

Tim's Reward.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

When Tim's father died, the little chap's earnest desire was that he might be able to take care of his mother, who was far from strong; and so on the very day after his father was buried, he started out to 'hunt up a job,' for up to that time he had been going to school.

But it was so late in the summer that the farmers were all supplied with hands; and after applying at three or four places, Tim stopped, almost discouraged, before a beautiful house in the midst of large grounds. The gardener was working among the flower beds, and Tim heard a woman, who was wheeling a baby up and down the walks, say, as she passed him once, 'These late heavy rains have given the weeds a good start of you, Thomas.'

'You're right, nurse; and of all times for that boy to take himself off! He wasn't worth his salt, to be sure, but I could manage to get something out of him. What I'm to do between the mowing and the weeding, now that the leaves are beginning to fall, is past me!'

Tim's heart beat high, and in another moment he had opened the gate, and going to Thomas's side, said eagerly:

'Please, sir, I was looking at your flowers, and couldn't help hearing what you said. May I weed for you? I am very anxious to earn some money.'

'What do you know about weeding?' asked Thomas, rather gruffly, looking him well over.

'A little,' said Tim; 'but I am sure I could soon learn more if you would kindly tell me what to do. I want work very much.'

'Humph!' said Thomas; then glanced at the nurse, who nodded quite violently.

'Well,' he said after a moment, 'you may try for an hour; I'll soon be able to tell what you are worth. You may begin on that bed there.'

In passing the little carriage to go to the bed which Thomas had pointed out, Tim stopped to look at the lovely child, and with such evident admiration as quite won nurse's heart; and the little creature herself, after one long look from her honest baby eyes, put out both hands to him, saying:—

'Nice boy; Bay likes nice boy!'

'To think of her taking to him like that!' exclaimed nurse, as Tim, blushing with pleasure, went to his work.

Two or three times Thomas came and stood for a moment by his side watching him; then with a little nod of satisfaction, went away and left him to himself. One, two, three hours passed, and nothing was said about Tim leaving off; and at last, when at six o'clock, Thomas gave him his money, he said:

'You may come again to-morrow morning.'

It would be hard to find a happier boy than Tim, when he laid his first earnings in his mother's hands, and told her he was to go again on the morrow.

He was at work bright and early next morning. As he was weeding the lawn after breakfast, a sweet-faced lady came out of the house and began wheeling baby up and down the walks. The moment the child caught sight of Tim she held out both arms toward him, saying in her cooing little voice: 'Bay's nice boy; come to Bay,' and Tim's face flushed again as he went and took one of her tiny hands in his.

'My baby seems to have made friends with you,' said the lady, kindly. 'Nurse has a bad headache, and I have some sewing I want very much to do. Would you be very careful if I asked you to wheel her for a while? I will explain to Thomas.'

Careful! Never did anyone feel a greater responsibility than Tim as he rolled the little carriage across the lawn, the baby looking up into his face with her great serious eyes, and the lovely lady watching them from the piazza!

And when, an hour later, she called him to her, and told him kindly that he was an excellent nurse, and that he should help her again some day, Tim's happiness was complete.

Then she asked him about himself, and listened, greatly interested, while he told her of his great desire to take care of his mother as his father used to do. That night Thomas told Tim to come again the next day; and so things went on for a whole week, and though the boy never imagined how closely he was being watched, he worked, as his father had always taught him to work, faithfully, neglecting not the smallest thing that Thomas gave him to do. Finally, as he was about to leave on Saturday night, Thomas told him to go into the house—that the master wanted to see him; and presently Tim found himself standing before a kind-looking gentleman, whom he had seen once or twice before about the place.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'Thomas tells me you have proved very faithful about the work which he has given you to do, and others tell me the same thing, and as we want a boy, you may have the place.'

And then he named a sum as wages far exceeding Tim's hopes.

As Tim began to thank him most gratefully, the gentleman said, 'No, you have only yourself, and your parents—who must have taught you well—to thank. If you had not been found faithful and trustworthy in the little things, if you had been careless and unfaithful, and slighted your work I should never have thought of offering you the place. Tell your mother so. I am sure I need not tell you to be here early on Monday.'

And so Tim, by being faithful over the 'few things,' won for himself a position which he held for years; for finally he became gardener, with a boy under him.—'Silver Link.'

That Doesn't Trouble Me.

(By Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Forward.')

'That doesn't trouble me!'

The above remark was made several years since by a fireman in the employ of the Boston and Maine Railway. One of the Canadian express trains had just rolled into the station at Boston, and the engineer was remarking that a 'hot box' had developed since leaving the last station.

No; the fact of there being a 'hot box' did not trouble the fireman; the engineer was held accountable for every accident that occurred to the engine; it was for this reason, in part, that he received twice the pay of the fireman. But, somehow, the remark grated on the engineer's ears. He thought that the fireman ought to be troubled when anything occurred to the engine he fired, and his respect for the man received a severe check.

It was not long after this incident that the engineer was called into the superintendent's office one morning.

'Mr. Stevens,' said the superintendent, 'what sort of a man is your fireman?'

Instantly the words of the fireman passed before the engineer's mind—'That doesn't trouble me!' seemed written in letters of fire.

'Dan's a good fireman,' he replied, 'he and I get along all right, sir.'

'There's something a trifle out about him?' queried the superintendent, looking keenly at the engineer; 'wouldn't just do for an engineer?'

The engineer would have liked nothing better than to see the ambition of the fireman a reality, but he was convinced that in speaking a good word for him, he would be endangering the public.

'I think his place is on the fireman's box,' he said; 'he's a good man there—doesn't drink, and does all that the road demands.'

'What's the matter with him?' persisted the superintendent.

The engineer hesitated for a moment, for, somehow, he disliked to prevent the promotion of the man who had fired for him for years. Finally, he related the incident that troubled him.

'That settles it,' replied the superintendent; 'I wanted an engineer for a new local; you know the requirements of the road; he will never do.'

A small matter to notice, perhaps some reader thinks, but it was an index to the man's life that told of much more. The railway demands a man on the engineer's seat who is interested in the duties of every man on the road whose duties are in touch with his own, whether they relate to a 'hot box' or a defective boiler.

How many young men there are who are practically saying each day of their life, 'That doesn't trouble me!' We meet them on the street and in the shop, in the home and at the concert hall. They are easily picked out. Their employers know who they are, and the more desirable positions are not for them.

Grown-Up Land.

Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh! this way and that way—never stop:
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,

'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the pence,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—

Oh! that is the way to Womanhood Town.
Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh! by toiling and trying we reach that land—

A bit with the head, a bit with the hand:
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and bad actions down,—

Oh! that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.
—'Early Days.'

Don't miss a copy of 'World Wide.' Its first issue is now ready.