

to make his old trap settle the bill?

He knew the moment he looked into the edge of the ravine. Just on a line with the trap was a big boulder. The rain had loosened and washed away the earth from its base, and it was poised so that it seemed ready to roll down the side of the ravine at any moment. Just one little push, and the carefully-made trap would be a pile of splinters. Ben scrambled up the steep slope and stood, flushed and breathless, behind the rock.

"Now I'm even with him!" he said, fiercely, as he raised his foot to kick the boulder down the hill.

But he put down his foot without touching the stone. A thought, as startling as a clap of thunder, flashed into his mind and changed his plans in an instant. Even with Tom Andrews? Ever with a thief? He, Ben Bolton, even with such a fellow?—on the same level?—just as mean as he was? Ben drew back from the rock, as though it were red hot, and gave a long, low whistle as this new light was thrown upon the question of "getting even."

"Well, I guess not!" he said, emphatically, a moment later. "I just guess not!"

He moved off down the path whistling thoughtfully. But presently he turned back and took another look at the rock. Then he stepped down, and putting his strong young shoulder against it he succeeded in rolling it back from the edge a few inches. This put the trap beneath out of danger.

"Better get ahead of such a fellow than get even with him," said Ben Bolton.

#### "IF I WERE A BOY."

If I were a boy again I would look on the bright side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again, I would school myself to say "no" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again, I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the

little English sparrows that sing to us all winter long, and make the season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

#### BE THOROUGH BOYS

Whatso'er you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might!  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even  
Lead to Heaven.  
Trifles make the life of man:  
So in all things,  
Great or small things,  
Be as thorough as you can!

Let no speck their surface dim  
Spotless truth and honor bright!  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says that any lie is white!  
He who falters,  
Twists or alters  
Little atoms when he speaks,  
May deceive me,  
But, believe me,  
To himself he is a sneak!

Help the weak if you are strong,  
Love the old if you are young!  
Own the fault if you are wrong:  
If you're angry hold your tongue,  
In each duty  
Lies a beauty,  
If your eyes you do not shut,  
Just as surely  
And securely  
As a kernel in a nut!

Whatso'er you find to do,  
Do it, then, with all your might;  
Let your prayers be strong and true—  
Prayer, my lad, will keep you right.  
Prayer in all things,  
Great and small things,  
Like a Christian gentleman,  
Fail you never,  
Now or ever,  
To be as thorough as you can!

#### THE GRANDMOTHER'S PLACE

She was a dear, white-haired, old lady, the very ideal of a grandmother, and she sat by the fireside rocking slowly, but with a sad look on her gentle face.

"No dearie, I'm not sick, but I do feel lonely sometimes."

But why should she be lonely? She was in a family of well-bred young people—son and daughter and grandchildren of various ages. To be sure, many of her dear ones had gone across the river to the Father's house; but she was not of a melancholy temperament, so she did not brood over that.

She loved the young people. She would have liked to join in their merriment; she would have gone with them to some of the concerts and other places, if she had been asked. But they in their thoughtlessness never imagined that grandmother cared for such things, and so they sat talking over their plans, telling merry tales and jokes, but leaving grandmother out of the conversation altogether.

They were never unkind to her. She had the best room in the house. Her bodily comfort was attended to first, her wishes were immediately carried out. But she would have gladly given up all this to have had one of those bright-faced boys or girls for a companion. If they would have only sat down and told her some of their stories and plans, how glad she would have been; and she had pleasant stories to tell, too, if

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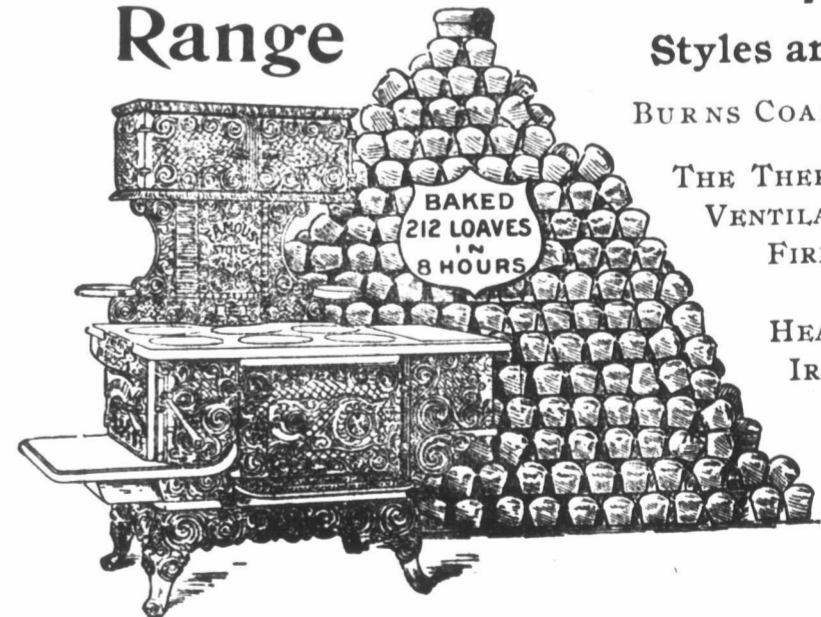
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there were someone to listen and shadow on her lovely old face, and care. said, "I am so lonely sometimes."

But she sat by the fire with a I wish they could all have heard