



ROY.

"No, I don't."

"I've been looking for him. I want to send this bundle down to Mrs. Brown's."

She passed on through the hall as if speaking more to herself than to any one else. Will was rushing up to his room, two steps at a time, when he suddenly paused.

"I'll take it to her, Aunt Susan."

She stopped and looked at him unsmilingly, concluding at once, in her own mind, that he had business of his own that way, yet still surprised that he should be willing to include in it a service for herself.

"Well, if it won't bother you," she said.

More intercourse with Ned awakened in Will a more honest resolution to make the best of himself in the matter of grace of manner and behavior. It is a pity that every boy should not reflect how largely his conduct influences those among whom he is thrown. Will increased his efforts to avoid small annoyances to his aunt, and began showing her small attentions, which sometimes won for him an approving smile.

He began to feel touched and conscience-smitten at perceiving that what he had begun in an unworthy spirit of fun should be making the impression on Aunt Susan which should belong only to honest effort. It was pleasant to the boy whose home life was so lonely to find himself looking for Aunt Susan's smile and for the softened voice in which she answered his good-morning. And one day he ran up to his room, and laughed by himself until he was out of breath.

"I took off my hat to her as I met her on the corner, and she actually turned red with astonishment."

"More shame for me that it should take her off her feet so," came with sober reflection.

"If I've done it in fun before, I'll do it in

earnest now. I think it pays for a boy to be decent in his ways, whether anybody notices it or not. It pays just in the feeling he has himself."

Which was as wise a conclusion as a boy often arrives at.

Months later Will went away from home on a visit. On his return Aunt Susan stood on the steps with a face which, in its welcoming expression, might almost have belonged to Ned's mother.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she exclaimed. "I have needed you so much. No one to hunt for my glasses. No one to bring me the paper. No one to have flowers on the table before I come down. No one to care whether I am waited on or not. I could not have believed I should miss you so."

Will went upstairs with the warmth of her kiss upon his cheek, trying to remember when anybody had kissed him before. The tears came very near his eyes as he saw about his room more than one evidence of Aunt Susan's very tender thought of him. "It was well worth trying," he said to himself. —*The Interior.*

#### UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

**T**ELL us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you was a little boy," said Archie.

"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said 'Yes,' so we went and had a good deal of sport.

"After awhile I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran towards home. Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"O Uncle Phil!" said Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and it struck him right over his eye."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground. But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat. But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was