Granma Huff, seating herself in the editorial chair and rubbing her knees with the palms of her hands, 'I can't move 'round much, bein' as I've got the rheumatiz so bad, but I reckon you can do most that's to be did. Gran'son says you're a right good boy.'

'Yes'm,' replied Jimmie, modestly.

'Kin you work that printin' machine?' inquired Granma, nodding toward the old Washington press.

'Yes'm, I allus does,' says Jimmie.

Well, then, said Granma, 'I guess you'd better go right on an' print some papers. I reckon you know 'bout how many's needed, don't you?'

Jimmie explained that there were a few things to do first. There must be some news gathered, the forms made ready.

'Du tell!' exclaimed Granma, 'I s'posed gran'son ud hev all that ready. Ain't you got any at all?'

'No'm,' said Jimmie.

'Well, I can't fix the types, but I guess you know 'bout that,' she said, 'an' I can't see to write, but you kin take down. First say gran'son's sick with the grippe, but doc says he'll git along all right soon's the fever goes down some. Then say Marthy Clemen's baby's sick with the measles. I knowed Marthy's ma be-fore Marthy was born. Her and me come from York county, Pennsylvania, together.'

'How d'ye spell Pennsylvania?'

'Pen-syl-a-ni-y,' spelled Granma. 'Her ma and me was second cousins, she bein' a Bell an' me a Murdock, an' old man Murdock bein' first cousin o' Randy Bell. We came down the Ohio on a flat an' up the Mississippi by steamer. But I told Marthy that child 'ud get the measles ef she took it out to Joe Nayadley's. Got that down?'

'Yes'm,' said Jimmie.

'Well, I don't think o' any more news just now; do you?,' she queried.

'No'm,' said Jimmie.

'Will that be enough?,' asked Granma.

'No'm, that ain't more'n two sticks,' said Jimmie.

'Well, what does gran'son do when he hasn't enough news to fill up?'

'He uses patent insides. This what comes in chunks from Chicago,' said Jimmie; but he ain't got none but what we've used. He was goin' to order some when he was took sick.'

'We've got to use some over again,' said Granma, decidedly. 'What is there?'

'Sermons,' said Jimmie, grinning. 'We ain't got nothin' but Talmage sermons, but we got lots o' them.'

'Well, I don't know nothin' better for people than sermons,' said Granma. 'I'll guess we'll use them sermons. Twon't hurt nobody to read 'em over twice. Reckon you've got enough of 'em?'

'Yes'm,' said Jimmie.

'All right, then, you go ahead an' fix up the paper like you always do. Mebby you kin get some nice little boy to help you. I'm goin' home, my rheumatiz hurts me so, and I can't do nothin' more. Jist be sure to have the paper out on time.'

Jimmie promised, and Granma went home. She had done her duty.

Jimmie did his.

There were forty-two local and patent medicine advertisements that were always scattered through the reading. He knew this, and as the sermons were long and solid, he cut each sermon into small pieces, laying the electotypes across the chair, and sawing them into chunks with the office saw. Then he made up his forms, sticking in a piece of sermon, then a patent medicine 'ad' then more sermon. He did not miss a department. He had 'Local News,' 'Country Correspondence,' 'From our Exchanges,' and 'A Little Nonsense,' each in its appointed place, but each composed of short reading advertisements and small sections of sermon. The sermons were rather mixed. In sawing them up he had failed to preserve their consecutive form. There were fifteen columns of disjointed sermon, sandwiched with 'Perkins' Plasters' and 'Get your Canned Tomatoes at Wray's.'

Jimmie persuaded Rob Hochstetler to help him run the press, and the paper came out on time. The editor was sleeping nicely when Jimmie delivered the 'News' at the door. The editor was out of his fever. When he awoke Granma proudly handed him the 'News.'

As a rule, I have said, the editor was as sane as could be expected. He looked through the paper and gasped. It was two days later before the two strong men who were called in to hold him in bed were permitted to release him. Then he thanked Granma, put on his clothes, and went down to his office and discharged Jimmie three times. The third time he raised his wages.

The next week the editorial page contained the following notice, double-leaded, at the head of the first column:

Ahead Again.

The 'News,' always the foremost paper of the State, again outstripped its rivals last week by inaugurating a new and highly moral prize competition. As we never do things by half, we devoted our entire paper to this newest and most attractive feature. Scattered over pages one, four, five, and eight were five complete sermons. To the party sending the first correct arrangement of all the sermons we will send the 'News' free for five years; for any one sermon correctly arranged, the 'News' for one year. Address Sermon Editor this office. Thus once more the 'News' distances those reeking sheets, the 'Juntown Blade' and the 'Richmond Guest.'

For Absolute Strength, Extreme Simplicity, Freedom from Weak or Undesirable Points, and abundance of Excellent Working Features throughout, EXCELSIOR PLOUGHS are UNRIVALLED. They will do perfectly the work that can be expected of any plough, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction in any soils where a plough can work. They have extra length of land beam, specially made mould boards, and steering gear of the most complete and approved kind. Revolving swivel steel circular coulter. Double furrow, £11 10s; three furrow, £16 10s.—Morrow, Bassett, and Co., sole agents in New Zealand for Cockshutt Farm Implement Co.