

Paying His Own Way.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

Milton Ainslie closed his grammar and lexicon, folded his neatly written exercise carefully, and piled his books on the corner of the shelf. Then he went down to the cellar for coal and wood to kindle the morning fire, and finally he shut and bolted the doors back and front, fastened the windows, and, everything being done, came and seated himself, great-lad though he was, beside his mother's knee. He was fifteen years old, tall and strong, but he was not ashamed to show his mother that he dearly loved her. She passed her thin hand caressingly over his tangled mass of brown curls, and he reached up for it and touched it to his lips. Thus they sat, when a slow step came down stairs, and Milton's father entered the room.

"Ah, my son! Making love to your mother as usual, I see! Well, you couldn't be in better business," said Mr. Ainslie, smiling. Yet even while he smiled, a shadow came on his face, and presently he sighed.

"My dear," said the wife anxiously, "you are worn out. You are working too hard."

"Oh, no," he answered cheerily, "my article is nearly done and I have finished the last batch of books, but even book reviewing grows monotonous sometimes. Milton, I have received a good offer for you. Sheldon & Wright will take you in as a clerk, with a small salary only, while you are learning the routine of the office; but the prospect is a fine one. Mother knows that I see no way of paying your Academy bills for the next year."

"Yes, Milton, as father says, we are very poor. That interest keeps us down, and if you go to Sheldon's you could board at Uncle Neil's and it would cost very little and—"

The mother stopped. She could not go on, with those sorrowful eyes fixed upon her face. She knew too what the sudden pangs and the resolved set of the lips meant. Boy though he was, Milton Ainslie had a strong will, and could stand by his purpose.

"Do you and father want to get rid of me?" he inquired.

"Can you ask?" said his father.

"Well then, I will go on and do as I have always said I would, prepare for college. And then go through it, and study for a profession. With an education, I can conquer circumstances. Without it, I shall be a bit of drift, for I have no head for trade. Father, I'll pay my own fees after this."

"My boy, how can you? Believe me it costs me much to seem to oppose you, but people are even now commenting unfavorably upon me in keeping you with Professor Fairlie, while Jennie and Mabel are at Miss Bacon's, and the little ones still to be educated. Everybody in Briertown is aware that I am no longer under a salary."

Mrs. Ainslie spoke before her son could answer.

"I do not think in a matter which effects all Milton's future that we should be guided by the criticisms of strangers. Jennie and Mabel have their aunt's little legacy, and that will carry them through. Briertown is a gossiping place, but I care little for its gossip," she said.

"Well, leave it to me," was Milton's last word, as he said, "good night."

The parents sat and talked awhile over the fire. They were aristocrats both, and had been used in younger days to wealth. Of late they had been struggling with poverty and were growing discouraged. Some of the practical people who are always at hand with advice, had been talking to Mr. Ainslie, who was sensitive and impressive, about his folly in keeping Milton at school.

"The boy should go to work," they said, ignoring the fact that there are many kinds of work in the world, and

that some can do one kind and some another.

Milton went to bed and to sleep. The next morning he was up early doing the various chores, assisting to get breakfast, and holding the baby while his mother stirred up batter for cakes.

"I should be lost without you, my dear," she said when all was ready and they took their places at the table.

"I must be off early," the boy said, and he started for school at eight instead of half-past.

"I wonder what plan he has in his head," she thought, looking after him. But the dishes were to be washed, the bread to be baked, the children's lessons to be heard, before they went to school, the baby to be washed and dressed, and a half-dozen other things to go through one pair of hands before dinner time; the house too, must be kept very quiet that Mr. Ainslie might write without interruption. So she had not much time for wondering.

Meanwhile Milton had gone straight to the minister's house, and had been shown into the study.

"Mr. Lee," he said, as he bowed, cap in hand, "would I do for sexton, do you think? I heard on Sabbath that the church is looking out for somebody."

"You?" exclaimed the pastor. "Why Milton, the duties are responsible, and arduous—yes, I should call them arduous. You go to the professor's daily?"

"I am stout and strong. I can make the fires, sweep the church, ring the bell, clear away the snow, and do all Mr. Nix does if I can have the wages he earns. I want to keep on with my studies, but I cannot do it unless I can pay my own way. Father cannot afford to pay for me longer."

Mr. Lee's memory went back a few years to his own boyhood. He had not a rich father to aid him. And he felt thankful every day for the tough experiences which had stiffened his muscles and braced his heart for life and duty.

"I will speak to the committee, Milton," he said, "and I think they will give you a fair trial. It will not be child's play, my boy, but I think there is the stuff men are made of in you."

Summer and winter for the next two years the Church of Brierton was taken care of by its new sexton, Milton Ainslie. At first some of his companions held themselves a little aloof from him, because of his office, but he did not mind their goldness. He was bent on learning, and to learn he was willing to make sacrifices. His father blushed when he heard what Milton had done, but was ashamed of the blush, as he ought to have been, and his mother uttered no remonstrance. In winter he had many a hard hour's work, many a cold walk in the bitter wind and the dark nights, but when the villagers heard his merry whistle, as he plodded homeward, or caught the gleam of his lantern, they nodded approvingly and more than one said: "There's grit in Milt Ainslie. He'll be in the pulpit yet."

This was the greatest promotion they could think of.

Away went the weeks and months and summer visitors, who flocked to Brierton for pure mountain breezes and sweet sunshine, began to notice the gentlemanly young man who was always on duty at the church. He studied as faithfully as he worked, and always had a text-book in his pocket, to use at odd minutes. In due course the time passed, and Milton was ready to go to college. There he found he had no light task before him although his diligence and thoroughness so well served him that he gained a scholarship. But a brave heart never flags in the face of difficulty, and he went forward with honor. The day came at last when the Brierton prediction was fulfilled, and the lad

who had been sexton was heard in the pulpit, an eloquent preacher of the truth of God. Father and mother, silver-haired now, listened to his voice with deep gladness in their hearts. The fair young daughters, who sat by their mother, were proud of the brother who had thus far proved himself a true man, and Milton Ainslie thanked God and took courage as he looked forward to the coming years.—*Christian Statesman.*

Cure for "Salmoned" Dogs.

I have lived on the North Pacific Coast over twenty-five years, and have lost several valuable dogs by their eating salmon. As to the reason why, I offer no theory; but I do know that a small piece of healthy salmon will kill a dog as sure as a dose of strychnine, if nothing is done for him. The Indians accustom their dogs to it by feeding it in small pieces when they are young. I have tried most everything for a cure, but never found anything that would do any good until about a year ago, when my setter got "salmoned," and a friend told me to give him cod oil. I gave him an ounce to begin with, and gave him about half a dozen doses. I could see a change for the better from the first dose. In a few days he was all right. I have seen it tried several times since, and never knew it to fail. Any one having a dog "salmoned" would do well to try this. I believe it to be a sure cure.—[F. M. P., in *Forest and Stream.*]

Suicide.

Deep water, cool river—
Hard toiling, no bread—
A thought and a shiver,
And life will have fled—
There's none to deliver,
The woman is dead!

Drag out the corpse by its streaming long-hair;
Hard-hearted crowd, gather round it and stare.

"God is a spirit,"
So, preacher, is she,
And she may inherit
Where you cannot be;
As for her merit,
She's mortal, like thee.

Go bury her body, no mourners, no hearse;
She isn't a pauper, oh no! she is worse.
The cold earth will cover
Forever from sight,
The features a lover
Once viewed with delight,
But God is above her,
And he will do right.

Fling her poor form in a suicide's grave—
Moralize—ye who did nothing to save.
—N. Lockington.

Springtime.

'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The blades of grass revive and lives,
Pushes the moldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine tree and the saffron frass,
Are with it on its errands going.
—Whittier.

A Ballad of Society.

There was a lad of St. Louis,
There was also a lass,
Who long had been two members of
Society first-class.
And once this lad of St. Louis,
And once also this lass,
Embarked upon an outward ship,
O'er oceans wide to pass.
Alas! the outward ship was wrecked
From haven many a mile,
And lad and lass were cast ashore
Under the desert isle.
And on this island in the sea
News other did reside
For years, except this lad and lass,
Who lived there till they died.
Through all those years they silent were—
To speak they each refused—
For they had never, never been,
Never been introduced.
—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

"I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and very beautiful; but I never read in either of them 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'"—*Augustine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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SHORTS, \$22.00 per ton.
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