

"There, that's for sale cheap, and Miss Dilsey can turn her little place in town on it in payment, as far as she owns it; then my "Saddle horse, Span ponies, Club expenses," etc., will pay it all off and enough left to carry out my plan for them," he quoted mischievously, laughing gaily at his uncle's surprise.

"Oh, but I was mad, Uncle Spencer," he went on, "when you showed me what a selfish, stingy hulk I had got to be! I don't think I'll need that lesson again. Look here, uncle, this is my plan: Harry has an older brother who has to be away from them now to get work. If they come here they can all be together, and that will make them happy, especially Miss Dilsey, who wants the boys with her. The boys can garden and raise poultry. Harry is pretty near as much of a chicken crank as I am. We'll build good houses, and get good stock—why I'd love to be in it as long as I am here with you, and Miss Dilsey won't have to sew; she'd have enough to keep her busy just managing. There'll be plenty out of my "retrenchments" to do it all, I think, but father'll let me have more if we need it. Say you approve, uncle, for I've set my heart on doing it."

"Approve!" Uncle Spencer grasped his hand. "It's a fine plan, sensible and manly. It helps in the best way possible by making the boys self-supporting and self-respecting. My dear boy, I felt sure you were the right sort! I can't tell you how gratified I am, and proud of you, too!"

After a little he added, soberly: "Wealth such as yours will be a great responsibility, and if you will you can make of it a source of much blessing to others. I think you have found that out, my boy."

Lucian nodded, saying, "And I like it, too. I didn't know it was so much fun spending for others, but it is; lots more than when you just put it all on yourself—folks like Miss Dilsey and the boys, anyway."

After a bit he said, slyly: "Uncle Spencer, I found you out, too. I was in the bank when Miss Dilsey presented the cheque you gave her to make that payment. I knew what it was for, if she wouldn't tell me," and he shouted at the doctor's look of chagrin.

Do it Now.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath, and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years."

"Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the past ten years, the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick, that face would appear more beautiful

than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Fred's 'Thorough.'

"Sue," said her brother, "I wish you would sew up the glove where you mended it before. It's all ripping out again. You didn't make a good job of it."

"I sewed it well enough," said Sue, inspecting the glove, "but I guess I didn't fasten it thoroughly enough at the end. That's where the trouble came. Yes, I'll be thorough with it this time."

"Thorough" is a good word," said mother. "A great deal of trouble in the world arises from the lack of it."

"Yes," said Sue. "While we are talking about it, Fred, I want to remind you that you didn't fasten that bracket in my room thoroughly the other day; the nail on one side came out. There was a little vase of flowers on it. It fell down, and was smashed. The water spoiled half a dozen or so books which were on the table under it."

"Too bad, Sue. I'm really sorry. The next thing I do for you, you'll see I'll do it thoroughly."

"The same to you," said Sue, with a smile, as she handed him his glove.

"I wish you would run and close the side gate, Fred," said his mother. "Nora did not fasten it thoroughly when she came in, and it's swinging loose."

"Another 'thorough'."

"I'll close the gate," said Fred; "I'm just going out to rake up the leaves in the yard. It will be a good day's work, I tell you—well worth the quarter father's going to pay me for it. But I want the quarter, so I'm glad to do it."

"Let it be thorough work," said mother; "no neglected corners, no leaves left among the bushes."

Toward night Fred raised himself from his stooping position in a corner, and leaned on the broom he had brought to neatly supplement his work with the rake.

"Whew! My back aches, and my hands smart! But I think I've made good, honest work of this. Mother," he called, "please come out here, and look. There, now—you don't see any slighted spots about here, do you?"

"It is beautifully done," said mother. "I fancy the grass and bushes look eager to grow with such encouragement. But how about that corner over there?"

"Oh, that is my pile of leaves. Of course, they are not going to stay there. I'm tired and want to go in and read, so I'm going to wheel them away in the morning."

"Is that 'thorough'?" asked the mother.

"Yes, as far as it goes. There's not a bit of harm in leaving them till the morning."

In the night a strong wind arose. Fred looked from his window in the morning to see with great vexation the leaves he had so carefully gathered swept in every direction over the lawn.

"Well, there's another day of my vacation gone. I suppose it served me right."

Without a word of complaint, he went over the ground again. Mother came out as he was wheeling away the last load of leaves. He looked up at her with a rueful smile, saying: "'Thorough' is a pretty good word, mother.—'Youth's Evangelist.'"

Her Dowry.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

(Valentine March, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

"What a clever father-in-law, and what an original idea," said the people who read the following item: "For a dowry Herr Duchatscheck, of Dusseldorf, gave his daughter a present of her weight in silver coin. At her wedding she was solemnly weighed in the presence of the company. She was found to turn the scale at 140 pounds and to be worth about \$2,000." The idea, however, in its pristine state belongs to this country, and had its setting in the early Colonial days. We have Hawthorne's word for it.

The dry equation, 140 pounds of Fraulein Duchatscheck equals \$2,000, sinks into insignificance in comparison with what took place at the wedding of Miss Betsy Hull, the only daughter of Captain John Hull, mint-master of Massachusetts. All the old silver in the colony was brought to him to coin—silver tankards, spoons, sword hilts, and a large amount of bullion taken from the Spaniards by English buccaneers. This was melted and fashioned into silver pieces, having on one side the date, 1652, and on the other side the figure of a pine tree shilling, for the coining of which the mint-master was allowed one piece out of every twenty. Now, Betsy, who was a plump and comely maiden, had been wooed and won by Samuel Sewell, a worthy young man who never cast envious eyes on the mint-master's accumulation of silver coin, but loved his daughter for her own intrinsic worth. This proceeding on Samuel's part, and his disregard for the trifling matter of a marriage portion, so pleased his father-in-law elect that he decided to reward such disinterested motives.

When the Puritan maiden and her lover had been pronounced husband and wife, Captain Hull, resplendent in a plum-colored coat, with buttons of pine tree shillings, ordered two of his men to bring forth a large pair of scales.

"Daughter Betsy," said the captain, "get into one side of these scales."

Like a dutiful daughter, yet wondering much at such strange proceedings on the part of her father, the plump and comely bride obeyed his command. Then, having dragged forth a great iron-bound, oaken chest, which the mint-master unlocked, and opened, his servants were ordered to heap the silver shillings it contained into the empty side of the scales. With breathless interest Samuel and the wedding guests watched this novel sequel to the wedding ceremony as the pine tree shillings accumulated in the scales, and at last balanced the weight of Mrs. Samuel Sewell. This interesting proceeding over, the mint master said to his new son-in-law:

"There, son Sewell, take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank heaven for her. It's not every wife that is worth her weight in silver!"

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