



BEIN' ALONE. When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way...

When yer pa an' ma has gone 'way... 'Tis a Gobbie-um-goo...

THE WAITER FELLOW.

A winter, somewhere on the Pacific Coast, the doctor had said; and mother had caught her breath...

"I don't see how it can be managed," said Phil, when he was alone with her.

"Uncle Mark looked at the boy's slight frame, unequal, he knew, to the demands upon it of the enthusiastic spirit within..."

"Oh, I don't mean that it should be so very much. I'll put you there and keep you at a good place till you are able to swing yourself..."

"He continually sought the beneficent fresh air, with its blessed burden of glowing sunshine; read a little, joined heartily in all the sports..."

Phil felt that this was correct, but what was he to do? Apply to his mother? Never! Apply to his uncle? Never, again.

takes were made, and guests waited long to be served. At length the head of the house came and apologized for the shortcomings...

As Phil waited with the others a sudden thought came to him. "I could do that." He applied for a place and obtained it.

"Now, I wonder what my friends here will think, or say," he thought to himself, as, with his white linen apron on the next morning he took his place in the dining-room.

The blood rushed to Phil's face, and he was turning angrily away when, with a swift second thought, he checked himself.

"It's a part o' fit," he said to himself, as he bowed and took the gratuity.

Some of the friendly ones clapped their hands, casting indignant glances at Frank.

"Well, well—how's this?" Mr. Garde, an elderly gentleman, who always read at table, and delayed so long as to tire out the waiters, looked up in kindly inquiry as Phil brought his coffee after the other diners were gone.

"This, I mean," he added, touching the white apron, "A wager, or something of that kind, I suppose. You boys are always up to capers."

"Nothing of that kind at all, sir," said Phil. "I want to stay out in this country. I can't let my relatives support me any longer, and this is all I can get to do."

"That's it, hey? Well, I hope you'll make a good waiter. Be sure you always bring my plates hot."

As there were other things connected with the duties of a waiter, Phil found it easy to keep much out of the way of those with whom he had lately consorted, as was his preference, although there were many of them who felt only admiration for a young fellow who would do what came in his way, rather than be a burden to any one.

Mr. Garde appeared to take to the new waiter, to judge by a good deal of friendly chaffing and domineering on his part; and, at the end of a month or so, sought an interview with him.

"I think you are pretty capable as a waiter now, and might graduate," he began.

"I don't see my chance for that yet," said Phil.

"I am wanting some one to do a little overseeing on a ranch. Would you like to try it?" asked Mr. Garde.

"You could only expect one answer to that," said Phil, the beam in his eyes emphasizing his delight in the proposition.

THE VACANT WOOD.

"O, Alicia is having such a beautiful, beautiful visit—just one round of social pleasures—while I'm doing nothing but rusticiating all summer!" Beth Carter sighed as she tossed aside the letter which she had been reading.

scription of the country, however picturesque it might be. I mean that there's nothing to do here," Beth replied impatiently.

"I dare say the woods aren't vacant, for I've run across some very pretty, home-like little houses during my long walks, and I've seen some very interesting looking children playing about the doors," said Aunt Flo.

"Your Uncle Dan isn't well enough for the walk this morning; and if you don't go with me, I'll have to go alone," said Aunt Flo as she started down the path which led from the bungalow to the woodland.

Beth Carter, whose parents had died when she was a wee little girl, made her home in the city with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Warren. Mr. Warren's health had broken down in the early spring, and at last his physicians had sent him away to the heart of the highland wood for the summer.

"Isn't the breath of the highland wood refreshing? and don't you like to follow the pathways which lead you through the very heart of nature—sweet, wild, uncultured nature?" said Aunt Flo as she tripped gayly along the way.

"Nature is pretty enough, I suppose, but I'm always impressed with the loneliness of the vacant wood," Beth replied as she followed somewhat behind her aunt.

"O, I know that there are creeping things and birds and snakes—O!" and Beth gathered her skirts more closely about her.

"Who are they? and what are they up to?" she inquired in a whisper.

"They are the Todd children; and Ann Eliza, the oldest one, and also the only one who has ever attended school, is reading aloud to the others and trying to teach them. Poor child! She has a very hard time, for she knows very little to teach, and reading is painfully difficult to her."

"Look," Aunt Flo bade her niece, "there beyond the sassafras bush." Beth did as she was told, and saw a tall, barefooted, plainly clothed girl standing before a group of children, ranging from her own age down to infancy, seated upon the moss.

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After a moment's hesitation, Beth followed, and her aunt announced, confidently: "Good morning, little teacher and pupils. I have brought you a visitor this morning, a young lady who will read aloud to you and tell you some nice stories."

"Mornin'," the children replied in chorus, and the teacher added, "Thankee," as she handed Beth the oil-cloth bound reader and sat down on the moss beside her sisters and brothers. Mrs. Warren sat down, too; and Beth, finding herself standing before a very attentive audience with an open book in her hand, could think of nothing else to do but read. So she turned to a familiar little story and began. There was a quality in her voice which won the instant attention of listeners, and she had a gift of expression which vivified the meaning of what she read to such an extent as to present the pic-

ture immediately before the eyes of the audience. The children sat as if enrapt with a novel delight, and when the story ended they clapped their little hands eagerly. Beth was so pleased that she sat down on the moss in front of them and told them some of her very best kindergarten stories. It was nearly noon when Mrs. Warren and her niece bade the little school good-bye, but Beth did not leave without a promise to come back often and assist the teacher in her work and tell other delightful tales.

"I'm glad to find that the woods are not vacant, after all. They don't seem near so lonely now that I've found that I'm needed here," said Beth as she and her aunt followed the path back to the bungalow.—Christian Advocate.

THE POPPY PATH.

Miss Colby was very fond of her garden, with its gravel walks. While she felt kindly toward children, she did not always like to have them enter her garden, certainly not unless she herself was there.

"There comes Sadie Pimer across her father's potato-field," she said one day, as she stood in her door.

"The pale purple asters were in full bloom, and Sadie bent over to smell of them."

"Don't break them!" said Miss Colby. "They are for seed. You see I've tied purple yarn on them."

"Oh, what a nice way!" said Sadie. "What are those things with the red yarn tied on them?"

"Poppies," replied Miss Colby. "The leaves fell off long ago, and the seeds are about ripe. I'll gather them now."

"So she carefully pulled off all the heads that had red yarn tied under them."

"There are ever so many more left," said Sadie, touching the dry heads and making the little seeds rattle inside.

"You may have those if you want them," said Miss Colby. "I will give you a paper bag."

Sadie gathered all the brown heads that were left, and the seeds rattled out of them into the bag when she shook it.

"I shall have hundreds and hundreds of red poppies next summer in my yard!" she exclaimed joyously, dancing off down the path.

"So out of the yard she went, and began to cross the potato-field, shaking the bag to make the seeds rattle, never dreaming there was a little slit of a hole down in one corner."

Suddenly she saw some potato-bugs, and darted off on one side making a wide circuit, for she had a horror of potato bugs. Then she came to a rock, and jumped over it; and then she ran straight home.

"Seems to me there are not many seeds," said her mother, when she looked into the bag. "The heads are all empty. O, Sadie, here's a hole! Your seeds have all run out!"

Sadie almost cried, but she set her lips tight and bore it. If Miss Colby had known, she would have given her more seeds; but Sadie did not like to tell her.

When the potatoes were dug, Mr. Pimer evened off the ground and sowed it to grass. He was going to have a mowing lot the next summer, he said. But what do you suppose happened? It turned out to be the prettiest mowing lot you ever saw. As the grass grew up, something else grew up with it; but nobody noticed till a little before hay-time, when all of a sudden poppies began to bloom. They bloomed along in a line from Mr. Pimer's fence to the foot of a rock, where they rioted in a big clump. Then they ran off in a

wide half-circle, and then proceeded straight to Miss Colby's back gate. "That is Sadie's poppy path!" said Mrs. Pimer.

"They shan't be mowed down," said Mr. Pimer.

And all the rest of the summer, whenever Sadie could think of an errand to take her to Miss Colby's, she walked by the poppy path, and was so happy that I think you may say you never saw such a happy little girl.—Mary L. B. Branch.

"IT WAS BROTHER JIM."

On the coast of Scotland the storm raged all night with wild and relentless fury and as the morning broke dull and gray, the storm ceased not its fearful warfare. The villagers arose and commenced their daily tasks, in fear and trembling. Suddenly the boom of a cannon was heard. Everybody hastened to the beach for they knew it was a signal of distress. Then they looked out upon the mountain of rolling waves and far out they could faintly see the masts of a vessel, as it was seemingly beating itself to pieces upon the rocks. The call came for the life-boat crew. It quickly gathered. They looked around for their captain, MacGregor. He could not be found. Finally, the second in command ordered the crew into the boat, pushed the frail craft into the angry waters and the boat was soon lost to view. A half hour went by and the anxious watchers on shore were rewarded by seeing the boat reach the shore and grate upon the beach. As the people gathered around the rescued and the rescuers, some one asked: "Did you get them all?" The answer was: "We got them all but one. That poor fellow was frozen to the mast. Our boat was in danger of being swamped any moment and so we left him." Just then a giant sailor stalked forward and said: "Well, he is worth saving; we will go after him." It was MacGregor, the captain. Some one touched him on the hem of his great coat and looking around he saw that it was his aged mother. With tears streaming down her face she said to her boy: "Oh, John, don't go out there this time. This is the anniversary of your father's death. He died on just such a mission. Your brother Jim left our little home seven years ago, to be a sailor lad. We haven't heard from him since, and doubtless he has met a similar fate. You are my only comfort, my only aid. Please stay with me." With his own voice

choked with emotions, MacGregor said to his mother, as he put his strong hand upon her frail shoulders and looked down upon her care-worn face: "Mother, it is my duty to go out there. If I am lost God will take care of you." And without another word he kissed his mother, solemnly directed his men to the boat and it was again pushed out into the struggling waters. A half hour went by and no sign of a boat's return. Three-quarters of an hour and still no boat. An hour and the men shook their heads, and the women commenced to cry. An hour and a quarter and all hope seemed gone, when suddenly the faint outline of a boat was seen in the midst of the mist and rain. They watched it as it gradually grew nearer, sometimes lost to sight because of the waves, sometimes in clear view, because it stood on the crest of a wave. A little nearer and they could see that it was the life-boat that had left the shore an hour and a half before. Nearer and nearer it came, fighting for its life with the storm. Those on shore could see a man standing up in the prow and finally they could see it was the giant captain. Then as the boat got within hailing distance, they shouted out to the man in the boat: "Did you get him?" Then they could see MacGregor reach over the prow, put his hands to his mouth so that his voice would carry, and then he shouted back this message: "We got him, and tell mother it was brother Jim."—Selected.

There are people who would do great acts, but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes and the acts of love are not done at all.—F. W. Robertson.

Almost A Miracle.

One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Texas, was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured in ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used the wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." Its quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

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