

BOYS AND GIRLS

Working to Win.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

'What a nice face that young fellow has,' said the new minister to the gentleman with whom he was walking, as the person referred to pulled off his hat in passing.

'Yes; he would be something out of the common if he had half a chance. But what can be expected of a boy living alone in a boarding-house, with nothing to keep him out of mischief? 'Not,' hastily, 'that I mean that he isn't straight now, but the question is, how long is he going to remain so? He, just out of college (sent there by some relative to get him out of the way, I presume, for he has no parents), and if he doesn't have something put into them, the person who's always looking out for just his kind will find something for the idle hands to do. Of course, he's in business, but it's his evenings that are the danger.' Then something changed the subject and the matter was dropped. But not from the new

of that sort of thing,' said Will, and then he drew a little to one side so that the gentleman might pass on. But it was at that moment, as the slight change of position brought his face into the light, that the minister recognized him.

'I have seen you before,' he said, holding out his hand. 'Is this not?— But his memory failed him.

'It is Will Sumner, at your service,' said the boy, with a polished little bow.

'Ah! then you are exactly the one I wanted to meet. I want some information that I am sure you can give me. It is unconventional, I know, but just imagine me a college man for the hour and come along home with me. But perhaps you might as well know that I am the new minister of the — Street Church.'

'Mr. Russell? I have heard of you, sir.'

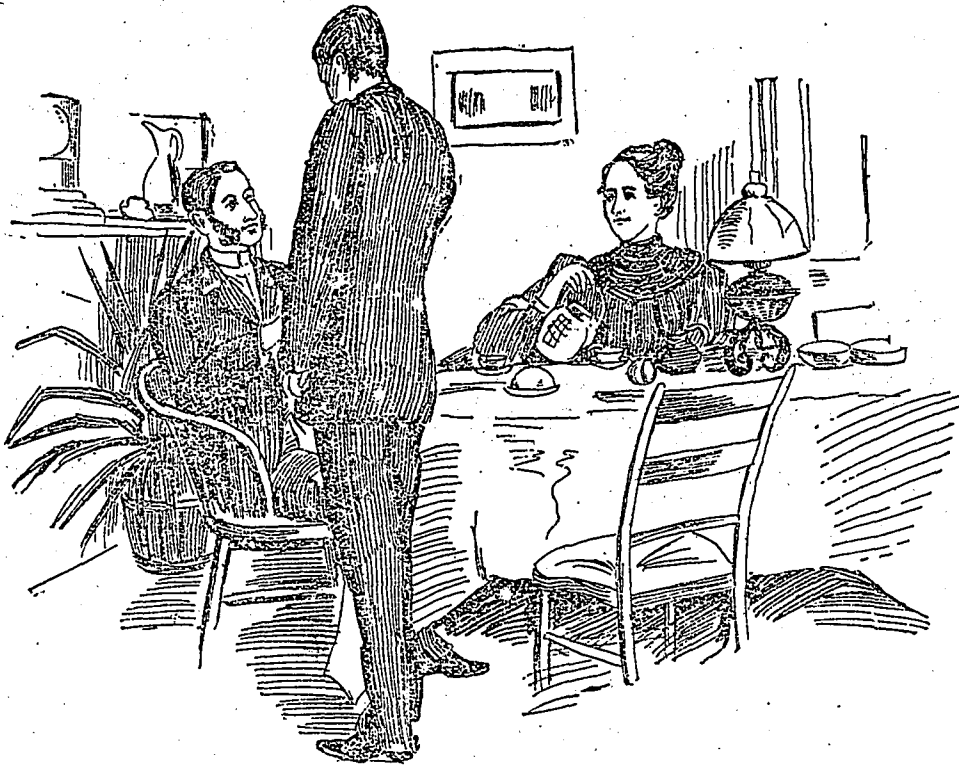
'Well, will you come with me? I will explain what I want you to tell me when we have had our supper. Oh! my wife will be

able to spend an evening in the vacant lots now and then, as the weather grows fit?'

'A Princeton man, sir!' cried Will. And the next instant he was at the minister's side, with his hand held out. 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Russell,' he exclaimed, a moment later, blushing like a girl; 'but—your husband will understand that I couldn't help it!' And the boy's eyes were actually full of tears.

'Don't apologize to me!' cried the little woman with ready sympathy, her own eyes filling. 'I am almost as bad myself. Do you know,' a little shyly, 'that is where I first met Mr. Russell. I believe that I know it as well as either of you.'

Well, never did an evening glide away as that evening did; and if the foot-ball team had not proved a success, as it did, the next autumn, it would not have been Will Sumner's fault; and if Will Sumner had not proved a success in all the years which followed, which he did, and a splendid one, it would not have been the minister's fault. Both of them worked to win; and both of them won.—'Forward.'



'A PRINCETON MAN, SIR!' CRIED WILL.

minister's mind. He could not get the fresh boyish face out of his thoughts, and planned to become acquainted at the first possible opportunity.

But it is the unexpected that always happens, and it was certainly most unexpected by the minister that he should run into Will Sumner literally and figuratively one stormy spring evening not a week later as he was taking his way home by the water side of the church and parsonage; and as he was by far the smaller and lighter of the two the meeting might have resulted disastrously for him had not Will caught and held him in his strong young arms till he had recovered his disturbed equilibrium. Then he loosened his hold, and, stepping back, pulled off his hat.

'I beg your pardon, sir' he said, his blue eyes twinkling in spite of all his efforts to the contrary; 'but I couldn't help it; I was afraid that you would go over if I didn't. I had on such a tremendous headway, you know.'

'I am sure that I am most grateful to you. You are evidently used to quick thinking and rapid action; and I am sure that you saved me a severe headache at the least; probably something more serious.'

'Football teaches a fellow a goodish bit

delighted to meet you. Must you go home first?'

'No; not if you will take me as I am. My boarding-house is a mile away. I was just coming from there.'

Now young Will Sumner did not look upon this invitation with unalloyed delight, but seeing no way to get out of it without rudeness he accepted with the best grace possible, and presently found himself being presented to a pretty little woman who looked up to him with kind, motherly eyes, and made him beautifully welcome.

'Katy, this is Mr. Sumner, and he is going to help me out with those mission boys of mine. Oh! I beg your pardon,' at the astonishment, and more, depicted in Will's face, 'I had forgotten that I had not made my explanation. You see,' when a few moments later they were seated at the cozy supper table, 'it was your mention of foot-ball that put the idea into my head. A lot of these fellows are wanting to get up a club, and came to me to see if I could give them a few hints. It is hardly necessary,' with a laughing glance down at his own slim figure, 'to state that I have never played; and though I used to watch with deepest interest at old Nassau, I do not know enough to turn coach; while you, perhaps, might be

How Mrs. McLaughlin was Made Happy.

(By Belle Sparr Lockett.)

A True Story.

'I saw the happiest person in the whole city to-day,' said Miss Nelly.

'Where?' asked all the girls,

'Out at the almshouse hospital.'

Then all the girls laughed with Miss Nelly at the idea of finding this happiest person in all the city of Washington out at the almshouse, and in the hospital at that.

All the girls knew who Miss Nelly meant, and why this person was so happy. And that is what I am going to tell you. It is a real happening, and real things are so much nicer than 'made-up' things.

For nine years, in one corner of the white women's ward of the almshouse hospital in the District of Columbia, there has lived a little woman of fifty or thereabouts. All her friends and relatives that she had known when she was younger had died, and she was left alone, without a home. Then she was taken sick with a disease that made her lame and helpless, and so she came to live at the almshouse hospital.

She must have been a very pretty woman once, when she was young, for she is still 'good-looking.' Her hair is getting gray, and her brown eyes are growing a little dim, but her face has never lost its cheerfulness, nor her heart its tenderness.

'I'm a great deal better off than lots of other people,' she often says.

One day she confided to a friend who visited her a plan that she had long had in her heart. In the back of the little bible she often reads was a little picture. It was an advertisement cut from the newspaper, and was the picture of a man in a rolling chair.

'You see,' she said to her friend, 'some of my people give me a little money once in a while.'

She called the congregation to which she belonged 'my people.'

'I am saving every cent I can of that to buy me one of those chairs. If I had a chair like that I could get around myself, and go out of doors sometimes. I have almost two dollars saved up already,' she said joyfully.

The friend to whom she told this plan is the director of the intermediate department in one of the city Sunday-schools. The