

## GARTH.

'Say, auntie, I'm twenty cents in debt,' said Garth Raymond, as he came and sat down in the easy-chair near the piano where Miss Mab Rawson was playing.

'Why, boy, how does that happen?'

'Well, I was over there playing tennis, and Rob Stone said, "Let's play for the soda water for the crowd," and the boys and girls were all sitting around and I didn't know how to get out of it, so we played; just my luck. I had to go and get beaten and then I didn't have money enough, and I had to borrow it from one of the fellows, so there'—and he threw his hat across the room.

'I don't like that at all, Garth, it is a sort of gambling; and what right had Rob Stone to dictate how you should use your money?'

'Oh, that's all right, auntie. He would have treated if I had beaten him.'

'That doesn't make any difference. What right would you have had with his money? It isn't the question of who wins, it is the idea I don't like. Now you owe another boy money and you haven't any way of paying it until you earn it, or Brother Jo or I give you some,' and Aunt Mab looked very serious. Garth was an orphan and had come to live with his mother's brother and sister, who kept house in the old home. It was a lovely home. Auntie and uncle were still youthful enough to have jolly times with the older young people, while Garth's friends, or the 'gang' as he unceremoniously termed them, were always welcome.

Aunt Mab wanted Garth to have a good time, but above all she wanted him to 'be good' and to start life on a foundation of sound Christian principle.

'If I were you, Garth, I wouldn't play for any money or treat again, you are old enough to think that out for yourself. Now run and do that errand for Uncle Jo, and please pick up your hat from where it doesn't belong, and don't forget that Aunt Mab wants you to be the finest boy in town.'

The next afternoon the tennis grounds were covered with people, young and old. Mab Rawson was the centre of a group of young ladies and gentlemen, and was chatting gaily, when, suddenly she heard away across the field Rob Stone's voice calling out: 'Come on, here, Garth, let's try that again to-day, that soda water was first rate yesterday.'

A shadow came over Aunt Mab's face; she said quickly to those near, 'Excuse me a moment, I'm going over to see those young people play tennis,' and hurried off, reaching the court just in time to hear Garth's reply:

'No, fellows, I'm not a going to do it, I haven't the money, anyway, if I get beaten; some time when I have some cash of my own I'll invite you all to soda water, but I won't play for it. Aunt Mab says she doesn't believe in it, and what she says goes; besides, I myself don't think it's just the square thing.'

Mab's cheeks flushed in very sympathy for Garth, she knew it must have been dreadfully hard for him to have stood up there and said that before those boys and girls and she was proud of him; she also knew that twenty cents of the bright new quarter Uncle Jo had tossed to him the night before, when he came in from the office, must have gone to pay the debt and that Garth really had but five cents.

No one in the group had as yet noticed Miss Rawson and no one knew that she had heard what had been going on. She came nearer saying pleasantly, 'Playing tennis? That's right; it's a fine game. But have you all any plan for to-night? I want you early this evening if you haven't for Brother Jo and I have just bought a great big ice-cream freezer and we want to try it and have you sample the cream and see if it is good—before we invite in the older ones you know,' she added with a twinkle.

That night it was the universal verdict that Garth and his aunt and uncle were 'right in it.'

Several weeks later Garth was very anxious to get something to do at the World's Fair; some of the boys were there engaged in one thing or another and he thought he would like to be, so he went down to see if there was anything he could do in the short time that remained.

He came home the first night and threw

himself on the lounge saying: 'I might just as well say I'm eighteen, auntie.'

'What do you mean by that Garth?'

'You see I want to get on the Special Service Corps and the boys say they think I can, only a fellow has to be eighteen. I look that old and when I told one of the men down there how old I really was, he said I was a liar.'

'But, Garth, that didn't make you one. Nobody can make you a liar but yourself. Oh, Garth, would you begin this first little business venture with a lie? If you do, you surely will end all wrong; and the tears stood in Aunt Mab's eyes.'

'No, auntie, I wouldn't,' cried Garth, jumping up and taking her face between his two hands—his favorite way of caressing his aunt—'I'm not going to, only it's pretty hard, you see. I got to-day all the recommendations I needed, and now, if I could pass the captain's and the doctor's questions, I'd be all right—only the captain is sure to ask me how old I am.'

The next morning, Garth stood, with some trepidation, in the captain's office and proceeded to answer his questions.

The captain was a pleasant man and said, kindly: 'That's all right so far; but now—how old are you?'

'I am fifteen, sir.'

'You look older than that, it's too bad, but I can't put you on under eighteen.'

Garth's lip almost quivered, and the captain saw it; putting a hand on his shoulder, he said:

'Look here, young boy, I have had my eye on you and hated to ask you that question almost as badly as you hated to answer it. I heard about you yesterday and the boys, last night, were wondering as to whether you would deceive me on your age. I knew your father, a good man, and I believe you are a professing Christian, yourself. I am glad you kept to the truth, my boy.'

That wasn't all, however, for the captain was instrumental in getting Garth another position much more suitable for a boy of his age, than the other would have been.

He got a chair to push at the rate of seventy-five cents a day, with ten percent of all that he took in. He enjoyed the two weeks immensely and used to entertain Aunt Mab and Uncle Jo with his accounts of some of the funny people he wheeled around the grounds.

If Garth keeps on in his truthful way, I think he will be a grand man some day, don't you?—Keta Belle Parker, in Ram's Horn.

## MISSIONARY RAGS;

OR, WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR MISSIONS.

Looking through a missionary treasurer's reports I noticed this clause: 'Miss. Rags, 25 cents,' and I said to myself, 'That young lady has a queer name, and not a very pretty one, either.' A little farther down the report I noticed again, 'Miss. Rags, 45 cents,' and thought, 'Why, there is a family of Rags in this town also.' But when I came to the third, 'Miss. Rags, 31 cents,' I then noticed that there was a period after the Miss, and then I saw that instead of it meaning a young lady, it was a short way of writing 'missionary.' I then understood that here and there someone had carefully put all the waste paper and rags, not into the fire, but into the rag-bag, and the money received from the rag man had been sent to the Missionary Society. Here seemed to be one answer to the question: 'What can boys and girls do for missionary money?'

On further study of the subject I discovered that rags were not the only things to have the title missionary. I found Miss. Patchwork, Miss. Berries, Miss. Flowerseeds, and even Miss. Hens.

Two little girls in New England raised sage and sold enough to send three dollars to the missionary treasurer. One little girl gathers the eggs carefully, and says, 'Mother gives me one egg for every dozen I find, and when I have a dozen I sell them and put the money into the missionary box.' All over the country we find earnest, eager groups of boys and girls who have found that interest and enthusiasm belong to that strange class of which the more you give away the more you have left. 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth.'—American Paper.

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