

ral long flights of stairs to his room on the fourth floor.

It was a very small room, with a bed and trunk and one chair, and an unpretentious pine-framed looking-glass on the wall. But the boy was not thinking of the room just now. Something more portentous was on his mind, and his hands went deep down into his pockets, and the discontent grew more pronounced and unmistakable on his face.

'What's the use of my being such a milk-sop?' he grumbled, as he kicked off his shoes and knelt down, preparatory to opening his trunk. 'It's just as the boys say, I'm still fastened to mamma's apron strings, and ought to have her here to lead me round. Not that I'm ashamed of it,' a quick flush of contrite shame spreading over his face; 'she's the very best mother in the world. But then I'm seventeen years old, and I'm living here in the city with men who know something of the world. I can't be a baby always, and of course mamma and the girls don't know. If I'm to be a good business man I must get acquainted with people, and do as other folks do. All the clerks at my counter smoke cigars, and go to the theatre and races and things. And this is such a gentlemanly invitation, too. Baker says it isn't often that a mere clerk receives such an honor. He says—but oh, pshaw! no matter what he says; it's more than half taffy, anyway.'

He threw open the trunk with the air of one who rises above such trivialities, but still the expression of complacency which the recollection of his fellow-clerk's words had called up remained on his face while he removed his one good suit from the trunk and spread it on the bed.

'I suppose there'll be more or less smoking and drinking and betting going on,' he thought, as he held up his coat and looked it over critically, 'but that's none of my business. I can't keep folks from doing such things, and because they do it is no reason why I should. And as Baker says, it isn't often that a man gets a chance to see such a sparring exhibition as this will be. It's only one night, anyhow, and I'll be none the worse for want of a few hours' sleep. Mother'll never know, and Baker'll be careful not to let it slip out at the store. I don't suppose Mr. Gray and the floor-walker would quite approve of it; but as Baker says, they are old fogies.'

He laid aside the coat, and then inspected the vest minutely. 'Looks as good as new,' he thought, as he put it down and took up the pantaloons. 'It's awfully good of Baker to take me up as he does; I must try and make it all right with him sometime. I suppose I might ask him out home to spend his vacation,' here a slight wrinkle of disapprobation appeared between his eyebrows. 'N—no, I don't think I will, either. He isn't just the sort I would like mother and the girls to meet. I'd rather introduce them to somebody like Marsden or White. Still Baker's an awfully good fellow, and he uses me right. Hello! here's the patch.'

It was only a neatly darned place on one of the knees, but as he looked at it he could see his mother bending lovingly over his best suit, and his sisters ironing his handkerchiefs and socks and getting him ready for his entrance into the world. And thinking of them, the discontent left his face, and presently he folded his best suit and replaced it in the trunk.

'Oh, pshaw!' he thought, with lightened heart, 'what's the good of going out with a rough, drinking crowd, anyhow! Mother and the girls are worth more than the whole lot of them. I'll go to bed.'

The next morning the floor-walker looked

at Alired Gaines approvingly. He liked to see that strong, buoyant expression on the faces of the men who worked under him. And when at night he saw Alfred wait for Marsden and White, his approval did not lessen. Marsden and White were good men for the younger clerks to go with.—'Child's Paper.'

When the Doctor is Storm Bound.

(By Edith Alger, in 'The Christian Work.')

A practical and good woman says, 'I have noted recently that a number of young people are paying careful attention to the health articles written by eminent physicians and good nurses especially for the young people. All boys and girls desire a healthy body, and it is an encouraging lookout for that boy's future if he begins early to learn practically of hygiene, the use and abuse of athletics, of the symptoms of disease most common. It sometimes happens that a young son and daughter may need to act in an emergency. In isolated homes sickness enters just as in other homes. An accident or a sudden illness may demand medical attention or a nurse when a delay is inevitable. It is torture to sit in ignorance beside a suffering loved one, not knowing which way to turn to alleviate the suffering. Healthy boys and girls are likely to pass by the condensed health article in their own journal. An article describing pneumonia, its symptoms and phases, is uninteresting to the reader enjoying good health. A careful reading may prove a future good.'

Two boys possessing a good bicycle, work in an office all the day. One said to his mother, 'I ride my wheel for health. I mean to sit erect, to never tax my strength or to waste it in the endeavor to become the champion. Since I am your bread winner I have my health to care for. My wheel is to be a benefit.'

The other said, 'I mean to break the record for speed.'

The mother urged, 'Lonny, your lungs are weak, remember; Dr. Crow said rightly used your wheel would prove a benefit. You must be sensible, not abuse—'

'Don't, mother, dash a live boy with cold water; surely you would not want me a slow coach,' he replied, vexed and impatient.

The boy that wheeled for health, says, since the passing of the intense heat in August, 1896, 'My office work was hard. Every day I felt worn out, but after work hours and tea, I went for a lively spin on my wheel, came home and slept an unbroken sleep, and waked next morning refreshed. My wheel has been a pleasure and benefit. I knew quite well that I could not break the record or become a champion, but I am getting on in strength and speed. There is Lonny Stephens, he went in for the championship. He has had pneumonia, been weak ever since his attack. He is an ambitious boy, but pays no heed to his lack of physical strength, and abuses exercise that might strengthen him. What, studying hygiene and your own body an old fogy business? I think not. If right living will prevent disease, an up to date boy ought to learn how to live.'

Girls, too, need to learn how to live. When I was a young girl living in a country home and too healthy and happy to give a thought to illness, the second week in January was unseasonably warm, and a warm rain fell melting the snow and ice. My mother had a severe cold, then a chill and fever. I knew nothing of pneumonia symptoms or the rapid progress of the disease if neglected. Mother thought lightly of her attack of cold, and father was not at home, and did not re-

turn until she was in a high fever and delirious. Father was alarmed, and I knew mother was seriously ill. He set out walking—the road was almost impassable—after Dr. Warren, the best physician in Clifton. He intended stopping at a neighbor's house, hoping to find Miss Leta Dean at home and able to come to me. Miss Leta was the neighborhood nurse and tower of strength in emergencies. Father left me at seven o'clock. The rain fell steadily, there was no medicine to give, and I knew not what to do to relieve mother's pain. She cried out for water, cold water. I had heard that boiled water should be given in illness. I feared to give her a cold draught of water unboiled. There was no one to consult or advise with.

Father was gone the greater part of the night—the long, anxious, sorrowful night. He returned without Dr. Warren. The doctor had sprained his ankle and could not make visits. He sent medicine, prescribing after hearing father carefully recount the symptoms.

Dr. Moore, Dr. Warren's assistant, if the footbridge over Plum Creek was not washed away, would visit mother during the day, and a neighbor had gone after Miss Leta, I might expect her, as she would surely come to our aid.

Father assumed the care of mother. The cooking, housework, and feeding the cattle was my work.

Dr. Moore came in the afternoon. He said mother was critically ill, the disease had made rapid progress, he feared the result should the weather suddenly change from warm to cold, we must have a nurse, and he desired counsel; if we gave him permission he would telegraph to Blue Ridge for Dr. Charles, a physician especially successful in treating pneumonia.

'Telegraph—send an urgent message,' said father. Miss Leta came later, just as the sleet rattled down upon the roof. The sudden change in the weather, so unwelcome, had come.

'Esther, stop cryin',' commanded Miss Leta, when I gave way to hopelessness, 'I will be truthful. Your mother is very ill. I do not see how Dr. Charles can get here tomorrow or the next day over the nine miles up and down hill road that lies between Blue Ridge and this farmhouse. The highway will be sleet covered. We cannot control the weather, child, nor fetch the doctors, and we do need 'em; but we can keep doin', tryin' our utmost to make your mother comfortable. Stop cryin' an' get to doin', grievin' an' regrettin' helps nobody.'

I recognized the need of doing, and under Miss Leta's direction was able to do many things for my mother during the ensuing seven days.

Dr. Charles was not able to reach our house until three days after receiving Dr. Moore's telegram. In his kind, strong face I speedily read the truth—there was no hope, and it was so, my mother was fast slipping away from us.

In the years that have gone since my mother's last illness, the young people have been learning how to care for the body and resist disease, yet emergencies continue to arise, pain and illness that might be relieved in the incipient stage is neglected through an ignorance of a common-sense, homely knowledge of the need for a speedy attention while the disease is only symptoms. The residents of an isolated home must necessarily rely upon the members of their household in time of need.

A young girl with a mother's aid, living in a lonely little place, has a scrap book containing health articles that have been published in reliable periodicals, and prepared