

For Girls and Boys.

NUMBER TEN.

It was a rainy, dull day, and there were but few customers at Hunter & Hall's dry good establishment.

"The cash-boy's holiday," said one of the boys; "nothing selling to-day but gossamers and umbrellas. If it wasn't for a rainy day coming and making a break once in a while, we'd be laid up."

"A good time to read that paper you bought, Oscar Holmes," said another boy. "It's full of adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and shootings."

"Take it out of your pocket and let's hear them," said a chorus of voices.

"Come on, Ten," said one of the boys. "Move along here and make a place for Ten," he continued, pushing against the crowd which had gathered in a corner by the bundle counter.

"I don't care for such papers," said the newly arrived cash boy. "There's nothing true in 'em—nothing improving or instructing. It was reading those kind of papers that made Johnnie McPherson run away from home. He never would have turned out so bad if it hadn't been for that sort of reading."

"Ten's a preaching" said the owner of the paper. "Let's pass around the hat."

But Gilbert Shaw, "Cash Boy Number Ten," paid no attention to the taunts of his companions, and, sitting down by the counter, quietly took a paper out of his pocket, and, after looking over the contents, read slowly and aloud: "A gentleman interested in art offers a prize of \$5 for the best specimen of drawing made by a boy who has never had any instruction in the art, and who is not over fifteen years of age. Competitors for the prize must have the drawings in by the 1st of April."

"You're the boy, Ten, to try for that; you'll get it sure!" exclaimed one of the boys, whose attention had been drawn away from the alluring pictures of the first paper.

"He made a good job of the doll dressmaker's sign," said one of the crowd, sneeringly.

"Did Ten paint that?" asked another boy. "That's a piece of artistic genius, I must confess."

"Ten's solid with all the ladies," said Oscar Holmes. "Miss McCleary, up in the suit department, dotes on him, and always asks: 'Where's Ten?' and the lady at the lace counter, she always gives him her sweetest smiles; and Amy Brown, dolls' dressmaker, after the painting of that wonderful sign, of course she adores him."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the bundle boy, as Gilbert Shaw went off just to answer a call for "Cash." "Amy Brown is a poor little lame girl, and Ten has been the means of setting her up in business. She was very poor, and didn't have enough to eat before that. Now she dresses the dolls for the rich folks all about, and they pay her well for it."

"Didn't know all that," said the largest boy.

"Three cheers for Cash," said another, and the repeated calls for "Cash" just then made the boys scatter in different directions.

When Gilbert Shaw went home that night he resolved to try for the prize. "I don't expect to get it, mother," he said, "but I shan't lose anything by trying; and I can spend my evenings practicing."

After he had confided his plan to his mother, he went over to tell Amy Brown. She was very happy that evening, for she had just received an order for ten dresses for a dolls' reception.

"O I do hope you'll get the prize, Gilbert," she said. "I do believe you will. How I wish I could do something to help you," and the little girl read the announcement in the paper over and over. "Gilbert, Mr. Graham would give you some help, I know. He is a very kind man, and I'll tell him I'll make all his little girl's dolls' dresses for nothing, if he will show you how to make a good drawing."

"But the paper says it must be without any instruction, you know, Amy, and it wouldn't be honest or honorable to get any one to help me," said Gilbert.

"How would the gentleman who offers the prize know whether the boys got help or not?" the little girl asked.

"If cheated, I'd know it myself wouldn't I, Amy? and God would know it; and if I got the prize, I should always think that I got it by false pretences. No, I'll do the square thing, Amy."

"You are right, Gilbert, and I am wrong; but you have been so kind to me that I want so much to have you get it."

A few days before the first of April, Gilbert Shaw sent his drawing and his name as a competitor for the offered prize. No one saw the drawing but his mother and Amy Brown, and they thought it an excellent piece of artistic work; but they were partial judges, and the boy did not count much on their opinions.

Nothing was heard from the drawing for two weeks, and Gilbert Shaw had given up hearing from it. It had probably been lost through the mail, his mother said, or there had been some mistake about the address. But one morning in June the cashier at the desk sent for Gilbert Shaw to come to headquarters. It wasn't pay-day, and one of the boys who heard what the message said, exclaimed: "What's up? Ten's been called to the the cashier's office."

"Nothing wrong with Ten," said the bundle boy. "He don't lie or steal. Promotion probably."

"This gentleman wants to speak to you," said the cashier, as "Number Ten" came into the gate of the railing around the cashier's desk.

"Did you do that, my boy?" asked the gentleman, as he held Gilbert's drawing up to his view.

"Yes, sir, replied Gilbert.

"All alone, without any assistance?"

"Yes, sir," said Gilbert.

"You tell me this in good faith?" said the gentleman, earnestly.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied Gilbert.

"That boy's word can be relied upon," said the cashier. "I wish I could say the same for all the rest of our boys."

Why didn't you send your address with the specimen?" asked the gentleman.

"I thought I did," replied the boy.

"No, you only gave 'Gilbert Shaw, New York City.'" How did you expect I was going to find you? Didn't you know hunting up a boy of your size in this great city is like hunting for a needle in a hay stack? It was only by the merest accident I found you. If it had not been for that little dolls' dressmaker I'd never found you. My little nieces wanted me to go with them yesterday to their dolls' dressmaker to have some work done, and I saw the sign on the house, and being especially interested in all such kinds of work, I asked who did it, and that little "Jenny Wren" told me Gilbert Shaw did it, and that he was a cash boy in Hunter & Hall's establishment. So I have found you at last. Your drawing was the best one I received. Here is the five dollars. And now, my boy, come to my house one evening each week and I will give you lessons in drawing free. You have genius, and it wants cultivating."

Gilbert Shaw was so overcome with this unexpected good news that he could not speak for some minutes. The big tears rolled down his cheeks as he looked up into the gentleman's face and said: "I cannot tell you how very thankful I am to you, sir."

"Ten's got the prize!" exclaimed a cash boy who had been at the desk waiting for change; "he's got it, sure enough. It was the gentleman gave it to him."

This news ran all around the store as quick as a telegraph despatch. Up into the suit department it went with the elevator boy, and Miss McCleary said: "I never heard anything that made me rejoice as much as this good fortune for Ten."

"After all, Amy, I shouldn't have got the prize if it hadn't been for you," said Gilbert Shaw that evening when he went in to tell her the good news.

"I thought you'd get it, Gilbert," she said; "you know the Bible says, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor.' You considered me, you know, and the Lord blessed you."—*Susan S. Perry, in N. Y. Evangelist.*

HOW A SALOON WAS CLOSED.

BY LYDIA A. HERKETT.

"My son a saloon-keeper! dealing out draughts of poison, death and destruction to his fellow-men. O, that I have lived to see this day!"

The speaker was an old gray-haired man of eighty years, who had tried to bring up his children to be respectable men and women; and to a certain extent he had succeeded. But now when he was so near life's setting sun, this bitter knowledge must be thrust upon him, to rob him of that calm content which the aged Christian alone can feel when all is well. The love of God was strong within him, and he felt that there was still a work for him to do, so he hastened up to Salem, where his son lived, and tried by