

## The Fireside.

### THE NEW DONATION.

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

"Not anything!" Miss Pamela Flint stood irresolutely holding the door knob, her fingers opening and shutting in sheer nervousness. "You don't mean—that!"

"No-o; not exactly. I may give something, but as for making donations the way we've been doing for years—I'm tired and sick of it. Not for myself; of course you understand that—but for the minister. Sit down a minute; do not go!" and Mrs. Maxwell pushed a chair invitingly towards her morning caller.

"Only for a minute—I've got ten families to see," looking anxiously at the clock. Then you don't propose?"

"It's this way," interrupted Mrs. Maxwell, energetically. "I've given it considerable thought lately—ever since the new minister was appointed. Donations are all right in their way—I mean the spirit of them; but to give a minister packages and packages of prunes (ten to one not any of the family eat them), and rice and crackers, and—well, things they don't care a straw for—and set their own price on them, deducting it from his salary, which, heaven knows, is small enough—it's a shame, a downright imposition."

She stopped to recover breath.

"I hadn't realized till the Kindalls moved away what it meant. I was over there helping them pack, and you should have seen the stuff we'd donated—nobody could use it. It made me fairly ashamed. I wouldn't have such things in my house; and all the while Mrs. Kendall was so sweet about it."

"Then you think we'd better not have one?" suggested Pamela, rising.

"I didn't say that. But what I do think is this: If we have a donation, let it be a donation—strictly; not a part (and a principal part at that) of his salary. It stands to reason that they know what they want to live on better than"—She hesitated diplomatically. "To my thinking the parsonage has furnished a place for our superfluous groceries and things we don't want, long enough."

"I hadn't looked at it in just that light before," said Miss Pamela, meekly. "Perhaps there is something in what you say, after all, come to think of it."

"I should say there is," emphatically. "I wouldn't want to be donated—not the way it's done here, to take the place of part salary, and I'm not afraid to say so. I've kept silence long enough. If the church wants to give a donation, let them give it, and say so! Then, too, one shouldn't live by bread alone," meaningly.

"Shall I tell folks what you've said—would you be willing?" and Pamela Flint hesitated on the cleanly swept verandah.

"If you think best: I have no objections. I had planned seeing as many of the church people as I could myself; perhaps you can help me."

"I didn't say one word too much!" 'Twas after her caller had gone, and Mrs. Maxwell was once more with her baking. "It's only a makeshift for some persons to get rid of paying money—it's the truth. Last year Deacon Hil-

burn took twenty pounds of popcorn, and charged eight cents a pound for it—could get it anywhere for four and a half! He made so much, and off the minister, too! They are long-suffering mortals—some of them," and she looked thoughtfully out of the spotlessly curtained window, rolling-pin in hand. "There's William Tripp—no wonder people call him 'Stingy Bill'—did the meanest trick I ever heard of, absolutely the meanest. To haul to the donation half a ton of musty straw; and he knew the minister didn't keep a horse! What'd he want of bedding, at least that kind? And when the salary was being made up at the end of the year, he said he'd paid his—in straw!"

She stopped a moment to reflect.

"No wonder a person feels indignant sometimes, and there are occasions when I don't believe the Lord's going to lay it up against one."

That week was exceedingly busy for Mrs. Maxwell. By Saturday night—the donation was to be the following Monday—she had seen personally every member of the church, or, at least, the head of every family.

"If it isn't a different kind of a donation this time, I'll miss my guess," she said, laying aside her wraps, preparatory to getting supper. "No straw and eight-cent popcorn for this minister! I just told William Tripp what's what, and I guess he understood when I got through. If the women have to do such things, they must, that's all!"

Mrs. Maxwell kept her own counsel regarding the nature of the donation. 'Twas to be a surprise—she didn't know herself all there was in store for Monday night. Only she was confident there'd be a change in some things!"

"I suppose we must be thankful, dear. They mean well, but it is hard at times when you'd like the money—and need it."

It was early Monday evening, and the new minister and his wife were awaiting their guests, for, of course, they had received numerous "hints" to be at home.

"I—suppose I ought not to say it even to you, dear, it sometimes seems like treason; but I sort of dread their coming."

"I know how you feel," replied the little wife, courageously, "but we can stand it, John. They think it's showing us great favor—and they're our people, you know. Hark! I believe some one is coming. I hear steps on the walk!"

"Good evening! Is it storming a little? I thought the clouds looked threatening just before supper. Lay things right off—let me take your hat," and the genial minister cordially ushered his guest into the comfortable sitting-room.

One after another the members arrived, each one accompanied by some mysterious parcel, of every shape and size imaginable.

Mrs. Maxwell eyed the long paper package William Tripp laid on the table with some suspicion. "It's most too large to be"—she turned to make room for a friend. "Oh, well, I mustn't judge beforehand."

After all had arrived, and conversa-

tion on ordinary topics had begun to lag—of course every one was thinking of his part in the minister's surprise—Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Maxwell, and Pamela Flint, the donation committee, went mysteriously into the dining-room. It seemed hours that they were gone to the impatient guests. Brother Franklin nervously fumbled a "speech" that he kept taking from his coat pocket. He had spent all his spare time for days on its composition.

At length every one was ready. Mrs. Maxwell nodded to the embarrassed Mr. Franklin.

"We have made an innovation," he began, impressively, forgetting to address their host, "which we trust will prove acceptably agreeable. We have varied somewhat our donation this year, as you will presently see. And after careful and thoughtful deliberation we have decided, taking everything into consideration, to give this donation, deducting its value in no way from our salary apportionment."

The door was then thrown open to the dining-room. On the table lay a few provisions, but only of the choicest brand. Instead of the usual contributions there were books—fine historical and theological works, and three magazines, with a note explaining that they would be monthly visitors throughout the year. There was also one daily with the same provision, some choice music, two tickets to the People's Lecture Course, a gray silk dress pattern—'twas "Stingy Bill's" donation—and so many, many beautiful and useful things!

The poor little minister's wife was utterly bewildered—the beauty and unexpectedness of it all!

"And I dreaded their coming—almost," after they had gone. And there were tears in the happy minister's eyes as he spoke: "They are our people. God abundantly bless and keep them!"

"That's the kind of a donation that counts; that'll bear repeating!" 'Twas Mrs. Barrows, a week later, talking over the success of the new donation with Mrs. Maxwell.

"Yes," slowly. "Bread is necessary in its place; but it isn't all that fills."—*Zion's Herald.*

### OLD BONES.

"Them there is kittle-stewed, and these here is tank-b'iled," said the foreman of a bone-boiling establishment, pointing to two piles of old bones which had passed through the rendering process. "Here's a lot o' shinbone knuckles, all ready for burnin'. They'll be chucked in with that pile o' ribs, skulls and miscellaneous j'ints you see there in that corner, and all made into bone-black.

"The burners would like to have the best quality of bones for their use, because they get more charcoal out o' 'em than they ken out o' common bones. The boneblack they make to sell to sugar refiners.

"But the best quality o' bones is shins and thighs and forelegs, and we don't waste no shins nor no thighs nor no front legs on the bone burners nor the fertilizer grinders. They can't pay more than \$25 a ton for the best there is, and we ken sell all the shins we ken git for \$40 a ton. Thighs is worth \$10 a ton to us, and every ton o' front legs we boil tetches us not less than \$30.

"The manufacturer of bone handles, cuff buttons, collar buttons, bone jew-

elry, parasol and umbrella handles, combs, tooth-brushes, hair brushes and all sorts o' things that bone kerr be used for, buy all the bones the country ken produce. The bones for buttons and knife handles mostly goes to Europe.

"Fancy parasol handles is turned out o' sheep's legs, and some o' the nicest ivory fans you ever see used to be trottin' some old ram or ewe around the pastur' lot. Sheep-leg bones polishes up slicker than any other bones, and ain't so brittle as the shin bone of a cow or the thigh bone of a steer.

"We collect bones from all over the country. Every town or district has its enterprisin' citizen who is on the watch out for all the dead critters that turn up in his bailiwick, and he is particular not to waste any o' the bones. A ton o' pig iron ain't worth more than a quarter as much as a ton o' the commonest kind o' bones is when it is ready for the burner of grinder.

"We git a pint o' good nestsfoots oil out o' every set of shins and hoofs of a cow or steer. The liquor that's left after bilin' the thighs and shins makes as good sizin' glue as a paper-maker ken git. We ken git enough marrow out o' a carload o' bones to stock a store with bear's grease. The best barber's bear grease is made out o' the marrow o' old bones.—*Exchange.*

### STICKING TO THE LAST.

A great many people cannot tell, when they first start out, where their real bent lies; they cannot tell what they can do best; but, as they develop more, their strong qualities push their way to the front. Again, a college course or an advanced course of education develops faculties which had lain dormant—perhaps from disuse. In other words, the entire setting of the mental faculties often changes a great deal during one's physical and mental development, so that what the boy can do best may not be the bent of the man at all.

The relation of the faculties is greatly changed by the special training of one set of brain faculties, so that what was dominant in the outset of an education or a course of training may become subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development. No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that he is in the wrong place and that there is a possibility of satisfying his inclination elsewhere. No man should stick to his last, if a change is possible, when he is conscious that he is getting his living by his weakness instead of his strength.

No man should stick to his last, when to do so will tie him forever to commonness or mediocrity, if a larger, fuller expression of life is possible.

No man should stick to his last, when a better and higher way is open to him. No man should stick to his last, when he finds to do so will cramp his better life and handicap his career.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Success.*

The acid of the tomato will remove ink stains from white cloth. Apply the tomato juice to the ink spot before the water has touched it. A little rubbing may be necessary, and after the stain is out, wash thoroughly in water. It should be said that different inks have different staying qualities—some of them being very persistent, but upon the kind tried—an ordinary black ink—the tomato juice was entirely successful.