

the hard-headed business man always carries in his vest pocket a hexagonal pencil about two inches long with this kind of a point.



But the very worst pencil-sharpened of the lot, and one whose mental characteristics you can imagine

for yourself, put on a point which looks a good deal like this.

So you can see that a man's personality runs through everything he touches, everything he wears and everything he works with, and that character is made up of perfection in little things.

For Young People's Weekly.

THE KING'S BUSINESS.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

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IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The night train was dashing on toward Breyton—*creeping*, Carol would have said. The train, like time, it seemed to her, "dragged its slow length along," while every nerve and drop of blood in her body hurried and hastened to her journey's end.

"How we spin!" ejaculated a fat old gentleman who had been nearly rattled off his seat by the swaying, whirling motion. "There goes my cane! Hat after it! Pick 'em up, boy! Here's a nickel for you!"

"We're goin' some!" remarked the boy, turning two or three unintentional somersaults in his efforts to recover the estrays. "Be there inside of a nour-'n-a-half!"

The muffled little figure on the seat just in front of them, turned and faced them whitely. They *were* moving, then! But—an hour and a half! And then there was a change of cars after that, and a full hour's ride on another road.

"Did—did you say an hour and a half?" she faltered at last to the fat old gentleman who sat sucking his cane-top and wondering what the child saw behind there to make her turn around so often.

"He did," said the old gentleman, indicating the gyrating youngster with a jerk of his thumb. "'Bout an hour and a half, I guess. Goin' pretty good sticks, too. But you can't never seem to hurry up these 'ere 'commodation trains any. They have to stop at jest 'bout so many back doors along. In a hurry? Tired, ben't you?"

"No, sir," replied the girl wearily, turning again to her window.

In the flash of the flaring lamps as they dashed into some station, she held up a scrap of brown paper as if to extort some hidden meaning from the fearfully plain message—as if, too, the letters were not already burned into her memory in letters of fire!

"Father is worse. He wants you. Come at once."

She had seen them all the afternoon, as

one sees sun-spots after one blinding glance; seen them printed in red and yellow on houses as they flew by; glaring in blue and green from staring white fences, side by side with "Pears' Soap," and "Use the Best," and alarming Indians with more allowance of war-paint; seen

with the train, just outside the window, swinging out there now, with the lamps and the bobbing heads of some of the passengers.

That for another hour and a half!—and then? There are times when we deliberately shut the door on that "And then," and lock it and hide the key. Carol did. She dared not lift the latch for even one peep.

"You couldn't kind of hurry up this cars a little, could you, Mister Conductor?"

A queer, faded little old woman in a dim corner said it, looking up through dim, faded eyes that were yet not too dim to see the derisive impatience on the face of the official. Carol turned with others at sound of the quavering old voice.

"No, ma'am!" answered the conductor, snapping out his words as sharply as he punched the holes in her ticket. "That's what they all want—'spress and 'commodation all in one. Besides, we're running extry now; behind time a little, but we'll ketch up."

"Couldn't leave out some of your deepots, could ye?" suggested the old lady, helpfully. "I'm in a pesky hurry to git there," she went on apologetically. "I've got a son—"

"Yes, ma'am, they all have," said the conductor, cynically, "sons and fathers and grandmothers, f'r all I know, all ready to grab 'em the minute the train slows up. Well, they'll have to wait, whole fam'ly, babies and all. If you get in *too* late in the night, anybody can show you a hotel to go to."

"—and he's a-dyin'," finished the old woman meekly, when she got a chance. "He's a reel good boy. A'most seems as if I couldn't bear to have him go so! I'm in *hopes* we won't git there too late, but if you on'y could leave out some o' your deepots!"

"Couldn't—couldn't, possibly, ma'am," returned the official, but more respectfully this time. "Sorry for your son, ma'am! But we have to steer by the Copporation rules, ma'am, if it busts the ingine. 'Twould break any ingineer on the road not to, ma'am! Don't you go for to blaming *me*, ma'am! You wouldn't get in a half-a-minute quicker if I talked to him from now till Christmas!"

He was a tall, brown-faced man, with a kind heart under his coat. He had sons and daughters too of his own. He wanted to justify himself in the eyes of this poor old woman.

"Yes, yes—no, I mean!" she returned nervously. "I don't want to blame nobody. I s'pose they ain't nobody but the Lord to turn to;" and she wiped away a tear, as if she thought that was rather a forlorn hope.

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CHILDREN'S PAGE

MENLA.

Nothing suited Louisa the other morning. The potatoes were not fried right, there was mutton instead of beef on the table, and she didn't like tomatoes. Aunt Rachel sat near Louisa trying to read the morning paper while her niece was finding fault.

At length Aunt Rachel laid down



WALKING AWAY WITH HER DOLL.

her paper and asked, "Did you ever hear of Menla?"

"No, auntie. Who is she?"

"She is, or was, a dear little girl living in India.

"A returned missionary from India said he had occasion to cross a rice-field one morning, when he saw a little girl gathering up the scattered rice in a cup she held in her hand. She couldn't get much. He asked her what she was doing it for, and she told him her parents were very poor, and she never remembered having as much as she wanted to eat in all her life. They lived on the

poorest of the rice she could gather, boiled with pulse. 'But I always save some of the best of it,' said Menla, 'to sell, so that I can have some money to buy Bibles for those who do not know about Jesus.'

"He asked her why she did not eat the rice when she was so hungry.

"'Oh,' said she, 'I do not think you know how bad it is not to know about God. My folks used to beat me so before they knew about him; that was worse than being hungry; and I want the rest to know, so they won't beat their children.'

"Why, auntie," said Louise, "I didn't know anybody lived in that way—never to have enough to eat and not to know about God."

"My child, there are thousands in our land who seldom have enough to eat and who never hear of God."

Louise sat still for a few moments thinking. Then she said, "I am not going to be so selfish any more, auntie; Menla has taught me a lesson."

And a little later she might have been seen walking away with her doll and a well-satisfied air.—*Sel.*

WHY THEY LOVED HIM.

One of the most notable English officers who fell in Egypt was a young Lieutenant de Lisle, for whom the whole navy mourned, although he was not a man of great individual power, influence, or wealth. The secret of this remarkable popularity has a special significance for boys.

"He was the most truthful and the most friendly man in the service," says another officer.

"He was so direct and downright that his word had the force of an oath," says another.

When he was a midshipman of sixteen, a storm occurred during his watch, in which a mast was swept away. The captain came on board in a fury.

"Why did you not send up a man to reef the sail?" he demanded of the boy.

"I should have lost my own life if I had gone to reef it," was the reply, "and I will not send one of the crew where I dare not go myself. A mast is not worth so much as a man's life."

The captain replied by a volley of oaths. The next day, however, he came to the little midshipman in the presence of the crew and said, "You were right, and I was wrong. A man's life is worth more than a mast."

Throughout his life he had as tender care for the meanest of his men as though he had been his brother.

He had indomitable courage in risking his own life, but he was a coward for others.

"The man," says Goethe, "who would have friends must show himself friendly."

"The world," says another great German, "comes to serve the true tongue and loving heart."