

I received my salary and laid it away in an old *Manning's Spelling Book*, which served as a purse, and hoped for more to follow.

Many a time since I have made one hundred times that amount in a single transaction, yet it never gives me the thrill of joy that I always experienced when I clasped my hands on those precious three dollars. Oh, my brother, in life's journey it is not the amount of money we make that decides our happiness. No, it is very often the simplest things in this life that count the most, and it seems to me that the happiest people in all the world are the people of simple tastes. I envy them.

But let me tell you about my contract of lighting the village school-house fire. School, in the Winter time, opened at ten o'clock. It was imperative that I should have a fire started by nine o'clock so that the room should be fairly well-heated before the other children arrived. The kindling I generally heated in the big oven at home the night before. The weather would sometimes be very stormy and it seems to me that we had a great deal more snow in those days than we have now ; but snow or no snow I must get there, as the stoker always carried the keys and had to open the school.

Arriving at the school house a pile of snow which had drifted in at the door, or perhaps through some broken window-panes, would generally greet my eye. This must be gathered up first so that it would not be transformed into water when the room would get warmer.

The stove was in the middle of the building (on the floor of course) and was merely a square iron box without any grate. Some sticks would be laid crosswise to support the kindlings and in order to give some draft. It generally required about as many kindlings for one morning as would keep the ordinary city house-holder supplied for two weeks. When the kindlings were burning fairly well, some of the