

YOUNG FOLKS.

FLOWER MISSIONS.

Young people who live in the country near big cities can do much to help in such a sweet mission as the following, clipped from an exchange, describes:

"A pretty sight might have been witnessed by anybody who took the trouble to look, one Sunday afternoon, when a group of girls sitting in an old summer-house on a green lawn were tying up bunches of roses, heliotrope, and mignonette, and laying them in flat baskets, to be sent to the city the next day. The flowers were freshly gathered, and, after they were bunched, the girls had them carried to a cool dark place, where they were left for the night. Such color! such fragrances! such bloom! such beauty!

"As the girls tied them they chatted merrily, girl fashion, not of the flowers, nor of where they were to be sent, but of their own affairs, their friends, their little jaunts, and plans for the next week. Every Sunday takes her the summer, either with their own hands or by some substitute, they arrange these flowers, whatever kind are in season, and every Monday the sweet things start on their blessed errands to make people happy.

"The flowers are taken to a general receiving place in the town to which they are addressed, and other girls are waiting there to speed them on their way. Numbers of people pick them for the mission, so that a great many big basketfuls come in to those who take charge at the distributing end. They have a list of beneficiaries in view—the lame, the halt, and the blind. There will be coats in hospital wards brightened by the touch and whiff of perfume which the blossoms will bring. Hardened hearts will grow soft as the sight of a flower recalls some memory of childhood and innocence; and so some of the dear flowers will go to the prisons, to brighten up weary hours of duration, and carry a real message of human love and fellowship to those who have put themselves outside the pale of sympathy, except as Christ-like pity finds them.

"The city missionary has her people in the tenement-houses, for whom she begs her share of the flowers. Up the dark stairs, into the rear apartments, stuffy, close, and crowded, she goes her way, laying a knot of flowers on the sewing-machine where a pale girl stitches all day long, leaving the roses for the cracked pitcher on the mantelpiece to make the children better behaved when they see them.

"You cannot walk through a downtown street with flowers in your hand and not be besieged and besought at every step with, 'Lady, please give me a flower; just one, please.' They like the daisy and buttercups as well as they do the garden beauties; and children who live in the country might think of this, and send the field flowers to cheer the spidery areas of the bricked-up town."

HIS WAY OF DOING IT.

"I can't make out how it is that Jim Johnson always gets such good places," said Harry Smith, the carpenter's son, to another boy, as they were returning home one afternoon.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Jim's luck" was the talk of the neighborhood. Jim was certainly no pattern of cleverness, or beauty, or strength; he could not do more than others, nor could he do so well as many; but for all that, it was quite true he always had good places, good wages, and a good character.

When he left one employer to go to another, it was generally said: "I would not part with him if I could help it; he is a good boy, and so obliging." This was the secret of his good luck—he was "so obliging." Did the merchant or the wagoner want an errand boy, or did anyone want a job done at a moment's notice, it was only to get a sight of Jim, and it was as good as done; for Jim would hurry through his own business in order to help.

When he was at home he kept the wood-box full of wood, and his mother never had to ask him to bring a bucket of water, and many other little things he did in a cheerful manner, so that he was a great favorite. And if he saw younger boys in trouble he would try to help them out; and he put on his shoes, after taking them off, on pouring, rainy night, to walk two miles to the town for a parcel containing a new gown the carrier had neglected to bring to the kitchen-girl, who was crying her eyes out because she could not have it to wear next morning at her sister's wedding. But it was not so much what Jim did, as how he did it, that was so agreeable.

HOW ORANGES ARE PICKED.

Everybody is at work, and if the crop, as it is this year, is large, everyone is feeling cheerful. The orange grove of the imagination is a stretch of trees filled with golden fruit, where one can lie in the soft grass and luxuriate in the sight. The actual grove, when beautiful to the eye, is not a place for lounging, as the ground is, or should be, kept continually plowed and irrigated. But the trees are attractive. Ever green, often showing ripe and green fruit and white blossoms at the same time, they are an enigma.

A gang of men, under a leader or overseer, takes possession of a grove bright and early in the morning, two or three men being appointed to a tree, and the picking begins. Tall step-ladders enable the pickers to reach the top branches, and each orange is carefully cut from the tree; if it is pulled and the skin broken it will soon decay. The picker wears a bag about his neck, and into this the fruit is dropped. When the bag is filled the fruit is handed to the washer or scrubber. The latter washes the black stain or rust from the fruit, polishing it with a cloth, after which it is passed to the assorter. Sometimes a simple machine is used, a runway so that the oranges of the same size will all collect together. This accomplished, each orange is wrapped in variously colored paper and placed in the box ready for shipment. A counter keeps tally of the boxes.

In some groves various machines are used. Thus one patent is a knife on a

long pole, which is connected with a canvas tube. The orange separated from others in this way drops into the chute, and, by an arrangement of traps, drops from one to another, and finally rolls into a box uninjured. The ordinary method of picking, however, is by hand.

The orange pickers are usually a jolly lot, there being something about the business, apparently, that enlivens the spirit.

BARON ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

The following is a copy of the alphabetical list of maxims framed and hung in Rothschild's bank. Baron Rothschild used to recommend these rules to young men who wished to "get on" and achieve success in life:

Attend carefully to details of your business.
Be prompt in all things.
Consider well and then decide positively.
Do not do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure trials patiently.
Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Do not enter the society of the vicious.
Hold integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation nor business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.

Observe good manners.
Pay your debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsels of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Extend to everyone a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

NUTRITION IN FLOWERS.

How They May Be Used for Food as Well as Beauty.

When the violets of Grasse, France, are grown all the old and stale violets are sold to manufacturers of confectionery. In Roumania violets, roses and lime flowers are utilized largely for flavoring preserves of different kinds. The most esteemed sherbet in Egypt is prepared by pounding violets and boiling them in sugar. This violet sherbet is of a green color and is called the "Grand Signor's Sherbet."

Rosebuds boiled in sugar and made into a preserve are eaten by Arabian women. Rose petals are candied like violets, and so likewise are jasmines. The common yellow pond lilies make delightful preserves, and from them the Turks prepare a cooling drink. These flowers have a perfume like that of brandy, and hence are sometimes called "brandy bottles."

The petals of roses thrown upon cold, light wine, float away from the lips in drinking. Every lover of cool and fragrant beverages knows the luxury of plunging the heated face into a bunch of fragrant green mint.

A scientific publication recently said that by means of musical vibrations forms of flowers and trees can be produced upon sand and semi-liquid substances. Imagine the pleasure of seeing the image of a flower grow to the sound of musical notes while one enjoys the delicate flavor and odor of the daintiest of nature's products.

All flowers of pleasant flavor, and semi-solid substance, like the camellia and orange flower, can be used in salads, preserves and sweet fritters. Not only must the form and flavor of foods be considered, but also the nature of the elements they bring into the system, the proper proportion of chemical substances and their laxative or constipating nature. For we do not require food of either too concentrated or too bulky a nature. It requires also a due admixture of foods. Thus, pure albumen is not desirable. We may be made to starve on cheese. Experiments as to the relative solubility of animal and vegetable albumen, even if correctly conducted, may be in the highest degree deceptive.

The amount of albumen which we daily require is relatively small, and needs a large quantity of respiratory food to be taken with it. The latter is of various kinds, which differ very much in the rapidity of their action. For instance starch is slow and alcohol is quick in producing its effect as a supporter of combustion. If more albumen be taken than is required, the excess is necessarily not digested. Nature takes what she requires and leaves the rest.

VICTORIA'S GOLD PLATE.

Number of Pieces and Value of the Service.

The gold plate which was sent up from Windsor Castle for the State concert last Monday amounts to about 10,000 pieces. It comes from the gold pantry, which is an iron room situated on the ground floor under the royal apartments. The clerk of the pantry gives it out in iron boxes and receives a receipt for it. It is carried by special train, under escort of a guard of soldiers, and delivered to the butler at Buckingham Palace. He gives a receipt for it and is responsible for it while it remains at the palace. The same formalities are observed in taking it back, and all persons concerned are glad when it is once more restored to the safe-keeping of the gold pantry. The total value of the plate in this department is nearly £2,000,000. A great deal of it dates from the reign of George IV., but among the antiquities are some pieces which were taken from the Armada.

A USEFUL SPIDER.

The silk spider of Madagascar spins threads of a golden color, and strong enough, according to a well-known naturalist, to hang a cork helmet by. Small textures woven of these threads are used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades, and for other

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

Statistics Showing the Distribution of the World's Inhabitants.

A new computation of the population of the globe has recently been made by the French statistician, and savant, P. d'Amfreville. He figured out a total of about 1,480,000,000, distributed as follows: Asia, with 825,954,000; Europe, with 357,379,000; Africa with 163,933,000; America, with 121,713,000; Oceania and the polar regions, with 7,500,400; Australia, with 3,230,000, or a grand total of 1,479,729,000 souls.

In connection with these data the English statistician, Schoelling, makes some interesting comments. He states that of every 1,000 inhabitants of the globe 558 live in Asia, 242 in Europe, 111 in Africa, 82 in America, 5 in Oceania and the polar regions and only 2 in Australia. It then appears that Asia contains more than one-half of the total population of the earth and Europe nearly one-fourth. Africa contains only one-ninth and America only one-twelfth. In Australia the entire population is less than the number of inhabitants in the city of London alone or in the cities of Paris, and St. Petersburg combined.

In Europe the number of inhabitants to the square mile is 95, in Asia it is 48, in Africa it is 15, in America it is 8, in Oceania and the polar regions it is 3, in Australia only 1. Accordingly Europe contains for each of its inhabitants 2.8 hectares of land, Asia, 5.2 hectares; Africa, 17.6 hectares; Oceania and the polar regions, 84 hectares; America, 31.2 hectares; Australia 235.6 hectares. (A hectare is equal to 2.741 acres.)

THE YEARLY INCREASE

of population on the globe is about five to every 1,000. At this ratio the population of the earth would be doubled every 139 years.

Of over 1,000 Europeans 262 are subjects of Russia, 239 of Germany, 116 are Austro-Hungarians, 107 French, 106 English, 84 Italians, 48 Spanish, 17 Belgians and 121 of the minor countries.

In reference to the density of population Belgium takes the lead with 516 to a square mile, followed by England with 312, Italy with 263, Germany with 237, France with 184, Austria-Hungary with 171, Spain with 90, Russia with 49. The average of all the other countries is 47 to a square mile, and the average for all Europe is 96.

In Asia the 826,000,000 are distributed in the following manner: China takes the lead with 350,000,000, British India, with 278,000,000, Japan with 40,000,000, East Indian islands with 39,500,000, French possessions in India with 19,000,000, Corea with 10,500,000, English Burmah with 7,500,000, Persia with 7,000,000, Asiatic Russia and Turkestan with 7,500,000, Siberia with 4,500,000, Afghanistan with 4,000,000, Ceylon with 3,000,000, Arabia with 2,500,000, all other parts of Asia with 43,500,000.

Of every 1,000 Asiatics, 424 are Chinese, 337 are Hindus, (subjects of England), 48 are Japanese, 48 are Indian islanders, including 23 in the French possessions, 13 are Coreans, 11 are Siamese, 9 are Burmans, 9 are Persians, 9 are Russians, 5 are Siberians, 5 are Afghans, 4 are Cingalese, 3 are Arabs and 52 belong to smaller nationalities.

STOWING AWAY.

A Foolhardy Method to Get an Ocean Voyage.

In spite of the fact that the punishment usually meted out to those who try to steal a free passage on a ship is several weeks' hard labor, with the option of a fine, stowaways, are even more common to-day than they were 50 or 60 years ago.

Big passenger steamers, with their hundreds of passengers, and their scores of stewards, sailors and stokers, afford innumerable opportunities for stowing away.

Three years ago a stowaway was discovered aboard one of the Allan liners running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was shabbily dressed, but being a big, sturdy-looking fellow, he was put to work about the ship. When the vessel anchored below Montreal, waiting for daylight, before entering the harbor, he, it was presumed, slipped quietly overboard and swam ashore. In any case, when the boat touched at Montreal, and was overrun by detectives looking for a notorious jewel robber, it was immediately suspected that the stowaway was the robber, and that he had escaped, taking the jewels with him. He was captured some months afterwards, and confessed that when he swam ashore he had more than \$10,000 worth of jewels on his person.

The favorite hiding places of stowaways are the coal bunkers and the narrow passages left when vessels are loaded with bricks, tiles, drain pipes, or other similar cargo. These places are extremely dangerous, and many cases are recorded where the shifting of the cargo has resulted in the death of some unfortunate wretch in hiding.

During the passage of a cargo boat from England, the sailors were startled the third day out by a curious scratching, which was immediately attributed to supernatural causes. When the hatches were lifted at the end of the voyage the emaciated body of a man was found lying on some bags of cement. The poor, starving fellow had struggled frantically to get out of the hold.

EGYPT'S RULER.

The Khedive of Egypt looks a short, round-faced, rosy boy, rather dark and serious-looking. He is very fond, writes one who has just returned from the East, of taking long drives into the country, making the carriage go for miles at a fast pace. His horses are magnificent white ones, with flowing manes and tails. He is very short and looks better when riding than when he walks.

A DELUDED BEE.

Mistook the Flowers of Art for Those of Nature.

There is something provocative of much reflection in the incident communicated to us by a correspondent, says the London Telegraph. He was sitting, with a number of other guests, upon the lawn at a garden party in London, when he observed a large bumble bee winging its flight toward the cluster of many-colored flowers upon the hat of a young lady who was one of the company. He does not mention what special flowers were imitated upon the hat in question, but the present fashion is to display so varied a collection of forms and hues that a credulous bee might easily think himself in a well furnished country garden on alighting upon any out-of-door coiffure of the present time.

The insect in this case was not only deceived in the first instance by the exact resemblance of the work of the modiste to that of Dame Nature, but evidently found nothing on closer acquaintance to prevent her from ransacking the bloom in search of honey; and, being disappointed in a first, second, and even third essay, appeared to have gone on examining each bud of silk, satin or muslin until she was seen to meditate disconsolately upon the edge of the last fallacious flower, and then to fly away, honeyless, and, no doubt, extremely embarrassed by the discovery that the world contained such illusions and deceptions for hard-working bees.

THE INNOCENT INSECT

ought not, we think, to be laughed at. One would have thought, of course, that a bumble bee was far too good a judge of the products of the field and the garden to be taken in by the very cleverest simulation of a Parisian hat-dresser could put together. The coarser texture, the deficient fragrance, the faulty tint, the absence of proper stamens and pistils might, one would have said, to have made that London bee ashamed of such an error. Yet, obviously, it is not so. The bee, accustomed to find honey wherever she spied certain sorts of blossoms, detects her favorite species, and takes the false for the true, as so many of us also take it.

We can fancy the beguiled little creature plunging into the first artificial bloom with eager expectation, into the second without surprise, into the third with disappointment, into the fourth, fifth and sixth with dismay, disgust and indignation, until finally she crawls out upon the Tuscan straw of the lady's headgear—an astounded, angry and disillusioned being. "What?" we may imagine her exclaiming, "flowers without honey, and of such a color, too, and such perfect shape!" Will not that bee, too wise henceforth for its kind, wander over the flower beds and hedgerows of England misdoubting everything—taking the red clover globes for arch imposters, and the purple fox-gloves for hypocrites; disbelieving in the sweetness of honeysuckle, and not daring to trust herself in an umbrage of meadow-sweet? Such an experience must be as if we should find the rain falling from the sky black and bitter, or the river running salt from the hills. The modern art of millinery has had no more magic triumph—if we will just consider it—than in this little passing story of the bee at the London garden party.

WEATHER AND BRAIN.

Effect of Extreme Heat or Cold on Our Faculties.

Many a business man, no doubt, has been forcefully impressed during the hot spell that the state of the weather governs to a large extent the volume of commerce and trade. Warm weather brings in an inertia that one must be very vigorous, indeed, to ward off. The psychological effect of the weather has long been a most interesting study. Most people feel the influence of dull days, east winds and extreme cold on their spirits and energies, mental or physical. An arctic cold and tropical heat are unfavorable to literary composition, for example, and we speak of the cold "freezing our wits," an expression which is not altogether figurative, but rests on a common experience. Goethe found that his capacity for mental work depended on the height of the barometer, and other instances of meteorological influence on the mind could be collected from the writings of celebrated men.

Suicide occurs most frequently in summer, perhaps owing to heat and exhaustion, and not, as might be supposed, in winter. The American Journal of Psychology has an article on the subject, in which the head of a large factory is reported to state that a disagreeable day causes a reduction of 10 per cent. in the output of the works. Fine days make people generous and accessible, and opinions given on such days are held by some to be the safest. The influence of the weather on the logical faculty, the nerves, and the eyes has also been recognized in a perfervent and vague sort of way. Nervous, excitable and irascible persons are prone to feel the influence of bad weather and blame their circumstances. Certain functional troubles of the liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint, even a bad corn, predispose persons to suffer from weather changes.

A WORM'S MEMORY.

Mr. Umbell—Even the worm will turn.

His Wife (scornfully)—You are scarcely a worm.

Mr. Umbell (reminiscently)—Possibly not now, my dear, but I can remember away back under hearing folks say something about an early bird when you got me.

RETURNS NOT IN.

I congratulate you, Wigginton, on having your three daughters married off.

Just wait a while, Hopkins; I can't tell yet whether I have three daughters married off or three sons-in-law married on.

COMING PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Financial Scheme by Which \$20,000,000 Is to Be Raised.

The organizer of the Paris exhibition of 1900 have launched a financial scheme which would seem senseless if they could not count on the passion for lotteries. They have announced the issue of 3,250,000 bonds of twenty francs each. The 65,000,000, thus produced, coupled with the subsidies from the Paris municipality and the state, amounting to 100,000,000 francs, are to be employed in starting the building operations. These comprise two Palaces in the Champs Elysees in place of the Palace of Industry, a bridge over the Seine, and the buildings which will cover the immense area from the extremity of the Champ de Mars to the chief entrance in the Champs Elysees. Each bond will entitle the holder to twenty admission tickets and to a chance in twenty-nine drawings. The latter, which are certainly the great attraction, include money prizes of 500,000 francs, 100,000 francs, 10,000 francs and smaller sums down to 100 francs. The bondholders are also entitled to reduced railway fares from the provinces to Paris and back, reduced rates of conveyance within Paris, and reduced rates of admission to the entertainments in the exhibition itself. There will, of course, be no return of the capital to persons not winning lottery prizes.

Now the first question which arises is whether there will really in six months be 65,000,000 paying entries, or about 360,000 a day. Some will doubtless go twenty or thirty times, but in 1889 there were only 28,000,000 paying entries. One million two hundred thousand bonds of twenty-five francs had then been issued so that about 2,000,000 tickets were unused, though they could later be purchased for twenty-five centimes. Strictly speaking, indeed, the admissions numbered only 25,500,000, but on certain special days the charge was five or ten francs, and each visitor, therefore, used five or ten tickets. This will again be the case in 1900; but in 1889 the daily average of tickets used, was 140,000, whereas if the 65,000,000 are to be used in 1900 the daily average must be 300,000. To a certain extent, however, the inevitable fall in the selling price of the tickets will swell the attendance, and it is obvious that nobody will pay a franc at the turnstiles when he can buy a ticket in the streets for a quarter of the price. But whether the great bulk of the tickets is used or not, the exhibition coffers will receive the 65,000,000 francs. Of course the organizers do not count on any further receipts from admissions. They will, however, make money by letting sites to exhibitors.

A BAD "SITTER."

When the Princess of Wales was a young bride she was constantly in request for sittings to portrait-painters, sculptors and photographers. She was not, however, a good "sitter," and used to pout when compelled to endure the tediousness of sitting in a studio. Mr. Frith, the painter, was engaged to paint a picture of the marriage of the prince and princess, and he gives a pleasant glimpse of his tribulations with the Princess Alexandra:

"The princess, says Mr. Frith, was very young and very beautiful, as all the world knows. She graciously consented to come to my house, and to afford me every assistance in the way of sittings for my picture.

The princess was also well known for her kindness of heart. Oh, how that heart would have ached if its owner had realized the aching of mine when I, too soon, discovered that the illustrious young lady did not know that keeping her face in one position for a few minutes even was necessary to enable an artist to catch a resemblance of it!

The first sitting can I ever forget? I did not dare to complain till after two or three fruitless attempts. With downright failure staring me in the face, I opened my heart to the Prince of Wales.

"You should scold her," said the prince.

Just at this time the princess was sitting for her bust to the celebrated sculptor, Gibson, R. A., in a room at Marlborough House. I was sent for by the prince, and before I was admitted to an interview I was shown into the sculptor's studio, and found him waiting for a sitting from the princess. The bust was already in an advanced stage. I did not think it was very like, and in reply to Gibson said so.

"Well, you see," said Gibson, "the princess is a delightful lady, but she can't sit a bit."

At that moment I was summoned to the prince, whom I found with the princess; and I saw, or thought I saw, a sort of pretty, smiling pout, eloquent of reproach and of half-anger with me. The prince had something to show me,—photographs, I think,—and then he led the way to Gibson, the princess and I following.

No sooner did we find ourselves in the sculptor's presence than—after the prince some remarks upon the bust—the prince said:

"How do you find the princess sits Mr. Gibson?"

"Now," thought I, "if ever a man was in an awkward fix, you are, Mr. Gibson, for after what you said to me a few minutes ago, you cannot, in my presence, compliment the beautiful model on her sitting."

The prince looked at Gibson, and Gibson looked in dead silence at the prince and then at the princess. Then he looked again at the prince, smiled and shook his head.

"There you see, you neither sit properly to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith. 'I do—I do!' said the lady. 'You are two bad men!'"

And then we all smiled; and Gibson went on with his work, the princess sitting admirably for the short time that I remained.

Blinks—"Your nephew is quite a promising young man, isn't he? Jinks!"—"Well, he has never done anything else as yet."