

Young Folks.

BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

Young George Willis had come to the conclusion that there are more boys in the world than are wanted. At the close of the third day's unsuccessful search for work, he said:

"Mother, the world is too full of boys. There are more of us than are wanted."

"There are more of some kinds than are wanted," replied Mrs. Willis. "Have you ever thought how many kinds of boys there are, and what kind is most likely to be wanted by business men, George?"

"I know two kinds, mother," said George, "and now I know what papa meant when he said to me one day while he was sick; 'George, be an honest, faithful boy, and the chances are that you will grow up into a successful man, for honesty pays even in dollars and cents.'"

"I will try again to-morrow, for who knows what may be waiting for me if I persevere and honestly and faithfully do everything that I undertake?"

As George arose next morning it was with the determination to succeed. After breakfast he again started out to seek employment. His mother gave him the name of a grocer whom she remembered as an honest, upright man, who lived in another part of the city. When George arrived at the place the proprietor, Mr. Cameron, was just entering his store.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Cameron?" asked George.

"To be sure," answered the gentleman. "I am he."

In a straightforward, manly way George told Mr. Cameron that his father was dead, and his mother had to work hard to make a living for herself and him; that he was looking for a place as errand boy so he might be some help to her.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Mr. Cameron. "So many boys come here and ask for work and agree to stay a certain length of time for so much a week or month. After they have gained a little knowledge of the work, if they are offered better wages somewhere else, off they go without a thought of being under any obligation to the man who gave them employment when they had no knowledge of the kind of work they were to do."

"Won't you please try me?" asked George, respectfully.

Mr. Cameron did not really need a boy just then, but he thought George looked like an honest lad, so he said to him: "I will give you \$2 a week, and you are to be here promptly at 7 o'clock in the morning and remain till 7 in the evening for three months."

George gladly accepted the offer, and made arrangements to begin work on the following Monday morning.

While the wages were not as great as he had hoped to receive, yet he was glad to be able to earn something. His work was to sweep in the morning, unpack boxes, and such other work as any bright, healthy and energetic boy of twelve years of age is capable of doing.

After George had been at work some weeks a man, whose business was just across the street from Mr. Cameron's, stopped him just as he was coming down the street and made George an offer of \$3 a week for work for him.

The man was in need of a boy, and he had noticed how promptly George had appeared every morning, and how energetically he went about his work. Now came the test. George wanted the extra \$1 very much, but he also remembered what Mr. Cameron had said to him the morning he asked for work. So he told the man that his time was not out where he was, and he did not think that it would be right to leave Mr. Cameron until that time.

Mr. Cameron did not know of this conversation until some time after, when the man who made the offer to George told him about it.

On the evening of the day before the three months were out George asked his employer if he might now begin to look for another place; that he had once had the offer of better wages, but could not accept on account of his promise. Mr. Cameron then told George that he knew of that offer, and that he honored him for his course, and seemingly indifferent to his welfare, he was closely watching him, and was now ready to increase his wages for the next six months.

George's feet seemed to scarcely touch the pavement that evening as he hurried home.

"Mother! mother! I have found out what kind of boys are wanted, and there are not too many of them, either!" exclaimed he, as he bounded into the house.

George grew up into the kind of man that people can trust. "Boys who are wanted" grow up into just that kind of men.

"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip

through his fingers, as he counts them, are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—has risen, is the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nut-shell, in a pie.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

Following are some hints and suggestions that may prove helpful to the young housekeeper, since all of them are not generally known.

If there are any marks of iron rust on your clothing, remove them before putting the garment through the wash. Wet the rusted spot in a solution composed of one ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in one quart of water, iron it while damp, then hang the garment in the sun, or hold it over the steam of a boiling teakettle until the spots have disappeared, when it should be rinsed, immediately. This solution will keep for any length of time, and should always be at hand, for it is also good for removing ink stains. Put it in a bottle having a glass stopper, and label it poison.

The solution of oxalic acid is too strong for very thin goods. If they become iron rusted, apply a mixture of salt and lemon juice, and put the garment out of doors where the sun may shine directly upon it.

Marks made by scorching linen when ironing it may be removed if the texture of the goods has not been damaged. Peel and slice two onions, and pound them to extract the juice, which must be mixed with half an ounce of white soap. Add half a pint of vinegar and two ounces of Fuller's earth, and boil all together until thoroughly mixed. When the mixture becomes cool, cover the scorched part of the linen with it, allowing it to dry on. In a little while it can be washed, and the marks will disappear.

There is nothing better than ox gall to prevent colored articles from fading when being washed. Empty the gall into a bottle, on butchering day, and put in a handful of salt. It should be kept closely covered. A teacupful is used with five gallons of water.

The first time you wash black calico, use the suds in which your white clothes were boiled. Let it come to a boil, then put in the article, while dry, pressing it down so that all parts will be saturated. Let it boil three minutes, then take it out and wash and rinse it as you do your other calicoes. It should not be boiled after the first washing.

Mildew is best removed by dipping the goods into a weak solution of chloride of lime, then placing the garment in the sun for a few minutes, after which rinse thoroughly. A heaping teaspoonful of lime to a quart of water is about the right proportion.

The following recipe for starch is very satisfactory; for it not only works well while fresh, but, in a cool place, will keep good for some time. Wet two tablespoonfuls of starch in a little cold water, then add one tablespoonful each of white wax, gum arabic, and fine salt, and pour on one quart of boiling water. Let it boil for ten minutes, then strain it, and add two more tablespoonfuls of starch wet in cold water. It is then ready for use.

If you cannot make your sunbonnet stiff enough to prevent its flapping over your faces, try dipping it into starch made as above. Hang it on the line, and when it is nearly dry, rub thick starch all over the inside of the front. If applied to the outside, it will stick to the iron. Hang it on the line again and let it become thoroughly dry, then sprinkle it and iron in the usual manner. It is better to be laid perfectly straight after ironing, for an hour or two, but in case it cannot be unfasted from the crown, lay it carefully over a ten-quart tin pail, and let it stand by the fire until all the dampness has evaporated.

WOMEN WORKERS ABROAD.

The German government is following the example of America and England and employing women in the Post Office Department. The experiment of using them as clerks and directors of smaller post offices has been satisfactory. The department is now going a step further, and is appointing women assistants in the telegraph and telephone offices. A great many women have also been appointed to take full charge of smaller post offices, preference being shown to the widows and daughters of deceased postmasters. Those who have been in the employ of the government a long time are to receive a salary of 1,200 marks, \$285, per year, with an extra allowance of 500 marks, \$119 for house rent.

In Norway women have for some time been employed in the railroad and post-office service, and are now receiving appointments as supervisors of the railroad stations. They receive the reports from the train conductors, answer the many questions of travellers in German and English, call out the trains in the waiting rooms, ring the station bell at the departing of the train, and telegraph its departure to the next station. They perform the duties of government telegraph operators, and often those of postmasters and baggage men.

DECLINE IN VALUE.

Maud—I thought Ethel would die of grief when the young duke refused to marry her because she had only five million dollars.

Eva—Poor girl! Did she die?

Maud—No; she ran off with her coachman.

Mary Haliburton's Chance

"I wonder if this is a chance," mused Mary Haliburton. The car of the day were over, and she sat alone in her tiny city room. She was tired of being a clerk—something her employers would have been sorry to know, for whatever Mary did, she did with her might and successfully.

She went back over the story of her life that evening as she sat there. She was so tired, so extremely tired, and there was no one to care that she was tired—there had been no one for three weary years. The girl sighed as she turned again to the paper and read once more, this item:

"A girl who is willing to make herself useful can find board and lodging for the summer with Mrs. Jennie Patrick at Round Top Farm."

"It seems as if it might be a chance," said Mary. And the next morning she went down to the store still thinking of it.

"Where is Round Top Farm?" she asked of a fellow-clerk.

"So you have seen it too, have you?" said Nettie Buchard.

Both girls were in the habit of reading the advertisements in whatever papers came their way.

"Yes, smiled Mary. "Where is it?" Do you know? I thought it might be a chance to get out of the city for the summer."

"Well," answered Nettie, deliberately, "it may be a chance, but it's not the chance I'm looking for. I've known about Round Top Farm for several years. It's about fifty miles out, and they say it's a beautiful place."

"Then—" said Mary.

"Wait," said Nettie, holding up her hand. "There's everything on that farm, and everything is first-class," she ended impressively.

Mary looked puzzled.

"The eggs are larger and fresher, the fowls are fatter, the butter is better grade than you can find anywhere else," went on Nettie, "and the fruits are simply fine. I wonder you've never heard of Round Top Farm before."

Mary glanced down at the item which she had clipped and brought with her, and now held in her hand.

"I don't see—" she began.

"Don't see!" exclaimed Nettie. "What does first-class down to the smallest detail mean, but that Mrs. Jennie Patrick is particular—cranky, as you might say? I wouldn't go there for fifteen minutes 'to make myself useful,' let alone all summer." And with a positive nod of her head she turned from Mary to wait upon a customer who had just come in.

Now the word "particular" had no horror for Mary. She was particular herself and came of a line of particular people. As far back as she had heard of her family, and that was for three generations, she had heard stories of this one and that one being hard to suit. Long ago her grandmother had said to her, "There's two kinds of particular; the fault-finding kind of people who like to make trouble and the kind of particular people who want things right, even if it does make trouble. All our folks are of the last kind."

All morning Mary thought of these things; and when she went to lunch she said to herself, "I believe I'll try Round Top Farm."

A week later she went to try it. And Mrs. Patrick having had notice of her arrival, was at the train to meet her. For Mrs. Patrick had suddenly developed what was a new phase of philanthropy for her.

"I am a busy woman," she had replied when the minister had come to her to solicit board and lodging for some unfortunate child of the city. "I cannot have a child here—I don't understand children."

The minister had seemed disappointed. Seeing which, she had repented of her decided words a little. "Put me down for nothing," she had said, "and then, if I see my way clear to do anything I will do it in my own way. I suppose a child of the city might be of almost any age?" she added, interrogatively.

The minister smiled. He knew that this "busy woman" was like Dorcas of old, "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," and he answered cordially. "To be sure, Mrs. Patrick. Any age, any age." And he rose to go, quite satisfied.

A week later the advertisement that had caught Mary's eye appeared in the "Evening Herald."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Patrick. "I believe in helping, first of all, those who are willing to help themselves. We shall see who comes. I fancy I shall not have many applicants."

On that hot summer morning when the train rolled in to the little station, deposited Mary and her luggage and then rolled out again, Mrs. Patrick stood waiting on the platform. Her strong face lighted with pleasure as she looked at the girl's erect, slender form, the delicate, sensitive face and the plain but tasteful dress.

"She'll do," she thought. And the next moment she was leading the way to her light road wagon, into which the station agent was already bounding Mary's trunk. It was a spirited pair of horses that Mrs. Patrick drove, and they were soon off at speed on their way to the farm. Mary,

who had no self-consciousness, looked about her with enjoyment and responded readily to all Mrs. Patrick's conversational advances, so that the two were like old friends when the hill came in sight.

"Ah! Now I see the meaning of Round Top Farm," cried Mary. "What a pretty background the hill makes to these fields! And the rail fences—how much better they are than the barbed wire ones I saw from the car window!"

"Decidedly, on a stock farm," replied Mrs. Patrick. "Think of one of my beautiful Jerseys mangled on a barbed wire!"

Rail fences were old-fashioned, but because Mrs. Patrick liked them, easy-going Mr. Patrick kept them in good repair. The house, almost hidden among trees, was old-fashioned, too, but Mrs. Patrick liked it, and Mr. Patrick was grateful for that liking. It was his boyhood's home, and he would have been sorry to see it changed. And, lastly, Mrs. Patrick herself, though a comparatively young woman, was old-fashioned. She cared nothing for women's clubs, and, as to dress, she wished, first of all, to be comfortable, and after that stylish.

Now, before Mary's arrival, Mrs. Patrick had said to herself, "This is an experiment. I shall not set her, whoever she is, to do anything. I shall simply watch to see what her idea of being useful is. And if this experiment is not successful, I shall not try a similar one again."

There was abundance of hired help on the farm for both outdoor and indoor work. There could hardly have been regular tasks assigned to Mary. The girl, quick to perceive, saw that and felt it in the atmosphere of the farm before she had been there twenty-four hours.

"I hope Mrs. Patrick's offer was not a delicate way of being charitable," she said to herself anxiously. "I should not wish to accept charity."

It was June, and there were berries of all kinds to be picked and taken care of. For Mrs. Patrick kept of each berry, the very earliest and latest varieties known to horticulture. Mary offered one morning to go out and pick.

"No, my dear," was the kind but positive reply. "You have small physical strength, but I should judge you have skill." And she gave Mary a smile.

"Not much skill," answered Mary, "except in selling silks and ribbons. But I believe I can develop some skill if you will not think me pushing and presuming."

"Push and presume all you like," said Mrs. Patrick, cordially. "Only don't waste yourself on a task I can hire a child to do."

So Mary began to "push and presume." She was deft-handed and open-eyed. She sorted and packed berries for market, and owing to her painstaking, the Patrick berries stood a little higher, if possible, in the estimation of buyers. She helped with the canning and preserving for home use, and one day Mrs. Patrick said, "I declare, Mary, I think putting that advertisement in the 'Evening Herald' was the most fortunate thing I ever did. You seem to belong here."

Behind the glad look that answered her in Mary's eyes a certain wistfulness shone out. And it set Mrs. Patrick thinking. But she did not at once formulate her thought, if that could be called thought which was a passive opening of her mind to all that concerned Mary and her life on the farm. She noticed that all the Jerseys loved her; that when she stepped out toward their yard the chickens crowded to welcome her; that the sheep were always ready to follow her; that the flowers seemed to thrive under her touch; that every dumb thing on the place trusted her.

"Shut up a girl like that in a store!" exclaimed Mrs. Patrick to herself one morning in August. "A girl that has sense enough to enjoy living close to nature! For she does enjoy it. She's gained in every way since she's been here."

Yes, Mary did enjoy it. There was time every day for her to read and rest, and plenty of reading on hand. How could she stand it to go back? she often asked herself. To live alone in that little cooped-up room at night and through her small leisure time to stand all day and minister to those who were too tired and in too much of a hurry, or else too idle and selfish to care for her more than they did for the cash-box that ran on the wire to the cashier's desk with their money; to hear always, when she was awake, the rush and roar of the city. Here the very wild birds were friendly. And how could any one call hens uninteresting when they had such confidential ways of casting up one eye and talking to her? And then she fell to wondering what Round Top Farm might be like in winter. She knew that there was little snow, for the farm was not far enough north for much of that. And one day she asked Mrs. Patrick.

"Well," smiled Mrs. Patrick, "perhaps you ought not to ask me, for I own I am in love with Round Top Farm. Winter isn't summer anywhere you know. But, why don't you stay and see for yourself just how dull and disagreeable Round Top Farm can be?"

"Oh, Mrs. Patrick!" exclaimed Mary; and her eyes filled with tears.

"I mean it," said Mrs. Patrick. "I don't see why you mightn't as well help me for money as to wait on customers in a store for money. All the accounts of the year are to be gone over and balanced. You could help me about that, for to tell the truth, Mr. Patrick hates accounts. You could help me in my business correspondence, which is quite large, for Mr. Patrick hates business letters. I will tell you what I do not speak of generally—Mr. Patrick is not strong. Things wear on him and annoy him that do not effect me in the least. He likes to supervise the outdoor work, and it agrees with him to do it. But he hates business, and so I attend to that. You are the one person that I have ever had about me that needs no supervision. I will give you forty dollars a month and your board the year round if you will stay."

"Mrs. Patrick!" called one of the maids, putting her head in at the door. And, with her accustomed prompt-

ness, knowing that she was needed, Mrs. Patrick obeyed the call.

Left to herself, Mary slipped up to her room and put on her hat and gloves. Then she went quickly down again, and out and away through the flower-garden, where she stopped only to pick the nearest blossom and then went on. She wanted to be alone to think over how good, how very good God had been to her when he gave her the gift of being particular in little things—the gift that lies at the bottom of every solid success in life, no matter in what line that success may be. Her heart was filled with joy, for, under her calm exterior, Mary was very emotional.

She had not gone far from the house—it was only out of sight among the trees behind her and at her right. And hark! from a tree in the row that bordered her left, a bird began to sing. As the liquid notes fell on her entranced ears, she raised and clasped her hands that still held the flower and gazed earnestly up to see as well as hear. She felt as if that were her bird, and she knew that he voiced the ecstasy in her own heart. No more for her the city and its crowded loneliness, but always, as long as she did her best, the wide fields that were full of companionship.

But Nettie, when she heard of it, could not understand. She could only wonder what Mrs. Patrick had done to "get around" Mary and make her stay on "a horrid old farm."

As for Mrs. Patrick, seeing from month to month Mary's contentment and her proficiency, she said to herself, "The only true way to help anybody is to help her to get where she belongs. I've an idea that Nettie Buchard belongs in the store. But Mary—Mary belongs here!"

DON'T.

Don't attempt to borrow money on your wheel. It won't stand alone.

Don't get into the habit of talking to yourself if you are easily bored.

Don't think because you can fool some people that other's can't fool you.

Don't think a man appreciates a cyclone because he is carried away with it.

Don't provide yourself with a wife and expect her to provide you with a home.

Don't take worry with you on your travels; you will find it on tap everywhere.

Don't think your milkman has pedigreed cows because he supplies you with blue milk.

Don't get the idea into your head that with women on juries there would be fewer disagreements.

Don't attempt to train up your children in the way they should go unless you are going that way yourself.

BEWARE OF MISJUDGING.

Perhaps it were better for most of us to complain less of being misunderstood and to take more care that we do not misunderstand other people. It ought to give us pause at a time to remember that each one has a stock of cut-and-dried judgments on his neighbors, and that the chances are that most of them are quite erroneous. What our neighbor really is, we may never know; but we may be pretty certain that he is not what we have imagined and that many things we have thought of him are quite beside the mark. What he does, we have seen, but we have no idea what may have been his thoughts and contentions. The mere surface of his character may be exposed, but of the complexity within we have not the faintest idea. People crammed with self-consciousness and self-conceit are often praised as humble, while shy and reserved people are judged to be proud. Some whose whole life is one subtle, studied selfishness get the name of self-sacrifice, while other silent, heroic souls are condemned for want of humanity.—Ian Maclaren.

BISMARCK'S MEMORY.

Bismarck's memory went back, according to his own assertion, to the time when he was 3 years old. He remembered climbing up to the window and watching the crowd that had assembled to see the Berlin Theater burn down in 1818. He held his hands to the window panes and drew them back quickly, as the glass was hot.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Mrs. Noear—Do you think my daughter will be a musician?
Professor—I gant zay. She may. She dell me she some of a long-lived family.

SO SARCASTIC.

Willie—I once knew a girl who nearly died from ice cream poisoning.
Nellie—The very idea! I would never have dreamed of such a thing happening to a girl of your acquaintance.

IMPROVED MATHEMATICS.

What are you working on now? I was asked of the man who is always inventing but never invents.

Nothing very big just at present. I'm about completing a method for calculating compound interest with a rubber stamp.

PREVIOUS PRACTICE.

You don't look strong and rugged enough to be a policeman. Have you ever had any experience or training in that line?

Well, sir, said the applicant, I rung the parish church bells for ten years. How's that for bein' a pealer?

Three things too much, and three too little are pernicious to man; to speak much and know little; to spend much and have little; to presume much, and be worth little.—Cervantes.