

enough to pay their rent, or whether they, too, would soon be thrown out on the world.

When she reached her flat it was lighted up, and, as she opened the door, she saw through into the dining-room where the table was ready and the savory odor of cooking floated to her nostrils.

The little old lady was bending over the gas stove.

"My, but this is fine," Katie said, in her cheery way. "I never expected to have my dinner ready for me. This is a treat."

The little old lady looked at her shyly, while a flush of color mounted to her wrinkled cheeks.

"I used to keep house for my daughter and I just played at keeping it for you. I mended all the stockings and two of your shirtwaists. I couldn't find any more, so I saw what you had for dinner and I cooked it."

Still there was something troubling the little old lady and Katie noticed it, but wisely said nothing.

She insisted that they share the meal, and she drew the little old lady out to tell her of her daughter and how she had died two years ago, leaving just a little insurance, and how the little old lady had been trying to make it stretch until maybe she wouldn't need any more money, and then suddenly her head went down on the table and she began to sob, in that choked, hard way of the old.

"I'm so ashamed," she was confessing. "I couldn't help it. I was so hungry."

Katie went around the table, and, with a queer little feeling that she was doing a strange thing, put her arm about the shaking shoulders.

"What did you do?" she asked, wishing vaguely that she knew how to say pet things to little old ladies.

"I took that can of chicken soup and ate it at noon because I didn't have anything to eat since yesterday morning. But I didn't mean to steal. I was so hungry."

Hot tears came uninvited into

Katie's eyes and then scorched their way down her cheeks.

"Why, that isn't stealing, you silly little thing," she said, shaking the old lady gently. "You were entitled to your lunch when you were working for me. Everybody who works for me cooks themselves a lunch."

Then a great idea came to Katie.

"We sure are a pair of idiots," she said. "If my boss ever saw me crying like this he would fire me on the spot. I'm going to punish you for stealing that chicken soup after all, and your punishment shall be that you are my prisoner as long as you live—that you have got to stay right here and cook my meals and keep my flat clean and mend my stockings, and all I shall pay you will be—well, I shall call you—mother."

"Come, now, drink your tea, and don't be silly."

DIARY OF FATHER TIME

When General Grant visited Hamburg he attended a banquet in his honor, and was spoken of as having saved his country. Grant replied: "I must dissent upon one remark in that I saved the country during the recent war. If our country could be saved or ruined by any one man we should not have a country and we should not now be celebrating the Fourth of July.

"If I had never held command—if I had fallen—if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there will be no fear for the Union."

Buttered Beets.

Boil, skin, slice some beets. Then put into granite stewpan. Add one tablespoon of butter for each pint of beets. Salt and pepper to taste. Set over fire to become very hot or place in oven. Serve with quarters of lemon.