

What Price Would, And What He Did.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan.)

'How would Fitzpatrick do for a substitute, Price?'

'Fitz? Oh!—I don't know. He's rather soft, don't you think? You can never depend on these fellows with money; you see they will indulge themselves, and it seems to soften all the muscles and sinews of mind and body.'

'I'd like to have as much money as Fitz, though,' laughed Staples. 'I'd run the risk of a little softening.'

'I'm glad you haven't,' answered the young captain of the Stanley Hall nine. 'As for me, if I had a fortune left me to-day I'd live exactly as I am doing now; study hard and train hard, and try to make a man of myself.'

his dignity to take any notice of small boys' chaff, but 'Lawyer's' adviser now hailed him, clapping his hands to attract attention.

'I say, Price,' said the youngster, 'Lawyer's got a big yarn for you; worth no end of match games.'

'It must be pretty big, then; out with it in a hurry, Lawyer. I've no time to fool with you kids.'

But it wouldn't get itself told in a hurry, for the fact was, the little boy had overheard the big news in the head master's office, and he wanted to get the news told first, so as to forestall the scolding Price would give him for overhearing and for repeating. In this attempt the story dunched along head foremost, and it was a good while before Price could make anything out of it. When finally he realized all that it meant to him, he felt dazed. But he pulled himself together, and administered the scolding expected of him.

the second-classmen, Staples and the rest, wear gowns and caps now, and speak with deeper voices, while a pack of little new boys, with suspiciously red eyes and smeared cheeks, crowd the sixth-class benches, and are said by the others to be 'the smallest boys, sir, by all odds, that ever came to school.'

'Who do you think is coming back, boys!' Staples asks the crowd, with an air of important mystery. They fail to guess, and then stand amazed at the disclosure.

'Price! No! You don't mean it! Why I thought he was on the larkiest sort of a lark—travelling abroad, and that sort of thing!'

'Right you are, Ford, but he has had another stroke of good fortune.'

'Another fortune left him, did you say?'

'Not exactly; this present fortune has left him; in fact, he's d...d broke.'

Then Staples told the story more connectedly; of how Price's head was turned by his sudden independence, how he lost interest in anything but amusing himself, how he would invest his fifty thousand in high-paying investments, and how he had lost pretty much the whole.

'You always had an idiotic way of putting thing Staples,' growled one of his listeners. 'What did you hope to make by calling this another stroke of good fortune?'

'I'll refer you to headquarters,' said Staples, with a superior air, and he took out a thin, foreign-looking letter and read: 'Hello, Stape! Make room for me, will you, and ask Mrs. Foster to let me have my old bunk? Of course I want to desk with you, and if any fellow's got my place I'll kick him out. No—on the whole, perhaps, I would better kick myself, and eat humble pie a while.'

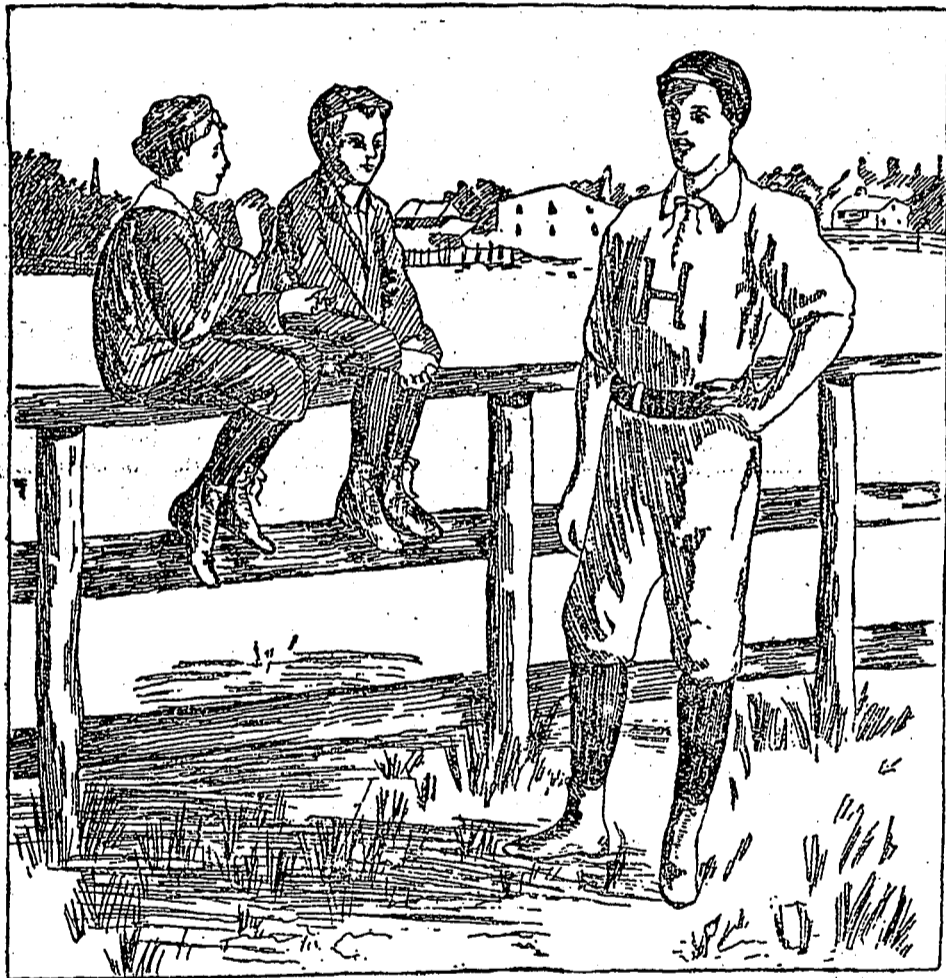
'Then he tell's about losing his money,' continued Staples, running his eye along, 'and—yes! here it is: "I wonder if you remember, old fellow, a little talk we had the day before our match with Wake Forest? I guess not; but it's curious how things that seemed nothing at the time, stick sometimes. I was putting up a tall brag of what a plucky chap I'd be if I had a fortune left me, and no sooner had I got the silly words out of my mouth than the fortune came, and melted all my fine theories, and made me about as no-count a chap as they get to be? Fitzpatrick? Why, Fitz was a crusader by the side of me! Well, I have had a sure enough stroke of good fortune this time"—hear that, Petrie; good fortune, he says—"and now I'll have another try at that man I thought I had the making of. But you see if I don't walk softly this time, about what I would do if so and so happened. Fact is, Stape, it's just as the good book says, "the good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not"'"—

Staples turned red and broke off. 'Old Price is in a sober mood,' he muttered, but the boys were not jeering, as he had half expected.

'A fellow knows that sometimes,' said one of them, 'without either getting or losing fifty thousand. But I certainly am glad old Price is coming back; he'll make things hum this year.'—'Forward.'

Pass It On.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse found a boy crying because his funds had given out before his journey was finished, and knew not what to do. 'I will help you,' he said. 'Now, you have received a kindness, pass it on. The boy gladly promised to pass it on. May we, like St. Paul, be just as ready to obey our Lord's command to 'Pass the Gospel on.'—'The Quiver.'



'I'D TELL PRICE, IF I WERE YOU.'

Staples said to himself that there wasn't much doubt about success in that effort; Price was the best athlete, as well as the best student, at the school, and his companions admired him enthusiastically.

'But never mind building castles in Spain,' continued Price. 'Let's settle about the substitute; suggest some one else.'

The two friends separated presently, after having discussed what seemed to them the most important question of the day—the make-up of the nine for the match game with Wake Forest. Price went off for a last look at his grounds; the young generalissimo was not one to leave anything to chance carelessness. As he passed two little chaps perched on the fence, he heard one of them say:—

'I'd tell Price, if I was you, Lawyer;' and the small boy, nicknamed 'Lawyer,' answered dolefully, 'A pretty mess I'd get into. I wish I hadn't heard the old thing.'

'What was the thing Lawyer had heard?' Price concluded that it was rather beneath

'What do you think you've come to, Lawyer,' said the young captain, sternly, 'if you are up to tricks like this? I wouldn't be a sneak, not for twice fifty thousand dollars.'

'I didn't mean to, Price,' whined the little offender, but Price was striding away over the field, with his head in a whirl.

'Price don't care,' said Lawyer's companion; he ain't that sort; any other boy in school would have stood on his head, and given three "tigers," at so much as a hint of having a fortune left him, but old Price is a gentleman, I tell you, sir-ee.'

You will want to know, perhaps, who won the game, and how the score stood; but I refer you to the annals of Stanley Hall for that. My little story of what Price thought he would do, in certain circumstances, and what he really did, skips the match game, and the spring term, and the summer vacation, and brings you back to the old place, to its fields and woods, and study halls, at the beginning of the next session.

The first classmen of last year are gone;