

'Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again.'

'Oh, Tom. I've got him now, now—bless him, bless him! My own Tom! My husband! my darling!'

And then Tom Darcey realized the full power of woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcey assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back in the joy and joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

'Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?'

'I am up—right side up.'

'Yes—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?'

'I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it.'

'Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night.'

'Yes, Peter, and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.'

The Power of the Kodak.

Jack was sitting tipped lazily back in the easy-chair reading the newspaper.

'I declare,' said he to his mother, 'if it isn't shameful! There ought to be more than one man to see that the animals are not cruelly treated. If I were a knight and had a sword, like I read about in some of the story-books, I'd just start out and make it my business to protect animals.'

'Why,' said Jack, 'the paper says that two or three carloads of cattle were taken through here this morning and many of 'em were almost dead for want of water and from being thrown down and trampled upon by the others.'

'I should think the railway men or the men that owned the cattle or somebody ought to be prosecuted.'

'What are you talking about, Jack?' asked his father, who had just come into the room. 'Oh! I presume the owners of the cattle would have been glad enough to have watered the stock, and to have kept the weaker ones from being trampled upon by the stronger ones. They were taking them to market, and of course mistreatment meant loss to them. The trouble seems to be with the railway company, which will not provide the right kind of cars, or stop them long enough so that the stock can be looked after.'

'Then,' said Jack, 'if I were one of the brave knights I would couch my lance and ride up straight to the offices of the railway company and I would make them so afraid that they would promise to run the trains more slowly, and furnish cars with feeds and watering troughs, and engineers who wouldn't stop and start with such a jerk as to throw the cattle off their feet.'

'Well,' laughed his father, 'you would probably be arrested by a policeman before you got very far and put into jail for your trouble.'

'Well, I think it is a mean shame, anyway,' said Jack; 'there ought to be something done. Can't something be done, father?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' said his father. 'Men are trying to pass better laws, but I fear that most of the people do not realize that they are needed. Perhaps things are not as bad as the newspapers report, or, if they are, but very few people realize it. If the public

could be made to see a picture of the suffering of these dumb brutes, perhaps they would—'

'A picture! Why, I never thought of using a picture instead of a sword, or a lance, or a battle-axe. Why, look here, there's just the thing! I can make a picture if I can't swing a sword. There is my kodak. I never thought of using it in that way before. I'll get Dick to take his along, too.'

Ten minutes later Jack was racing across to his chum's house.

'Dick!' he called out, 'get your "hawk-eye" and come on down to the stockyards.'

Dick heard the plan rather skeptically.

'What good will it do?' he said. 'They won't pay any attention to your picture, course they won't.'

'Won't they?' said Jack stoutly; 'you wait and see if they won't.'

So after dinner that day Jack swung his kodak over his shoulder and started off for the stockyards. He did not have to wait very long to find what he was in pursuit of. Presently a long train of stock came jolting in.

The cars were stopped, the engine was unhitched and backed off, while drovers alighted from the caboose and went up and down the train, 'punching up' the animals which were lying down, and attempting to feed and water them all.

'You will have to hurry up there!' shouted out a railway man to the owners of the stock. 'We are behind time now, and can only stop five minutes here—long enough to change the engines.'

'Can't you give us a little more time to vet the animals up that are down? They will die if we don't.'

'No; hurry! The time will soon be gone.'

Jack crept along the side of the car, almost fearing to look in because of the disgusting sights he expected to see. By and by he saw a horn sticking through the grating. He tiptoed and looked in, but the next moment he turned his head and grew pale. Snap went his kodak and on he sped to the next car.

He had not much time. In another car he saw an animal which was faint and gasping lying in the bottom of the car. Snap went his kodak again.

Just as he reached the last car some men were approaching with buckets of water. The almost frenzied animals began to bawl and stamp with their heads and tails erect, and as if half-crazed by the smell of the water. Snap went Jack's kodak, and he had another view.

Two or three times again it snapped and then his work at that place was done. He hastened home, went into his dark closet, prepared his solutions, and in a little time had developed and dried his plates ready for the printing.

A few days later there came a light tap at the door of the office of the president of the railway company. When it was opened by the secretary it was not indeed a mailed and armed warrior who greeted him with threatening mien, but a neatly-dressed and pleasant-faced boy, carrying in his hand a kodak camera, who made this modest request:

'If you please, sir, may I see the president of the company just for a few moments? I have photographs of the railway which I am sure he will want to see.'

'Why, yes; I suppose you might show the boy in,' said the great man; 'I know his father, and I presume it is all right. What is that you have?'

His own face reflected the serious look upon the face of the boy as he looked upon the pictures and heard the explanations.

'Why, can it be possible,' he said, 'that the things can be as bad as this? I had no idea! Yes, certainly this must be stopped. I will

give orders at once about the cars and stock, and to the engineers. Thank you, my lad, for the service you have done in behalf of the poor creatures.'

And when Jack went home that day I am sure his heart beat as proudly and his step was as high and the look of victory on his face was as complete as it would have been had he sallied forth sword in hand to avenge the sufferings of the dumb animals in the warrior-like spirit of a knight of old—J. F. Cowan, in 'Sunday Afternoon.'

'Wanted—A Boy.'

Perhaps you have heard about this boy already; for Mr. Winchester is a business man now, and is very fond indeed of telling this story. But if you have not heard it, I'll tell you as nearly as I can in the way he gave it to us, one evening at dinner, when the conversation had turned on 'making one's way in life.'

Old Mr. Adams—for so he was called to distinguish him from young Adams, his son, who was in partnership with him—owned a large hardware establishment in a prosperous Massachusetts town. He was rich, and growing steadily richer; for he was as keen and capable as he was honest; moreover, he had the reputation of being the best of employers toward those in his service. So that when day after day that sign, 'Wanted—A Boy,' appeared so regularly in the Adams' window, everybody wondered why the boy wasn't found.

It certainly wasn't for lack of boys. There was a steady stream passing through the doorway day after day. Sometimes they left in less than ten minutes; sometimes they stayed all day. But as regularly as the sun rose and shone on that square little sign, the inquiring 'boy' came and went.

'He wants a full-fledged angel, with a dozen pairs of wings; that's what old Adams wants,' snapped one disappointed fellow, who had been airing his grievances with a little knot of other youngsters on the sidewalk in front.

Whatever he wanted, he seemed to be having a hard time in getting it; but Mr. Adams had the reputation of knowing what he was about, so no one interfered, though several were tempted to ask the why and wherefore of this freak.

The boys were shown one by one into his office; and one by one were told what it was that Mr. Adams wanted. That was, a trusty, faithful, capable sub-clerk. Of course, each youngster was delighted to find out that it was not merely a boy to run errands, but a genuine assistant clerk that was being sought for. Why the owner of the establishment should be so willing to take a boy instead of one of the many grown men who would have been glad of such a place they could not understand. But they could understand that it was a splendid place for a young fellow just beginning life, and all were eager to obtain it.

Andrew Mathers stayed just one day; Frank Scolley, one hour; Matt Wyman, twenty minutes, and some of the boys who applied never got further than the office door and a three minutes' interview.

What could the matter be? Suppose we see.

Andrew was a bright, pleasant-faced young fellow, and came from a good family. The boys thought that if any one stood a chance, that one would be Andrew.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Mr. Adams, politely, as Andrew entered the office. And the boy answered with his best bow and with his most courteous business-like manner. So far so good.

Mr. Adams briefly explained that long-felt want, 'a boy to be a sort of assistant clerk.' Andrew held his head a little higher, as if he already saw himself a real live clerk instead