

MINDWELL'S SACRIFICE.

"Y-O-H!" said Mrs. Ewens. "Here, it's nine o'clock an' all them clogs are a-swichin' out on that cloc-line yet, an' that girl still out a-drivin' calves to pastur'. It didn't take me two mortal hours to drive calves to pastur' when I was a girl. I can't see where in the world she can have gone so."

She went out on the back porch and lifted her voice shrilly. "Mind-dee! Mind-dee!"

"Yes, mother."

A young girl came around the corner of the house. Both her hands were filled with great golden buttercups.

Mrs. Ewens started. "Oh," she said, "there you are. Well, it's high time. I'd like to know what kept you two hours a-drivin' calves to pastur' miss'?"

"I was gathering buttercups."

The girl went up the steps slowly. There was a flush on her face that sprang gradually down to her throat. She was not pretty, but there was something in her blue eyes that attracted even strangers.

"Oh, you was a getherin' butacups, was you?" Mrs. Ewens' look was withering.

"Well, how often have I told you not to go a-trollin' around wastin' your time; and all of them yesterdays' clogs out on that line yet?"

Mindwell went into the big kitchen. Her lips were trembling. She bunched her fingers hastily into an old blue pitcher. Then she tied a gingham apron around her slender waist and going to the sink in one corner commenced washing dishes. Her mother followed her.

"Oh, now, look at you! Soakin' the soap all to pieces in the dish-water! Ain't I told you fifty times if I have once not to lay your soap in the dishpan an' pour hot water on it? What ails you?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Nothin', aigh? You're as stubborn as your father us to be! Don't go settin' your lips together that way when I ask you things. I had a plenty o' that in my day. That's the Ewens a-stickin' outin you. You didn't get any o' that from me. I ain't one o' them still, stubborn kinds!"

She went to the door to shake her apron at a chicken that had stepped on her white porch and was standing on one foot watching her in amazement.

Mindwell lifted her head with an air of relief. The plate she was wiping slipped through her fingers and fell on the floor with a crash.

"Well, if I ever! Just look at your carelessness! If it ain't one o' my best blue china plates. One o' them the minister's wife give me! I never see yer best ferbreakin' things." Mindwell gathered up the pieces with shaking fingers. The plates were dear to her. Her eyes filled with tears. Two or three crept out on her lashes.

"Oh, cry!" said Mrs. Ewens contemptuously. "As if cryin' would put that plate back in my best china set! I wish you'd do your cryin' before you break up things insid' o' after! Mebbe that would do some good."

Mrs. Ewens stopped abruptly. With a change of countenance she leaned forward to look through the open door.

"Why, where on earth can that org'n be goin' to?" She moved along, step by step, to keep it in view.

"Mindy, who do you s'pose has got a new org'n?"

Her tone was pleasant and confidential. Curiosity had put her anger to rout.

"I don't know," said Mindwell. She was laying the pieces of china away tenderly.

"Why, if my name's Ewens it's a turnin' into Mrs. Farmer's gate!" She closed the door partially. "I don't want she should catch me watchin' it. It's gone up to the door an' stopped an' she's come out a-givin' orders. There's Tildy come too. Lanky thing! As if she'd ever learn playn'! Mindy!"

"Yes, mother."

"Do you hear what I'm sayin'? Where'd they get the money for a new org'n? They owe a debt at the post-office store and they ain't sold their potatoes yet." Where'd they get their money at?

"Oh, I don't know," said Mindwell, wearily.

"You don't know? No, you never do know anything about your neighbors. All you ever know is to go a-gettherin' butacups or dandylines with all them clogs a-switchin' every which way fer Sunday! You ain't worth your keep, lately, a-writin' stories fer magazines, an' nine out o' ten of 'em the editors won't have."

The girl's face grew scarlet. A lump came into her throat, but she held it there silent. She took the clothes basket from the pantry and went out. Her lips were set together in the way her mother called stubborn.

Mrs. Ewens sat down by the table.

loping hills, her eyes and spirit afloat in the morning light, and all her window-shining like brass. On all sides the heavily timbered hills swelled upward, folded in purple haze, to the chains of noble snow mountains that reach around Puget Sound, glistening like pearls.

"There comes Mrs. Cav'niss," observed Mrs. Ewens. "She comes over so often, rain or shine. What's she got on her head? A new spring sundown? Well, she's a pushin' the season."

"Yes, Mrs. Cav'niss!" she exclaimed. "Why ain't been here for an age. Come right in." Mrs. Cav'niss laughed; little wrinkles ran up each side of her thin nose. "The postmaster asked me if I was coming up by here to bring a letter for Mindy, and, of course, I said yes."

Mindwell turned eagerly and took the letter. "Oh," she said, "I'm so much obliged, Mrs. Cav'niss."

After Mrs. Cav'niss had turned away Mindwell sat down on a stool and tore the letter open with trembling fingers. She grew pale as she read.

It was a long letter. She read it through twice, her lips moving as she read it the second time and a blurt-thickening over her eyes. Then she flung her arms down on the bench and her head upon them, and burst into a very passion of sobbing.

"Why—whatever!" said Mrs. Ewens, solemnly. "I never see you take on that way. Where's your story at? Did you go an' fert to put in stamps?"

She waited awhile, watching the girl impatiently. "Why don't you answer me?" she cried. "Where's your tongue gone to all of a sudden, aigh?"

"Oh, mother!" Mindwell jumped up and ran to her mother. She threw her arms around the withered throat and kissed the hard old cheek. "Oh, mother, it's from the editor of that Boston magazine. He's taken the story and sent me thirty dollars, mother! And he says I have great talent, but that I need education and experience that I can't get here. And if I can afford it he wants me to go to Boston and study. He'll give me work on his magazine to pay my expenses—but there are the travelling expenses and the private tutor."

"To-tar! What do you want of a tooter? Didn't you learn all they could teach you at the deestrick school?"

Mrs. Ewens went into the kitchen and got down stiffly on one knee before the oval to look at the cobbler, and Mindwell followed her.

"We can afford it, can't we? I'll go 'tourt' and take my lunch. I'll study so hard, mother."

"What do you want to study fer? If you education wa'n't good they wouldn't take your stories, I reckon."

"It might be better, mother. I need experience too, and I can't get it here."

"Well, I got a plenty of it," said Mrs. Ewens with unconscious pathos, "an' I've lived here 'most all my life."

She got up slowly and stood looking at the girl. Her face was gray as ashes.

"Do you want I should give you money to go an' leave me in my old age, an' my ploorsy? You can have it an' go—if you're in earnest."

"Oh!" It was a cry of pain. "It's only for a year. Think what it means! Mother, if you had your life to live over and got a chance to get a good education—"

She stopped. Her mother's face had quivered—that stony old face that never betrayed emotion! None know so well as they who have no education what it is to go through life without it.

Mrs. Ewens went into the pantry and shut the door. In trivial, every-day affairs she was a small-minded, nagging woman; in large affairs she now proved herself great. Her hard life had taught her bitter self-control when it came to real sorrow. She had not time for the luxury of grief.

When she came out of the pantry her face settled into its usual lines. She took the cobbler from the oven.

"Mindy," she said, "you can have the money, I'd just as soon you'd go. You had best git th-m clogs sprinkled. This cobbler's all done."

It was a month later. Mindwell hurried along the little path to the station. Her trunk had gone by boat to Seattle, where she was to get her ticket to Boston.

Her mother had said good-bye without any emotion. Tears had sprung to Mindwell's eyes but the old woman had said only, "Now don't go to actin' the duce!"

But how very old and gray she had looked! And how bent! Mindwell had never noticed it before. The ache of it was in her heart now. She saw the long, lonely year stretching drearily before her mother.

The train was an hour late. She walked on the little platform. The ache sank deeper. She could not get it out of her heart. A sob came into her throat.

"I'll run back and kiss her again," she whispered.

that was beautiful scene in the girl's face. The exaltation of one who has conquered came into her eyes.

"When the train came Mrs. Ewens went to the door and looked her hand above her dim eyes to get a last glimpse of her girl. Her face was quivering. At that moment Mindwell stepped upon the porch. Her mother started.

"Fer pity's sake!" she exclaimed. Her face changed. "Did you go, and git left?"

"No, mother. I didn't get left, but I'm not going."

"I've changed my mind." The exaltation was still in her eyes. "I've been thinking, mother. I guess if there's anything in me we'll find it out right here just as well as in Boston. And if there isn't, there's no use wastin' my time going to Boston. Maybe I'll get some education here that I couldn't get there, anyhow."

"My-oh! I never see your beat! You're just like your father, a changin' like a weather sign, fer all you're one o' them still, stubborn kinds! Well, if you ain't a-goin', hurry on your old clogs. It's high time them calves was drove to pastur'."

Twenty minutes later Mindwell was following the calves down the path through the fire.

"Maybe the world won't think as much of me as it would if I had a fine education," she said, setting her lips together, "but I guess I'll think more of myself."—*Klla Higginson in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

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CHEERFUL AND MOROSE PEOPLE.

Some people never fit in anywhere. They are stiff, unyielding, angular; they seem to have about as many quills as a porcupine, and they always stick out; and wherever you put them it is a misfit; they are uneasy, discontented, uncomfortable and impracticable. They clamor for their "rights," they complain of their troubles, they magnify their authority, they stand upon their dignity, and all around must bow, bend or break before them. Such people always have trouble. Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow things go wrong with them, or do not go at all; and they seem to have no wisdom or power to correct the wrong or remedy the evils of which they complain. If the threads are tangled, they jerk them. If the machinery creaks or rattles, they run it the faster. If the engine is off the track, they put on more steam. There are others who may have quite as much tenacity, but they have more ductility. They yield, they bend, they give way. They accept the situation; they conform to circumstances; they yield to the logic of these facts and events. They do not threaten, nor fume, nor bluster. They do not strive, nor cry, nor accuse. Their voices to be heard in the street. They do not dispute about trifles, nor

murmur over what cannot be helped. They are meek and gentle and long-suffering and kind; and yet they have their own way quite as often without fuss as there are boisterous and turbulent souls do with all their storming.

SUCH PEOPLE KNOW HOW TO FIT IN.

They can take what comes and be thankful. They can fill the place that is vacant. They can do the thing that needs to be done. They can make the best of things. They have no grudges to graffy, no enemies to punish, no wrong to avenge, no complaints to make. They step aside when a cab is coming, and they do not attempt to quarrel with nature or destiny.

There are always places for such people. They are ever welcome, ever useful, ever faithful over a few things and ever and anon are called to come up higher and to be made ruler over many things and at last to enter into the joy of Him who pleased not Himself, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. It should be the aspiration and earnest endeavor of all our young people to be in this class that they may receive the reward of well-doing.

Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it, but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirker yourself, but don't grumble. If the work needs doing and you can do it, never mind about that other who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots and finish up the jobs that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

THE WORDS AND EXAMPLES OF A PARENT, especially of a mother, exert a life-long influence on the child. The seed of righteousness sown in the youthful mind by the maternal hand usually bears abundant fruit. The salutary lessons the mother has taught are seldom effaced from the memory. They are engraved on the heart in luminous characters, and the sacred image of the mother herself stands before us silently but eloquently pleading the cause of God. The tablet of the soul, like a palimpsest, may afterwards receive impressions that will hide from view the original maternal characters written upon it, but the waters of compunction and the searching rays of divine grace will bring them to light again.

It is with the child somewhat as with a tree. The tall, shapely tree has been watched and cared for by the gardener, and its present beauty is the fruit of past labor. So, too, the nobler character is moulded by the painstaking teacher and the teacher by excellence is the parent. Parents should, therefore, charge themselves with the work God has given them to do.

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obligation of educating their children. They should look both to the spiritual and the temporal well-being of their offspring and teach them by example no less than by precept. The whole child should be developed—the body, the mind and the soul should each receive attention. Otherwise the result of the education will be on-sided, imperfect and unfinished.—Lamp.

"I WAS GOING TO."

Children are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rat catch his chickens. He was going to fill the hole with glass and set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss and excuses his carelessness by saying: "I was going to attend to that."

A horse falls through a broken plank in the stable and is killed to put him out of his suffering. The owner was going to mend that weak point and so excuses himself.

A boy wets his feet and sits down without changing his boots, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet boots when he came in, and he was going to do so but did not.

A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman, boy and girl. "Procrastination," is not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs.

If Mr. "I Was Going To" lives at your house just give him warning to leave. He has wrought untold mischief. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I Was Going To" out of your house and keep him out. Always do the things you are going to do.

His heart education was neglected.

The old doctor, standing with his guest among the crowd of villagers, watched the black pine coffin as it was lowered into the grave. A large, portly man, handsomely dressed, was the only mourner. He gave a cold, decent attention to the simple ceremonies, and walked briskly back to the hotel for his dinner when they were over.

"There is the end of a story which might, I fear, be duplicated in many a village or city," said the doctor. "Sarah Gibbs, whom we happened to see buried there, was left an orphan at fifteen years of age, with a brother of three. That big fellow yonder, hurrying for something to eat, was the child."

"Sarah had great ambitions for her baby brother, as she called him. She worked as a servant to feed and clothe and send him to school. When he was older, she went into the mills in New London, did extra work, lived on tea and dry bread, would not buy a gown in years, to save every cent that she might help him through a college course in Harvard."

"He was always well fed and well clothed, and a noted athlete. His digestion, heart and lungs were watched under the eyes of the professional gymnast of the college."

"He was a superb animal when he quitted college. His brain had been trained, too. He was keen and quick-witted, and went into business, and has, I hear, been very successful."

"And yet, when I remember that he has left this old sister here alone in comparative and lonely poverty all of these years, I suspect that his heart education was forgotten"—*Youth's Companion.*

AFFECTION FOR FATHERS.

A good many men do not find out until they are 30 years old that their father would appreciate some expression of their love and affection. Oft-times the father is called "the governor," "the old man" and is shown the barest respect. In fact, men, there are many fathers whose hearts are crying for some mark of affection from their sons, not a soft sentiment, but the highest and most noble affection which a man may demonstrate in filial love.

A COMFORT SOMETIMES.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

WHITE PINE CROPS.

A forestry expert recently discussing the subject of dealing with the waste land in New York State, said that there were not less than 600,000 acres of waste land in New York State that would produce large crops of white pine. According to his opinion, "Supposing that it took 70 years to grow 50,000 feet of pine to the acre, the 600,000 acres in 70 years would have 30,000,000 feet of lumber on them, worth at present low prices some \$200,000,000. Its value when grown would probably be more, yes, very much more, if there be solid foundation for the predicted wood and lumber famine." But it is not necessary to wait 70 years for profits from a forest of white pines. In 40 years or less they are valuable for shingles, box boards and small timber. Those who have planted white

pine in the past have found that one acre will net the owner about \$200 for box boards. There is also an incidental profit from pine, which is not always considered. The pine is sown thickly at the rate of nearly 3,000 to the acre, and as the young trees grow up they are thinned out, the owner securing successively from his forest wood for fuel, stakes, posts, shingles, and box boards, leaving the main crop of trees to mature into lofty growths 70 and 80 feet high.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete up to date report of patents granted by the Canadian and United States Government this week to Canadian inventors. This report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marston, solicitors of patents and experts, Head Office, 125 St. James street, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.—

CANADIAN PATENTS.

56243—F. Beattie, Banff, N. W. T., bill cue rack.
56292—John C. Goodspeed, Newburyport, Mass., cloth measuring machine.
56143—J. B. Corriveau, D'Irael, P. Q., stump extractor.

AMERICAN PATENTS.

584659—Daniel Appol, paper bag.
584826—William C. Clarke, apparatus for heating water.
584681—Martin Fisher, repeating watch.
584354—Frank F. Hawkins, eyelet.
584856—Ignace H. Hegner, electric arc lamp.
584637—Edgar B. Jarvis, bicycle saddle.
584727—Martin H. Lutz and M. Moore, patchlock.
584647—John W. T. Morris, lock.
584702—Fred E. Ramaden, Window screen.

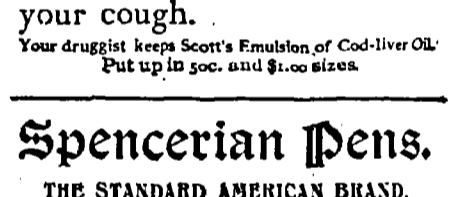
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The Habitant's Jubilee Ode.

By W. H. Drummond, F. D.

I read on de paper mos' ev'ry day all about Jubilee. An' grande procession movin' along, an' passin' across de sea, Dat's chil'ren of Queen Victoria comin' from far away For tole Madame w'at dey tink of her, an' wishin' her bonne santé.

An' if anywan want to know pourquoi les Canajens he