

itive as a weasel, found out everything her school friends knew; how their mothers worked in the big cotton-mills, and how their older sisters clerked in the stores. She saw some photographs of these sisters, and oh, how lovely they looked, with their lace and finery, and their hair *frisé*! And she saw some of the letters the girls wrote, telling of the gay times the young people had in the mill town.

All this in the ears of a child of St. Valerien. She was not young, — seventeen is neither old nor young, — but she was at the turning-point. Take it to yourself! Would you prefer the life in St. Valerien to that in the mill town in the States, where everything is gay? Think of it! All the summer long, calling the cows and milking them, cooking, scrubbing, working, raking hay; all the winter long, mending, scrubbing, washing, spinning, weaving, and attending to the sheep and cattle. It is very nice, you think. Yes, for a little while, but wait until you have tried it for a whole lifetime, and then tell me what you think.

Well, Ma'm'selle Charette was old enough to look at these things, and she made up her