

some day you may get a place with our regular carriers."

Arthur's route lay in the northern part of the city. At first the houses were built up thickly and his papers disappeared rapidly. It was jolly fun, he thought. He had longed for this kind of work, and wished now that it was to last. Such a place would not keep him out of school, and what lots of spending money it would give him!

Presently the houses fell apart. He had to walk further to leave one paper now than formerly for three. He had started out with a rush, but began to feel it now and so went more moderately.

His pile of the papers lowered with discouraging slowness. The fun had gone now and it began to be work. His footsteps lagged more and more as he went in and out the yards. Now he had to go a whole block before reaching a house. He stopped to count his papers—nearly fifty yet remained.

"Hello, Art! What yer doin'?"

It was Tom Higgins.

"Distributing papers," Arthur replied.

"Distributin' papers? How much d'ye get?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Twenty-five cents! How many papers d'ye have?"

"A hundred and fifty."

"Hundred 'n' fifty! It's worth more'n' that for a hundred 'n' fifty. Ain't ye gettin' tired?"

"Oh, a little," Arthur replied. He did not like Tom Higgins, for Tom was a bad character, ever ready for a fight. Arthur was not afraid of him, but he did not wish to offend him.

"How many ye got left?" Tom asked, looking at Arthur's sack in which he carried the papers.

"Forty-one."

"Forty-one! You're a fool if ye peddle the rest. I wouldn't."

Arthur walked on in silence. How his feet did ache!

"I'd throw the whole lot into the ditch 'n' go back 'n' git my pay," said Tom as Arthur came out of the next yard. "The others'll do that way; ye see if they don't."

Arthur smiled; but it was weak and yielding. Tom saw that the idea was not displeasing to him. They had reached a corner; Tom glanced about him. Arthur followed his look and his eyes rested on a culvert which ran under the road.

"Lemme see," said Tom, coming up and opening the bag. His face wore a leer as he removed all but four of the papers. Arthur made no resistance. He knew what Tom was going to do; but it did not seem so much his wrong if Tom did it.

In a moment they were tucked into the culvert; and Tom left, going down a side street. Arthur was glad to be alone.

As he entered the next yard he met a gentleman coming out. Arthur wondered whether their action had been seen, he looked so sharply at him.

The gentleman was Mr. Hooker, the leading clothing merchant of Greenville. He read his paper, turning to his advertisement as he walked down town. When he reached the 'Gazette' office he turned in.

"What will you charge, Mr. Drusky, to print five thousand circulars for me—of a good size and to contain my 'ad' which appears in your issue to-day?"

Mr. Drusky named a sum.

"Very well; you may print me that number."

"Why not circulate them for you too?" Mr. Drusky asked. "For a little more we will have our carriers put one into every house in town."

Mr. Hooker smiled.

"No, thank you. I noticed a carrier of yours drop a bundle of papers into a culvert up my way, as I came down."

Mr. Drusky looked annoyed. After the other had gone he took down a list of the extra carriers and hunted out the boy who had been assigned that portion of the town.

Arthur Seldon, he breathed, surprised and pained. For a long time he had known Arthur and been attracted by his bright boyish face. Could it be possible that dishonesty was there also? He had never seen it.

There was to be a vacancy on their force of regular carriers, and since Arthur's application that morning he had determined to give him the place. But if this charge were true it would be impossible.

At that moment the door opened and Arthur entered.

"Aren't you back rather soon?" Mr. Drusky asked.

"I hurried," the boy replied, showing some shortness of breath and other evidence of embarrassment.

Mr. Drusky then spoke to him, bringing in the word 'culvert' in such a way that if the boy were innocent he would not understand, but if guilty he would certainly show it. Arthur started and blushed scarlet. The business manager was convinced, and the pained expression deepened in his face. How was he to show this boy the wickedness of his deed? Possibly this was his first wrong step, and if properly spoken to now it might make a difference with his whole future.

"Arthur, I did not think you would do such a thing—"

"I didn't," interrupted the boy. "It was—" He stopped; strange that after being dishonest in this thing it should suddenly occur to him that he could not honorably tell on Tom! Mr. Drusky waited for him to finish.

"I—I can go back and get the papers and finish," Arthur stammered, his face burning.

"Won't they be soiled?"

"No, sir. The place was dry."

"Very well. And when you return I wish to speak to you a moment."

The boy hurried away, filled with shame and confusion. He wondered how Mr. Drusky knew, and why he hadn't been angry and scolded. Instead he had looked grieved and spoken kindly. Arthur felt very mean.

He found his papers and finished distributing them. But on his return Mr. Drusky was not in; Arthur was glad of this, for he shrank from meeting him. The bookkeeper received the boy and gave him his pay.

Arthur did not meet his friend Ben Brown again until Tuesday night after school. Ben was on his way to the 'Gazette' office.

"I've got a steady job, now, Art," he said as he walked along. "I'm one of the regular carriers."

"Is that so?" Arthur asked in surprise.

"When did you begin?"

"Last night. Why don't you ask for a place? Mr. Drusky knows you; I believe you could get one."

A cloud quickly overspread Arthur's face. He felt that he was known too well.

"Oh, I don't believe I could," he answered with an attempt at carelessness. "They've probably got all the carriers they want now."

"But they change every little while," Ben persisted. "Anyway, I know where you can get some work for to-night."

"Where?" Arthur asked eagerly.

"Over at Hooker's clothing store. He's got a lot of bills that he wants distributed. Come on, and I'll go with you."

At the store they found six or eight boys

ahead of them. But Mr. Hooker had work for all. Each boy was given a bundle of papers and told in what part of the town to distribute them. When Arthur's turn came Mr. Hooker was about to serve him, as the others; but glancing more closely he said sharply,

"No, I don't want you. I saw the other night how you distribute circulars. You can go!" And pointed to the door.

It was the most humiliating blow Arthur had ever received. Covered with shame and confusion he slunk away.

"Why, what did he mean?" Ben asked when they were on the walk.

"I don't know," began Arthur. Then his face fairly burned. He had told a lie! He darted a quick look towards Ben. Ben must know it; everybody must know it; it seemed to burn all over him.

It was time for Ben to go for his papers now and he did not wait for further explanation. Arthur had never felt so miserable in all his life. He was sure no one would ever trust him again.

In the next few days there were several times when Arthur would have met Mr. Drusky had he not purposely avoided him; and so it was that, instead of having his talk with Arthur, he put what he had to say into his general remarks at the close of Sabbath-school on the following Sunday.

Mr. Drusky said that because one had made a failure or had done a wrong it need not necessarily blight his whole life. If one recognized the wrong and would earnestly strive he might yet with the help of God make his future bright and honorable. From this Arthur gathered new hope. He had been feeling very disconsolate; but now he set his face firmly forward and resolved to go ahead, always adhering to the right.

Arthur never became a carrier, but a few years later he was given a position as reporter on the staff of the 'Gazette.' Then it was that he learned from Mr. Drusky that Ben Brown had been given the place as carrier which he would have received had he done right on that memorable afternoon long ago. Arthur not only believes that honesty is the best policy, but he is now doing everything upon honor, because it is right.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Twilight.

(By L. Death.)

The summer's twilight falls on all about,
While o'er the land the sleepy, sighing
breeze

Plays softly through the flower-scented
trees,

And we sit watching as the stars come out.

The singing birds have sung the last good-
night,

And sleep in silent safety near the nest;
All nature slow and softly sink to rest,

The while we watch the lamps of heaven
light.

Unbroken is the evening's solitude

Save by the chirping crickets in the grass,
Or by some whistling neighbor that may
pass,

Or distant children's laughing interlude.

Far, far above, in heaven's clear blue dome,
The stars come faintly twinkling one by
one,

Like scattered glory of the vanished sun,
Lifting our hearts to thoughts of God and
home.

As on this earth we thus His works behold,

In all their quiet glory so sublime,
So may we live that in that heavenly clime
We may dwell 'midst His wonders yet
untold.