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OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY,

APRIL 12. 1907.

One Dollar a Year

## GRAN LODGE OFFICERS

B. W. HATCHER. ...Grand Lecturer T. ALDERMAN R. H. BRADLEY ... ...Grand Tiler

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marle. 20th District—John C. Burrus, Rock

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21th District—J. L. Banner, Montezu

30th District- Marshall W. Bell Murphy

SOMETHING KIND.

lotte.

erfordto:

. ROSENTHAL.

J. M. CURRIN,
C. W. TOMS

his youth and health. There were his the conversation. memories, of course-some sweet, ish heart. Here, beneath the old map. M. DELANCEY HAYWOOD . le tree by the gate, where the two had Assistant Grand Lecturers. most loved to sit, the full realization of his orphaned condition was forced upon M. MOYE. ...Wilson his mother had died when he was but a ly informed Martin Clark, an upland ...Waxhaw wee chap of four years. One special paper, which he found in the wallet, seemed to interest him Custodians.

J. E. CAMERON, Chairman .... Raleig greatly, for he read it carefully several LEON CASH .\_\_\_\_ times, and a look of high resolve and dauntless courage came into his gray BOARD OF DIRECTORS. Oxford Orphan Asylum. across the grass.

"Morning, Dick," said the voice of his neighbor across the road. "It's "He's trying hard to get," what he left you, eh?"

BY ELSIE ROBERSON.

pursued Neighbor Gow. "I haven't decided," stammered the oy in some confusion.

get a place to work?" he questioned 1st District-J. A. Kramer Elizabeth with great eagerness.

City. 2nd District—Hou. J. H Harris, Wash-3rd District— 4th District—W. R. Vaughan, Vauger certainly would not like me to

5th District-Dr. C. L. Pridgen, Kin-"You can begin on my garden,if you ike," offered Mr. Gow affably."It needs ston. 6th District—E. M. Koonce, Jacksonweeding badly, and I can't seem to find policy' minute, even if I hadn't a crick in my pine whenever I bend over. I ain't as oung as I used to be, that's a fact. oth District-W.D.McMillan, Wilming-What say, Dick? Will you take the job? ton.
10th District—H. G. Owen, Warsaw.
11th District—A. B. Andrews, Jr., Raleigh.
12th District—Col. A. C. Davis, Goldsclean out five rows between dawn and answer. boro.
13th District—Dr. N. A. Thompson, dark, and that'll be fifty cents a day,

> Dick reflected. His father had wished father. him to stay in the country. "It's the best and purest place," he was wont to Dick, flushed again, with pleasure this

14th District—Hon. U. L. Spence, Carthage.
15th District—W. C. Crowell, Monroe.
16th District—R.H. Sykes, Durham
17th District—Prof. M. C. S. Noble,
Chapel Hill.
18th District—E. B. NeaveSalisbury
19th District—R. E. Austin, Albermarle. And Dick himself did not care for the city. He had always wanted to learn lad. Are you making a fortune here? the secrets of market gardening. Here was his chance. Jacob Gow had the finford.
21st District—Leon Cash, Winston-Salem.
22nd District—C. B. Flournoy, Char est garden in the scope of three coun. and their unmentioned length. But his you like it?" resolution was soon made.

nia. 25th District—R. F.Edwards, Crumpler R. F. D. No. 1, Box 38. 26th District—J. L. Gwaltney, Taylors "Afterwards I may have something ville.

27th District - Hon. Sol Gallert, Ruth- else, if you work well," approved the shrewd market gardener."Will you be-28th District—Hilary B. Brunot, Brevard.
29th District—Dr. J. F.A. bell, Waynes

gin tomorrow?' 'This afternoon, if you like.'' said

"Good! Come after dinner, then,"

And with a parting nod, Mr. Gow stumbled home across the road.

So Dick took up the work of weed ng, under Mr. Gow's supervision, to the mingled pity and wonder of the village. But Mr. Gow did not get hold of anything Dick might have had in the wallet, though he tried by every insinuation possible to induce the lad to yield his heritage to his keeping. Dick was obtuse, and gave no intimation that he understood the hints thrown out b his employer.

He worked manfully at his job in the garden, unconscious that his neighbors and friends were discussing him and his prospects with more or lessinterest s the season advanced. His work gave im no time for gossip, if he had been nclined that way, which he was not When the big garden was weeded, Mr Gow had another proposal to make.

"I'll give you eight dollars a month and board from now till fall, and find you work, seeing as you want to learn market gardening, though it's money out of my pocket to hire at that. But, he added craftily, "likely enough whe ou're through you'll see best to put in what you've got and let me put it to

earning something for you." Dick accepted the offer, ignoring the closing remark. The few dollars h aved were put carefully away in the

"I declare I'd starve before I'd work like you do for any man," said Ben Wilson indignantly, as the two lads net one evening in the village. "He's putting lots more on you than you agreed to do for eight dollars. I know old Gow, and so do you, I should eyes were upon him. think,'

"That may be; but I promised to stay, so I can't leave," replied Dick. "It isn't in writing," urged Ben.

"No; but it is in my word." "Then, if I couldn't leave, I'd take some way of feathering my nest and make my perquisites," declared the

other vehemently. "Whatever I get in this life will, be houestly come by," was all Dick vouch-

Richard Sterling turned the old wal-safed in answer, as he walked away. let over in his fingers. It was all that "Who was that lad?" asked a gentlewas left him now -the old wallet and man who chanced to overhear part of

"Dick Sterling, son of old John Stersome sad, but all very dear to his boy- ling one of the best men in these parts. Father died, and Dick got in with Jake Gow to learn market gardening. Gow got the best of the bargain, and Dick's chump enough to hang on. Got queer notious about his promises," garrulous-

> "It would seem so, indeed," said the gentleman, reflectively. "What kind of a business man was John Sterling? Leave the boy anything?"

"Sterling was honest as the day is eyes as he read. As he folded the pallong. Left that to Dick, anyway. If per reverently, and was laying it away again inside the wallet, a shadow fell it stated," replied the farmer "Know Gow?"
f "Slightly."

farmer near Gow's.

hard lines for you, losing your father the boy had left him, but there seeems What have you got there? Something to be a miserly streak in Dick. He didn't get that from his father, though. The keen eyes were riveted on the Most of the folks agree that Sterling paper Dick was putting away, as he rose must have saved something up or Dick and answered briefly: wouldn't work so cheap," and Clark looked thoughtful, while the gentle-"Going to invest it or live it out?" man repressed a smile as he stepped into his carriage.

It was a very warm day in June, and Dick was busy "bugging" the early po-"Hope you don't think I'm trying tatoes. His mind, however, was upon othto pry into matters that don't concern er tuings, Mr Gow had just left him with me said the old, man hastily. "But a boy might better trust his elders. Going to into the night. And for eight dollars a month and poard! he pondered. He had reached the end of the row, and, "I should like a place," answered straightening himself up to shake his Dick, in a straightforward manner, "Fath | head, he laughed, softly, as he leaned against the fence along the highway and addressed the contents of his bucket:

"After all, bugs, 'honesty is the best

"So that is your conslusion?"

Dick started and doffed his straw hat with a blush, as a gentleman leaped over the fence skirting the road. He You'll be saving your capital and I'll had not heard the carriage as it drew give you tencents a row and your board up beneath the walnut trees at the nd lodging. If you're spry, you can bend. The speaker did not wait for an

"I hear you are John Sterling's son he said pleasantly. "A boy with a good

time, however.

"No, but reputation travels fast, my "Well, hardly," responded Dick, with a smile.

"How would you like a position as ties on Nebraska soil, but he had a assistant gardener? I am Harold Wes reputation that made workmen hesitate ton, of Omaha. There is such a vacan Dick was hesitating now. He smiled cy at my place, and wages are good and faintly at thought of those weedy rows promotion certain, if you suit. Would

"Like it!"Dick's soul shone through "I'll try the garden, sir," he said, his gray eyes. "I guess I should like it! When—when would you want me?" Voice and hands trembled as he asked the question.

"Immediately. Time is very presing just now," was the reply.

"I—I am engaged to Mr. Gow until September," faltered Dick. "He will have to find someone else

if you go." "He can hardly do that for what he pays me, and perhaps not at all just

now-at least no one who understands the work," Dick objected. 'Well, you are not bound, are you? No contract in writing, I mean?"

asked Mr. Weston impatiently Dick's gray eyes opened wide. "My honor-" he stammered,

couldn't break my agreement, no mat. ter how it was made. "My young friend, I fear you are over-particular, with such a chance

before you," said the gentleman, smiling persuasively.
"Father would not think so," replied Dick, his eyes downcast to hide the

mist gathering over them. "Then you decline?"

"I must, sir. But you don't know how much I would like to accept. "That's all very well, but I want a

boy with just the reputation you have of being worthy of trust. If you change your mind before Saturday noon, let me know. After that it will be too late as I must have someone ere the week is out. Good-day.' Dick looked wistfully after the car-

riage as it was driven rapidly away. For a moment it seemed as if he mus call it back. He stood with closed lips and longing eyes for some time, fore him. There were two more days in which he could think of it. He did think. And for two days Mr. Gow watched him sharply. Often as the boy washed at the back sink and abstractedly wiped his face, Mr. Gow's

"Well, it is not the most desirable again this season," he answered, goodnaturedly.

ORGAN OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Gow watched the boy plunge in to work with almost reckless zeal. He'saw him do extra jobs that he found for him, until even his grasping soul felt some compunction as Dick's face grew more serious, and on Friday night the end of the month, he actually fin gered an extra quarter for some min utes after he had paid the boy his regu ar wages. But his fingers came out of the pocket empty, and he said to Dick:

"You've been extra smart this week lad, but I want you up a little earlie than common tomorrow morning." "All right, sir," replied Dick. "It's

fences first, I believe." All that night the boy tossed sleep essly on his bed. Finally he arose and went to the window, standing with folded arms, as he looked toward the ights of Omaha, visible not three miles

"He wants a boy of my reputation," ne said to himself: "and, if I do it, he would not get such a boy, so that ends

Then he went back to bed and fel

He was up before his employer nex morning, and came near, as Mr. Gow was wont to boast in after years, to do ing a day's work before breakfast. After preakfast the same pace was kept up till late in the forenoon. Suddenly he old gardener dropped his hammer lecisively. He looked at the sun.

"Nearly ten o'clock, Dick. Go hitch up Nell and then get into your clothes want you to go along with me."

Wondering inwardly, Dick obeyed oth orders, and the two were presently lriving at a rattling pace toward Omaha. Just before noon they drove up to a beautiful estate, comprising wide parks and flower gardens, fair as a dream of Eden. A man approached them as Mr. Gow drew rein, and Dick perceived to his intense astonishment, that it was Mr. Weston, his caller of wo days before. "Mr. Gow, I believe," he said pleas

antly. "Drive right in and let me

"I can tell you that without driving in," said Mr. Gow with a blunt direct ness. "You've been trying to coax my boy away," and he chuckled at the look of astonishment on the faces of his two hearers. "I was behind that slump fence and heard every word of that talk. Here, Dick, you jump down and see what you can find out about celery growing, while I'm settling

"But, Mr. Gow -- "

"You needn't say a word. I heard it all, and I know you ain't sulked on shirked or struck a lick less. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't so. Go along, I tell

Dick went to look at the celery, but eturned shortly to hear Mr. Gow say-

ng: "I dou't hold up anything against Dick but one thing."

"What is that? asked Dick, auxiously "Well, I did think you might have let me know something about what your father left you, and let me have the use of it, seeing I gave you first chance. But I shan't go back on what I came for. He's to be depend. ed on, Mr. Weston, from first to last and you're to keep him right here now while I'm in the notion. He's been square with me, and I'll be square with

In a flash Dick realized what the old nan meant, and his face lighted as he drew forth the old wallet, his hands trembling with emotion

"This is what father left--all there is," he said gently, handing the wallet to Mr. Gow, whose eyes regained their eady look as he grasped it. He opene it and drew cut a folded paper, at which ne gazed steadily for some moments, then hastily crowded it back into th wallet and pushed the latter into Dick's

"I've had the use of that heritage five months and never knew it until to ay," he said huskily, as he gathered up the lines and drove hastily away. Dick drew the paper forth and handed it to Mr. Weston, who read as fol-

"My son, this is your heritagegood name. Keep it clean. Seize the first worthy opportunity that comes and do not relinguish it except for better. Make your word your bond. Be honest industrious, true. yourself, and all others. Have faith in Fod. Success will come."

"John Sterling."

"I didn't think," is what people say ofttimes when they suddenly become aware of the pain which some heedless ips and longing eyes for some time, hen turned resolutely to the work beore him. There were two more days in which he could think of it. He did hink. And for two days Mr. Gow watched him sharply. Often as the boy washed at the back sink and abtractedly wiped his face, Mr. Gow's yes were upon him.

"fired of bugging?" he asked once.

"Aware of the pain which some heedlers act or careless word of theirs has given to agree the pain which some heedlers and their sharply and the given to give their sharply and the problem is to get it to its true place, where it will become motive and inspiration to gentleness, instead of pain and penitence over a failure in love's duty. We would do well to get our kindnesses done while they will do good, giving cheer and encouragement, and keeping them back till there is need for them—

## For The Home.

BE SQUARE.

We may name a hundred drawbacks We may name a hundred drawbacks
That a man must meet in life,
We may say it's all a "battle"
And a never ending "strife,"
Then resolve to meet it bravely—
Stand the test—to do and dare—
But the secret of true victory
Lies in one word, just be "Square."

There is something in the twinkle of an honest fellow's eye
That can never be mistaken
And can never be passed by,
Be his station high or lowly,
There's that dauntless upright air,
Which convinces all beholders That the man they see is "Square."

Heaven gives such men influence Over those they daily meet.

If they see a fallen brother

They will help him keep his feefMake the "sneaks" a bit uneasy—
Make the "false" act kind of fair,

Ext the critical sees a significant of the same and For the greatest rogue on record! Will respect the man who's "Square."

—M. Gertrude Robertson.

## AUNT CA'LINE'S WAH'NIN'.

BY VADE MECUM.

If there was anything in the world that made Jill an altogether happy little girl, it was to have Aunt Ca'line roast her an egg. It was always a very iomentous occasion to them both, the interest beginning when the wrinkled brown face and the dimpled pink andwhite one, bent over the wellfilled bas ket to select the eggs for roasting, and continued to grow deeper and deeper, until the hot tid-bit was fished out of the ashes, all ready for eating.

"Hit's 'bleeged ter be er big 'uu," juoth Aunt Ca line, nodding her towering turban wisely. "Yo' know when hit gins ter bile, hit's got ter have room ter swoll in, kase effen hit ain't, dar's gwyn ter be er bus'ed aigg, an' er bus'ed aigg allus means er wahn'in' dat somethin gwyn come ter pass."

This last impressed Jill greatly, and she and the old woman searched carefully through the eggs, until three were found just the right shape and size. Shape was important as well as size, for, as Auut Ca'line oracularly declared. "Hit's 'bleeged ter be bigger at one eend dan hit am at de urrer, kas effen hit ain't, hit'll topple over an' all spill out, an den I axes yo', whar's yo' aigg?' This last was a convincinargument, so of course an egg with

a solid foundation was chosen. Then each shell had to have a little hole picked in the small end, into which a stout straw was inserted, to serve as a handle by and by, when the egg was lone. They were next carefully wrapped in wet brown paper, and then tucked snugly down among the hot wood shes, while the two roasters, with Dandy an interested third, sat down

before the big fireplace to await results. "I'm so glad you told me about the oluebirds yesterday, Aunt Ca'line, for I do love to hear about the pretty things that live out of doors," announced Jill, her dimpled chin in her hand, and her eyes on the eggs. The old woman was kuitting in her low chair, and at the child's words she adjusted the huge horn rimmed glasses on her flat nose and beamed approvingly at the little bluegowned figure sitting in the old egg

basket. "Sho' now, honey, yo' jes' teches de varmes' spot in my ole heart when yo lows dat, kase endurin' de years sence ny chillum all went erway ter freedom got moughty thick wid de burds an de beas'es dat roams erroun' my cabin Er dumb critter's er whole passel of ompany when yo' done got ole an onesome. Hit s true dat dey can't do uffin in de talkin' line 'cept howl an' ark an' squawk, an' squea! an' bellow but dat's er mussy sometimes, kase dar ain t er mite o' dauger o' dey gettin uppety, an' er jawin ov yo' back.

'I wish Jimmy was a beast of the field or a fowl of the air," said Jill, and then s Aunt Ca'line's mouth and eyes open ed wide, she nodded her bright head igorously. "I do, indeed, for then he couldn't do anything but squeal and squawk and bellow and howl, and now he can do all those things, and he can talk besides and that is the very worsest of all! Today I found a poor little bird in the grass and brought it in to feed it I thought it was a mocker, but Jimmy said I was a girl, and didn't have any sense, for it was just an old catbird and that he was going to squash it. He did, so it's dead now." And the big tears stood so thick in the brown eyes that Jill failed entirely to see the happy little jig the straws in the eggs were

"I gwyn lay my han' on dat dan Jeems, yo' see effen I ain't!" snorted Aunt Ca'line, with a fervor that made uaughty Jill beam and twinkle through her tears. "I reckon I knows as much erbout catburds as dat boy do, an' so

I'll tell him de fust chauct I gits." "Tell me about them right now, while our eggs cook," piped Jill, nearly toppling out of her egg basket in her eagerness to learn the ways of another bird, and beaming delightedly at her small listener, the ancient oracle began: room.

"I has allus been great on fambly, what's good in people am moughty likey ter be good in burd an' beast critters. apron. Poor little Jill tried in vain to So I'm pintedly pleased ter specify dat de catburd am er double fust cousin ter nothing from her, except repeated le mocker.

"Dar's er pair o' catburds dat's been buildin' in my yard fer three year now come dis May, an' I mus' say, I ain't neber seed er mo' pleasin' behaved couple o' critters in all my bawn days An' why hit is, dat boys an' even men folkses, as well, 'lows dat er catburd am er fowel ter be rocked an' treated mean is somethin' I ain't eber been able ter fine out.

"He's er moughty tasty burd in de dress, am Mars Cat Burd, an' w'ars er tight gray jacket dat's moughty be comin' ter his fine figger. Miss Cat Burd she mo' quiet lak, au' w'ar er dress lat's pritty dingy, though she's er rat piert little burd ooman, an' sho' do love her nes' an' her chillum!

"Dese two I'm 'quainted wid build ley nes' in dat dar thorn tree rat by my ack gate, an' I mus' say hit's er moughty wobbly, rough kind o' place ter go ter housekeepin' in. Hit's made 'sticks, all piled togedder, and de inside lined smoove an' saft wid roots an nar' what Mars Cat Burd mos' likely stole outen er hoss's tail.

"Dem two sho' do lak each urrer an le way he sing an' dance in de trees fer her to look at am jes' plum bawdacious! An' fight! Why, chile, dat dar Mars Cat Burd, he jes' natchally totes er chip on he shoulder all de time, an' he go troompin' 'roun' plum bus'in open fer somebody to knock hit off. An' effen trouble don't trouble him, he jes' gits out an' hunts hit up, an' en bounces in and raises de bigges' racket ever yo' heeard in all yo' bawn lays. Dar's my ole cat, Rhody. A peaceabler cat ain't neber been bawn dan my Rhody, but Mars Cat Burd, he es' skip up ter her, when she takin' er nap in de sun, and he flop her wid he wing, an' he swear at her, twell dat po' ole Rhody, she flatten herself out lak she been tromped on, an' de way she skeedaddle under de cabin am plum ter

rifyin' "An' de yallar hen! He hop at her twell she jes' gits teched in de haid, an' he flop along de path arter me, an' swar in burd talk, twell I 'low I mus' be le no countes' ole nigger coman dat dar catburd ever sot wicked brack eye

"An' de way de little chap sing do peat all creation! He gits up dar on de branch by he nes', whar Miss Cat Burd kin see him, an' den yo' neber see sech hines as he cut, er bowin' au' er makin' er feather fan outen he tail, an' er hoop skirt wid he wings! Den, when her eyes mos' poppin' out wid pleasure, kase he so handsome, he gin ter sing de sof'es' little song, an' hit gits londer an' sweeter, twell bime by hit 'ud mek Mars Mockin Burd tuck he haid wid shame, hit so pritty."

"Jimmy says cathirds eat up a lot of fine fruit every year," piped Jill from the egg basket, and loud and long did Aunt Ca'line snort.

"I sees rat pintedly dat I got ter place my han' on dat dar oneary Jeems," she said, wagging her white turban ominously. "De mite o' fruit the carburd eat in er year ain't wuff even talkin erhout, hit's so little, au' de bugs da he catches in de orchard is so many dat bery farmer had ought ter git moughty thick wid him, kase he jes' de frien' he kin have, let me tell vo' dat! ffen dey would let de catburds alone. dar wouldn't be so many fine fruit trees et up by varmints as dey is every year "I got er moughty saft place in my

ole heart fer Miss Cat Burd, kase I ain never yit seed no critter dat love her home an' her fambly lak dat little thing do. Her nes' blowed outen de tree on year, an' de nex' day I foun' her crouched in hit, rat kerslap on de groun'! Den she got er good heart fer urrer folkses troubles, too, has Miss Cat Burd, kase sometimes when she fine er nes' o' young burds, whose mar been kilt by some boy lak dat Jeems, little Miss Cat Burd, she keeps keer o' dem yether babies as well as her own twell de po thing am all wore out. Dey sings hyar in my yard, an' dey teach all dey little ones ter fly in my trees, froo de mer, an' den some night in de fall time o' de year Mars Cat Burd he go trompin erbout, tellin' he frien's dat he gwyn Souf fer he health, an' off dey go, wid' out so much as er word ov goodby, flyn' erway to whar hit's warm, in de darkness o' de nighttime.' Absorbed in her talk, Aunt Ca'line

had not noticed the eggs, nor, had any but Dandy heard the sinister mutterngs that came from the big yellow one, ight in the middle of the hearth. It was having rather a hard time of it, was that egg, the white bubbling over the sides and running down in a little pud dle among the ashes. Sundry hisses and pops followed this miniature vo canic eruption, and then, just as Aunt Ca'line laid down her knitting and eaned over to investigate her lunch, there came a loud report, and a shower of egg and ashes sent Dandy howling out the door, and the old woman wailing into the fartherest corner of the

"Hit's er wah'nin', er wah'nin', an' 1 kase I laks ter know what kine o' des-centers folkes comes from,an'l'lows dat pass!'' she moaned, rocking herself to and fro, with her face buried in her comfort her, then being able to get moans about something coming to pass, the little girl fished the remaining eggs out of the ashes, and on being assured that nothing would induce her hostess to touch one, she tucked them in her pocket and scampered home with Dandy .- Baptist Boys and Girls.

> When Mark Pearse was Pass Them fourteen years old, he went to London, having been in a school in

> Germany. He stayed in London long enough to spend his money, excepting enough to pay his fare to his home in Cornwall. He went by train to Bristol, and there

took passage on a vessel. He thought that the passage money included his board, and therefore ordered his meals

At the end of the journey a dapper little steward presented a bill for meals

"I have no money," said the surprised

"Then," replied the steward, "you should not have taken your meals at the table. What is your name?" "Mark Guy Pearse,

The steward closed his book, took the boy by the hand, and said, "I never thought I should live to see you. My mother was in great distress years ago. My father had died suddenly, and your father was very kind to my mother and me. I promised myself then that if I could ever do so I would show like kindness to some one your father loved.

The truly grateful steward paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings, and sent him ashore in a boat rowed by five sailors.

Mark's father was waiting to receive

"Father," said the boy, "it is a good thing to have a good father;" and then the story of the steward's kindness was told. "My lad," said Mark Pearse, "it is

him in doing what I did. Now he has passed it on to you. As you grow up, mind that you often pass it on to others." Years afterwards, when the boy had

long since I passed the kindness on to

become a man, he was going by rail on a short journey, when he saw a boy crying bitterly. On asking the cause of his grief, the

boy replied that he had not enough money by four pence to pay his fare to the town in which he lived. Mark Pearse at once bought the boy

a ticket, and then related his own experience on the steamer years before. "And now," he concluded, "I want you to be sure and pass this kindness on to

others, if you are ever able to do so.' As the train left the station, the smiling boy waved his handkerchief, and said, "I will pass it on, sir: I will pass it

Good deeds, kind acts-pass them on, Pass them on. The year awaits them three hundred and sixty five days—full of human deeds .- Youth's Companion.

"Now for a ride!" exclaim-He was a ed Dick, the largest of a Coward. group of boys who were playing marbles on the sidewalk, as he noticed a heavily loaded wagon being drawn slowly down the

"No-o, let's just play on; my mamma told me never to steal rides that way or some time I would get hurt," said John-

ny, the smallest boy in the crowd.
"Ba-ah! I wouldn't be tied to my mammy's apron strings. What does she know about it, anyway? Why, I've been having all the rides I want ever since I was three or four years old and never got hurt yet!" exclaimed Dick,

Johnny loved his mamma and knew he would be perfectly safe in obeying her, but when the other boys called him a "coward" as they started toward the wagon he followed them.

No sooner had the last boy climbed on than the driver turned around and began lashing the boys right and left with his long whip. Johnny received a blow across his eyes which caused him to fall backward down between the two wheels, the hinder one running over

wheels, the hinder one running over his ankle.

The next thing he knew he was lying on the sofa. His mother was bathing his face, and the doctor was working with his ankle. O how it did hurt! And with his ankle. O how it did hurt! And his head and his eyes—he thought they would burst! His mamma was crying, but she smiled as he looked up into her face and said, "I was afraid you would never open your eyes!"

Aside from being badly bruised; a bone was broken in vis ankle, and Johnny was unable to walk without a crutch for several weeks.

for several weeks.

for several weeks.

Several days after his accident he had a long talk with his mamma about "cowards," and before it ended he decided that the boy who lets any one shame him into disobeying his mother is a real coward, while the little man who is tind tight enough to his method. who is tied tight enough to his mother's apron string that the boys may call him a coward all they want to and still be unable to force him to disobey her—that kindof a boy is a real little soldier.— American Boys and Girls.

## If thou caust tell me something kind That has been thought of me, If thou caust lift my spirit up To moods of buoyancy, Then speak the words I pray thee, However light they seem Withhold not from me an Withhold not from me anything That adds to life s sweet dream

If thou canst tell me of some one If thou canst point me to some spot That I have brighter made,

Then whisper softly anto me,
In accents fond and low;
The kind truth never hurts nor harms, But sets the heart aglow.

So come with light and warmth and To meet me every day.
effect to me the world's bright smiles,
And hide its frowns away.
h, hast thou sorrows of thine own?
Have others injured thee?

Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel My tender sympathy. But if some cruel, heedless tongue Has uttered words of hate, With justice or injustice cursed My errors, hesitate Before thou tell'st me what will bring But shadows in my life. (Sod knows we all have need of love

To calm our secret strife! If thou canst tell me something kind That has been thought or spoken, If thou canst lift a spirit up Too oft by treach'ry broken

Too oft by treach'ry broken,
Repeatit, dear, my faith inspire,
However vain it seems;
For I would fain be trustful still,
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.
—Selected.