

The Spelling-Match.

They'd all sat down but Bess and me. I surely thought I'd win; To lose on such an easy word, It was a shame and sin!

We spelled the longest in the book, The hardest ones—right through, "Xylography," and "pachyderm!" And "gnosis," and "phthisis," too.

I spelled "immalleability," "Pneumonia,"—it was fun! "Phlebotomy," and "zoophyte," Each long and curious one. Then teacher gave a right queer smile When Bess spelled "acquarelle." And backward, quick, she turned the leaves, And then she gave out "spell."

I'm sure I never stopped to think About that "double l;" It seems like such an easy word; But one can never tell. "S-p-e-l," I spelled it— And how they all did laugh! And teacher said, "I think, my dear, Too easy 't was by half."

Now, Bessie was not proud nor mean, She said, "No wonder, Jane; For we were thinking of big words, You'd spell it right, again." I'm glad that it was Bess who won, And not those others. Well! If I did miss one little word, I showed that I could spell.

—St. Nicholas.

Mr. Truman's Experiment.

"I'm tired of work on the farm. I don't like the drudgery, and I don't believe there's much money in it anyhow. Father has said as much several times. It's getting old-fashioned and behind the times to be a farmer."

Will Truman rested on the seat of the old farm wagon as he soliloquized thus, and his eyes wandered aimlessly across the wide fertile fields of one of the richest farms in New England. The ripening grain was nodding heads of gold before the gentle wind, and the late summer flowers were emitting their fragrance into the warm air. The harvest scene was a beautiful one, but it was so similar to others that had preceded it and passed away noiselessly that no one seemed to notice it with any particular attention.

"I'd like to be a civil engineer," Will continued, as he flicked a golden head of wheat from its stock with his whip. "There's money in that, and I know I'd like the work. It's just tramping around the country, and surveying the land. I'll never make a good farmer I know, and its no use sticking to it any longer. I'll speak to father to-night."

Coming to this hasty decision, Will picked up the reins, and started for the large barn, where preparations were being made for storing the grain. The boy whistled carelessly as he went about his work the rest of the day, and when night came on he was happy with the anticipation of soon making a change in his vocation.

"Father, I have decided not to be a farmer," he broke out abruptly at the supper table. "I don't think I'm fitted for it, and it's no use sticking to something I don't like."

"No, that's so," replied Mr. Truman, thoughtfully. "But how long since did you discover that you were not fitted for a farmer's life?"

"Why, last—well not long ago," stammered Will, blushing a little. "It was only this afternoon I finally made up my mind, but of course I had been thinking of it before. You see I had a long talk with one of the young surveyors to-day, and he told me all about his work. You know I've always wanted to be a surveyor."

"No, I didn't know it," interrupted Mr. Truman. "I never heard you speak of it before. At one time you wanted to be a doctor, and I sent you away to school; then you changed your mind and wanted to become a business man. I got you a clerkship in a store, but you was not there long before you got the legal fever. You were out out to be a great lawyer you thought, and you would have entered a law school if my advice had not prevailed. In a few months your enthusiasm was cooled, and you got homesick. This was what I wanted, for it has been my idea to have you conduct this farm after my death. It has always been in the family, and I should hate to have it pass into the hands of strangers."

"I won't let it. I can study to be a civil engineer, and make money while I run the farm at the same time. I will have two sources for an income then."

Mr. Truman shook his head doubtfully, and then replied good naturedly. "It may come out all right in the end, Will. I don't like to see you shifting from one business to another."

"I won't shift after this, father. If you will get me a good position to study surveying from a practical man I will promise to stick to it and make a success."

"Are you sure that your mind is thoroughly made up?" asked his father, skeptically, for he was well acquainted with his son's changeable nature.

"Yes, I have considered the matter

well, and am sure of my own mind," the boy answered confidently, although his decision had been only of a few hours' duration.

"And no inducement I can offer will make you remain on the farm?"

"None, father, that is willingly. If you insist upon it of course I will stay with you, but it will probably ruin my whole life and prospects."

"Well I wouldn't do that for anything."

"I thought you would not be so cruel," Will replied, triumphantly, taking his father's hand in one of his. "You will get me a position, I know, on this railroad division. They pay well and I will enjoy the work."

This was the whole secret of Will's enthusiasm. A railroad was being surveyed through the country near his home, and his conversation with some of the young surveyors had completely turned his mind. He was soon fired with enthusiasm to become a surveyor.

Mr. Truman thought a moment and then replied: "You are now leaving a good position, Will, for an uncertain one, and you ought to think twice before leaping. I have been very easy with you in the past, too indulgent, even for a father, I think."

"You have been very kind," the boy stammered.

"I have given way to whims and likes, but the time has come when I should be different. You must learn some business or trade, or profession, and to do that you must stick to one thing. I have given you your choice in the past, but you soon got tired of all of them. If you go on at this rate when you become old you will have nothing to fall back upon. A man without a business, trade or profession, is good only for a day laborer, and unskilled labor is cheap in the market. It will hardly keep body and soul together."

"I know that, father, but you don't think I will ever come to that. You don't give me credit for having much brains."

"Well we won't talk of that now. I'm going to put you to a good test. You have a good position here, I said, and when you leave it you forfeit all claim to it. It will not be held open to you. I'm going to treat you in a business-like way. If you leave my employ you must depend upon your wages to cloth and feed you. I will get you a position, but my weekly allowance will stop then. If you do not like the work and wish to change again, your present position will not be open to you. If I need help I will hire you the same as any other farm laborer, and the small salaries they get must suffice you. Out of that you will have to pay board and clothe yourself. If, after that, you show yourself a competent manager I might raise your salary and promote you, but it will only be upon your own merit."

"That is kind of hard, father, but I'm ready to accept the conditions."

"All right, Will, but I advise you to think of the question again."

But Will was headstrong and confident, and he never gave the thought of consideration any room in his mind. He thought only of the new life, and its changes and pleasures.

In a couple of weeks his father had secured him the position he desired, and he went about his work jubilantly. He was fitted out well with all the clothing and good things he needed before going from home. His father regretted his leaving, but he wished him success and prosperity in his new life.

It did not take many weeks for the boy to find out that the rosy-colored descriptions of a surveyor's life were somewhat exaggerated. He had to trudge through wet, marshy places, up steep hills and mountains with a chain that made his back ache. Frequently in their marches they had to work in the driving sleet and rain, and occasionally they were compelled to sleep under very rude shelter.

The work was hard and rough, and the pay small. He was only an apprentice, a new hand, and a green one at that. Everybody sought to shove their work upon him, and he was forced to accept a most unenviable position.

Pay-day came around regularly, but when the amounts of his board and other little expenses had been deducted, Will found that he had scarcely enough left to buy a pair of gloves. He was forced to economize in little luxuries which before seemed necessities to him.

It was only natural that this hard, rough life soon sickened and discouraged him. He longed for the old farm again, and disliked surveying heartily. He found that to become a chief surveyor would require years of hard study and practice. Before he left the farm this seemed to him merely a question of a few weeks or months.

Illusion after illusion was dispelled,

and nothing but the hard, bare facts remained. Experience proved to the boy that he hated surveying more than anything else in life. His work became unbearable, and one day he gave up his position in disgust.

He trudged home in his old soiled clothes, and like the prodigal son, asked to be taken back into his father's employ. Mr. Truman sympathized with his son, but he knew he was teaching him a lesson which might reform him forever.

Will was welcomed home as a son, but he was given none of the liberties of an only child. He was placed on wages of six dollars a week, and forced to do the work along with the other hired men. Out of this amount he had to pay his board and clothe himself. His position was not much better than when he was a young surveyor.

He complained bitterly about his father's harshness, and thought he was treating him in an unduly harsh way; but his pride kept him from speaking to his father. He needed new clothes badly, but it would take weeks for him to save up enough with which to purchase them.

Months slowly slipped by and Will still worked as a day laborer on his father's farm, receiving his weekly wages and nothing more. He was actually thrown upon his own resources, and as much work was expected from him as from the others. If he missed a day, so much was deducted from his wages.

Such treatment soon worked changes in the boy. He worked hard, and endeavored to improve in his work so that he could look for the promotion his father promised. He felt that he had to work or suffer.

One day his father called him into the house, and said: "Will I need a good manager for the farm. He must be the best and most intelligent man on the place. Whom do you think he is?"

The young fellow felt like pleading for his old position; but his pride made him answer the question truthfully. "Mr. Hyde is the man for the place," he answered.

"Well, I'll promote him then," was the quiet rejoinder.

Will returned to his work disappointed. He had expected to be put into that position himself. For a moment the old dissatisfied spirit came over him and he thought of making another change; but his experience as a surveyor soon brought him to his senses again.

"No, I'll fight it out on this old farm," he muttered, "and if father is just I'll get back to my old place."

And fight it out he did. His wages were soon raised, and small promotions followed. The boy could appreciate every change in this way, and he never before realized so well the value of money and skill.

It was two years after his first attempt to learn surveying that Will entered upon the work of manager of the farm along with his father. He had won that position by hard work and steady perseverance.

He was proud of his achievements, and he felt that his success was due to his merit and not to favors.

"I guess after all, father, I was out out for a farmer," he said one day with a smile. "Your little experiment tested me pretty thoroughly and made me know my own mind."

"Yes, Will, that is true, and it made me know you better. I was beginning to doubt if you had any good metal in you; but you have shown now that you have. After all it was my fault more than yours. I had brought you up to have your own way, and you felt that your whims must be gratified. Now you know the value of skill and perseverance, and you will make a success of life."—*Examiner.*

How One Boy Faced The World.

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow, with one boy and one girl, lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old,—a handsome, dark-eyed, curly-haired, young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor, and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to the public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman, and could not bear to have him do this. He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at whole-sale, and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the penny he borrowed (make a note of that, boys, and he had now one cent of his own. With it he bought another paper, and sold it for two cents, bought another, sold it for two cents, and so on. He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favorite place with the newsboys,

and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing-room for himself, and went on selling papers.

He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and type-writing. He began in a class with two hundred others: when he graduated from the course, only six remained with him. There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They are like boys chasing a butterfly: pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods or they stop to skip pebbles in the river. It is only the few that go on—right straight on—who catch the butterfly we call "success."

Well, this boy became the best stenographer in Chicago. When he was only eighteen, he was president of their society. He then went to a leading college, and took the entire four years' course of preparation in two years, at the same time supporting himself and his mother by his stenographic work for the professors. He kept up his health by regular outdoor exercise and riding the bicycle. He never tasted tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcoholic drinks. His food was simple,—mostly fish, vegetables, and fruit. He had a good conscience: there was no meanness about him. When he was twenty years of age, he became the private secretary of one of the greatest capitalists in America. Of course he had a large salary. He was clear-cut in everything he did: there was no slackness in his work. The gentleman who employed him used tobacco and drank wine; but his young private secretary, with quiet dignity, declined both cigars and claret, though offered him by his employer in his most gracious manner. It is to the credit of the great capitalist that, when his secretary told him he never used tobacco or liquor, he answered, "I honour you for it, young man."

The name of this remarkable Chicagoan is Jerome Raymond. He is now private secretary of Bishop Thoburn and is making a trip around the world. At the same time he is studying for his degree in the University, being permitted to substitute French and Sanskrit for some other studies that he would have taken if he were here.

He was my stenographer, on and off, for two years; and I think most highly of him. It seems to me I could not do a greater service than to tell you his simple story. He is a knight of chivalry, a champion of the White Cross, a believer in woman's ballot, a Prohibitionist in politics, and an earnest Christian in faith and practice. —*Frances E. Willard.*

THAT BOY.—His name is not Solomon. There are many things he does not know. Remember that he is only a boy. You were once one. Call to mind what you thought and how you felt. Give that boy a chance. Keep near to him in sympathy. Behishum. Do not make too many cast iron laws. Rule with a velvet hand. Help him have "a good time." Answer his foolish questions. Be patient with his pranks. Laugh at his jokes. Sweat over his conundrums. Limber up your dignity with a game of ball or a half day's fishing. You can win his heart utterly. And hold him steady in the path that leads higher up. That boy has a soul, and a destiny reaching higher than the mountain peaks. He is worth a million times his weight in gold.

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