

shops, and he had no money or friends on whom to depend. One evening, when things were at their worst, he came home early, the first time in many weeks. His room was not a place a fellow would hurry back to. There was a bed that had not been changed for a month, a broken stand, a smoky lamp, a cracked washbowl, one chair, and a bare floor. Tommy sat down on the edge of the bed and shivered while he tried to decide. There were just two things, so he thought, to choose between. One to plunge into crime and go to the devil as fast as he could—the other was—the river.

'There was a knock at the door. A man he had known slightly at the shops came in. He did not offer any excuse for coming, just sat down and visited two or three hours; and if Heaven ever deals in medicine, it certainly had put cordial into that bluff, hopeful voice.

'Tommy put off the decision. The old man came again and again. In a little while the young man had told the whole story of poverty, sickness and despair.

'Well,' said the old man, 'you can't work in the shops any more; that's a fact. Do you know anything else?' The young man did not.

'Why don't you go to school, and fit yourself for business or a profession?' he asked, after a minute of deep study.

'That is easy,' laughed the young man, in a dismal strain.

'Well, sir, that fellow never let up until he had won Tommy over to the plan to go to school, and then he went to the bank and borrowed money at ten percent to pay the young fellow's way.

'Tommy has a pretty home now, and every evening there is a curly-headed little chap who puts his head on the lap of the sweetest, happiest woman in the world, and says, "Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and Uncle Archer."

The old man had turned his face away and was surreptitiously rubbing his eyes.

'And it is really you, is it, Tommy?' he said, as they rose to go.

'Yes, it really is,' said the young man, gripping his hand.

'Boys,' said Archer, and he tried very hard to keep his voice steady, 'you don't know how happy I am.'

They were silent for three or four blocks.

'I think I see what you meant,' said Johnson. 'The reward often comes back when not expected.'

'No,' said Harris, 'you still miss it. The reward is not in what comes back, but what stays. It is the power he has to feel as he did to-night.'

He That Tholes Overcomes.

An old house in Edinburgh had fixed above the outer door the motto, 'He that tholes overcomes.' A boy who day after day passed that way read the legend again and again, and said he afterwards, 'I made up my mind to thole.' To thole is a pithy old Scotch word, signifying to bear with patience. The lad became one of the founders of the famous firm of Chambers, the publishers. His success was won because he was able to 'thole.'—*League Journal.*

The Spectator.

'Who,' asked Uncle Dick, 'is that pretty girl in brown—the one that is enjoying it all so hard?'

Marjory's glance, puzzled and curious, followed her uncle's. When it discovered the 'pretty girl in brown,' the perplexity changed to astonishment.

'Why, it isn't—you don't mean Patty Preston!' she exclaimed. 'Patty's a dear,—we all love her,—but nobody in the world ever called her pretty before.'

'Are you sure?' Uncle Dick asked, with an odd smile.

Marjory looked at him keenly. She was proud of having an uncle who was a famous author, so that all the girls were eager to meet him, but quite aside from that, she adored him for himself—none the less, perhaps, that he was sometimes a little baffling.

'Why, I never heard of anybody who thought so,' she answered, slowly. 'But she "is" a dear. She wanted to be in the play—of course everybody does want to,—it's the

biggest honor of the year, but she couldn't for some reason. I think she couldn't afford the costume, only of course nobody dared ask. So instead she helped everybody else get ready, and seemed just to "love" seeing the others do things, and—well, look at her now!'

'I've been looking,' Uncle Dick answered. 'I haven't been able to look at anybody else—scarcely even on the stage. It's a wonderful thing to have a genius for being a spectator, Marjie. Most of us have to be one most of our lives, but few of us make such a success of it: it demands too much—humor and sympathy, and insight and unselfishness, and a fine sense of proportion, among other things. I'd like to follow up that girl's life.'

Marjory said nothing, but she put it away to think over. She thought over it at various times during the next three years as she watched Patty Preston. When the three years were over and commencement came, and Uncle Dick came with it, she had made a discovery or two.

'Why don't you ask about your pretty girl in brown?' she inquired, after she had taken Uncle Dick everywhere.

'I've been waiting for you to tell me,' he returned, promptly.

Marjory laughed, but the shine in her eyes was not from laughter.

'She is still a spectator,' she said. 'She was called home the middle of the year by her father's illness, but she is coming back to-morrow to see the class—her class—graduate. I know just how she will look—it makes a lump come into my throat to think of it. But, Uncle Dick, you were wrong—she "isn't" a spectator. She will not have a diploma, but she is down in the very "heart" of things—and of us. She has things that no diploma could possibly mean.'

Uncle Dick merely smiled, but the smile looked as if he was pleased over something.—*'Youth's Companion.'*

How He was Bound.

'I wish I were as free as you are,' said Morris to Earl. The two young college chums were having a confidential chat one evening. One of them was kept at college under certain very strict conditions. His father would support him there only as he observed the required regulations as to class standing, expenses, athletics and other matters. The other student had money in his own right, and was under no outside restriction. It seemed to Morris that Earl had the most perfect liberty imaginable. 'You can do exactly as you please,' he said, with a shade of discontent in his tone, and a great deal of envy.

'Well,' said Earl, in reply to all this, 'I am free only in a way, you must remember. I am bound, too, as truly as you are, but as strongly, every bit.'

'I don't see how,' grumbled Morris, skeptically.

'You know,' said Earl, seriously, and a little sadly, 'that my father is gone, and my mother leaves to me the control of my own money; but my father bore an honored name, and wished his son to uphold it. My mother trusts me utterly. Morris, I am honor-bound to do right, and to make the very best of myself while I am here, and always. I am not free to please myself. It seems to me that there cannot be a stronger bond than to be honor-bound. I should hate myself if I broke through that; that wouldn't be comfortable, you know, since I have to live with myself always.'

Morris looked up quickly. 'I hadn't thought of things in that way before!' he exclaimed. 'Why, as to that, Earl, I am in honor-bound too.'

'I think you are,' said his chum, quietly.—*Selected.*

The Boys of Turtle Camp.

(Fay Stuart, in the 'Morning Star.')

'I can't find a chum in Elmdale, mother,' argued Royal earnestly.

'Perhaps you are too critical. You can not expect to find another friend just like Paul,' answered Mrs. Vernon.

'But you believe in keeping good company. Eugene Austin and Harry Parker smoke cigarettes. Donald Covert cheats in his lessons, Luke Raymond swears, and so do the others.'

'The doctor's son?' suggested his mother.

'Oh, Allan Hamilton is good enough, but

he's too bashful to get acquainted! I wish father never had come here to preach,' and Royal kicked the hassock by way of emphasis.

His father looked up from a book. 'It's a puzzle, isn't it, Royal? We have the boys; now let us make some cultured chums out of them.'

'I'd like to know how, father?'

'That is what we have to solve,' replied Mr. Vernon.

One morning, Royal and his father went down back of the parsonage with a load of posts and boxes. At the edge of the pond beyond their orchard they began to erect a low building.

'What are you making?' asked Eugene Austin.

'A club house,' said Vernon.

'Huh! You aren't getting it round. It'll look like that snapping turtle!' commented Luke.

'Thank you, Luke,' said Mr. Vernon. 'You have given me a first-class idea.'

At last the building was complete. It was oval shaped; the low roof was stained black with bright yellow spots, and had a queer projection reaching toward the pond, like the head and neck of a huge turtle. From this floated a flag.

His mother and sister Laura planned the cozy room. A table, draped with red, held many books. There were chairs, an old sofa piled with bright pillows, pictures on the walls, and violets and Mayflowers upon the shelf.

Then Royal invited the boys to Turtle Camp. 'I'll read the rules,' he said, 'and any boy that will sign can belong.'

'1. We will not taste intoxicating liquor, not even cider.'

'2. We will not use tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes.'

'3. We will not use profane or unclean language.'

'4. We will be honest in word and deed, at school and elsewhere.'

'5. We will be courteous to all, especially to ladies and old people.'

'6. We promise to help each other keep these rules.'

'Suppose we forgot and kept breaking them?' asked Donald.

'Then you'd have to return this red badge to father. He owns this camp,' replied Royal.

'I'll sign; any decent boy would,' decided Allan.

Eugene looked doubtful. 'I'll sign if Donald does,' he agreed. Henry and Luke stayed outside, but a peep at Royal's air rifle, target, and dumb-bells, fascinated them, and soon all six names were signed.

Words can faintly describe the good times at Turtle Camp. Such tramps as they had through meadows and woods with Mr. Vernon, searching for wild plants! The boys learned many interesting facts about birds and flowers.

Fourth of July was celebrated in royal style with a clambake, ball game, plenty of noise from dawn till dark, skyrockets, and red fire! Then came the hot, drowsy August days.

'I say, Luke,' said Henry from the old sofa, 'I had a cigarette yesterday.'

Luke reluctantly closed 'The Pathfinder.'

'Royal will not stand that, Henry.'

'Well, I'm tired of being a white angel.'

'It's hard sometimes, but I've tried to keep my promise. Let's finish this week, anyway.'

'Well, next week I'll smoke double, then.'

'O boys!' cried Royal, 'just see this beautiful boat that Uncle Ivan brought me! He knows all about fishing and baseball; and he's going to help us make some real Indian bows and quivers!'

'Hurrah for Uncle Ivan!' shouted the boys, and Henry determined to be a white angel a little longer.

'There's only one trouble with Elmdale,' said Mr. Vernon, a year later. 'Royal must have chums.'

'Why, father!' exclaimed Royal, 'you never saw nicer chums than the Turtle Camp boys. You solved that puzzle in grand style.'

True friendship is a religious experience—a holy sacrament. It is a refining and enrichment of mind and heart, a preparation for larger living and wider relations with spiritual beings. Yes, that is the central thing; we are to meet as pure spirits, and this should be a kind of apprenticeship for heaven.—*Charles Gordon Ames.*