

A PRAYER.

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these,
Thy tenderness!

THE BOY AT BROWN'S

When I was only eleven I didn't understand things, and I cried because Santa Claus didn't bring me a lot of presents as he used to. But last Christmas I was twelve, so I knew that he was Nan, and Nan couldn't afford presents, because she didn't get much money for giving music lessons, and it was all we had to live on, since father died. He was a doctor, and we had nice clothes then, and I had five cents a day to buy candy.

she found the note and showed it to me. There were three crosses for kisses that she hadn't mentioned; and I wanted to know what happened next.
'There wasn't any next,' she told me. 'Uncle Will came next day, and took me to town, and I had a fine time; and I never went to Runham, and I never saw again.' The Boy at Brown's

him from myself! And I did; and this is what I wrote:
Dear Boy at Brown's:
I am your sister. I am only twelve. This is why I don't write very well. She was glad that you remembered her, but she wouldn't write because she was poor since father died, and she gives music lessons. If she puts you off, you are perfectly horrid. It is awfully nice and good-looking. I am like her when she was twelve. I want to see if you are nice before I tell you our address. We are going to walk around the park after church on Christmas morning. Please wear a white flower in your left buttonhole, and if I like you I'll write again.

put my finger on my lip; and Nan caught me.
'Imp!' she said, as if her breath was almost taken away. 'This is your doing!' I said I'd have to own up sooner or later; so I thought I'd get it over.
'No, it isn't,' I said. 'He wanted to find you; and you wanted to be found, whatever you may say. But your own fault; but I suppose you'll put it all down to me if he doesn't turn out all right; and he'll put it down to me if you don't.'
'But we're going to turn out all right,' he said. 'aren't we, Miss—aren't we, Nan?'
'I—don't—know,' Nan said. She seemed all in a flutter.

The Richest Woman in the World.
The wealthiest woman in the whole world is not an American but a German, Frau Bohlen-Halbach, better known perhaps as Bertha Krupp, the daughter of the famous gun-maker. Four years ago her father died and she became owner of the vast Krupp works at Essen and other German towns and mistress of a fortune which is said to be close to the huge sum of \$225,000,000. The gun works cover a space of over two thousand acres and employ one hundred and twenty five thousand men.

Purposes of Oriental Rugs.
Oriental rugs are made for divers purposes, and the special use of each may be instantly known by the pattern and size, writes Florence Peltier in Good Housekeeping.
The prayer rug has always a design that runs to a point, sometimes at one end of the rug, sometimes at both ends. The rug must be laid down so that the apex points in the direction of the holy city of Mecca. Then the owner of the rug kneels upon it, heads over so that he may place his forehead on the apex, and thus he prays. When the prayer is finished, the rug is rolled up and put carefully away.