



The Orphans' Friend and Masonic Journal



ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

VOL. XXXII NO.9

OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1907.

One Dollar a Year

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THE STREAM OF LIFE.

I remember the brook that ran down the hill;
 It was merry and shallow and never stood still;
 How swiftly it ran!
 Even such was my life in childhood's days;
 Little it recked of the deeper ways
 That come in God's plan.

The brook became a river at last;
 And, held back and hindered, it must ere it passed
 Turn ever a mill.
 So life grew earnest and large and strong,
 And burdens heavy, and the days were long;

But such was God's will,
 Now broader and deeper the river flows,
 And over its waters the sunlight glows
 From the golden west.
 It mingles so still with the great sea tide
 That we hardly know when it comes to ride
 On the ocean's breast.

So life grows broader and deeper still,
 With less of sound but a holier will
 As it nears its end,
 And may it go out on the sunlit tide
 And meet the depths of the other side
 As the waters blend.

Not lost forever the ocean's spray,
 But it rises in vapor day by day
 To water the earth.
 So may our lives when passed from sight
 An influence leave that shall tell for the right,
 In measureless worth.

—Stephen Moore.

Cinderella's Surprise.

BY EDITH TAYLOR.

"A Month in the Adirondacks! Isn't that the grandest prospect? Oh, I just think it would be too lovely for anything! Uncle Fred, you can't possibly mean me—oh, you dear!" Dorothea threw both arms about his neck.

"Well, you deserve it. That high-school diploma represents a lot of work, and I think you will enjoy a little rest," he pinched her rosy cheek.

"Well, I just can't somehow realize it," she said. "I'm just crazy about traveling, and I love the mountains, everything around here is so flat," she added, with a laugh.

"How about Sophie; do you think she will feel left out?" Uncle Fred's face was a little anxious.

"Sophie! Oh, no, she doesn't care for things like that as much as I do. She is the 'stay-at-home' body, you know. Why, just give her a good book, and a cool comfortable corner, and she asks no more."

Here the person under discussion appeared at the door.

"Doty," she said, smiling at Uncle Fred, "do you know where that little preserve dish is? You had it the other day when Abby Vale was here."

"No, dear, I haven't the slightest idea. Are you fixing dinner? Well, sister, be sure and don't forget to make the mayonnaise for the lettuce. And, sister, oh do come back a minute, and let me tell you the grand news! Uncle Fred wants me to go with Aunt Katharine and himself to the Adirondacks—to stay a month—a whole month dear! Isn't it just too grand?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Sophie. "I'm so glad, Dot. A trip will do you so much good, especially after your hard work all session. Uncle Fred, you are entirely too good to us!"

"I wish I could take both of you with me," he said ruefully. "But you see—"

"Now Uncle Fred," laughed Dorothea, "Sophie doesn't like traveling—I told you that before. You needn't worry about her!"

"No, indeed, dear Uncle Fred," said Sophie, as she hurriedly left the room.

There was much to be done. There were several people expected to dinner, besides the family. Then there was the task of washing the dirty faces of Lola and Jack, the twins, and making them presentable for the table.

Mamma was suffering with neuralgia, and was trying to rest a little before the company came. Somehow people always called on Sophie to do things.

It never seemed to occur to them that she might sometimes get tired.

Dorothea was so pretty, and smart in her studies, that she was released from household duties, in order to entertain her many friends, or get up lessons.

The sisters had started out together at the high school, but soon Dorothea being the quicker of the two, though she was a year younger, outstripped Sophie in her classes. So it happened that at the beginning of the session which had just closed, Sophie had announced the intention of staying at home. Her observant eye had found that there was need of the services of an older daughter, for the twins were just old enough to be always in mischief, and mamma was far from strong.

Papa demurred at first, but finally gave in, saying something about "another year," and so it came about that Sophie was the "stay-at-home girl." She was not a brilliant girl, but one of the steady, dependable kind, and her mother soon began to wonder how she had ever gotten on without her.

The Fordes entertained a great deal, and somehow it always fell to Sophie's lot to prepare for the visitors.

On this particular day, as she beat the egg for the mayonnaise dressing, rebellious little thoughts began to come—for the first time.

"Isn't fair," she mused, as she stirred in the olive oil; "just because I'm not pretty and attractive like Dorothea, people don't think I ought to have any good time at all! But just here she heard a shriek from the back yard. The twins came running in—

"Bravert tried to put kitty in the meat chopper!" shrieked Lola.

"She put dirt in my hair," retorted the irate Jack.

By the time the little mischief-makers were appeased, dinner on the table, and all the guests seated, Sophie was her cheerful self again.

But she did not forget her grievance. Rather she was too sweet tempered to let herself dwell upon it, and Dorothea would never have known that anything was amiss if one thing had not happened.

The two girls shared the same room and one night Dorothea came in late from a party and found Sophie fast asleep. It was a warm, oppressive night, and after the light was out, Dorothea found it hard to get to sleep. Her mind was busied with the occur-

rences of the evening, and she was just beginning to get drowsy, when suddenly Sophie spoke:

"If I was pretty, I might go too," she said, in a strange tone.

"Where, dear," said Dorothea, sitting up in bed. Then she realized that her sister was talking in her sleep—a thing she often did when she had something on her mind.

She lay still and listened, her eyes wide open now.

"No, Uncle Fred," the other rambled on, "I can't go, for I'm not pretty." Here Dorothea started guiltily.

"Oh, but I do want to go—I want to go—I do!" she moaned in her sleep. Then she turned over, sighed and the room was still once more.

Dorothea lay perfectly still for a few moments. Then she slid out of bed and went over to the open window.

"Poor child! poor child! she does care for things," whispered Dorothea, with wide open eyes.

Then she knelt her brows, and began to think. How long she sat by the window she never knew, but when she came back to bed the conflict was over and an expression of great content was on her face.

"Sophie, I want to borrow some of your clothes."

It was a few days later, and in the meantime letters and messages had flown between Dorothea and her uncle. Then she received a letter, short and to the point. It said only this:

"Dear little niece:
 Bless your heart. Do as you please. We start Monday."
 Uncle Fred.

And this was Friday. They had decided to start sooner than they had at first planned. Only two days—four Sunday didn't count—to get ready!

"Do you hear, you lazy thing," laughed Dorothea. "I want to borrow everything that you've got, for I must look nice while I'm gone. Isn't it lucky we're just of a size? Why, trot out your gowns, and let me choose. These white suits will be fine—I always did like this one with the tucked front—and—oh, yes, I want your white parasol and embroidered hat. Then that nice walking skirt of yours will be just the thing for climbing mountains. There, I've got it all I can carry, I think, I'm going to pack downstairs."

"Isn't she going to leave anything?" wondered Sophie, when Dorothea finally came back for her new flowered mull.

"I think I'll need that if I stop by with Cousin Sue Millicent, in Richmond," said Dorothea, airily.

"Certainly, dear," said Sophie, and tried not to be envious.

And when Monday arrived, Sophie found it hard indeed to see her cherished silver hat brush going into Dorothea's hand bag.

"You must put on your pretty dark blue suit—the one with collar and cuffs—isn't it a wonder I didn't borrow it?" laughed Dorothea, as she dressed hastily.

Sophie demurred, but her sister was insistent.

It was so hard to see Dorothea going around so light hearted and happy, and how could she speak of "your staying at home," as though it meant no sacrifice at all to stay in the city and drudge all summer long, while somebody else was having a delightful trip.

It all seemed like a dream, the merry farewells at home; Sophie had a dim sort of recollection of being kissed twice when Dorothea was; and then the drive to the depot, and the crowd of laughing girls and boys—then—

"I do hate to leave you all—especially you, Sophie," said Dorothea, seriously as the train came under the shed, and Sophie wondered why everybody laughed.

"Sophie, you must come on the car with me, to see how nicely fixed I am—no, you all are very kind, but I want my sister!"

Of course Dorothea had her way—she always did, thought Sophie, as the two threaded their way through the incoming crowds, and then she rather desisted herself for humoring her.

"We must hurry now," said Dorothea, when once they were on the train, "I am afraid to stay on any longer—here are your things, and—"

"Wait—why—sister oh, you can't mean to do it!"

"Yes, goosey dear, and please don't cry, those old men are laughing at us—now good-by, you old dear, and—"

Dorothea had to hurry off the train. If she had a shadow of regret, it did not last long, for the most radiant face in the world looked out of the car window as the train backed out of the shed. And Dorothea was satisfied.—Kind Words.

The Doorknob Sermon.

The back doorknob had been broken for weeks, and the family had grudgingly adapted themselves to the inconvenience, turning the broken stump and receiving an occasional scratch from the sharp, exposed edges.

"That knob is a disgrace to the family!" Letty had exclaimed more than once. "I'm ashamed to have the laundryman and the butter man see it every time they come."

But somehow no one had made it his business to replace the broken knob.

"How would you folks like it if I should put a new knob on the back door?" Jim asked with a smile one morning. "I have a extra one left over from those I got for the chicken houses."

"Good idea!" said Letty, approvingly. "The door is a perfect nuisance the way it is."

Jim's smile widened into a grin. "The new knob's been on for three days! I keep listening for the thanks of an appreciative family, and not one of you has even noticed the change. Hardly worth while to have bothered with it."

"Why, Jim!" chorused the family. "It's queer we never noticed it!"

They went on to the sitting room. There sat lobby, with every separate short curl on end, his face flushed, a pencil clutched tight in his moist hand. But there was light in his eyes. He held up a sheet of drawing paper.

"What's that meant, Letty?" he said with half-concealed triumph.

It needed only a glance at the painstaking work in colored crayons to proclaim its meaning.

"Why, it's a map of the United States, isn't it?" said Letty, rather carelessly.

His little hand was still holding the paper toward her. "It's got all the big rivers and lakes in it," he said. "I tell you, it's a good deal of work to make 'em all come out in the right places. Like Superior's real fun, though, it looks just like a horse's head, doesn't it?"

"You've done it very nicely," Letty said—the little face was so evidently looking for sisterly commendation.

"Really, Bobby, there's no excuse for you to bring home such marks as you do every week for drawing. You can do as well as the other boys. You can only take pains enough. This map shows what you can do, and if I were you, I'd make some effort, after this."

"Way, Letty," Bobby began, rather indignantly; "I've been trying a long time, and my marks have been real good lately. I was second in the class last week, and third the week before that, and—"

"Reminds me of my doorknob," said Jim, patting his small brother's head and giving a sly glance toward Letty.

"What did Jim mean?" thought Letty after that young man had sauntered out of the room. But it did not take long to answer her own question. How much easier she had always found it to see defects than to notice the correction of them later! "But it's only natural," she said to herself, "Almost everybody's that way. There wasn't one in the family that had paid any attention to Jim's doorknob."

She looked after him as he went whistling down the walk and out of the gate. The boyish figure wasn't in the least suggestive of a preacher, but he and the back doorknob had left her a little sermon to think over.—Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

A Wonderful Country.

An Irish contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited.

After several days of sightseeing, his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"And phwat's the Presidio?" asked the old man.

"The Presidio, father, is the government reservation for the soldiers, a fine bit of a park, and you'll enjoy your self."

At the end of a strenuous day, the old man stood gazing at the big buildings, comparing them with the small huts of his old home. Seeing a soldier near, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phwat's that string of houses forinist us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smoke-stack?"

"That's the cook's shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well, 'tis a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the new gymnasium. On the way, the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phwat's that, now?"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Think of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible hump in this country?—'I-jip-jip-jip!'"

For The Home.

BY J. JOHN

The lazy sun is yawning, as it hides behind the town,
 For the Sleepy-Time is at hand;
 And cozy beds are calling, as the sun goes creeping down,
 To each little boy in the land.
 The organ-man is drowsy as he wanders down the street,
 The leaves are asleep on the tree;
 And the horses and the wagons and the little dogs you meet
 Are as sleepy as they can be.

Your bed is calling to you, little John, Baby John!
 There's a sleepy chair beside it to hang your clothes upon.
 And I hear the cool sheets saying,
 "What means this long delaying?
 It is time you stopped your playing, Baby John!"

The chairs are all so tired that to use them is a sin,
 While the floor is asleep, no doubt,
 And the carpets are the bedclothes that snugly tuck it in—
 You'll wake it if you run about!
 I heard the cuckoo calling from the big clock in the hall—
 "Hurry up, little John!" it said;
 And the little clock is ticking, half asleep against the wall,
 "Go to bed! Go to bed! Go to bed!"

Your bed is calling to you, little John, Baby John!
 There's a crinkly white pillow to rest your head upon.
 And the little dreams come creeping, I can see them slyly peeping
 To see if you are sleeping, Baby John.
 —Burgess Johnson.

PERKER.

BY E. C. RAY, D. D.

Perker perked up his three cornered ears—he has his ears, his perking and his had, indeed, everything about him, being a lively replica of that illustrious terrier. He bobbed up and down like a jack-in-the-box, and barked as if he were a dog. He was coming out of the house and Perker expected to go fishing or frolicking in the woods with him. Had Perker been as experienced as the late Perker, he would have noted on Tommy's face the cloud that did not promise fair weather and fun. But Perker's youthful spirits had learned to take for granted Tommy's youthful spirits, and it took time and some sulky words from Tommy, and a good deal of jerking of the cord which Tommy had fastened to Perker's collar, to make him drop his ears and tail and settle down convinced that something was wrong with the world. And that was exactly Tommy's frame of mind.

Since Tommy's father had gone to the war six years before, when Tommy was three years old, and had never returned, Tommy's mother, with the help of her brother, Tommy's Uncle Hiram, the small grocer, had managed to get along and keep Tommy in school and give him happy vacations without much difficulty. The interest on the mortgage of the little home was promptly paid Tommy and his mother were decently clothed and fed, and the family was happy enough. Now Tommy was out of school for the summer, planning to work for Uncle Hiram until he could earn two or three dollars for the Fourth of July, and as happy as any stocky boy just out of school can be.

This morning his mother, with a white, strained face, told him that something or other had gone wrong with a bank, so that both she and Uncle Hiram would be hard put to it—he to keep his business, she to keep her home, and Tommy would have to go to work to help along. He must begin that morning, not in the easy job Uncle Hiram always gave him, but in the box factory, where he would have long hours, hard work, and small pay, so that Tommy's heart was broken. So was his temper. He hated this old world. There was a ten pound lump in his breast, and another as big as a peach in his throat. Perker was to be sold, Tommy knew, in an indefinite way, what some wiser people knew exactly, that Perker was an aristocrat, a dog with a pedigree. His slender limbs, his silky coat, his bright eyes and pointed black nose, and his grace would tell his dog fancier that he was a fancy dog—and worth money. One man in the village knew it, and had often tried to buy him now the sale was to be consummated and Perker was to go.

As they went down the country road where it entered the village, Tommy stubbing stubbornly along through the dust, Perker somehow recovered his spirits, never dashed for long. He got the rope in his mouth and began to make a fine and funny game of Tommy's leading him. His antics recalled Tommy's mind from his troubles. He looked at Perker earnestly, sat down on a big stone by the side of the road and began to think. Tommy had a good "thinkery" when it once got in operation. He spoke out to Perker—he was in the habit of talking to his faithful little friend:

"Why, Perker, you make a game out of this, and get as much fun out of it

For The Home.

BY J. JOHN

as you would if we were going fishing, I wish I could do that; wonder if I could. Mr. Brown said that anybody could get fun out of anything, if he put in his best licks. P'raps he said if he put his heart into it—same thing, anyway. I know some folks like to work. Perker, let's try it! I've been feeling mad at poor mother. P'raps she'll make a game out of it, too."

Perker danced about on his slender legs as if they were steel springs, chewing on the rope and jerking it, growling as if it were his happy duty to protest against indignity to the entire race of aristocratic dogs. He paid no attention to Tommy's address.

"But, oh, Perker!" cried Tommy, "how can I let you go? I just can't do it. I could make a game of it easy if I had you to help, Perker."

He pulled in Perker by the rope, hand over hand, as one lands a hapling salmon in a pool, until he could gather into his arms the capering bunch of liveliness that seemed to have a hundred wriggling legs and tails and noses. He cried, Perker licked off the tears, but did not seem to share the sadness. Tommy had a high opinion of Perker's good sense, and he vaguely wondered if Perker knew better about this business than he himself did. Tommy did not really think so, but all the same he was not a little comforted and cheered by Perker's cheeriness. He delivered the dog to his new owner, took the money without a word, and instantly turned and ran with all his might without a look behind.

It was a hard day for Tommy—the longest day in his life. He did not learn much about box making that day; but his employer understood the circumstances and was patient, sure that it would be all right presently.

Sure enough, in a few days Tommy was getting interested in the work he had to do, and was putting his mind into it, resolved to make a game out of it if a boy could do such a thing. It was a hard day for Tommy when Charley Bristis came along before breakfast, put his two fingers in his mouth and made a shrill whistle that could be heard a quarter of a mile, and when Tommy went out, told him that "all the fellers were goin' swimmin' an' couldn't be come?" Tommy had some bad quarters of an hour; but he fought along like a little man—fought himself, his selfish self. His mother recovered her spirits, helped mightily by Tommy's spirit. Uncle Hiram's big heart warmed to the boy, and he put many an apple or something else as good into Tommy's pocket as he looked into the store with a cheery, "Good-morning!" on his way to the box factory.

Tommy is a judge now. He claims that Perker was the best teacher he ever had. He says that the lesson he learned of Perker was the turning point of his life, and went far to shape his character, and to give him whatever success he has had.

There is another chapter to the story, which ought to be told, although one hesitates to tell it, because it seems more like romance than sober history. The parents of the boy or girl who reads this may remember the story that went through the newspapers of the country in 1867, which was really about Tommy's father. A dozen Northern soldiers, prisoners at Cahaba, Alabama, escaped one night. They were pursued and most of them killed or recaptured and taken back to prison. One man got away, and after incredible perils and sufferings in the swamps, in the course of weeks, made his way to the Union lines. He had gone from Tommy's town, in the same company with Tommy's father, and told Tommy's mother how her husband had been in the escaping party, but had not succeeded in getting away with him.

The war ended soon after that, but Tommy's father did not return. The Congressman of the district had inquiries made, but the records of the prison showed that Tommy's father had not been recaptured. More than a year passed, and although every possible effort had been made, no trace of Tommy's father was found. About two months after Perker was sold, Tommy's father, looking old and ill, but well dressed and with a look on his face such as one might have who enters heaven, came into the house with a valise in one hand and wriggling Perker tucked under the other arm. Part of his story from the time of his escape from Cahaba to the time when he saw Perker, he could not tell. Owing to a stroke in the army, the doctors thought, he had wandered dazed for weeks, in some inexplicable manner escaping recapture—probably because he did not have any part of the uniform on—the memory of his past life, wholly gone, even his name and former home obliterated from his mind. He was at last in a Northern charitable institution, having gained a fair measure of physical and mental strength, ability to be useful to the superintendent, and a manner and carriage that showed every one that he was a gentleman, and that won everybody's respect and confidence. When the superintendent one day brought home for his little boy a

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BY J. JOHN

dog that he had bought, Tommy's father suddenly cried out:

"Perker!" He was right, although he meant another Perker, the father of Tommy's Perker. The cloud upon his mind grew thinner hour by hour, light breaking through in spots, his past coming rapidly back to him, so that in a few days he was able to return to his home, less than two hundred miles away.

Judge Thomas Blank, of Pennsylvania, does not believe that Perker, when he refused to be saddened by Tommy's tears and lamentations, knew what was going to happen, but he does believe that the selling of Perker, leading to the bringing back of his lost father, was only an unusually clear and evident illustration of the blessings God is always trying to bring us through the things we regard as calamities, and he holds that it is Scriptural, reasonable and in accord with human experience, when we come into any great trial to be perfectly sure that our heavenly Father means it to work out something for which we shall later thank Him with all our hearts.—New York Observer.

The Gruff Old Man.

The gruff old man lived in a big frame house back from the street, all alone, save his housekeeper, Miss Perry.

It was said he had dyspepsia, at any rate there was something very wrong with him, and every child in the place was ready to run when he turned his eyes toward them. For it was one thing that worried him it was boys and girls, and knowing that, they delighted to tease him. The boys tied up his gate at night and pulled his flowers out of his flower garden near the fence. And the little girls whispered and giggled behind his back when they saw him on the street.

One day a deep snow came, and instead of melting, as it usually did, the snow lay on the ground, grew deeper as night came on. So rare was this in the Southern village that the small boys and girls were full of delight, and brought out sleds, old and new.

Such a time as they had coasting down the long hill near the house of the gruff old man. Until late in the night this gay laughter and shouts were heard in the quiet town. The next morning the gruff old man, Mr. Winfrey, came down the steep hill on his way to his office.

"Look out for the ice, it's mighty slick," screamed Ted Brown from his front yard. And old Mr. Winfrey waved his cane angrily at him, and said: "Mind your own business, boy."

Just then his feet flew from under him, and down he went on the hard snow with a heavy thud.

At first Ted howled with delight, but soon found the old man was groaning with pain, and did not get up. Quickly he ran to his side, all fun dying out of his face.

"Go for Dr. Young, lad," said the gruff old man, and swift as the wind Ted went, soon bringing him back.

It was a serious accident—a broken leg, and in much pain the old man was carried home, where he would not walk for many a day.

Ted felt very badly about it, you may be sure, and even the rest of the boys and girls who had worried the old man were sorry, but they dared not tell him so.

Days passed, and very long ones they seemed to poor Mr. Winfrey. Few came to see him, for he was so cross with his neighbors they, too, were afraid of him.

Late one afternoon Miss Perry went out on the porch for a breath of fresh air, and saw something that startled her.

Close by the porch standing very solemn and quiet was the dearest little brown eyed girl she ever saw, a little "Dutch" girl, in her quaint bonnet and white dress. Instantly she knew her, it was Gladys Brown, Ted's little sister, who lived across the way.

"I's come to see the poor man," she said, gravely, "what's got his leg broke?"

"You have!" said Miss Perry, in astonishment. She had evidently run away from home, as she had no cloak about her shoulders.

"Come in to the fire, you dear child," and Miss Perry led her into the room where the old man lay looking worn and sick.

"I tum to see man, poor man," Gladys said, softly, and drew near the bed, and, somehow, the gruff old man forgot to be cross, and patted her chubby hand. It had been years and years since he had touched a baby's hand, and the hard look went out of his face at her sweet, brown eyes.

"You must run home to your mother, and come to see me tomorrow at nine o'clock, sure. Miss Perry will come for you," he said, kindly.

And the next morning Miss Perry did, and Gladys stayed an hour or more prattling away about Ted and their pets.

"And who is Ted?" Mr. Winfrey asked.

Then remembered the boy who warned him about the ice. How cross he had been! He was quite ashamed of himself now he had time to think it over. He had never known any children, and thought all a nuisance.

"When Gladys went home that day she took an invitation to Ted to come over, and he did, and for many days afterwards. There were exciting games of checkers and dominoes, and the old man seemed brighter and younger.—The Child's Gem.

For The Home.

BY J. JOHN

dog that he had bought, Tommy's father suddenly cried out:

"Perker!" He was right, although he meant another Perker, the father of Tommy's Perker. The cloud upon his mind grew thinner hour by hour, light breaking through in spots, his past coming rapidly back to him, so that in a few days he was able to return to his home, less than two hundred miles away.

Judge Thomas Blank, of Pennsylvania, does not believe that Perker, when he refused to be saddened by Tommy's tears and lamentations, knew what was going to happen, but he does believe that the selling of Perker, leading to the bringing back of his lost father, was only an unusually clear and evident illustration of the blessings God is always trying to bring us through the things we regard as calamities, and he holds that it is Scriptural, reasonable and in accord with human experience, when we come into any great trial to be perfectly sure that our heavenly Father means it to work out something for which we shall later thank Him with all our hearts.—New York Observer.

The Gruff Old Man.

The gruff old man lived in a big frame house back from the street, all alone, save his housekeeper, Miss Perry.

It was said he had dyspepsia, at any rate there was something very wrong with him, and every child in the place was ready to run when he turned his eyes toward them. For it was one thing that worried him it was boys and girls, and knowing that, they delighted to tease him. The boys tied up his gate at night and pulled his flowers out of his flower garden near the fence. And the little girls whispered and giggled behind his back when they saw him on the street.

One day a deep snow came, and instead of melting, as it usually did, the snow lay on the ground, grew deeper as night came on. So rare was this in the Southern village that the small boys and girls were full of delight, and brought out sleds, old and new.

Such a time as they had coasting down the long hill near the house of the gruff old man. Until late in the night this gay laughter and shouts were heard in the quiet town. The next morning the gruff old man, Mr. Winfrey, came down the steep hill on his way to his office.

"Look out for the ice, it's mighty slick," screamed Ted Brown from his front yard. And old Mr. Winfrey waved his cane angrily at him, and said: "Mind your own business, boy."

Just then his feet flew from under him, and down he went on the hard snow with a heavy thud.

At first Ted howled with delight, but soon found the old man was groaning with pain, and did not get up. Quickly he ran to his side, all fun dying out of his face.

"Go for Dr. Young, lad," said the gruff old man, and swift as the wind Ted went, soon bringing him back.

It was a serious accident—a broken leg, and in much pain the old man was carried home, where he would not walk for many a day.

Ted felt very badly about it, you may be sure, and even the rest of the boys and girls who had worried the old man were sorry, but they dared not tell him so.

Days passed, and very long ones they seemed to poor Mr. Winfrey. Few came to see him, for he was so cross with his neighbors they, too, were afraid of him.

Late one afternoon Miss Perry went out on the porch for a breath of fresh air, and saw something that startled her.

Close by the porch standing very solemn and quiet was the dearest little brown eyed girl she ever saw, a little "Dutch" girl, in her quaint bonnet and white dress. Instantly she knew her, it was Gladys Brown, Ted's little sister, who lived across the way.

"I's come to see the poor man," she said, gravely, "what's got his leg broke?"

"You have!" said Miss Perry, in astonishment. She had evidently run away from home, as she had no cloak about her shoulders.

"Come in to the fire, you dear child," and Miss Perry led her into the room where the old man lay looking worn and sick.

"I tum to see man, poor man," Gladys said, softly, and drew near the bed, and, somehow, the gruff old man forgot to be cross, and patted her chubby hand. It had been years and years since he had touched a baby's hand, and the hard look went out of his face at her sweet, brown eyes.

"You must run home to your mother, and come to see me tomorrow at nine o'clock, sure. Miss Perry will come for you," he said, kindly.

And the next morning Miss Perry did, and Gladys stayed an hour or more prattling away about Ted and their pets.

"And who is Ted?" Mr. Winfrey asked.

Then remembered the boy who warned him about the ice. How cross he had been! He was quite ashamed of himself now he had time to think it over. He had never known any children, and thought all a nuisance.

"When Gladys went home that day she took an invitation to Ted to come over, and he did, and for many days afterwards. There were exciting games of checkers and dominoes, and the old man seemed brighter and younger.—The Child's Gem.

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Red Greenway, M.C.