

Where's Mother.

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say:
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain,
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronze and bearded son,
Perils past and honours won—
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask,
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

It was noon when they halted for dinner, and both Phil and Dick gave the weary animals a thorough rubbing before joining the girls in the cold lunch which had been spread out on a moss-covered log.

"How far are we from our starting-point?" Alice asked suddenly, when, from an ominous shake of Aunt Lois' head, it seemed probable she was about to predict more evil.

"About eight miles, I should say. We started at seven, were delayed two hours, and have not travelled much more than two and a half miles an hour."

"Then we have only five to make before arriving at the camping-place selected for us by Uncle Ainsworth."

"That is all; but I fancy it is quite as much as we shall want to do."

"More, if I am not mistaken. I am afraid those horses will not be able to drag us many miles farther," Aunt Lois said despairingly.

"Then we will walk," Dick cried cheerily.

"If there's nothing worse than being forced to walk, I shall be comparatively happy," Aunt Lois replied, and would have said more but that Gladys interrupted by insisting that Phil tell of a visit he made in this same region with his father a year previous.

When this rather long story came to an end an hour and a half had been spent, and it was high time the journey should be resumed.

Once more the line of march was taken up, but the horses no longer pushed on eagerly; it was necessary to urge them with the whip from time to time, and both Dick and Phil understood that they were decidedly weary, not because of the distance travelled, but owing to the roughness of the road, which made of what had been an ordinary load an exceedingly heavy one.

"I reckon Dick and I had better walk for a while," Phil said, when they had ridden for an hour in comparative silence. "It won't do us any harm, and will make it so much easier for the horses."

He had but just alighted from the surrey, and Dick was following his example, when all were startled and Aunt Lois frightened into a shrill, hysterical cry by what sounded very like the groan of a human being from amid the shrubbery a short distance in advance.

Phil started forward quickly, and Aunt Lois cried imploringly:

"Come back, Phillip, please come back, like a good boy! I am certain there is something very terrible in those bushes!"

Another groan, and Phil, who had half turned in response to the little woman's appeal, went forward resolutely.

Gladys urged Bessie on with such purpose that the occupants of the surrey could see all which occurred after Phil forced his way through the foliage to the spot from which the agonized moan had come.

There, with his back against a sapling, as if he had dragged himself to that place in order to find some degree of comfort amid his suffering, was a half-

reclining man, holding out his hands in supplication to the boy.

"I thought I should die here alone!" he said faintly. "It did not seem possible any one would come this way, but now that you are here, you'll not leave me?"

"What is the matter?" Phil asked solicitously, and Dick ran up, eager to be of some assistance, while Aunt Lois and the girls descended from the vehicle to proffer their aid.

"I'm afraid I've broken my leg. I was making my way through the woods on a short cut when I tumbled into a hole and so hurt myself that it is impossible to move without the most terrible pain."

"Poor man!" Aunt Lois exclaimed. "I don't wonder you feared you would be left here to die in this terrible place. Tell me where you are hurt?" and the little woman knelt down beside the alleged sufferer.

"Here," and the man placed his hand tenderly on his knee.

Aunt Lois would have attempted to ascertain exactly the extent of the injury, but that he made a loud outcry whenever

The man evidently observed the look of perplexity on the boy's face, for he said quickly:

"I'm not the boss of the gang. He lives down Ellsworth way, and had to go home because his wife was sick, so I took his place for a couple of days, that's all."

"What is your name?"

"Bart Jackson."

"Are you any relative of the Jackson who cooked for father last year?"

"Is Ainsworth your father? Then I'm all right, for you won't see me left here to die. Yes, I'm the cook's cousin, and it was owing to what he said that I hired with your father; he allowed the old man was a good one to work for."

By this time Aunt Lois had succeeded in finding what she wanted, and now came up laden with bottles.

"Now, Phillip, you and Dick must bathe the poor creature's knee with this liniment, while I give him something to prevent fever from setting in. A person with a broken limb is always more or less feverish. Don't say a word," she added, as the man attempted to interrupt her. "I know the bathing will



PHIL FORCED HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE.

she placed her hands, however gently, on the disabled member.

"I'm not generally called a coward, ma'am, but I can't stand the lightest touch—indeed I can't."

"I don't doubt it, you poor creature! What a blessing that I brought plenty of liniment with me! Boys, you must overhaul the baggage and get the medicine-chest at once."

"I'm afraid I'm too far gone for liniments to do me any good," the sufferer moaned. "If I could be taken to Milo I might see a doctor, and then the bones could be patched up."

"Of course we will take you there, but first we must relieve the pain. Boys, why don't you do as I wish?"

"Dick will help you, aunt, if you'll show him in what part of the waggon it was put," Phil replied, with a meaning look at his cousin; and as the latter obeyed, he asked of the stranger: "Which way were you going when you met with the accident?"

"To Township Eight, where Ainsworth is working."

"Are you one of Benner's men?"

"Sure."

"How does it happen that you did not go in with the others?"

"I stayed behind to look after the second gang."

"Where are they?"

"Somewhere on the road—perhaps they passed me while I lay back there in the timber, so hurt I didn't know what was going on."

Phil was puzzled. He knew that men not infrequently went into the camps alone and on foot; but that one who had been entrusted with the work of bringing in a gang should be ahead or behind them so far as not to know exactly where they were, seemed very strange.

cause some pain, but it must be done before you can endure the long journey to Milo."

"And you will take me there?" the sufferer asked eagerly.

"Of course we will, my man. Did you think we were such heathen as to leave you here to die? Dick, strip up his trousers, and be sure to put on plenty of liniment."

The alleged suffering man insisted that he could bear the pain until they arrived at Milo, and that it would be much better if the injured limb was not interfered with until a physician should see it; but Aunt Lois made light of his entreaties to be left alone.

"I know what should be done, and there is to be no discussion," she said very positively. "If the bones were not broken I could treat the case without the aid of a doctor, though I do say it myself."

Bart Jackson made no further protest, save to groan piteously when Dick began pulling the trousers up over the injured knee; and Phil, instead of offering to assist, beckoned for Gladys to follow him back to the baggage-waggon, where he said in a whisper:

"I know it seems inhuman for me to say that I won't go to Milo with this Jackson—"

"Surely, Phil, you wouldn't have the heart to leave him here, where he might die!" Gladys exclaimed in surprise.

"I shall go to Benner as rapidly as possible; my first duty is to do father's work. Couldn't you drive Jack, and let Alice take care of Bessie?"

"Do you mean that we must go back alone?" and now Gladys began to grow alarmed.

"That is what must be done if we do what seems to be our duty by Jackson."

"Aunt Lois would never consent to anything of the kind."

"Then it will be she, not I, who refuses to aid the man, for I'm bound to go ahead. Talk with her as soon as you can get her aside."

"I know it will be of no use. Besides, it would be dark before we could reach there, and the horses are already tired."

"Dick and I will wait here with you until morning, and trust to making up the lost time during the next four days."

"Then why not put up the tents now, without saying anything to her?"

"That is what I will do. Call Alice, and she and you shall help me, while Aunt Lois and Dick work over the poor fellow."

The little woman was so intent on playing the part of surgeon that the stable and the women's tent were up before she knew what was being done, and then she came back to the scene of Phil's labours in great excitement.

"What are you doing, Phillip? You must not think of stopping here to-night, for it is of the greatest importance that that poor creature be taken back to civilization."

Quietly but decidedly Phillip explained his purpose, and for several seconds Aunt Lois was too much surprised to be able to object. Then she made most vehement protest.

"It must be that way, or he be left here," Phil said firmly. "I am willing to spend the time from now until early morning for his benefit, but after that my father's business is of the greatest importance to me. There will be no danger in riding back alone, and you and the girls can remain at the hotel until we return."

Aunt Lois attempted to exercise her supposed authority, but Phil deprived her of the opportunity by continuing his work of erecting the tents so energetically that she was forced to hold her peace, or scream her objections to the proposed plan so loudly that the sufferer could have overheard the entire conversation.

Then the little woman went back to her patient, and a few moments later Dick joined his cousin, looking seriously disturbed.

"Yes, I know it is too bad to stay here even over night," Phil said quickly, thinking Dick was about to comment upon his actions, "but we can't leave a man with a broken leg in the woods; and I propose that Aunt Lois and the girls shall take him to Milo, while we continue the journey on foot. That's the only way out of it I can see."

"Phil," Dick said in a whisper, lest Alice and Gladys should overhear the words, "I don't believe that man is suffering any more than I am!"

"What do you mean?"

"When I finally succeeded in uncovering his knee, despite his screams and groans, I could see nothing to indicate that he had been hurt. If the bones were broken, or if he had wrenched or sprained it, there would be some signs on the outside. The flesh looks as sound as it ever was, barring considerable dirt; and I believe he is shamming."

"Why should he—"

Phil did not complete the sentence. In an instant he understood what was in his cousin's mind; and with the thought that this was but a ruse to delay the messengers, came anxiety and perplexity.

(To be continued.)

HIS LAST TWO DOLLARS.

"There came into the hands of a relative of mine," says a writer in The Golden Rule, "a two-dollar bill, with a temperance sermon written in red upon the back of the note. It speaks far more forcefully of the tortures of the drink habit than any added words can."

The bill was kept for some time by the gentleman, and then sent on into circulation, with the hope that it would touch other hearts, as it had touched ours. This was its message:

"Wife, children, and over \$40,000 all gone! I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am now yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered our children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money, and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

If this reaches the eye of any young man who sometimes uses liquor, but who thinks himself strong enough to stop before there is danger of his coming to ruin, let him re-read the man's message to him, written in blood-red.