

OUR STORY PAGE.

A Boy and a Millionaire.

One day not long ago a boy who had worked for four years in Marshall Field's store asked for a raise in salary.

He was getting \$4 a week and he thought he ought to have more. So he asked his superintendent, and the superintendent referred him to the manager, and the manager leaned back in his chair and said:

"You must see Mr. Field himself. He regulates all raises in salary."

After a week of disappointment the boy succeeded in gaining admittance to Mr. Field's office. With shaky voice he asked for a raise in salary.

"How long have you worked here?" asked the millionaire.

"Four years."

"And how much are you getting?"

"Four dollars a week."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen years old."

"Why," returned Mr. Field, "when I was your age I was working for \$2.50, and I thought I was well paid. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps you weren't as valuable a boy as I am," was his respectful reply.

It isn't chronicled what was next said, but the boy got his raise.

Scottish Honesty.

At one time in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or promissory note was considered an insult, and such a thing as a breach of contract was rarely heard of, so strictly did the people regard their honor. The *Presbyterian Witness* tells a story of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands, and had there acquired worldly wisdom:

"After returning to his native place he needed some money, and requested a loan from a gentleman in the neighborhood. The latter, Mr. Stewart, complied and counted out the gold, when the farmer immediately wrote a receipt.

"That is a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back your gold at the right time," replied Donald.

"Binding ye, indeed! Well, my man, if ye canna trust yoursel, I'm sure I'll nae trust ye! Such as ye canna hae my gold;" and, gath-

ering it up, he returned it to his desk and locked it up.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the needy Scot, unwilling to surrender his hope of the loan; "and perhaps my sons might refuse it ye, but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honor!" cried the enraged Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money, I'll tell ye; but ye'll find nane about here that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than in a neighbor's word of honor and his love of right."

Trying His Appetite.

A young man had carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion; I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there is no cause for alarm."

A week later, the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter. "Have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear I shall be ill before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food, I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day, I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink shall never catch me in his net again."

Prove it by Mother.

While driving along the street one day last winter in his sleigh,

a little boy six or seven years old asked me the usual question:

"Please may I ride?"

I answered him:

"Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh, and when I again asked:

"Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said: "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, my mamma," he said, promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but confides in him, and can prove his obedience, truthfulness, and honesty by mother, he is pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents and everyone else.

A Faithful Dog.

The following touching incident will be read with special interest by those who possess that faithful and devoted friend—a dog—as part of the family circle:

A gentleman bought a collie, which when taken home, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened one day in November that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture, which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving the horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he tracked it back he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were the prints of baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might have otherwise been a terrible death.