the little door. Thhere were six squares through which the bright glow of the fire shone. "Ever so much nicer than a lamp" she said and she would not have the lamp lit. "There are pictures in the isin glass and the lamp shines brighter than they are."

"Pictures, child? I don't see any pictures" said her mother, thinking to herself what an odd child Nannie had always been, "always seeing things."

Nannie stared intently at the first little square. At first it seemed only a mass of black and red. But the picture must come she said half aloud. And it did. Gradually the shadows seemed to shade into one another. And in their darkness an angel with hands upraised soared, light shining all around her. It was the only picture in this one. Nannie tried but no other would come. The second was "easy." A huge arm chair. "So comfortable" Nannie said. The light was on it in front and out of its shadowy mist rose a black imp, its arms waving wildly. Nannie looked eagerly to the next tiny window. For a moment all seemed chaos. Then—"It's the oddest of all," said she.

"Bless the child with her queer fancies," her mother said to herself.

A bed, snow white, on which was a beautiful girl, floated in the sea. Back of it rose an immense sail on which a spider clung. His legs reached to the corner of the sail and one straggled over the form of the girl.

"One might be a piece of lightning, though," thought Nannie.

The next picture was the first on the lower row and was round.

A staid gentlemen of Washington's time, his coat elaborately trimmed with brass buttons and his snowy wig falling over his shoulders. In front of him was a dancer, daintily balanced on one foot.

Nannie dropped her head wearily against the side of the chair and looked at the picture again. "Why its different sideways," she laughed. A dark, dark forest and an immense tree stump over which fell a long bright ray of light. The next picture looked like pictures of the moon "Or like Sammie's best marble."

"The last is the best" said Nannie, and turned her head to look at it. In one corner knelt a little child, one hand on a chain and in the other a doll, which neglected, half lay on the floor. The bright light shone on her hair and white gown. In another corner was the mild form of a sheep, and just above it an owl in spectacles blinked wisely.

"What a lot of pictures" said Nannie wearily, "but the little girl praying was the nicest. I wonder if the doll was wax."

"Come, come," said her mother, "we'll know better Christmas. Let me see how well the little girl, without the doll, says her prayers. You look tired child, but it's the first I've seen of any color in your face for months.

"It must have been the isin glass pictures, mamma. Will they be different tomorrow, and—I wonder," sleepily, "if—the—doll—was wax?" and the tired little yellow head fell against her mother's shoulder.

Standing she took off her glove and spread out her hand to the warmth of the open fire. There was a slight mist driving against the windows and behind her she heard the rustle of the newspaper in her husband's hands. She was young and pretty, but her large eyes were red with crying. She took off her hat and stood for a long time watching the flames in the grate. Then she spoke without turning to her husband.

"I never saw anything quite like it, the little dear face in the coffin and the white roses around the pillow and in the little hand. I have seen dead children before, in the hospital once you know when we went out of curiosity; and once when our washerwoman did not come and we went to ask her why. She cried, too, but this time it was different. Flowers and music and white velvet and silver! The mother looked liked death, herself. She kept whispering, 'Our baby, Will,' and then crying and whisper ing again. He was tall and pale and quiet and he never cried at all. He cared for her and not for the little thing in the coffin. She cared for him, but for the baby most. I wonder if a woman always likes her children? I never wanted to hold a baby. When I was a girl I didn't because I couldn't bear them. I wish I hadn't gone—no I'm glad I went even if I didn't know her, she was my neighbor, I was sorry it rained. If you had gone with me, or else, I wish you woudn't rustle that paper. My head aches.

When I got off the car I looked about me and shivered. It was not late and it was not cold, that is not very. But it had rained that day and although toward the latter part of the afternoon the sun had done its best to shine, the clouds had conquered and now at night the sky was heavy with clouds just beginning to break up and looking gloomy and threatening around the edges.

I tucked my books carefully under my arm and, catching my skirt in my hand, started down the middle of the muddy road, which stretched away in the distance until it reached a dim point among the heavy mists. On either side was the dry, dead grass, shining white in the hazy, uncertain light. Now that the car had gone and its rattle had died out, everything seemed very still and I began to imagine all sorts of queer noises about me. I was especially alarmed by a creaking noise that sounded as if someone was walking on dry leaves. I looked around, but could see nothing, and blamed myself for being nervous and easily frightened. Then after a little thought I came to the conclusion that if I would wear fibre chamois in my sleeves I need not be startled at creaking noises. The heavy fog which was settling down in damp mistiness and the silence, was oppressive, and being unable to endure it any longer, I took a deep breath and yodled as loud and as clearly as I could. The echo wandered and lingered in ihe foggy air as if it had lost its way. I felt a little nervous, suppose some one were near and had heard me and I started on a run which was not easy work through the muddy street, but after a little I began to enjoy it and although I almost fell down once or twice, kept on until I was out of breath. Presently a small, black object came tearing out of the mist, and, with a joyous bark, sprang towards me. It was my little dog. "You heard me, Bennie boy," I said. "What a gallant little dog you are." He replied by an eager whine and pull at my dress.

Then we ran again and reached home, breathless and tired, but with imagination stimulated by the silence, the mysterious seclusion of the mist, and the fright.

HARRIET COOKE.

I suppose I was silly, but other girls do it now so I am not sorry as I look back. It happened in the spring. It always happened in the spring. I fell in love—for two whole, long rapturous weeks. The lilacs were all out, the violets too; even the grass had a peculiar freshness that I have never noticed since. I walked with him from school. I studied with him in one of the upper rooms where the windows were all open. I wore the yellow dandelions he picked from one of the green yards we passed. I sat by him while the preacher spoke, and heard not a word of the sermon. I think I sang, at least my heart did.

For two, whole, long rapturous weeks, years ago when I was younger than now. Then it all slipped away before I knew it, like April showers—shall I say clouds or sunshine?

She is a young girl who has just fallen in love. She will not admit that she has, but everybody in the house knows it. He is very jolly and very fat and almost as young and silly as the girl herself. His face flushes when he comes in and stays flushed all the time he is in. He puffs as if his flesh was a burden to him. It certainly is a burden to the girl. She never hears the last of it. "Is Fatty coming tonight?" "I saw Fatty on the street today and he looked awful hot." "Fatty smokes, doesn't he?' These are the things she hears from the rest of the family.

But the worst of all came this morning. He came home from church with her last night; and the boy of the family saw him. He pointed with his thumb to the girl:

"She has," he began slowly, "she has Fatty degeneration of the heart."

A BAG OF MARBLES.

An old man sat out under a tree in front of the house and jingled a bag of marbles. It was summer. The grass smiled up aroud him and the tree smiled down above him. Before him on the slope of the hill a field of ripe wheat laughed to the sun and beyond the prairies quivered joyfully in the heat. The old man smiled too. There was a light in his tired old eyes that had not shown there for many years. And the wrinkles about his mouth were fewer than yesterday. He sat and looked childishly down at a round place in the grass,