

Then his gaze wandered down the slope to a small heap of stones beside a path, and he flushed impatiently. His father had told him several weeks before to carry them away, and had promised him five cents for doing the job. Oh, well, he would before long; it would only take a few minutes, anyhow.

A little girl came up the path and paused near him, inquiringly. She was poorly dressed, but had a bright, intelligent face. He recognized her as the daughter of the woman who did their washing.

"Is your papa home, Charlie?" she asked. (Charlie sprang to his feet.

"No, he's gone down to the store with a crate of strawberries," he answered politely. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Here's twenty cents for the setting of eggs mamma bought," she answered. "You might let your papa have it."

"I heard papa say he could spare your mother that other setting she wanted," he said. "Shall I get them?"

"N-no, not just now. Mamma says she may want them next week. She—hasn't got the change right now."

"Oh, that don't matter." Charlie hastened to assure her; "She can pay any time she gets ready."

But the little girl drew back.

"Mamma never gets trusted," she said, quickly. "She thinks other people ought not to borrow or get in debt unless they are really obliged to."

Charlie flushed a little, self consciously. But as the flush left his face, the indecision left it also. After the little girl's departure, he went sturdily to work to clear away the stone heap. Then he weeded the onions, and hoed around his lettuce plants. When he could not think of anything else that he had neglected, he went into the house.

"Here are twenty cents that Nelly Jones brought for the eggs, mamma," he said, as he placed the money on the table beside her.

"Very well, I will tell papa." Then she looked at him approvingly. "I see you have been cleaning away the stones, Charlie. Didn't papa promise you five cents for the job?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, here it is. I think you have earned it," and then she wondered at the odd expression which came into his face, and at the promptness with which he bounded down the steps and along the path that led toward the store.—Living Church.

AN IDEAL YOUNG MAN.

WE were talking of a new inmate of her home, my friend and I, and most flatteringly did she speak of the young man's many good qualities.

Still, I could see that she was keeping something back, which led me to say:

"Hardly up to your ideal, after all, is he?"

"Why, he is, all but for one thing," was the hesitating reply, "his lack of order. Of course, the annoyance of putting his room to rights is nothing to what it would be to have it scented up with tobacco, or have him out late nights; but, after all, it is a trial of my patience."

Now, I know that the young man who is so lacking in order, would be deeply pained if he realized the annoyance he is to the one who "wouldn't have him to know it for the world," and I am sure, too, that being the soul of honor, he would feel guilty, indeed, did he dream that he was unduly taxing her patience, as well as stealing her time, in leaving her to put to rights what he carelessly strews about.

"Oh, well, you cannot expect anything better of boys!" said another one, who listened to what my friend had to say. "I know all about it, for none of mine had any order."

But it seems to me, the trouble lies just here in too many homes. The mothers pick up after the sons, and then when they go into other homes, they give no thought to the fact that strangers count it a trial to do what "mother" did.

I take exception to the statement that all boys are disorderly. I can testify that many are the reverse. My message is not to the orderly ones, but to those who, like the young man referred to, unthinkingly are unnecessary burdens to the one who has no claim upon them by the ties of nature.

Boys, cultivate order, not only for the sake of those who may be tried by your lack of it, but for your own sake.

Once had under my roof a guest, who had more "irons in the fire" than anyone I ever saw, and yet her room was always in the most perfect order.

One day I expressed my surprise that one so taxed could take time to have a place for everything, when her stay was only temporary, and this was her reply:

"I cannot afford to be anything but orderly, my time is so precious!"

Think of her words, young people, and begin now to cultivate order.—S. S. Visitor.