

**Somebody's Darling.**

Into a ward of the white-washed walls  
Where the dead and the dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,  
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face—  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—  
The lingering light of his boyhood's  
grace.

Matted and damped are the curls of gold  
Kissing the sun of that fair young brow;  
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow  
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;  
Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low;  
One bright curl from his fair mates take;  
They were somebody's pride you know.  
Somebody's hand hath rested there—  
Was it mother's soft and white—  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;  
"Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;  
"Somebody" wafted his name above,  
Morn and night on the wings of prayer.  
"Somebody" wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
"Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,  
"Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" watching and waiting for  
him,  
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear.  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,  
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

**NO!**

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

**CHAPTER VI.****THE EASY WAY DOWNWARD.**

"WHAT a fool you were, Jack!" said Lewis Denning, as he caught up with the boy on his way home that evening.

"Why was I a fool?" answered Jack.

"You'll find out, I guess, when you you come to try for another place. It isn't the best recommend to be turned out of a clerk's place inside your first year at it."

"But what did I do to be turned out? Lew, you know that woman paid the money just as well as I do."

"Well, I've got sense enough not to say so. If old Gilbert said it wasn't paid why should I set up to know more than he does?"

"But it wasn't true; she *did* pay!"

"Look here, my young gaby; let me give you a piece of advice. Don't you see everything nor hear every thing that goes on in other folk's business; it don't pay. There's tricks in every trade; and old Gil has got his full share of 'em. Business can't be done on a Sunday-school square; it's cheat or be cheated, I tell you."

"Do you mean to say the way to do business is to take advantage of everybody?"

"You bet it is, or they'll take advantage of you; and then where are you!"

"I don't believe it," said Jack hotly.

"I don't care whether you do or don't, you little greenhorn! You'll get your eye-teeth cut before your a sight older, and then you'll see for yourself!" and Lewis turned off into the street where he lived.

Jack hurried home to pour out his troubles to his mother. Happy boy! His mother was his friend; as much respected and trusted as beloved. She had never called him a "bother" or a "nuisance," whatever boyishness of his had interfered with her comfort or tried her patience. She had been so just, so reasonable, so tender, that he never feared to tell her what he had done, no matter how wrong it was; for she did not ever reprove him in anger.

No doubt Manice was troubled and disappointed, but not by Jack's conduct.

"You did quite right, my boy," she said, when she had heard all his story. It is a man's business to help the poor, particularly women; and I want you to have 'the stature of a perfect man.' As to Lewis Denning's ideas of business, I do not doubt that many people do as he says; but that does not make it right. And, Jack, strive yourself to enter in at the strait gate; no other way is here, or blessed hereafter."

Jack turned his face away; he was not ready yet to acknowledge his need of a Saviour. Looking at the faults of other people made him conceited; he thought himself so much better than Mr. Gilbert and Lew Denning that he did not consider how different his education had been; how patiently and carefully he had been trained.

While all this was going on, Will Boyd had his own troubles in the bank. The cashier, who was extremely civil, smiling, and bland to depositors, to people who wanted to buy stocks of him, or invest in the western bonds in which he dealt, was irritable and very domineering to those below him in office, and especially to the "boy," whoever he was, who gave him any reason or no reason to be so. Many a good scolding and many a tweak of the ear were bestowed on Will, who was both careless and lazy; but his education and his habits had not fitted him for work. He hated to sweep, he did not half-dust the counters, the pigeon-holes, the tables, and the chairs, and Mr. Gladwin could not endure a speck of dust about him. Many a time, too, Will forgot to shake down the furnace before he filled it up at night, and consequently the fire would go out and the rooms be very cold in the morning. He liked to get away into a corner and read a dime novel, and more than one was snatched out of his hand, torn to bits, and flung into the waste-basket by the angry man.

All this made Will very uncomfortable. A strong, kindly Christian man might have impressed his facile nature somewhat, but he had neither respect nor affection for Mr. Gladwin, and hav-

ing within himself no sense of duty or principle of uprightness, he gradually came to feel that the cashier was his personal enemy, and that he must "get the better of him," as he phrased it, in every possible way; waging with him a constant and lawful war, not in pitched battles, but guerrilla skirmishing and underhand sapping and mining. He liked to set a wet umbrella just where it would drip into Mr. Gladwin's overshoes; to go by the hat-rack with the broom on his shoulder and "accidentally" knock down Mr. Gladwin's stovepipe hat, which set the last seal of respectability on that gentleman's aspect. He let the ink on the cashier's desk dry up when all the rest were refilled daily. He forgot to moisten the sponge used in counting bills. In short, he became an adept in small annoyance, and but for his father would have been dismissed even sooner and more curtly than Jack had been. But at the time of Mr. Boyd's failure he owed two or three hundred dollars to Mr. Gladwin, who had taken his note for it, and when, owing to the disastrous failure of a New York house with which he was connected, Mr. Boyd suddenly failed too, Mr. Gladwin could think of no better way to secure his money than to give Mr. Boyd a position in the bank, and take his debt out of his salary. Just at that juncture the teller of the bank was promoted to a cashier's place in another town, and so Mr. Boyd was provided for; and to put him under an obligation that would make him a fixture there, Mr. Gladwin also took in his son.

Mr. Boyd had more to break down and sadden him than the loss of his money. His little daughter had been seized with diphtheria shortly after his failure. Mrs. Boyd, always fragile of constitution, quite gave way under this shock. She only moved from her bed to her sofa in the narrow rooms of the small house they now occupied, and wore her life away in fretful lamentation.

So Will had no home, in the highest sense of the word, and with the eager craving of youth for excitement and enjoyment, he sought them everywhere there was hope of finding them, whether in smoking cheap cigars, hanging about saloon billiard-tables, frequenting every circus or minstrel show that came along, or playing cards with other like-minded boys in any place where they could find shelter.

It was greatly in his way that he had but a pittance of wages; constant spending of a little here and there soon brought his resources to an end, and then he did not know what to do.

But there came to him what he called "a bright idea," which was to "borrow" money from the cash drawer, and repay it when his wages were paid, the last day of every month.

This scheme worked well at first, as most evil schemes do. He was not found out at once and so became bolder and bolder. At last, when he was sent one day to carry a package of

small bills to a customer who had sent in a check by him, he coolly abstracted a ten dollar bill, and folding it carefully, slipped it into his vest pocket, intending to hide it more carefully when he went back to the bank.

He had set his heart in going into Dartford to see a great circus that was to exhibit there the next day and evening. A special train was to go in and return, so that he need not leave his duties to go. But he had no money.

Will was an inexperienced thief. It did not occur to him that Mr. Gilbert, who had sent the check in a careless way—very unusual for him—would pursue just the course he did. Indeed, the fact that he had trusted Will with the money at all was the result of Jack's honesty. He thought the Boyds were all alike. But he was a man to make sure and as Will laid down the envelope with the bills in it, and was turning to go, he roared out,

"Stop, young feller! I never take money without counting it, not from nobody."

Will wanted to run, but like a flash it came to him that escape would be confession, so he leaned against the desk and whistled, rather tremulously, to be sure, but no one observed that.

"Ten dollars short!" and Mr. Gilbert glared at Will over his spectacles.

"I s'pose they made a mistake, sir. I'll go back and ask," the boy answered, thinking he could go back and return with the bill, and so save himself.

"No you won't!" growled Mr. Gilbert, "I'll go with ye. If they're so careless as that at the bank, it's time it was looked into; and I'm a director. And if you've lost it you'd better be lost too. We don't want no such boys 'round as that."

So Mr. Gilbert marched Master Will, frightened enough, back to the bank.

"I counted that money myself, sir!" said Mr. Gladwin, indignantly.

"I guess I lost it out then," suggested Will.

But his voice shook and his face was pale. He looked at his father as if for help, and Mr. Gilbert caught the glance. So did the cashier, and stepping quietly round the corner, he seized Will by the collar.

"Come in here!" he said, sternly, opening the door of the directors' parlour. Mr. Gilbert went in after him.

Will struggled and kicked in vain. Pocket after pocket was turned out, and at last Mr. Gladwin's long, slim fingers drew out of the vest pocket that ten-dollar note that was to have given Will so much pleasure.

"I thought so!" snapped Mr. Gilbert, nodding his big head sagaciously at the cashier. "That Dartford circus will be the ruin of more boys than one. But this fellow will circus it in jail."

Will gave a shriek of terror and fell on his knees. The door opened, and with ghastly face and dilated eyes his father came in.

Mr. Boyd covered his face with his