

oranges bobbing, and bright-covered books, and paper parcels of all kinds and shapes.

Caroline looked at me, and she was as white as a sheet. "Hannah Stone has brought a whole Christmas tree," said she, and she gasped, and I had to get her a glass of water, though I was pretty near as bad myself.

"You don't suppose she's crazy, do you?" said Caroline, sort of faint-like. "I never heard of any crazy folks among the Stones, did you?"

"No, I never did," said I.

All of a sudden Caroline broke down and begun to cry.

"What are you crying for?" said I.

"She won't have a single present herself," said Caroline. "Oh, dear!"

"She shall, too," said I. Then I went upstairs and I got out a real handsome hem-stitched apron that I had never worn, and Caroline she found a real pretty box and put a new handkerchief—a real fine one—in it, and then we went over to the meeting-house, and I declare if all the women weren't studying what they could give to Hannah.

When that great Christmas tree had been carried into the meeting-house, the women there most had hysterics.

That evening we found out that Han-

nah had given everybody in the Sunday-school and every member of the church

a present, and some of them were pretty substantial.

I went up to Hannah after the presents were all distributed, with my album in my hand. Caroline was behind me with her box of paper, and she was almost crying. "I want to thank you, and I want to ask you to forgive me for speaking to you the way I did about the Christmas tree the other day," said I.

Hannah looked at me with a curious kind of dignity, like one standing up for her principles, though she was smiling. "Givin' is givin', and sellin' is sellin'," said she.

She gazed down at her load of presents. She had, I guess, as many as a dozen white aprons, and more handkerchiefs, and a blue worsted fascinator, and a pretty tidy, and I don't know what all. "I never had a Christmas present before in my life," said she.

Then she looked up at me and her eyes were full of tears, and I could see the little-girl look in her face, as I remembered her at school, very strong, and I begun to think that maybe we had both been learning the same lessons in life in different ways.



HANNAH HAD GIVEN EVERYBODY A PRESENT.