

that. By the way, did you apply for that position with Crowell & Co.?"

"Yes, did you?"

"Two weeks ago, but have heard nothing from it. I conclude they are not in any haste for a clerk. I know of a dozen fellows who have applied."

"It is likely to be a pretty good place for the one who gets it, not only in regard to salary, but in business training. Mr. Crowell worked up from a small beginning and has some valuable business ideas, I am told."

"Well, the place is good pay, that's all I care about," replied Will carelessly, taking a cigarette from his pocket. "It's the ducats I am after just now. I am willing to work for them, but honest work deserves honest pay, I say. How Crowell worked up, or that foot of the ladder business, doesn't interest me, I must confess."

"A permanent position with a good firm is worth more than money to a young man," Frank said seriously. "Oh, Will, don't smoke that," as Will scratched a match with which to light the cigarette. "You handicap yourself in the very beginning if you indulge in those vile cigarettes."

"If you're going to get preachy, I'm off," Will replied, his face flushing half angrily. "I thought I told you I had taken out emancipation papers." And so saying Will tipped his hat a little farther back, squared his shoulders jauntily and walked off, a thin curl of smoke floating back over his shoulder.

Frank sighed and walked on toward the little home where his mother was waiting for him on the porch. He loved Will North, and it was hard to see him drifting into ways where he could not, dared not follow, after their many years of friendship.

"What is it, son?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, her quick mother eyes reading in a moment the trouble in his. He told her in a few words.

"I am so glad, dear, that you had the courage to refuse to join that Sabbath-breaking crowd. It is my heart's dearest wish that you become such a man as your father was," and the widow's slender hand rested affectionately on her boy's shoulder. "I know it is hard to part company with friends where the ways diverge, but you will never be sorry if you always choose the right way, however lonely."

"It is lonely, mother," Frank confessed, ruefully. "Most of the boys I know think I am a crank, though some of them are too polite to say so, and even the girls prefer the boys who have more dash and less conscience."

"Let mother be your 'best girl' for a little while, until you have proven how much the best your way is," and a soft pink suffused the faded cheeks.

"All right, mother," Frank replied laughingly. "No boy in town will have a nicer girl to wait upon, I am sure of that."

A few days later Mr. Crowell and his junior partner were sitting in their private office. A list of names lay upon the desk before Mr. Crowell, adorned with several check marks and private notes, which he was evidently comparing.

"Well sir, how does it stand?" asked Mr. Moore. "Mr. Tucker tells me the department is badly in need of a helper."

"The department can better afford to

wait than to have unsatisfactory help hurried into it. You know my rule not to hire in haste to repent at leisure"—Mr. Crowell took off his glasses and wiped them carefully—and out of a dozen applicants whom I have taken pains to prove fully, the choice has fallen upon two, and I am in doubt as to which of the two is the best for the place."

"And who are they?" His partner's business methods were a source of much private amusement to Mr. Moore, though he freely admitted they produced the best results.

"Frank Goodwin and William North, and you will see that the two are pretty evenly balanced. North is handsome, and has a pleasant, winning way which has its commercial value, especially with ladies; still I fancied I smelled cigarette smoke on his clothing when I met him last evening. Goodwin isn't nearly so fine looking, but Dr. Riggs gives him such a recommendation as few young men could command from such a man. "Absolutely above temptation to do a mean or a dishonest act," means a good deal in commercial life."

"Indeed it does, sir," replied Mr. Moore seriously, "and added to the sincere desire to earn advancement which I am sure that young Goodwin has, can hardly fail to make a good business man of him." Just then the evening paper was thrown in, and Mr. Crowell looked it over while Mr. Moore added a column of figures.

"Ah, here we are," exclaimed Mr. Crowell. "Here is our Mr. North's name in the list of players in a game of Sunday baseball."

"Isn't young Goodwin's name there, too? They have been chums for years."

Mr. Crowell read the list over carefully, and with a sigh of relief. "No, and I am heartily glad of it, Mr. Moore. It is terrible, actually terrible, sir, to see the Sabbath desecration among the young, and the old, too, for that matter. I was raised in strict old Puritan style, and I am very thankful for it. I never have brought to my business on Monday morning a brain and body weary and fagged with Sunday indulgence in games or excursions. If ever there was a wise and beneficent provision for man it is the Christian Sabbath, and I will have no young man in my employ who has not the good sense to appreciate it."

"Aren't you a little severe, sir?" asked Mr. Moore smilingly, as his partner wiped his brow excitedly. "Young men are thoughtless, and perhaps Mr. North has not given the subject due consideration."

"Perhaps he hasn't, but look at the fellows he is associated with; the fastest set in town. How long would it be before there are wine suppers after the games and all sorts of foolishness to tempt the young man who has not the stamina to consider. On no account, Mr. Moore, would I take a person into my employ who has not self-respect enough to "think" in choosing his occupations and his companions," and Mr. Crowell placed a sign opposite the name of Will North which effectually closed the question of ducats for him so far as the firm of Crowell & Co. were concerned.

"So you got the place, Frank. Of course I won't pretend that I wouldn't have liked it for myself, but I'd rather see you do well than any one I know. The boys are on the lookout for me, though, and every

one of them has a rich father and influence, so I'm sure to strike a job sooner or later," and Will North looked very confident, quite satisfied to gain employment through influence rather than merit.

"I hope you may, Will," Frank answered cordially. "I shall be most heartily glad to see you prosper."

"By the way, Frank, how is Crowell to work for? I've heard that he is awfully strict."

"None too much so for such a large business. No one could be kinder to me than "Mr." Crowell has been," and Frank laid special stress on the respectful title. "For where so many are employed it would not be wise to allow loose ends in discipline, and the rules are not too exact."

From that day the path of life began to diverge widely for the two young men. Frank Goodwin threw all the energies of his fine mind into acquiring a thorough knowledge of the business in which he was engaged, and every day advanced him in the respect and esteem of his employers.

Will North "got a job" in several places, through the influence of his associates, but his mind was upon anything and everything rather than his work, and especially upon pay days and holidays, so it was not surprising that he went from one "job" to another with easy transition to the lower grades of employment. At last accounts he was educating himself for a star pitcher in a champion base-ball club.

## Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

### CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Overpowered by the effort she had made, and fearful there was something presuming in a poor creature like herself daring to speak to the being she so revered, Daph sat down on the floor, in a position of silent humility. A conviction that she had been heard and forgiven for the boldness of her prayer stole over her, and she stretched herself as usual on the bare floor, and was soon in a sound sleep.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A NEW PATH.

Daph rose the following morning, at her usual early hour, and went to perform her customary ablutions beside the well, keeping, however, a sharp look out for Mrs. Ray, to be ready to beat a retreat as soon as that formidable person should make herself heard. No Mrs. Ray appeared, and Daph's curiosity tempted her to take a peep into the room which served as kitchen, parlor, and general abiding-place for Mrs. Ray and Mary, though they slept in the loft above.

Mary was diligently ironing, at this early hour, giving from time to time dolorous glances at a great basketful of damp clothes, which seemed to diminish but slowly under her efforts.

"Where's your ma?" said Daph, as she thrust her head fairly in at the door, regardless of consequences.

"Mother's very sick this morning," said Mary sorrowfully. "She can't even turn herself in bed, and all these clothes must go home to-night; we have had to keep them too long now, it has been so wet."

"Nebber fret 'bout de clo'es," said Daph,