BY MRS. M. E. I W. SHERWOOD.

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Henry Van Benthu, sen sat in his room, with the twenty-dollar gold prize before him, musing on the events of the day. He had beaten his best friend, Theodore Maynard, in a competitive examination that morning in school, and the sad face of Theodore's father, who had risen from among the board of visitors and left the school-room, easting an angry glence at Mr. Pomeroy, the teacher, still haunted him. How gladly would Henry have had Theodore win! The prize was nothing to him. To Theodore it meant everything, for an appointment to West Point hung on this day's success.

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Mr. Pomeroy had read the morning's lesson, the Commandments, and had dwelt on that foreible one, "Thou shalt not kill." He had made a little sermon on the vice of anger—how it led to every crime, even murder; and Theodore, hoping for victory in his couning examination, had listened with half an ear, wondering what he was talking about. It seemed to him so idle to him so, and the was talking about. It seemed to him so idle to him so, and the was talking about that prize which m is couning examination, and listened with half an ear, wondering what he was talking about. It seemed to him so idle to think of anything but that prize which. Theodore felt sure to win. He was a good scholar, had worked hard, and he saw himself in fancy in a gray jacket, standing so straight that his back was almost semiciredular, benaing inward, a cadet at West Point. If only old Pomeroy should not be partial! The boys thought he did err in that way toward Henry Van Benthuysen. But the shocking moment of disappointment and failure came and Theodore had blushed, sickened, turned pale, and left the room. Out on the campus all the boys joined Theodore, and the indignation was universal. "Old Pomeroy's" injustice received all or more than the condemnation it deserved.

whither, to lose himself, to be lost; that was all he cared for.

The head man had learned a little English, and was a very intelligent and agreeable in a few hours, he saw in the depot an emigrant train which was going South, and displayed the cunning which seems born of guilt he joined this company, and was borne away with a lot of Norwegians and Swedes who ere going South to cultivate orange groves for a gentleman who had bought the golden oranges of which their aprons were full.

The head man had learned a little English, and was a crey intelligent and agreeable to his house tender nursing, could have brought the poor patient back to life. But Henry did it, and Theodore lived. It was long before they could explain, but the day came when Theodore was strong all done, to accept and bless the plan and let lives, stood before him.

The pretty chubby children came in in their whom a depression of the Sandford House, Theodore began to put on color and flesh, "for I have got your very happy in their new home and helpful.

The men about him spoke but little English and the man next to him had lost his ticket. This gave Theodorean idea. He would pretend to speak no English and to have lost his ticket. The conductor grumbled but accepted the apology, particularly as the agent came along; and not having noticed his cargo, man by man, explained that they were always committing blunders, but that he would make it all right later. Thus, in five hours from the time he left his school, Theodore, with his guilt thick upon him, was being carried in a dirty, confortless emigrant car, off he knew not where, with a set of laboring men who could not speak a word of his own language.

III.

Great was the consternation at Mr. Pomeroy's school the next morning. Henry, who was not dead, but had fallen in a fit (a disease to which he was liable, and of which fact Mr. Pomeroy alone was aware), had regained his consciousness at a late hour of the night to find the fresh air blowing in from an open window. As he slowly recalled the facts of the quarrel, he looked around for his chum. Where was he There lay his school clothes and his watch, but Theodore was gone. Henry looked out of the window. The silence told him nothing, and his malady still causing him to feel weak and faint, he crept to bed. Mr. Pomeroy, who of course intended to do right in the matter, determined to take notice of Theodore's escapade, and presuning that it was a mere boyish freak, did not send word to Mr. Maynard for two days. Great was the consternation at Mr. Pome

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The dore and Henry, the two rivals had best scholars, roomed together at the end of the college building. It was nine o'clock in the evening before Theodore, his heart full of rage and envy, reached the room where his cot stood against one side of the wall. He hoped Henry would not be there; that he might go to bed without speaking to him.

But Henry was sitting there, as we have seen. He was a pale, deheate boy, and as he rose his figure swayed to and fro. The twenty-dollar gold piece lay on the table before him.

"Theodore," said he, "don't feel angry with me; but will you accept this money? Believe me I do not need it, and nobody can feel worse than I do that I took the prize away from you. God knows I wish you had taken it?"

"So, M. Hypocrite, you are going to do in the same and the distance of the same and the same and the tone was universed. The does not know that Theodore had due he father to know that Theodore was running away from read the head the father to know that Theodore had due he father to know that Theodore and the head he had he had he he father to know that Theodore had due he

"Hush, Christine! you will make thomassen's head ache," said the mother, "one of our men down with the fever," said the Swede, in an explanatory way.
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"Not one of our men down with the fever," said the Swede, "a boy who worked well, though, worked day and night, and whom we like and pity. He jointed us at New York a year ago—a runaway we think. He had done some bad thing, some crime, perhaps. He has not eaten or slept like a well man yet, and now he lies very sick with the fever in there. We don't know his name. He called himself Thomassen to us, but he never answers quick to that name, so we know that it is not his."

"Poor fellow," said Henry, "I pity him. I know what it is to not sleep well and to have a mind full of care. Has he every with the said the Swede.

Henry put his hand in his pocket and took out his purse: he wanted to help the poor fellow. Strange coincidence; his hand fell on the twenty-dollar gold piece which had been given to him for the mathematical price.

At this moment a shriek came from the liner room. The sick man was delirious.

Henry! Henry! say that you forgive me!—Swede with the fevery would be any deficiency if every member of all our churches regularly paid over to the bord the tithe?"

"If I had the ready money that some men have, it would make it easier to give, but us now mine seems bound upin real-estation the city, and ready money is difficult to see the little farm. Henry had sunk back into a chair, faint and sick. Whose voice was that? whence date mit?

"Open the door and let me see him," said Henry, hastily.

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