



THE best help is not to bear the trouble of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.—Lubbock.

Backward, O Time!

By Horace Hazeltine

THE narrowness of the street was an unpleasant surprise to Carden. In his mental pictures it had not been wide, but for this contracted, almost lane-like thoroughfare, he was unprepared. The red brick houses were lower, too, and more tiny than he had fancied, though he had never imagined them very grand or imposing. But, low and diminutive as they were, they seemed to crowd one row on the other, across this narrow ribbon of a highway, with its disproportionately broad track. In vain he looked for the maple trees, protected by slatted green-painted boxes, which were among the memories of his early childhood. The street was quite bare of trees. In their places were grim iron trolley poles, upholding stretched wires, which in turn supported long, live, burnished copper wire supporting the electric power to the great juggernaut-like cars which at intervals thundered past, with hoarse metallic rumble of wheels, sharp, nerve-racking rattle of windows, and discordant clang of gongs.

Midway of the block he halted, and stood close to the curb, his gaze fixed on the house opposite, which his searching eyes had picked out from the corner as the third beyond the alley. There was little otherwise to distinguish this dwelling from its neighbors. It was of dingy brick, three stories in height, and, in the meagre width of its door and windows, and the low three white marble steps which afforded approach to its entrance, it gave evidence of an architectural vogue once popular, no doubt, but long ago discarded.

If there was something of disappointment in Carden's expression as he made optical survey of the modest, old-time structure, there was also something of veneration. He noted with a pang that it was not altogether as he had remembered it, yet it undoubtedly was, structurally, if not in all its embellishments, the house in which he had been born. The old, white-painted door had given place to one of dark hardwood, in the upper panel of which was a pane of bevelled plate glass, guarded by a grill of wrought iron. In his infancy the windows of the ground floor had been protected by white painted board shutters, and the upper windows of outside green blinds; but now all these had disappeared. The ground floor showed inside shutters of walnut, and he presumed there were the same on the other floors, though only dainty white curtains were visible.

This effort to adorn the old dwelling with modern novelties distressed

Carden, and he resented it. He was thankful, nevertheless, that they had not painted the old bricks a purple red and imitated the mortar lines with geometrically accurate rulings of white paint. The bricks, at least, were the same honest bricks, weathered and squalid though they were.

He must have been standing there longer than he knew, watching the houses across the way, for suddenly he observed that he had become an object of interest to three urchins who, encouraged probably by his passive pose and rapt distant gaze, had drawn closer and closer, watch-



He became the object of interest to three small urchins.

ing with keen, eager, childish interest, this tall, elderly, well-dressed gentleman, who seemed for all the world like a wax figure, so still and quiet he stood. As he turned upon them it was with such disconcerting abruptness, that for the moment they were undecided whether to flee or to offer excuse for their rudeness. The largest of the three was the boy, pallid checked, but with big, bright intelligent brown eyes; the other two were girls, in all-enveloping blue-and-white check aprons.

Carden smiled as he looked at them, and his smile dispersed their alarm. For a little minute, however, he did not speak, and the children were likewise silent. Then he took some small change from his rousers pocket, and held out a dime to the lad, who shyly retreated a step with head on side, but with eyes fixed upon the lure.

"How old are you, my boy?" Carden asked. His voice was pleasantly

soft and his manner most kindly.

"I'm ten, going on eleven," answered the child.

The man extended his arm a trifle, the dime further outstretched.

"Here is a cent for each of your years," he insisted; "and the little girls shall have a cent for each year, too."

But still the boy seemed reluctant. "I'm not allowed," he explained.

Carden laughed, lightly, good-humoredly, and ceased insisting. To the elder girl he said:

"And you, miss? How hold may you be?"

She cast down her small, bead-like eyes, which were set too close together.

"I'm 'most ten," she answered, and took the proffered dime, before the giver had time to make his proffering speech.

"And baby?" asked Carden, bending down to the pretty child with golden curls.

The little one stuck her thumb into her mouth, and said nothing.

"She's five," volunteered the other girl. "She's my little sister."

Carden pressed a nickel into the little one's chubby fingers.

"There, now," he said, graciously, "run along, all of you. I'm sorry, my little man," he added, "that you aren't allowed. But I congratulate you on your obedience."

And as the trio, with heads together, went slowly off up the street, turning at intervals to look back at their generous chance acquaintance, Carden resumed his contemplation of the little old brick house across the way, and continued his interrupted reverie.

"I must have been much like the lad, when, when I last came through the door," he mused, as his gaze dwelt lovingly on the narrow portal;

snowy marble which served as door-steps, and with uncertain fingers, grasped the nickled bell-pull. It was as though he stood at the entrance to a shrine, and across his thoughts flashed remembrance of the Mahomedan custom of removing shoes before entering a mosque. He smiled at the incongruity of the fleeting position, and glanced down to find an ivory housemaid of freckled visage and ruddy wealth of hair.

"I should like to look over the house," he said simply.

The woman having wiped off her hands on her apron, proceeded with the same article to wipe the door-knob, hesitating the meanwhile to give reply.

"The lady beez out, sor," she returned at length; "an' sure I'm that busy meself I can't be after lavin' the kitchen." Then, having looked her caller over with searching scrutiny, and being apparently satisfied, she added, "If yez don't mind, yer self."

Carden nodded his approval of the suggestion. Nothing could have suited him better.

"All right, my good woman," he acquiesced. "Pray don't let me interfere with your duties. I may take some little while, I—" he paused, groping for a plausible explanation for his proposed dallying—"perhaps I shall take some measurements."

"Don't hurry, sor," she told him. "Take yer time. I'll be here."

Penfold is home before yer gets tough. She can till yer about the rint, sor."

(Concluded next week)

Vacation for the Farmer

If we consider not the worker but work, then a man's need for vacation is measured by the laboriousness of his duties, the time and exertion which he expends upon them, and the lack of cheering and recreating influences in his surroundings. The farmer's life, though one of independence and immunity from temptation, is also one of long hours and drudgery. Though the farmer breathes purer air, and gazes daily upon clearer skies than many of his brother mortals, he must nevertheless become fully aware of it. Though perhaps he looks upon that part of the handiwork of God which is least polluted by the finger marks of man, he sees altogether too little of the works of both God and man. He needs a vacation not only for the purpose of rest and diversion, but also to increase his confidence and augment his knowledge.

The vacation of the farmer differs radically from that of the city book-keeper or clerk, who, in order to escape the confinement of a narrow and uncomfortable office—to get out in the woods or fields, where he can throw off his dignity, and run and shout, and frighten the little calves. The farmer desires to forget for a time the dull monotony of the farm; he wants to banish from his mind those very cows and little pigs which gladden the eyes of the city man; he wishes to get away from home and see the sights. From this it will be readily seen that the ordinary vacation in which fishing tackle, straw hats and camping outfits figure to a greater or less extent, is not the farmer's, or at least does not merit being lengthily treated in answer to the question "Do the farmer and his family need a vacation?"

A vacation should take his vacation in the city. He cannot, as a rule, take it regularly at a given time every year, nor in company with his family. He must determine the time for taking a vacation, and the members of the family who are to go. When shipments of live stock are to be made the farmer and one or more of his sons should embrace the opportunity

to three small urchins. "I wasn't allowed."

Then he fell to wondering how the house might look on the inside. There must have been a world of changes, of course.

But he should like to see the rooms once more; that big, second story room, especially, wherein his father had first met the world's light—his voice had uttered its primal infant cry.

As he gazed, thus thinking, his eye detected what it had not hitherto noticed, a small, white placard pasted upon the wall between the two lower windows. The legend that it bore was not distinguishable to his near-sighted eyes at the distance, so he crossed the street and, on nearer approach, found that it read:

This House for Sale or To Let.

Inquire Within.

An unaccustomed emotion very like reverence, pervaded him as he counted the three little blocks of