

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Manly Boy.

It was a crowded railway station. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and all hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Every five minutes a great stream of people flowed through the door, near which a young man stood and called, 'Rapid Transit for East New York!'

The gate was kept open but a moment and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman in the heavy shoes and short frock of her native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place near the door, so many pushed against her she could not get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the old, wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from two boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate. 'See there, Harry; see Fred; that's what he dashed back for!'

'No; you don't say so. I thought he went for the peanuts.'

'No, not for peanuts nor popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle.'

'Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her bundles?'

'Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?' And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head and nodded toward the little old woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

'Come along, Fred; come along. You'll be left again.'

'Never mind, boys; off with you. I'm going to see her through.'

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train, 'Isn't he a goose?'

'No,' was the indignant answer; 'he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's I; and Fred makes me ashamed of myself.'

'Pooh, you didn't mean anything, you only gave it a push.'

'I know it, but I feel as mean as if Fred caught me picking her pocket.'

The train whirled away. The next one came. 'Rapid Transit for East New York; all aboard!' shouted the man at the door.

The gate was open. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman; by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden. He put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown

to his mother, he 'saw her through.' And when the gate shut, I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—'Silver Cross.'

Helen Lunt's Allowance Paper.

It was Tuesday, and on Thursday evening the members of the Welchville Church were to meet to decide upon the salary of the new minister. This, as everyone in the thrifty New England village knew, was a mere form; the limit of the amount annually paid their preacher was fixed by an unchangeable custom. Not a dollar more had been paid since the building of the imposing woollen mills on either side the splendid water-power, the pride of the village, than had found its way into the minister's hands years before, when the country population without any outside aid had vigorously struggled with the rocky hillside farms for a simple livelihood.

'It's a shame—only \$450!' Helen Lunt spoke the words slowly and impressively, in order, if possible, to realize fully how little the amount really was. 'The church is abundantly able to pay double that paltry sum—and more!'

She opened the door on the wide veranda, and walked resolutely through the long hall to the dining-room.

'It wouldn't be quite so bad if the new minister hadn't so large a family—yes; it would, too! That isn't a reason why a man should be paid any more or less; he should receive what he's worth. And that's what no minister's received in Welchville since I can remember; \$450! I wonder how far that would go towards the living expenses of Thomas Lockwood, even if he weren't the overseer of the flourishing woollen mills. Do you suppose Deacon Barrows, with only his one child, could live on that?'

'And father! He has no excuse—no more than the others, not a bit, for withholding as he does. He should be one of the most liberal contributors. Two farms, and \$5 towards the minister's salary—\$2.50 a farm!'

'I thought you had company, that perhaps Ann Wilkins had run in,' and Mrs. Lunt expectantly closed the kitchen door behind her. 'I was sure I heard voices.'

'You did—one, mother!'

It seemed very much in earnest for one, replied Mrs. Lunt questioningly.

'Well, I was in earnest, and I had reason to be. On the way back with my pattern I stopped a moment at Mrs. Barrow's, and we got to talking about the new minister.'

'And his wife—how charming they all are! Didn't they like the sermon Sunday?' interrupted Mrs. Lunt with enthusiasm. 'I believe his sermon was every bit as interesting as the one Dr. Tubbs preached for us during the vacation. We're to be congratulated on having such a man as Mr. Folsom. It's a wonder a man with his ability ever consented to come here.'

'That's just it—on the miserly salary he's to get! Mrs. Barrows said he's to receive what the Welchville Church has been accustomed to pay—no more. It's a shame—a man with his ability—\$450. It makes

me blush when I think of it—and the community as well-to-do as this is!'

'But, my dear,' said Mrs. Lunt reassuringly, 'others have got along very comfortably on that amount. It isn't a wise policy to establish a precedent. Four hundred and fifty is what we've always paid. A minister shouldn't have extravagant tastes. You know the command about putting no scrip in one's purse.'

'It's an imposition—that's all,' disregarding her mother's remark. 'And I'm going to the meeting Thursday night, and tell them so. If they're not ashamed of themselves, I am of them—and father's just as much to blame as the rest.'

'What would people say?' emphasized Mrs. Lunt. 'You—going to the church meeting, telling Deacon Barrows, Thomas Lockwood, Judge Bean, and the rest what they ought to do—I'm surprised!'

Helen began to set the table, the look of determination on her face showing that her mind was 'made up.'

'Thirty dollars for clothes—that's such a small allowance,' but Helen set it down on the sheet of paper she held in her lap. 'Twas Wednesday afternoon, and she was alone in the cool, tastily furnished sitting-room. 'That's for boots, rubbers, overcoat, hats—everything he has to wear. Thirty dollars—that's for Mrs. Folsom,' and Helen smiled grimly as she set it down. 'I'll allow \$20 a piece for each of the three children—that makes \$60.'

She held the pencil a moment in her teeth, thoughtfully surveying the account before her.

'Thirty plus thirty plus sixty—that leaves, let me see. 120 from 450 leaves \$330 for all the other expenses. I'll put down the keeping of the horse next. I can't let him have more than \$35, and that will include hay, grain, shoeing, blankets, repairs on carriage and harness—and everything of that sort. \$35! That leaves \$295. Suppose I take out \$10 for possible doctor's bills. There's \$285 remaining. My! the fund's going too fast—and I haven't been extravagant.'

Helen turned over the paper, and did a bit of figuring on the back.

'Repairs? Yes; the minister always has to look out for repairs on his house. Let me see—I'll set aside another \$10. The money's dwindled down to \$275. The books for the children in school. \$10 will not be a bit too much; that'll leave \$265.'

'A minister must have tools to work with. \$20 a year is a small allowance for the books he ought to have—and then, papers and magazines, \$10. Now I have \$235. Then the tenth of his income for the Lord; that'll be,' and Helen turned the paper over again, '\$45, leaving \$190.' She thought a moment. 'I suppose he wouldn't have to give this way—but a minister's a minister.'

'If we expect a preacher to do his best, he must have a vacation. I'll give him \$40 for this, expenses for the whole family while they're away; 'tisn't as much as they ought to have. Now there's \$150 left. Goodness me! And I haven't got half through yet—things they have to have, and not a cent set aside for their year's provisions!'

An hour later, after careful planning, the 'allowance-paper,' as Helen called it, was finished. 'Of course, I haven't allow-