

“ No I don't, either ; you do it your own self. If I didn't have the material, I couldn't make anything of it.”

I did not reply, but rising slowly, entered the house, and went to my room, thinking to overhaul the box containing the half-finished work for the society, and make a desperate effort to finish at least one article. As I opened the door of my little chamber, the scene presented to my view was anything but agreeable. My wicked brother, having discovered my box of work, and realizing that it was a fatal omen for me to lay my hands upon anything, had wished to play, as he thought, a good joke upon me. Therefore, he had taken two good-sized pieces of wood, and dressed them as dolls with the odds and ends upon which I had been at work. Here was a stray sleeve, there a breadth of a dress or parts of the waist, an apron commenced, a sun-bonnet with the needle rusted in, a pair of stockings just begun ; while upon the walls were notices, offering, in the name of the Dorcas Society, rewards for the missing sleeves, and also a placard, stating that the entire contents of the box would be sold at auction, for the benefit of the Dorcas Sewing-Society, Fanny Burton being auctioneer.

I felt this joke keenly, and my grief was not allayed when my mother told me, that unless I