

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

DARROW'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"Driver! What were you thinking of to leave the heaviest piece of baggage for this boy to carry! That suit-case is full of books. I've a mind not to let you drive us over. 'Twould serve you right."

"I—I don't mind it," panted the boy, as he straightened himself. "I'm—big, and—and strong, you see!"

"Yes; I see you are strong; but you'll not be strong long if you overlift like this, Driver, I say!"

"An' it's meself as is doin' him a favor, sor, wid lettin' av him wait on me passenger. Ef he jumps the worruk then he loses the job, that's all!"

"Wait, Clara! I shall call another cab. Hi, there!"

"Oh, don't sir! Please don't. I musn't lose this job, sir. And I don't mind, sir, indeed, I don't. It's easier than some I've carried."

"Oh, it is! So much the worse! Here!" and he slid a half-dollar into the small hand, "come to the Laurel House in about an hour! I want to see you. Come to the gentlemen's reading room."

"Oh, thank you, sir! I'll be there!" And as the irate driver drove away, Darrow turned a double handspring; after which he started home with his prize.

"What do you s'pose, mother? Oh, I hope he wants me to do something else!"

"Such riches!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, that makes seventy-five cents to-day! You'll be earning as much as I do before long."

At the Laurel House, Mr. Emmons questioned the boy kindly, and learned that Darrow gave his money to his mother, who was taking care of sister, and baby, and me, and all of us; till now, I'm so grown up that I do some of the taking care of us."

"The doctors have sent me down here to play golf," said Mr. Emmons. "Would you like to be a caddie, Darrow?"

"I should like to be your caddie, sir." "Now you're flattering me. I'm not always like this; sometimes I'm cross." He drew down his eyebrows.

But Darrow only grew more serious. "Then I'll try all the harder to please you, sir."

"Indeed! Well, I expect to remain through the season. And I want one boy to be ready to play, or not to play, as I chance to feel. How would a dollar a day suit you?"

"Oh, oh!" Then he grew sober. "You don't mean it!"

"But I do mean it."

"Then I can make mother take a vacation like other people. Oh, I'm so glad to be grown up—most!"

"Be on hand at nine, then, in the morning. And—let me warn you, you'll earn that money! Good night!"

Darrow found a free place on the sidewalk, turned a few more handspins, then flew home to relate his new business engagement.

The days passed. Mr. Emmons was pleased, and more, with his bright little caddie. One day he noticed two of the other caddies smoking cigarettes. And he noticed, too, that they were offering one to Darrow. He couldn't see whether the boy took it or not, but it set Mr. Emmons to thinking.

"Darrow," he said the next morning, "the doctors tell me it is because I have smoked too much that I am in such wretched health. I see that some of the caddies are smoking cigarettes. Now, I don't want you to do it. If you do—I shall look for some one else." He paused to glance sternly at the boy.

"But you won't have to look. I'm not going to smoke. The boys say there isn't any harm—not if you have the money; but I shan't do it. Not if they give me the cigarettes. I've promised not to."

"There is harm in it, Darrow. I would be a well man to-day if it hadn't been for tobacco. And I have smoked little for the last few years—only four twenty-five-cent cigars a day. That doesn't seem?"

"Whew! a whole dollar! Every day! Just what I'm earning. And all the money mother had before I was big enough to help take care of us. My!"

"I want you to know that smoking is bad for a man," continued the gentleman. "Whenever I'm cross it's because I want a cigar. It is harder to break the tobacco habit than it is to carry suit-cases full of books."

Mr. Emmons sat still so long that Darrow thought he was through with him, and was turning to leave. "See here! I don't like to have this battle four times a day and not feel that somebody besides myself is the better for it. I used to pay that dollar to the cigar dealer without a murmur. Now, just as long as you will keep from learning to smoke, Darrow, I'll give that money to you for your mother."

Darrow couldn't help it. He opened his mouth and gave a yell that startled the nervous man nearly out of his golf togs. Then he began to turn handspins, and kept them up till Mr. Emmons was dizzy.

"Here! Darrow! Stop that! You'll get vertigo. Come here! Is it a bargain! Then shake!"

Later in the day Darrow approached his new employer. His face was serious and long. Indeed, it was very long. "I don't believe you know how much that dollar mounts up to. Why, why, it's over three hundred dollars a year! And not count in the Sundays!"

"But we're going to count in the Sundays. They weren't counted out of the other game, although we don't play on that day, and there's no reason why they should be out of this."

Still Darrow felt that he should look after the interests of this reckless employer of his. "Are—are you sure you can spare so much?" he asked anxiously. "Won't you need it for something else?"

Mr. Emmons laughed. "You are the best medicine I have found yet! I'll do my best to get along without that dollar a day. But any time I should feel unable to afford it, why you'll let me out of the contract, won't you?"

"Sure! 'Cause you see, I'm getting bigger every day. So, maybe mother won't miss it by—the time you get to need it."

"Good for you! I see you are an honorable man. Shake hands again! Suppose you and I become business partners, hey?"

"All right!" Darrow put out his brown, grass-stained hand into the slender one held out to him.

"You don't ask what the business is?"

"Why—why, anything you are doing, sir. I'll do the same thing—best I can."

There you are!—flattering me again. I shall begin to think myself a pretty fine fellow if this keeps up. But there's one thing: Although you and I are business partners, I want you to attend school regularly during the school terms; so as to learn how to take my place by and by—that is, if you don't go to smoking, or doing something else I shouldn't like in my junior partner."

"I'll be very careful, sir."

"That's right! Now, remember to

ask your mother if I may come over to talk with her to-morrow, will you?"

Darrow didn't quite know what all this meant, but something inside of him was so very glad that he turned handspins at every street corner all the way home.—Epworth Herald.

CURIOUS BRUSHES.

Willie, flushed and happy, had just come in from the barn where he had been playing hide and seek.

"I guess my little boy needs to find a brush," said mother, looking up from her work. For there were clinging to his pretty sailor suit bits of dry grass and seeds from the mows, and some were playing peekaboo in the little fellow's hair.

"O mother, can't I wait? I'm just too tired now."

"If flies had been playing hide and seek they would not allow a speck of dust to stay on their heads; they'd brush it off," casually remarked Aunt Nan.

"Flies!" exclaimed Willie, incredulously.

"Where'd they get their brushes, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, they have them, and use them," laughed Aunt Nan.

"Hair brushes?" questioned Willie, and his face took on a perplexed look.

"Yes; and they always keep themselves very clean. Have you never seen a fly rub his delicate front legs over his head?"

"Lots and lots of times," replied Willie quickly.

"Well," resumed Aunt Nan, "there are a great many hairs on the underside of a fly's feet and legs, and these form tiny hair brushes. When any dust gets on a fly's head, he brushes it off at once, and then he rubs his legs together, as you have probably noticed. This is so that no dust may cling to the little brushes."

"Hurrah, Mr. Fly!" exclaimed Willie; "I guess you needn't think you're the only one who can use a brush, even if the other fellow doesn't carry his brushes around with him on his feet!"

"Awa" he ran; and when he came back, mother said her little boy looked neat enough to be kissed.

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR POCKETS.

To-day petticoat pockets, or safely suspended pockets, or, in fact pockets at all, would spoil our entire scheme of decoration; therefore we women are reduced to the hand bag. The hand-bag, whether of gold, studded with precious gems, or of imitation leather, with a turquoise-blue-clasp, is the most conveniently lost, stolen, opened-by-thieves-in-the-street, left-on-a-counter, dropped-in-the-theatre, or slipped-behind-one-in-church, and altogether-detached-from-its-owner contrivance ever invented. Is this to continue? Can no one amongst our own sex arise, solve the problem, and gain the gratitude of millions? Or, must we struggle on, pocketless and forlorn, until some smart young man wins undying fame with a porous-plaster purse, warranted never to leave the owner, or, if torn asunder by the mad ding crowd, ready to know its own particular lady, and walk up and slip its hand into hers just like the little child she would not be bothered bringing along?—Leslie's-Weekly.

Brass is beautiful to one who has never seen gold. The pleasures of the world have their charm until one has tasted of the hidden manna and felt the glory of the immortal life.