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MISS MATTIE'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

The Third Class was going up to the well in Miss Mattie's yard for a pail of water. Not that it needed the whole ten of the Third Class to do this; Teddy Raglan and Bobby Foster, who were the only boys in it, carried the pail and headed the procession, and behind them came four pairs of little girls, arm in arm; and each little girl wore a gay print sunbonnet and had bare, plump feet.

The Third Class was always glad of an excuse to go over to Miss Mattie's. Miss Mattie lived in a little brown house just across the road from the school-house. It looked like nothing so much as a bird's nest, a little larger than common, among its apple trees and lilac bushes.

When the Third Class was recrossing the yard after its visit to the well, Miss Mattie came to her gate and called to it. She had two jelly cookies apiece for each member of it, and, besides, she gave each of the little girls a bunch of lilies of the valley from the bed under the lilac bushes.

"Isn't Miss Mattie lovely?" said Rosella Brown, as they went down the lane.

"I wish we could do something real nice for her, to show her how much we like her," said Tessie Baker.

Everyone looked at Nannie Miller. They were sure Nannie would have an idea if any one would. Nannie was famous in the school for her ideas.

Nannie felt that the occasion called for reflection. She thought very hard all the way back to the school house, and the others were careful not to disturb her.

Then during the afternoon she continued thinking hard to the neglect of her fractions and spelling. She lost five marks in dictation, but she had her reward elsewhere. By the time school was out Nannie had her idea, and the Third Class, understanding this by reason of her triumphant expression, encircled her on the play ground.

"Let us make Miss Mattie a jar of pot-pourri," said Nannie.

"What on earth is that?" said Teddy. "I know," said Rosella, nodding sagaciously. "It's a rose-jar."

"Yes; and this is my plan," said Nannie. "Your know, Miss Mattie is always so good to us. Well, every time she gives one of us anything, or does anything nice for one of us, let that one give a handful of roses for the jar, as long as the roses last. Then when her birthday comes in November, we can give it to her and tell her it's just all the nice things she did for us coming back to her in a rose jar."

The Third Class beamed. Nannie had sustained her reputation. Little Ruth Clark sighed privately with relief. She had been so afraid that Nannie's plan might call for some money, and she was so very poor. But she was all right now. There were so many large pink roses in the Clark dooryard.

"Of course, we must keep it a dead secret until the time comes to give it to Miss Mattie," said Tessie, warningly.

It was agreed that the rose-jar should be in Nannie's charge, because she lived in a central place. Mothers and sisters, being told of the plan, approved it. Mrs. Brown said she would give them a jar, and she sent one over to Nannie, a quaint, dainty, old-fashioned one of blue and gold. And Nannie's big sister Jessie said she would give the oils and spices and essences necessary, and attend to the curing of the rose leaves as they were gathered.

The roses were just beginning to bloom when the rose jar was started; and from that time for the next two months scarcely a day passed that a chubby little fistful of rose-leaves, rich red, or creamy white, or pale pink, or yellow as sunshine, was not dropped into the blue and gold jar on the Miller sitting-room table.

Little Ruth Clark put in the very first one, because Miss Mattie had helped her learn her lesson at noon the next day, when she was just ready to cry because of the big, hopeless words. And two months later Teddy Raglan dropped in the last one on the day that Miss Mattie sewed up a big rent in his jacket, torn in climbing a tree behind the school house. Teddy had hard work to find his rose leaves, for the rose season was almost over. He tramped all over the village Saturday afternoon looking for them, and at last found just one pale white rose in Aunt Melinda Moore's garden. And Aunt Melinda let him have it with right good will, when she was told what it was for.

Then Jessie Miller took the rose jar in charge, and put in dear knows what delightful things, and the lid was shut down and the jar put away in the Miller parlor to ripen for two months.

Miss Mattie's birthday came on the first of November. It was very cold and bleak, and the flowers in her garden were all dead. Miss Mattie sat in her little kitchen and sighed. She felt very lonely and sad. There was nobody to remember her birthday, she thought. She could not keep the tears out of her soft brown eyes.

Just then a rap came at the door. Miss Mattie opened it and there stood the whole Third Class, looking more important than ever a third class looked before.

Nannie Miller stood in front, carrying a big blue and gold jar.

"We've brought you a birthday present, Miss Mattie," said Nannie politely, "and we wish you many happy returns of the day."

Nannie felt relieved when she had got her little speech off. She had rehearsed it a great many times, but she had been afraid that she would forget it at the critical moment.

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie.

She opened the little note on the top of the rose-jar and read it. Miss Wright, the teacher, had written it.

"Dear Miss Mattie," ran the note, "you have been so good to the girls and boys of the Third Class that they wish to show their gratitude by giving you this jar of pot-pourri. For every kindness you showed one of them, a handful of roses went into the jar. The idea was their own, and I think it a very sweet one; and I am sure every breath of perfume that comes from it will speak to you of the affection and gratitude of your little friends."

"Deary me!" said Miss Mattie again.

She lifted the lid of the rose-jar, and it seemed as if the room were filled with the sweetness of a hundred summers. Miss Mattie had tears in her eyes again, but they were tears of happiness. She felt lonely and sad no longer.

She made the members of the Third Class come in, and treated them to cake and raspberry shrub in honor of her birthday. When they had gone she read the note again and took a long, deep sniff of her rose-jar.

"The dear little souls," she said very lovingly.—By L. M. Montgomery, in the Philadelphia Times.

Rich and Very Rich.

"Of course," remarked the foreigner, "you have several grades of wealth—the rich and the very rich. How do you distinguish between the two?"

"Oh, easily enough," replied the native. "One buys racehorses; the other does not."—Town Topics.

Upstate—Some of those architects ought to go on the stage.

Downtown—Why so?

Upstate—They draw such big houses. Town Topics.