

YOU'LL FIND IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Be happy! Gather, on life's road, The sweetest flowers you find! Some pleasures are for you bestowed, But choose the proper kind. Look for a face temptation has, How joyous seem her ways! Look not therein, but bravely pass— You'll find it always pays! Though here on earth, or there above, Be now that heart we prize, Remember that a mother's love Is one that never dies. So heed the counsel she would give, That good attend your days; And let them guide you while you live; You'll find it always pays! Honor the aged, as you should, And give them reverence due; And "do to others as you would That they should do to you!" A kind word here, a good deed there, Like sunshine casts its rays; And makes the world more pure and fair: You'll find it always pays. Be honest in your dealings all— In every word you say; Then you may never fear to fall, Nor shun the light of day. Stick to the truth, my little friend, And hold the word that strays! Begin in youth, and in the end You'll find it always pays! —George Eldredge, in Golden Days.

**BORN TO SERVE**  
By Charles M. Sheldon,  
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.  
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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Barbara found an opening and moved away. The rest of the evening she was conscious of being largely let alone. There was no coarse or vulgar objection to her; but very many of Mrs. Vane's guests showed their feelings in a way, several of them said afterwards, so that Mrs. Vane would know how far she had mistaken her own place in society.

As the guests began to leave, Barbara nervously went to Mrs. Vane to say good night, and found Mr. Morton with the Dillinghams just saying farewell at the door. Mr. Morton bowed gravely to Barbara as he said good night to Mrs. Vane and went out, Miss Dillingham taking his arm as they passed down the steps.

"I am going to ride," Mrs. Dillingham said to Mrs. Vane, as she waited in the hall. "The carriage is just coming around. I told the young folks to go on. It is a beautiful evening for a walk."

Barbara walked back into the sitting-room and sat down by the table of prints and turned them over silently. When the guests were all gone, Mrs. Vane came in.

"What! you here, Barbara? I thought you had gone."

"No, I wanted to talk with you a little while," said Barbara, with an effort.

"Why, I do believe you are almost crying," the old lady exclaimed, coming up to her quickly. "Have you had a trying evening? Tell me all about it."

Barbara told her, and added something more that made the sharp eyes soften and the abrupt manner change to one of great gentleness.

"Don't worry, dear. It will all come out right, I know. Just go right on with your work. I understand it all perfectly. I'm old enough to be your grandmother, and I've seen more remarkable things happen. The Lord takes care of more things than we give Him credit for. We must trust Him when we are in all sorts of trouble. And yours isn't the worst, by any means. But it's too late for you to go home now. I'll send William over to tell Mrs. Ward, if anyone is up there, that you are to stay here to-night."

So Barbara remained with the great-hearted old soul that night, and in the morning she went back to her drudgery, sobered by the events of that eventful evening, and trembling a little because she had intrusted her secret even to one so old and so loving as Mrs. Vane. But on the whole it comforted her. Under other circumstances she would have told no one but her mother. But Mrs. Clark was nervous and irritable, she did not understand Barbara, and lived a daily protest against her choice of life-work. To learn now from Barbara that she had come to think a great deal of the brilliant young minister of the great Marble Square church would have seemed to Mrs. Clark like another madness, and what Barbara needed at this crisis in her life was not reproaches or tears, but encouragement and good-hearted affection.

She was a girl who gave her own affection quickly. From the day she met Mrs. Vane she had understood her. It was the same with Mr. Morton. It is a mistake to suppose that the greatest feelings must develop slowly. The feeling that Barbara experienced was not long in point of time, but she herself was the best judge of its strength. It is probable that she was afraid of its development in so comparatively short a time, and one way she took to ascertain the truth was to talk to Mrs. Vane frankly about it. Some things the old lady gave her that evening out of her own experience reassured her as to her own heart. Barbara had been afraid that her apparently sudden giving up of her life as it faced this other life was wrong. There was a tremor in the thought of unseemly haste unworthy of so sacred an event.

But, as the days went by, she found it was not so. She did not know all herself, but the experience that had come to her lent strength to her resolve to prove herself worthy of the faith he had said he had in that kind of a life, the life she had chosen. At the same time, she faced with a gravity that was making her older than her years, the fact that the very nature of her position would make it impossible for her ever to realize an answer to her own heart from his. So it was with mingled feelings of ambition that Barbara took up the daily round again. The results of the

evening so far as her own position was concerned were insignificant. Mrs. Dillingham kept her word, and called on Barbara's mother. She also sent a note to Barbara, inviting her to call; and a little later she even included her in a quiet afternoon tea at her house.

Barbara ought to have accepted these overtures, for they represented a good deal of courage on Mrs. Dillingham's part. Barbara regretted a little later that she had not gone. But she had at the time, after that one night at Mrs. Vane's, concluded that she had attempted a thing that was of no value. She would approach the matter from another side. She was trying to think it all out, and had many talks with Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Vane about it, when an event occurred that threatened to interrupt all her plans and prove a real and serious crisis in her life as a servant.

It must have been three weeks after that evening at Mrs. Vane's when Alfred came home from college for a few days. He had not been in the house an hour before Barbara was annoyed by his attentions. They were so marked that his mother noticed it. Barbara was intensely indignant, and Mrs. Ward was much disturbed over it. In the afternoon, Barbara could hear loud voices in the sitting-room; and in the midst of it all Carl came out into the kitchen, crying and trembling, and saying that his mother and Alfred were quarreling. Barbara, knowing what it was all about, could not help feeling relieved when the voices ceased; and after a time Mrs. Ward came out and had a talk with Barbara, apologizing for Alfred and promising that there would be no recurrence of the matter.

Barbara listened in silence, and when Mrs. Ward was through she said: "Alfred never would have behaved as he did if he had not been drinking."

"Do you mean to say that Alfred drinks?" Mrs. Ward almost shrieked. The experiences of the morning had given her one of her headaches.

"He does. He drank when he was here last fall."

"I can't believe it possible. He has nervous headaches. He bathes his head in alcohol to relieve it. He has told me so many times," exclaimed Mrs. Ward, indignantly.

"But I know he was drinking this morning, or he would never have behaved so. No gentleman would ever have spoken to me as he spoke, Mrs. Ward, if he hadn't been under the influence of liquor."

Mrs. Ward lost her temper. Afterwards, in quiet thoughtfulness, Barbara knew that her nervous tension was responsible for what she did.

"It's not true! You are too much given to thinking of yourself. You are too good for your place."

"Then, if I'm too good for my place, perhaps I had better not stay in it," spoke up Barbara in a sudden passion. But she was not an angel nor perfect, only a girl, worn out, perhaps, with the constant toil; and, at any rate, she was sorry for it the minute she spoke.

"You can leave any time! The sooner, the better!" Mrs. Ward said. "I'm sorry," Barbara began.

"You needn't say anything. The sooner you leave, the better. We have all been worried to death over you ever since you came!" ejaculated Mrs. Ward; and, bursting into a hysterical fit of weeping, she retired to the lounge in the sitting-room.

If Barbara had waited until the weeping was over, and then gone in and told Mrs. Ward she had decided not to leave until her week was out, Mrs. Ward would have apologized. But the quickest passion is roused by injustice; and Barbara, smarting under the lash of Mrs. Ward's nervous-headache tongue, went at once to her room, packed her things into her trunk, put on her hat, and turned to leave the house. Down in the kitchen she found Carl crying.

"Where are you going, Barbara? Don't go away. I'm frightened, everything is so queer," he cried, lifting his arms to her. She took him up in her lap and kissed him.

"Why, you're crying, too, Barbara. Everybody's crying. What for?"

"I'm going home, Carl. Your mamma thinks I had better go home."

"Are you coming back?"

"I don't know, dear," Barbara answered as she put the child down.

"Don't go, Barbara," the child cried as she went out of the door.

"Don't cry, dear Carl. Perhaps I'll come back again," Barbara turned and called out to the child, kissing her hand to him.

CHAPTER VI.

A KITCHEN IS AS ROYAL AS A PARLOR.

As Barbara walked away from the Wards' that afternoon, she fully thought that her social experiment was finally over, and that she might as well write "Finitis" to the dismal attempt she had made to solve even a small part of such a complex problem. But before she had covered the short distance between the Wards' and her mother's, she experienced a feeling of remorse that she had given way so miserably to her passion in the interview between Mrs. Ward and herself. She even hesitated at the corner before she started down the street leading home as if she had some serious intention of going back to ask Mrs. Ward to receive her again. But it was only a moment's pause, and then she went on and entered the house, where she soon told her mother the whole story. There were tears on Barbara's cheeks when she finished.

"I seem to be a total failure in every way, mother. I haven't even learned grace to control my tongue."

"Neither has Mrs. Ward, from what you say," replied her mother, with more spirit than was usual for her. "It seems to me she is the one who is most to blame. In fact, Barbara, I don't see

how you could have done differently. She compelled you to leave."

"O, I don't know about that, mother. If I had not got angry—but it's all over now, anyway. There is no use for me to try any more," and Barbara broke down completely, crying hard.

Her mother wisely let her have her cry out, and then said: "I can't help feeling glad it has all turned out as it has. You know I have never approved of your going out to service. You simply throw yourself away."

"I don't know," Barbara replied, sadly. "Somehow I cannot help feeling, mother, that I have failed to do what I ought to do and that the regret over it will stay with me all my life. I began with a high purpose to accomplish something, and I have failed utterly."

"You have at least tried your best," "No, mother, I don't think I have. I ought to have expected just such things as those that happened to-day. But it's too late to do anything now," she added, with a sigh. "The question is: What am I to do? I expect it means going into Bondman's until I can get a school."

Her mother tried to comfort her, but Barbara was more depressed over the situation than she had ever been in all her life. She had met her dragon, and had been completely routed. And she had even at one time thought contemptuously of the dragon! But, as she went to her room that night, she felt with great humiliation that the dragon had won and she would never again have the courage to look him in the face.

The next day she sent over for her trunk; and, when the expressman brought it, he handed her a note that had been given him by Mrs. Ward.

Barbara opened it in some excitement, thinking it might be a request to come back. But it was a scrawl from Carl, who had at different times been encouraged by Barbara to print real letters to his father and brothers.

"Dear Barbara: I am very sorry you have gone. Won't you come back? I do not feel very well to-day. My head aches. If you will come back I will be good to you. Your loving

"CARL."

When she had read this note, which Mrs. Ward had let Carl send, she sat down on her trunk and cried again. It seemed all so dismal a mistake, such a waste of her life so far. She did not look forward to the future with any degree of hopefulness. It seemed as if all her high ambitions were destroyed and all of her ideals swept out of her life.

The next two days she spent in helping her mother with some sewing and in little duties about the house. In every moment of leisure from these duties her thought at once went back to her ambition to serve, and the more she dwelt upon it the more hopeless she grew.

In the morning of the third day after she had left Mrs. Ward, and she was at work washing the breakfast dishes, when a note was brought to her. The



"YOU COME TO STAY?" ASKED CARL.

reading of it stirred her pulses as she stood in the kitchen and read:

"My Dear Barbara: Carl has been taken ill and is a very sick child. He calls for you constantly. Can you come and see him? I do not dare ask if you will come to stay again, after my unkind words to you. But I am sure you will be willing to please Carl by coming to see him. The dear child is very ill indeed."

"MRS. RICHARD WARD."

Barbara went out to the sitting-room at once and showed the note to her mother.

"Of course, I will go right over there," Barbara said, as she put on her hat.

"Will you stay if Mrs. Ward asks you to?" her mother asked, with a tone which conveyed curiosity mingled with disapproval.

"I don't know," Barbara hesitated. "I don't think she will ask me to come back."

"I think she will," replied Mrs. Clark. "And my advice, Barbara, is that you say no. I can't bear to think of you as finally becoming nothing but a servant."

Barbara did not answer. She said good-by to her mother and started for the Wards'. On the way her mother's last words smote her again and again.

"Nothing but a servant!" Was it, then, so low a place for a human being to fill—a place of service where the help rendered was a necessity to a family? Was this place in society so insignificant or so contemptible that it could be characterized as "nothing" but service? What was worth while, then, in the world? Was it worth more to the world to paint pictures, or to sell dry goods, or teach school, or spend time in eating and drinking and dressing up for parties as so many rich and fashionable people in society did all the time? Were these things more useful than the work she had been doing of caring for the physical needs of a home so that it could develop in the strongest and best ways?

Mrs. Ward met her at the door as she was about to ring the bell. She had

evidently been looking for her out of the front window.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said, and in a few words she explained Carl's condition. She did not say a word about the scene between herself and Barbara, and Barbara did not introduce the subject.

"Carl was taken down with the fever the night before last. He has been steadily growing worse. Will you go right up and see him now?"

Mrs. Ward led the way, and Barbara followed, feeling strangely depressed as if in anticipation of some great trouble. She sat down by Carl and the child knew her.

"Little man," she said, using a term she had often given him, "are you glad to see Barbara? I am so sorry you are not well. So sorry."

"You come to stay?" asked Carl, speaking with great difficulty.

"I'll stay with you awhile," Barbara answered, glancing at Mrs. Ward, who was at the foot of the bed.

"I mean all the time, all the time," Carl repeated, slowly.

"If your mother wants me to," replied Barbara, who in the passage from home to the Wards' had really made up her mind to stay if she was asked.

"O, I do want you to stay, Barbara!" cried Mrs. Ward, suddenly. Then Barbara saw that she was worn out with care of Carl for two nights, and the housework in addition.

[To Be Continued.]

VERY MYSTERIOUS.

The Queer Manner in Which a Lady's Dress Got Badly Stained.

Mrs. Jessie De Mercado, writing in Harper's Magazine of her experiences in Jamaica, tells the story of two treasures stored away beneath a buggy seat. She lived at Old Harbor, a small place about 20 miles from Kingston.

"One day," she says, "when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town."

"I paid a visit to the dressmaker, received my frock—a light summer thing—and placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat. Then I drove to my sister's, where I went to escape the heated part of the day, giving my boy sixpence and telling him to see the sights and return at four o'clock."

"He turned up punctually, with the gown still in its place, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more. When I went to take out my crisp muslin, I found to my consternation that it was a wet, soppy mass. No rain had fallen, and I turned to the boy, asking: 'What in the world does this mean? How—?'"

"But the look of helpless amazement on his face stopped me."

"'Lor, missis, it am queer,' he exclaimed, 'but not so queer as what done happen to me! Me bought a quattig (three cents) worth of dat pretty ting dey calls ice, to bring home to show to my sister, and I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—and now him gone for true, and how him get out I dunno, wid you sittin' on him all de time.'"

Remembrance and Resemblance.

Living near a monarch does not necessarily make a man a courtier, as we may see by a story of King Edward VII. Every Christmas for a number of years his majesty has given to an old tenant on his Sandringham estate a pair of boots. The old man's feet are just the size of those of the king, who always tries on the boots before presenting them. This adds, of course, to the old man's pride in his gift. On one occasion, some months after the regular gift had been made, the prince of Wales, as he then was, met the tenant, and noticing that his boots showed palpable signs of wear and neglect, advised him to polish them.

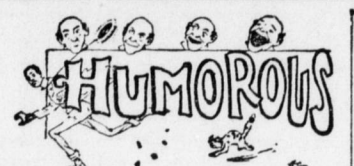
"Ah," returned the old man, "I never look at those boots, dirty and worn as they are, without being reminded of your royal highness!" In relating this incident at home—for a prince tells his family funny things as readily as the plainest citizen—his royal highness said: "A well-meant compliment, I dare say, but a very doubtful one!"—Youth's Companion.

What's in a Name?

The grammatical thief is not a thief, but a kleptomaniac. The propertied drunkard is not a drunkard, but a victim of nervous prostration. The preacher who marries a rich wife, and leaves the pulpit, is not a shirk, but a sufferer from bronchitis. The lawyer who has too much money and too little ability to practice in court is not a lawyer, but a member of the bar. The man who is "connected with the press," but works on no sheet, is a "journalist" and not a newspaper man. The fellow, without labor or income, who is never poor so long as anyone else is rich, is not a tramp, but something a deal more contemptible. The speculator who owns a marble quarry is not a sculptor. The rich man who buys a newspaper is not an editor. The politician who fails is not a statesman, and the one who finds that he can no longer fool anyone is not a sage.—Brooklyn Eagle.

John Chinaman's Easy Raiment.

Those who understand the subject have to admit that when it comes to the question of rational dress the Chinaman has very much the best of it. Who is there of us, arrived at a certain rotundity of figure, who can comfortably pick up a nickel from the sidewalk without risking the integrity of many vital points of his raiment? American clothes are not made for the performance of much stooping or domestic gymnastics, but the Chinaman, in his loose, easy fitting clothes, is as free to stoop, jump, run or turn hand-springs as a small boy in bathing. In a Chinese suit of clothes you can lie down and sleep with the same amount of comfort that you can stand up and walk.—Brooklyn Eagle.



Humorous

Strategy.

Oldheimer (standing in his garden showing a friend the neighbor's new fence)—You see, doctor, at last my neighbor has put up a new fence instead of the old hedge through which his chickens came and scratched up my garden.

Doctor—How did you manage? Go to court about it?

Oldheimer—Court nothing! Every few days I sent him a couple of dozen eggs, and when I had him used to the eggs I stopped and told him his hens had laid them in my garden. In less than a week I saw that fence go up.—N. Y. Times.

An Experienced Artist.

Star—This is a very good play, but it will have to be revised considerably. Dramatist—Impossible, sir.

Star—Oh, it must be. You make the hero appear in every act. That won't do. The hero must be taken out of the first act and also out of the last.

Dramatist—What! Open and close the play without the hero?

Star—Certainly. You see, I am my own manager, and I shall be busy in the box office during the first act, and very often busy with the sheriff during the last act.—London Fun.

It Makes a Difference.

"But, as a citizen, you must admit that civil service is a good thing," urged the reformer.

"My dear sir," replied the politician, "everything depends upon the point of view."

"How is that?"

"If your friends are in and want to stay in, you will be satisfied that civil service is of incomparable value to the community; but if your friends are out and want to get in, you will readily see that it is an outrageous imposition and of real detriment to the municipality."—Chicago Post.

Autumn Days.

Once we were glad. The year was young; 'Twas when the smiling spring had sprung; But now it's old, for, sad to tell, The melancholy fall has fell.

—Philadelphia Press.

SIMPLE ADDITION.

"How do you dare charge me \$11 for this room when you advertise rooms at five and six dollars?"

"Well, don't five and six make 11?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Becoming.

In Eden once a rib became A woman, so they say, And now its ribbons that become A woman of to-day.

—Philadelphia Press.

He Hadn't Been Dead.

"Squire White was very ill with fever, and at the crisis was reported dead, though instead he lived through it. Uncle Josh, meeting a neighbor of the squire's the next morning, inquired with due solemnity when the funeral was to be.

"The squire's funeral? Why, he isn't dead!"

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Josh. "He ain't dead? Nor hain't been?"—Leslie's Weekly.

By Birthright.

"To what," asked the young woman with the notebook, "do you attribute your remarkable power in training these animals and keeping them in subjection?"

"Well," replied Mlle. Castella, the Lady Wonder of the Arena, "I think I inherited it from my mother. She was a strong-minded woman. My father was a regular bear, and she had to subdue him about once a day as long as she lived."—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted an Illustration.

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him. "For," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or impressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was being lectured on generosity. "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny—far better."

"Illustrate it, papa. I think I shall understand it better."—Tit-Bits.

Before and After.

"This," said the druggist's assistant, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But I say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'before-using assistant.' The 'after-using assistant' is out to lunch. You should see him."—Philadelphia Times.

Her View of It.

"Mine!" cried the lordling. "All mine!" And he undertook to draw the girl to him.

"Yours!" retorted the beautiful but sophisticated maiden of wealth, drawing away. "Well, I guess not. You've got it wrong. I'm simply investing in a husband and a title as an addition to my establishment."—Chicago Post.

Not a Hustler.

"I tell you," the sprightly passenger in the pepper-and-salt suit was saying, "there is nothing like get up and hustle. I hustle. If business doesn't come to me I go out and hunt it. Yesterday I made nearly \$11 repairing sewing machines. Had six jobs. I can afford to take a holiday once in awhile."

"Well," slowly replied the passenger in the suit of somber black. "I'm not so good on the hustle. I've only had one job in the last six months."

"That's too bad," replied the other, sympathizingly. "What's your occupation?"

"Building lighthouses." And the conversation drooped.—Chicago Tribune.

Out of the Wet.

Into each life some rain must fall, And lucky the feller Who when the shower may come along, Has got his own umbrella. —Brooklyn Life.

UP TO HIM.



"Yes, Miss Cutting, that's a fine dog. Would it—aw—surprise you—aw—if I told you that dog knows as much as I do?"

"Not at all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Matchless.

She is a matchless beauty, And that she can't forget. A match to make she's tried for years, But all in vain, so it appears That she is matchless yet.

—Leslie's Weekly.

He Liked It.

Wife—How do you like my new hat?

Husband—The idea of paying big prices for—

Wife—Big prices! Why, I made it myself.

Husband—Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear.—N. Y. Weekly.

How He Reached Her Heart.

"She has accepted you, you say?"

"Yes."

"But she refused you a month ago, when you told her you were worth a million dollars and would lay it all at her feet?"

"She did."

"Then how did she come to change her mind?"

"I marked my fortune down to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars."

—Leslie's Weekly.

She Felt Wicked.

Revivalist—Is it possible that you dance?

Fair Sinner—Oh, yes, often.

"Now tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendency of dancing is toward sin?"

"I must confess that sometimes while dancing I have very wicked thoughts."

"Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts?"

"When my partner steps on my toes."—N. Y. Weekly.

Upside Down.

The man's that's overdressed you'll meet Too oft' amongst human kind, He wears his polish on his feet Instead of on his mind.

—Washington Star.

QUITE CORRECT.



Hungry Hawkins—What is a floating debt, Tommy?