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Grandmother's Story.

BY OLIVER MERRILL.

We were spending the holidays at grandfather's. "We," included nine first cousins who spent a few weeks out of every year at the old farm with grandfather and grandmother. As we all go to school in the winter there is not much time for visiting, so we generally arrange to meet at grandfather's in the summer.

One beautiful moonlight night we were all assembled on the broad front porch, and as usual were begging grandfather for a story. Grandfather leaned his white head on his hands and thought. He had told us so many stories that his store was almost exhausted. At last he looked up and said:

"I will tell you about one of my boyhood friends. And, boys, there is a great lesson in it for you, especially, but the girls will be interested, too."

Dear grandchildren I know I cannot tell it to you like he did to us. Second-hand things are never so good as new ones; but I will try to tell it to you in his own language as nearly as I can:

"James Lewis was the dearest friend I ever had. We lived in South Carolina then, and our fathers' plantations joined. It was before the war, and the plantations were alive with negroes, so we had nothing to do unless we wanted to work—which was very seldom.

"We played together from the time we could walk. We rejoiced over our first pantaloons and, in short, shared all our joys and sorrows. We went to the same county school, and when we were ready for the academy, of course we went together.

"We had been there about two years when the Civil War broke out. We were not old enough to join the army, but our fathers had to go. So we were left to care for our mothers and the younger children. Or rather I was left with mother and the little ones, for Jim was an only child.

"I can not tell, now, of what we did while in care of the dear ones at home. That is not a part of my story. But we were brave, good boys and did the very best we could.

"After the war was over and my father came safely home to us, but Jim's father never came home. Mr. Lewis was killed at Bull Run.

"Jim's mother had been an invalid ever since he could remember, and the horrible war and her husband's death were more than she was able to bear. So in a few months we laid her to rest in the old churchyard. Poor Jim! What was he to do now? His father's splendid plantation was in ruins. The negroes were all gone and he could do nothing by himself; so there was nothing for him to do but sell the plantation. This he did, at about half of its value.

"When asked what he intended to do, he replied:

"I am going to complete my education first. I do not know what I will do afterwards."

"He went back to the academy, and in two years he came away with a diploma and high honors, but with a very light pocket-book.

"The old question of 'what next?' again confronted him. He tried to secure position after position but failed. The war had placed many a young man in a position similar to his own, and while he labored with Greek and Latin they had secured all the vacancies to be found. Many a person would have given up in despair, but Jim was not that kind. He said he believed in an old negro song, the chorus of which began:

'Dar is wuck for de willin',

Dar is wuck for you,

Ef you'll seek, brudder, seek,' etc.

"Through all this time these words kept ringing in Jim's ears just as his old black 'Mammy' sang them to him when he was a little boy. So he went on seeking, seeking.

"One day, when he was at our home, he picked up a North Carolina newspaper, and was carelessly looking it over, when his eye fell on something about a company in North Carolina who had bought up a lot of uncleared land, and was going to make a great lumber camp there. It was advertising for more men.

"Jim did not wait to read more, but threw down the paper with the exclamation, 'I'm going there?' 'Where?' I asked. And then he told me he meant to go to North Carolina and work at felling trees. I looked at his slender figure, then at his soft, white hands. 'You can not do it,' I said. 'Why, boy, you never did a hard day's work in your life.' He gave a little laugh. 'Oh, beggars must not be choosers, Ben, you know, and I can learn to work, you may be sure.'

"He went. Nothing we said could dissuade him. At first the managers refused to employ him. They told him that he was unfit for such work, but he persisted, and they gave him a trial. He was just nineteen then, and the big, rough men, swilled the first morning he appeared among them.

"It was hard work, and the tender hands were soon

raw and blistered. The wind and snow cut his face cruelly, and his limbs were so stiff that he could hardly drag one foot after the other. We would hardly have recognized our Jim had we seen him there.

"The men were very rough and their company was more disagreeable to him than the cutting wind and snow. But he would not give up. After a while the men nicknamed him 'Little Pine Knot.' In the spring the 'boss' was taken suddenly ill, and soon died. The superintendent sent at once for 'Little Pine Knot,' and when he left the office he was 'boss' of the whole camp, with a salary of forty dollars a month. He had received but eighteen dollars a month all winter.

"His work was not so hard now, but in some respects it was more disagreeable. Some of the men were hard to manage, but when they found how determined he was they gave him little trouble.

He stayed there that summer and the next winter. He had saved most of his earnings, and he thought there must be some place for him out in the world where he would not have to work so hard, and where he could have more congenial associations. So he left the lumber camp the next June.

"It was not very long, however, until he regretted having left something certain for an uncertainty. He spent the whole summer in search of work, but met with no success. Winter found him in the city of New York, almost penniless. He walked the streets for days, but could find nothing to do.

"One day, some one told him that a large ware-house needed a man. He had been there once but could get nothing to do, but he resolved to try again. When he stepped into the building he saw some men busy packing and nailing up things for shipment. He went to work without saying a word to any one.

"After a while Mr. Hunt, a member of the firm, came into the room, and stepping up to Jim, asked what he was doing there. To which Jim replied, 'I am working sir.' 'Well,' replied Mr. Hunt, 'if you will work we need you, but if you do not intend to work this is not the place for you.'

Jim intended to work; so he came on. The first month he was paid only fifteen dollars, but the next month it was twenty-five dollars. His salary increased every month until it was \$125.00.

After three years he became one of the drummers with a salary of \$1,600 a year. After a few months as drummer he was called in, and made manager for the firm. After a while he became a member of the firm.

"That was years ago. Jim and his sons now comprise the well-known wholesale dry goods firm of J. J. Lewis & Sons.

"He is worth millions of dollars and is a great philanthropist. He loves, especially, to help poor, but ambitious young men. But Jim, like most successful men, owes all he is and has to Temperance, Honesty and Perseverance."—Baptist Reflector.

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Edna's College Fun.

BY GERTRUDE L. STONE.

It was the same square iron bank that Sturgis had when he was a baby, but in the bottom of it were two large printed letters, that had been there only three months. These had been cut from a newspaper, and were the very biggest capitals Sturgis could find. They were not just the same size, but Sturgis said it was all right as long as it was the F that was bigger, for the F was really more important than the C.

"They stand for 'College Fund,'" Sturgis explained to his grandmother, when she came for her summer visit. "Mamma thought I'd save more if I was saving for something special."

"They stand for 'College Fun,'" echoed Edna, who was five years younger than her brother, and had celebrated only six birthdays.

Grandma laughed, and gave the little shoulder leaning against her own a loving pat. But even grandma did not explain that f-u-n plus d is not the same as f-u-n without d. Nobody thought, in fact, that Edna did not understand Sturgis's word. Every one of them supposed she simply mispronounced it.

All that summer the hoard in the C. F. bank grew. Edna seemed as anxious as Sturgis to have it increase, and she pulled weeds and picked berries as willingly as he did. Nobody thought it strange, for Edna always wished to do what Sturgis did; nobody interfered for the most that Edna could do would be scant return for the kindness and care that Sturgis always showed the little girl.

But one day all was changed. Sturgis sold his Aunt Mary four quarts of wild raspberries that had been picked with Edna's cheerful help.

"They are ten cents a box," he answered his aunt in reply to her question concerning price.

"Let me see,—I've nothing less than half a dollar," she said. "Put the extra in the College Fund."

"We have some extra for the College Fun," announced Edna joyfully when they reached home.

"Good," said mama.

"Yes," said the precise Aunt Emily, who happened to be there. "But why don't you say 'fund'?"

"I did,—didn't I, mama?" asked Edna, turning her bewildered face toward her mother.

"No, dearest; you didn't pronounce the word just right. Listen to me. It is 'fund,' not 'fun.' And she pronounced the words very slowly and distinctly. "But you mean, just as the rest of us do, money to send Sturgis to college."

Alas! Edna did not mean just that, and that was not what she had been working for, so away she hurried to find Sturgis.

"What does 'C. F.' really mean?" she demanded.

"Why, 'College Fund.' You know as well as I do. What makes you ask?"

"Does 'fund' mean just money to send you to college?" she persisted.

"Why, yes, of course; that's just it," answered Sturgis, bewildered, but thankful that he did not have to make a definition.

"We have been saving just for you to go to college and study, and not for you to have a lot of fun?"

"I'll have a good time because I'm there," replied Sturgis. Oh, no, you won't! People don't. Haven't you heard Uncle Ted groan over his college work?" she wailed. He groans every vacation, you know. Then she added sadly: "I thought I was making it pleasanter for you, but if you don't care about any fun, I might just as well save for that doll at Phinney's."

"Some time she'll understand that Uncle Ted can groan over college work, and still enjoy it better than anything else," mama told Sturgis. And, sure enough, she did understand, and that, too, very soon.

At the end of the second week that she went to school, Edna asked for a box.

"How large?" asked mama.

"Large enough for a college fund," replied the little girl. "I haven't any bank, and I think I better start a fund right off. It's funny,—school makes me want to groan sometimes, but I shouldn't want to stop going. I think I'd better go to college too,—don't you?"—Sunday School Times.

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Mr. Smith's Apology.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Where do the new people over on the Parker farm attend church?" shouted a plain, little, old woman driving her moderate stepping horse up very close to the fence of Mr. Smith's garden one bright September morning.

Mr. Smith, who was pulling onions, straightened his aching back and replied, looking round:

"Oh, it is you, Aunt Hannah, of course. I know nothing whatever about the Stedman family. I have been so busy I have not taken time to think whether they went anywhere to church or not."

"It is a great pity to be so busy about your own work as to utterly neglect the Lord's," replied the old lady nodding her head shrewdly as she drove away.

Obedying a sudden prompting of the Spirit, Mr. Smith left the silver skins to dry in the sun and jumping over the fence, strode across the field to the open kitchen door of a small house, where he paused and said abruptly to the little group busily employed paring apples to dry:

"I have come to make apology."

"Why, for what? We know of nothing for which you need apologize."

"Well, I do. I have allowed you to live here four months in sight of my house and have never asked if you were Christians."

Mr. Stedman looked confused as he emptied a bushel of shining red apples from one basket into another and then replied:

"We ain't quite heathen I hope, but we don't make a profession," and his wife put in:

"My mother was a Christian and I was brought up to go to meeting and to Sunday School, but since I was married I have got all off the notion of doing anything like other folks. I expect I didn't begin right."

"I was to blame," said the man. "She used ter want me to go to meetin', but I'd rather go to ride, and that's how it happened."

"Begin right now," said Mr. Smith. "It is not too late: There is to be a prayer meeting tonight at our house, come over to that."

"We shouldn't be no help, we ain't that kind."

"But you know that you ought to be that kind."

"Well we are poor and we don't dress very well, and the folks mostly do that go to meeting don't care about such folks as us."

"And the girls will all feel above us," said one of the