

Let the Boys Help.

'Let us meet here at a quarter to seven, and have a moonlight coasting party!' cried Fred Baker. 'We will have supper at six, and that will give us lots of time to get here.' 'I can't come until half-past seven,' said Will Adams, after the other boys had shouted a noisy assent. 'I have to wash the supper dishes and put the room to rights.' There was a chorus of derision. 'Wash dishes—a boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?' 'I have,' said Will, quietly. 'I know of three boys in the Hamilton Hotel who have to wash dishes three times a day. 'Oh—but they are paid for it.' 'Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help your sick mother?'—'Columbus Dispatch.'

It Doesn't Pay.

My young friend, there are many things in the world that it doesn't pay to do.

It doesn't pay to pass yourself off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong book. A liar needs a better memory than any one is apt to possess.

It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

It doesn't pay to cry over spilled milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk.—Dr. S. A. Steele, in 'Work.'

'A Very Little Fault.'

(Mrs. Cutler, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

As a matter of fact, Master Frank was in a very bad temper, and as he carefully nursed and fed it, it is not surprising that it grew and flourished. Everything went wrong that morning. The sums would not come right, and the composition, from the exceeding scarcity of ideas, except those relating to the harsh treatment he had received, was not a success. Things would probably not have been so bad if Mr. Adams himself had been the teacher. But to-day Mr. Jones, the first assistant, was in charge of the class, and that gentleman did not possess a large amount of patience. Moreover, he was altogether more careful of his dignity than the headmaster himself, and on this account was more particular even than Mr. Adams, often treating breaches of rule with more severity than the occasion demanded. He prided himself especially on the fact that nothing escaped him.

'Mansford,' cried he, suddenly, seeing Frank looking up from his book, 'if I see you speaking again you will come out.'

'I wasn't talking,' was Frank's answer, a shade of defiance in his voice.

It was not that the teacher disbelieved the boy's words, but the tone and look annoyed him.

'Just mind whom you're speaking to, will you?' he said rather roughly.

Frank's response to this was a contemptuous curl of the lip, and a few words muttered under his breath which did not escape the master, though he did not understand their import.

That was the first of many little unpleasant passages between the two, but it was not till

the geography lesson that things came to a climax. Now Frank was very fond of geography, and a lesson given by Mr. Adams was something to be listened to with pleasure. But one by the assistant was a very different thing, and Frank found his thoughts wandering to his own affairs without making any effort to prevent them, and this did not escape Mr. Jones. After a long and dull description of the mountain-system of Asia, he suddenly turned to Frank with a question. As he expected, there was no answer forthcoming.

'That's exactly what I thought, Mansford,' he remarked. 'I told you that very thing not two minutes ago. I don't believe you've heard a word of the lesson. You'll stay after school and learn it from the book.'

This was certainly a little hard on Frank, who was well-known as one of the best scholars in geography; and the class was regarding him with much interest. He looked up with flashing eyes at the speaker and then as quickly dropped them.

'I shan't—not for you,' he remarked under his breath. The words had slipped out in anger and were not intended for the teacher's ears. But Mr. Jones, perhaps because he was expecting something of the kind, heard them. He drew himself up to his full height.

'Go to the desk at once, sir,' he cried. 'Do you think I will stand here to be insulted?'

If a thunderbolt had suddenly descended in the schoolroom it could scarcely have caused more astonishment than did this order. As to Frank himself he recoiled with horror at what was before him, though he was careful not to let his companions see how much he was disturbed. He marched out with his head in the air and a disdainful look in his face which meant he did not care. But standing quietly by the desk with the work of the school going on without him, Frank could not hide from himself the fact that he did care very much. He had got into terrible disgrace, and though Mr. Jones was not the very kindest teacher, he knew very well that he had brought it upon himself. No teacher, however indulgent, would have excused insolence, and of that his temper had made him guilty. And what would happen when the master came back? Would he be punished before all the school? If that should happen, Frank felt that his reputation would be gone for ever, and yet that was exactly what he had to expect. He wished the master would come back at once and get it over, and yet, when at last the latter entered the room, a thrill of dread passed through him. But Mr. Adams, beyond one surprised look at the culprit, took no further notice of him, and everything went on as before, except that a conversation took place between the master and his assistant of which Frank felt sure he was the subject. Twelve o'clock came, and the boys filed past out of school, leaving him still a prisoner. Then Mr. Adams came and sat down at the desk, and called the boy to him. He had heard an account of what had happened from Mr. Jones, he said, but he would like to have Frank's own version. Frank gave it as well as he could, helped here and there by the master's questions, and was forced to acknowledge that, looked at coolly, his conduct had been anything but good. The next ten minutes were not pleasant ones, for though Mr. Adams spoke very kindly, he overlooked nothing.

'This is very unusual conduct for you, Frank,' he concluded at last, 'indeed, were it not so unusual, I should have felt greater severity to be necessary. But having regard to your general behaviour, which is all that can be desired, I am inclined to make all possible ex-

cuses for what I suppose was the result of sudden temptation. I feel sure, too, that you are sorry for what has happened.'

Frank was really sincerely sorry, and was feeling very much ashamed of himself. There was something within him which prompted him to say so honestly, and to thank the master for his kindness. But his pride, which had grown very strong lately, interposed and kept him silent. Mr. Adams was perhaps a little disappointed for he said nothing for some moments. Then he went on, with just a shade more sternness than before.

'You are quite old enough, my boy, to know why impertinence to a teacher cannot be allowed, and I am sure your own good sense will prompt you to apologise to Mr. Jones for your words. Indeed,' he added, as he noticed the look which crossed the face of his listener, 'I shall expect you to do that this afternoon. You may go now.'

It was with very mixed feelings that Frank walked home. He was certainly relieved at the turn affairs had taken, but the master's last words had greatly disturbed him. He had given way to his pride till now it seemed that it had prevailed over every other feeling. How could he apologise to Mr. Jones? If it had been any of the other teachers it would not have been quite so distasteful, but Mr. Jones! He almost felt as if he would rebel and refuse to do it. But that would make things very much worse, he knew. He began to feel that after all he had been badly treated.

But other trials awaited him. Dick appeared suddenly to have become very interested in him, and every moment Frank was afraid he would say something which would acquaint their mother with the events of the morning. Dick did not mean to be unkind, and had no idea how painful his teasing was to his brother, but Frank found his temper rapidly wearing out in his attempts to silence his tormentor. Dinner-time was not much of a relief, for as soon as Mr. Mansford came in he inquired of Frank whether he had reached the school in time. This caused Dick to indulge in several meaning looks, and when their father innocently remarked that he had met the schoolmaster in the town that morning, and asked if Mr. Jones usually took charge when Mr. Adams was absent, he was so much amused that Frank could stand it no longer.

'Look here,' cried the latter with considerable heat, 'you'd better tell them all about it; I know you want to. I don't care if you do, and I don't want any dinner, either,' and before any one could stop him he had dashed out of the room and banged the door after him.

This was such strange behaviour that every one paused in astonishment, and the children looked somewhat apprehensively at their father.

To their surprise the latter only smiled.

'He has been getting into trouble at school, I suppose,' he remarked, 'and is a good deal ashamed of himself. No, my dear, I wouldn't call him back. Leave him to himself for a while till he gets the better of his temper. As to you, Dick,' he went on more sternly, 'if you have been trying to call our attention to it, as he thinks, it's very unkind of you, that's all I can say about it. He has never told tales of you, and I have it on your master's authority that you are not exactly an angel yourself.'

(Continued.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.