

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Willing Heart.

One bitterly cold November day a colonel in the Union volunteer army gave a hastily considered order to ditch a stream that was flooding camp. The officer of the day executed the order, but the men grumbled all the forenoon. The colonel himself came out, later in the day, to look at the work. It was indeed a freezing job. The men stood up to their waists in the icy water much of the time. Yet it seemed necessary to turn the stream, or the whole brigade would be deluged.

"How is it, my boy," he shouted to a big, frank, child-faced young fellow, "that you don't fret and growl with the other men?"

"Well, colonel, I don't know. But my mother—God bless her—used to teach me that a willing heart makes a light task."

Years have passed since that day. The raw Vermont boy is now the successor of the colonel in the presidency of one of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England. And it all came from that quaint, ready reply in the Virginia ditches. The colonel never forgot it. Returning to civil life, he sought out the cheery soldier, took him into his office, made him in time his partner. He says I may tell this story. He tells me the secret of his hard-working life's health and success with men is all in that line, "A willing heart makes a light task."

How is it, young man? Are you willing to be useful? Or is it simply to get the wages? The most valuable man is not the ablest man, but he who does his work with a cheerful spirit. We like to have such a fellow around us. He wears a smile. He is hopeful that a thing can be done.

"Send Jim B.," cried the head of a firm whose members were consulting who should be dispatched to Austria to introduce an improvement on their patent. "Jim is one of those fellows who isn't afraid to take a bit of extra trouble to make a thing go."

"Yes," responded the secretary of the corporation, "Jim is one of your willing chaps. Send him to Europe. What he doesn't know yet, he's willing to learn."

The upshot of that is that a boy not yet twenty-three years old, the son of a plain, honest farmer, is off for six months in the land of the Ferdinands, and will return with that polish on him which travel alone can give, wages going on, expenses all paid, and a big prospect ahead in the house.

You can hardly do anything for the unwilling man. He will not let you help him, for he will not let you use him. He repels you. If he works he does it ungraciously. He has no interest in the job. You dare not ask him to lift a hammer after the whistle blows for shutting down, not even if this place was in peril of fire or flood; no, you either go and do the extra thing yourself, or you bethink you of some employe who is always willing to lend a hand, and send for him. And a cheery helper becomes dear to you. You do not forget this favor. It seems so strange that we do not all of us realize this more, for every one is in some one's employ, and has sooner or later the chance to show the willing heart. As a giant elm lifts up a woodbine, willing, strong, and neighborly among trees, so can the vine return the favor in many ways; it can prevent cormorants from ascending and gnawing out the giant's willing heart, it can protect from robbers by the shade it spreads round the trunk where the big fellow has no leaves of his own; it can offer its own leaves to the first batch of the omnivorous insect life that often strips an unwilling elm, and the leaves of the woodbine poison the insects, so that they desist.

The willing man, I repeat, is approachable; he lays himself open to kindness; he exposes himself to a good turn; he is open to a favor in return. The world is not all ungrateful, and somebody remembers. The sun may be clouded much of the time with many of us. But he who stands in the open field of good-will is sure to get all the sunshine that is falling. If there is any cheery, jolly, whole-souled good nature among men, the willing fellow gets it.

No doubt the willing heart is often imposed upon. Yet so are we all. Who is so shrewd that no one gets the advantage of him? And, besides, do we not all and each sometimes impose upon others? The willing heart has this satisfaction, that he does not deserve the ingrate's kick, nor the mean man's contemptible tricks; he smiles and whistles his song as he goes on his way, just as willing to do the next man a favor. His sun is still shining. He knows that it is the gonge who is the mean fellow, not himself. And he knows, too, that imposition on a generous heart always has its remorse and its punishment. He spends no time in kicking himself. But your close and hard heart is as mad as a bear when, in spite of all his shrewdness of self-protection, he has been imposed upon; he does not get over it for days. He reminds me of a snake on which I put a shufler-hoe last week, and the creature writhed, twisted, and turning, even stung itself back of the blade that pinned him down.

No, to save one's life is to lose it; to lose it is to find it. A willing heart is protected by the goodness of all decent people in a community. If a kind-hearted neighbor is abused, the vicinity cries out "Shame!" Conscience and all good angels are on his side, in this selfish world. But when a crabbed neighbor is severely used by some sharper, everybody laughs, and even though it were a very unlawful and the laugh be in the sleeve. Is it not worth everything to have the best of this world on your side? And things come back again, they do! Bread—that is, seed of rice—cast upon the Nile waters returns again after many days. The kindness of a cab-driver, in the streets of Boston, to an aged man was rewarded once by a legacy of \$20,000 nearly six years after. As I heard the story I asked, "Was not cabbage surprised?" "Yes," was the reply, "but he is a kind-hearted fellow, and always doing some one a good turn."

Willing hands wear longest, willing eyes see the most, willing muscles and nerves have the best health, and endure beyond the selfish. Willing hearts beat on when the close, stony hearts are dust. For my part I am sure I have not obeyed incorrectly; they who endure most, accumulate, and on joy, and preserve most, are they who work willingly, give and take. They certainly are the best men to work for, the best men to have in your employ, the best men to work beside, at bench or counter, in office or field. As for home-life, it is the light of beauty in son or daughter, husband, wife, or friend.

A Doll Made of Corn Husks.

A doll made of corn husks and dressed entire in the same material is a novelty, and

so dainty a creature that she cannot fail to please the most fastidious little lady in the land. The model is about eight inches tall, handsomely dressed in modern style, and is really quite a work of art, and would be, if the little ones wished to help a charity, a desirable contribution to fairs and bazaars.

A corn cob is the foundation for the body. Measure and mark the waist line; below this wind layer after layer of husks, leaving them full size and fluffy at the bottom, but cutting out gores at the top, so as to make it shapely; stick a pin through anywhere it is necessary to keep the skirts in place. Small strips of husks are wound closely and pinned to the body for arms after having wound a few extra strips across the shoulder to make the requisite breadth. A bit of cotton is laid over the end of the cob for the head, shaping it as well as possible; this is covered with a very smooth piece of husk, and the eyes, nose and mouth marked with a pen or pencil and a little bit of carmine is put on the cheeks to give her the flash of health.

Some of the best husks are selected for the dress, a few of them being stained with pink aniline dye for trimming. Two full widths of husks are used for drapery in the back, the join and puff being fastened with pins, which are hidden under the folds. A full-draped apron front covers the front and the sides; the edges are vandyked—that is, squares cut out and a row of the pink husks cut in fringes set underneath. Where it is impossible to hide the pins stars are made by cutting a tiny disk of the straw-colored husk and one of the pink, and sticking the pins through the middle, giving the appearance of a very small rosette.

A bunch of the corn silk is fastened on to the head for hair, the back falling loosely to the waist, while the front is cut into shapely bangs. The bonnet, made of colored husk, fits the head closely. A coachman's cap covers the shoulders. By using different coloring matter a great variety of dolls and dresses may be made; whole families of fathers and mothers, little children, sailor boys and gypsy girls can be made to spring into being almost like magic, for the husks are very pliable and not at all troublesome to handle.

His Reason Why.

Friend—"What on earth are you photographing the umbrella for, dear boy?" Amateur Photographer—"You said you wanted to borrow it to go home with, and I'm getting something to remember it by, that's all."

Maternal Interest.

"I love so much to hear Herbert talk," said Mamie to her mother. "You do?" "Yes; there is such a ring about his remarks."

"A ring? Perhaps his intentions are really serious."

A Particular Woman.

Mr. Quarterrest—"They say that Mrs. Bloodgood is fearfully particular—will keep nothing but trained servants in the house."

Mrs. Pervanu—"Yes, and I have understood she would wear nothing but trained skirts."

Time for all Things.

Daacon Ebony—"Now that the watermillion crap is 'bout ovah, it seems ter me, Mistah Jett, it would be a good time ter start a revival."

Parson Jett—"Not yit, Brudder Ebony; not yit. The spring chicken crap is jes' begun."

One Good Turn Deserves Another.

Fond Wife—"It's so kind of you, George, to go to the intelligence office and get a cook for me. You know how I dread that ordeal."

Husband (thinking of buttonless shirts and holey stockings)—"Well, my dear, now how are you going to pay me?"

"Let me see. Oh! When you need a typewriter I'll select one for you."

Sarah

Resources of the Language. Guest (at cheap restaurant)—"Bring me a ham sandwich on a glass of milk."

Walter (fortissimo)—"Macadamize a pork! One whitewash!"—(Chicago Tribune.)

Couldn't Understand It.

Surprised Passenger—"My goodness! You don't expect a man to sleep in a little place like that, do you?" Sleeping-car Porter—"Yo' can have a whole section if yo' want it, sah."

Passenger—"What a section?" Porter—"This ere berth 'an' that one above it, sah."

Passenger (looking at the berths, both of which have been made up ready for occupancy)—"Hm! Dye think I'm a Siamese twin?"

Explicit Instruction.

"Do you want me to call again at Mr. Brown's for the bill he owes you?" said the office boy to the physician.

"Yes, and use every possible effort to get it."

"If he won't pay may I do him up?"

"Yes."

"Good and brown?"

"Yes; 'un Brown expresses the requirements of the case exactly."

A Surprise.

Mr. Nicofellow (to adored one's little brother)—"There! You did that errand very nicely. Here's a penny for you."

Little Brother—"Oh, ma! Mr. Nicofellow gave me a penny."

Ma—"Well, my dear, you should say

Little Brother—"Yes, I know, I should say 'thank you,' but I was so surprised I forgot. You said he hadn't a cent."

There can be nothing more gratifying than the progress of education in the North-West. Latest statistics show that there are now in the jurisdiction of the Northwest council 164 ordinary and two high schools, attended by 4,574 pupils and conducted by 183 qualified teachers. This shows an increase in 1889 over 1888 of 33 schools and 1,121 children, compared with an increase for 1888 over 1887 of only 20 schools and 240 children. As an esteemed contemporary says: "The pioneers of the nations yet to be in the far west are laying their foundation in the right place."

ROLLING UP WEALTH.

Pullman Palace Car Corporation.

President George M. Pullman supplemented his annual reports with the following general information:

EXTRACTS.

"There have been built and placed in service during the year 141 sleeping parlor, dining, and special cars, costing \$17,281,223 each, or an aggregate of \$2,511,596 17."

"There are now under construction at the company's works 64 cars, the estimated cost of which is \$985,000. These cars when completed will, with the 57 Mann, 127 Wood-ruff, 51 Union Palace, and 3 miscellaneous cars purchased, make a total of 443 standard cars, besides which there are now being operated 239 tourist cars."

"There has been expended during the fiscal year for additions to the company's shops and plant the sum of \$63,098 20."

"The value of manufactured product of all the car-works of the company for the year was \$8,652,746 89, and of other interests at Pullman, including rentals, \$1,735,417.64, making a total of \$10,388,164 53, against \$10,523,235.18 for the previous year. The reduction is due to a temporary lull in the demand for freight-cars in the spring of the present year."

"The average number of names on the pay-rolls at Pullman for the year was 4,541; the wages paid \$2,629,531.78, making an average for each person employed of \$579.06, against 604 the previous year; but still a high rate per capita compared with the average of other manufacturing establishments of a similar character."

"The total number of persons in the employ of the company in its manufacturing and operating departments is 11,663. Wages paid during the year, \$5,770,345 26. The employes for the previous year was 10,530 and the wages paid \$5,516,201.55."

"The number of cars employed in the service is 1,769 standard and 239 tourist or second class."

"The number of persons carried during the year was 4,242,542. The number of miles run by cars was 144,842,618."

"The total mileage of railroads covered by contracts for the operation of the cars of this company is now 117,854, an increase of 11,723 miles over the previous year."

"The population of Pullman, as shown by the census of July 31, 1889, was 10,610 persons, a gain of 520 compared with the previous year. The population immediately surrounding Pullman has considerably increased during the year."—(Chicago Times.)

WHERE COLORS COME FROM.

A Variety of Sources That Carries One Over the Globe.

The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson, scarlet carmine, and purple lakes.

The cuttlefish gives the sepia. It is the inkly fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked.

Indian yellow comes from the camel.

Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black.

The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate.

This color was discovered accidentally.

Various lakes are derived from roots, barks, and gums.

Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances.

Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan.

The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoon shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burned.

India ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago.

Bistre is the soot of wood ashes.

Very little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.

I Shall be Satisfied.

BY M. S. C.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Psa. xvii. 15.

Knowing the way, and yet so often straying, Hating the sin that keeps me from thy side,

But sinning still; loving, yet disobeying—

Courage, my soul! thou shalt be satisfied.

Yea, even to thee the victory shall be given.

Poor doubting one, through Christ, the Crucified;

Thou shalt awake, and in the light of heaven,

Seeing thyself, thou shalt be satisfied.

O joyful change! O wonderful transition!

Sinful and sorrowing now, then glorified;

Doubting and fearing changed to glad fruition,

Thou in his likeness shalt be satisfied.

Like to thy Lord! O rest the vain endeavor,

Eager and rash, to tear the veil aside;

This is enough—thou shalt be with him ever,

Wake in his likeness and be satisfied!

—American Messenger.

Anonymous Letters.

"The meanest thing in the wurruld," said Mr. Dolan, "is written anonymous letters."

"Did you never write anonymous letters?"

"Maybe of 'id; maybe of wor' always mon enough to soign me name to them."

The Retort Commercial.

Mrs. Grubb—"Have ye any more sugar like the last ye sent me?"

Grocer (briskly)—"Yes, madam, plenty of it. How much do you want?"

Mrs. Grubb—"Don't want none."

BURMAN'S JADE MINES.

Where They Lie and the Methods of Working Them.

According to a recent British official report on Burmah the jade producing country is partly included by the Chindwin and Uru Rivers; and lies between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth parallels of latitude. Jade is also found in the Myadaung district, and the most celebrated of all jade deposits is reported to be a large cliff overhanging the Chindwin, or a branch of that river, and distant eight or nine days' journey from the confluence of the Uru and Chindwin. Of this cliff, called by the Chinese traders "Nantoung," or "difficult of access," nothing is really known, as no traders have gone there for at least twenty years. Within the jade tract described above small quantities of stone have been found at many places, and abandoned quarries are numerous. The last old quarry of any size is Sanka, situated seventy miles north-west of Mogaung.

The largest quarries now being worked are situated in the country of the Merip Kachins. The largest mine is about 50 yards long, 40 broad, and 20 deep. The season for jade operations begins in November and lasts till May. The most productive quarries are generally flooded and the labor of quarrying is much increased thereby. In February and March, when the floor of the pit can be kept dry for a few hours by baling, immense fires are lighted at the base of the stone. A careful watch is then kept in a tremendous heat to detect the first signs of a splitting. When this occurs the Kachins attack the stone with pickaxes and hammers, or detach portions by hauling on levers inserted in the cracks. The heat is almost insupportable, the labor severe, and the mortality among the workers is high. The Kachins claim the exclusive right of working the quarries, and there is not much disposition on the part of others to interfere; traders content themselves with buying the stone from the Kachins.

All payments are made in rupees, and Burman or Burmo-Saan brokers are employed to settle the price. The jade is then taken by Shan and Kachin coolies to Namia Kyankseik, one long day's journey from Komo. Thence it is carried by dogonks down a small stream, which flows into the Tudaw River, about three miles below Sakaw, and down the Tudaw River itself to Mogaung. The Sawbwa of the jade producing tract Kansai levies 5% on every load of jade that leaves his country, the local chief at Namia Kyankseik takes another 2%, and the farmer of the duties obtains an ad valorem duty of 33% per cent. The Kachins and Chinese-Shan coolies who work in the mines pay to the Sawbwa, Kansai, 10% per cent. of the price they get from the jade merchants. The farming of the jade duty of 33% per cent. ad valorem for the year ending June 30, 1888, sold for £5,000.

The Great London Strike.

The current number of a leading magazine contains a composite article—or, perhaps, rather two articles—on the great dock strike in London. The authors are the two men who figured most conspicuously in the contest, Cardinal Manning and John Burns. As the two men, each in his way, are interesting personalities in the highest degree, so are their utterances pregnant with instruction for the guidance of laboring men and employers the world over. When the venerable prelate came down from his retreat at Brompton to mingle among the angry mobs of the East End of London to labor with strikers and capitalists alike, restraining each by moderate counsel, soothing each by his exalted philosophy, he was a figure before which all the world doffed its cap in reverence. When Burns, on the other hand, a man of toll, an ardent socialist and a professed agitator, assumed the leadership of the strike, and exercising supreme control over the impassioned men under him, held them in check, taught them to endure in silence and patiently to wait; he furnished another spectacle for which humanity did not restrain its admiration. Mr. Burns' paper is an interesting "resumé" of the strike and its results, from his standpoint. He sees not only the bettered condition of East End labor, but the improved spirit resulting from a long struggle in which principle was the chief stake. He sees in the outcome a promise of still other victories to come. His praise of the moderation and honesty of the strikers is without stint. "I have been," says he, "in the thick of starving men with hundreds of pounds about me (they knowing it) and not a penny have I lost. I have sent men whom I did not know for change for a gold piece, and have never been cheated of a penny." Not a man through all the strike asked me for drink money. A West Ender came down to the docks in search of Burns and was guided by a striker to the committee room, a distance of two miles. The man refused to accept a shilling for his services. One is not accustomed to such examples of independence among the English lower classes. On the whole, Mr. Burns rejoices at having discovered what he calls two powerful levers in the hands of labor against capital—organization and self-repression. Contrast with these conclusions the lessons which Cardinal Manning deduces from the strike: 1. The immense suffering which falls on women and children, the ruin of careful thrift which is drawn out from savings banks and prudential societies, the bankruptcy of lesser tradesmen. 2. The unknown and incalculable dangers which in a moment by the act of a fool or a madman may be let loose on a community. 3. The spread of a restless sympathy in the labor market all over the land. 4. The certain and permanent injury that comes from frightening capital away from the strike center. The Cardinal adds his praise to that of Mr. Burns for the self-repression of the strikers. "He says the cotton famine of the North," he says, "here has been no nobler example of self-command than we have seen in the last month." Thus, adopting either view, what lessons may not be learned from that memorable conflict over the sea?

A Professional Hitch.

A middle-aged farmer came to a young Vermont minister the other day and said: "Parson, I don't want to trouble yo too much, but I wish yo'd tie the knot for me and Lizabeth over again."

"Why so?" asked the young man.

"Weren't you legally married before?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, "but 'twas done by a justice of the peace and was a kinder cheap job. I'd be willin' to pay two dollars for a ginooine professional hitch."

COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA.

A Great Woman's Share in the Glory of America's Discovery.

Between Columbus and Niño, in that incomparably lovely curve of olive and palm crowned land known as the Riveira, that bends with infant beauty into the blue of the sea, there stands in a daisy, somewhat bedraggled street a stone and stucco house, now a shop frequented by the simple peasant folks. The town is Cigoleta, and this house is its one show place or treasure, for on the mill-dewed, siffron wall an inscription states that Christopher Columbus was born there.

It is not of much moment whether he was born in this small town or in the grand city of palaces, then not so grand, however, fifteen miles away. The interest and beauty of Columbus' life are fadeless. Fired with scientific zeal and the adventurous spirit of the real navigator, one sees him as he was across the centuries, crowding into the court of a king, waiting with his charts in ante-rooms for audiences, repelled, cheated, put aside, penniless but patient, rich in the hero stuff, pushing on and certain under his uncertainty that some day the sun would shine for him and his plans.

When we understand a philosophy, thrill to an epic, it is because the same fine qualities that wrought them are in some shape in ourselves. It takes a diamond to cut a diamond. Being cut and exquisitely fashioned, the commonest mind may admire. A poor, feeble nature cannot have much influence for good. A little nature never inspires us. Many a man and many a woman die dumb and inglorious because there was no diamond-like influence to illumine his or her own nature, no obsequious force to sculpture out all the possible facets, free the imbedded crystal and give it the divesting power that should show it off in all its many-sided beauty.

Christopher Columbus would not be the pedestaled great man, imperishably great, that he is today had it not been for the large brain's comprehension, the sympathy, the intuition and the faith in him of a woman. It took a woman to discover the man who was to discover a new world. There are some who may say that what a woman does not discover is not worth knowing, and women like that fine, enterprising, brave-natured Isabella of Spain who was behind the door of the great fame of Columbus, prove this true in so noble a sense that at her name every fez and turban, every stove-pipe hat should be removed in honor of her.

Great men have almost always been backed up in their most notable and adventurous enterprises by some great women. Every Columbus has had his Isabella. Men might jeer and deride, might suspect and ridicule, but she was rocklike in her belief; her intuition marked out unerringly the path his genius would take, her heart and her hope shot ahead of him like a star lighting the night of his sky.

A Bishop Speaks His Mind.

At a missionary council of the Episcopal Convention in New York on Monday Bishop Johnston, the missionary bishop of Western Texas, gave an address which will stir the dry bones in the Church if anything will. Among other things he said:

"This great Church of ours, with its four hundred thousand communicants, at the close of the present year, in September, will have given \$125,000 to Western mission work, a contribution of less than thirty cents a head. We have had to call upon the dead to make up the \$180,000 of our appropriation. Our great need is what the Methodists call a revival of true and undefiled religion. Our Church needs a John the Baptist. I am not ashamed to say it—I would to God this Church had life enough to produce even another John Wesley. We have something better to do, my brethren, than tinkering ciphers and patching the Prayer-Book. Our old men should dream dreams—not of corners, trusts, villas on the Hudson, palaces, falsely called cottages, by the sea, and steam yachts on the Sound. They should be dreaming how the world may be reclaimed for the Redeemer—of how it is that after eighteen centuries of the Gospel more than two-thirds of the human family have not effectively heard of Him. Our young men should be dreaming, not how they should accumulate wealth, but of a world converted to God and made a fit habitation for the Son of God. Our ministers should not be crying for soft places in Eastern communities, but for a chance to go to the frontier in the master's work."

White Hair Turns Black.

The patient was a woman aged 72, who had snow white hair for twenty years. For the symptoms of commencing uræmia due to contracted kidney twenty to thirty minutes of extract of jaborandi was prescribed several times daily. The drug was taken from October, 1886, to February, 1888. During the autumn of 1887 the eyebrows were becoming darker and the hair of the head became also darker in patches. This continued until the patches of hair were quite dark, contrasting with the natural patches of snow-white hair. The hair did not universally change before her death.

In 1891 Dr. Frontiss had published another case of kidney disease, pyelo-nephritis, treated with pilocarpine. The hair of the patient, a lady, aged 25, changed from light blonde to black under the influence of the drug. The pilocarpine was administered hypodermically (one-sixth of a grain twenty-two times in the course of two months; the dose was then increased. In one month after commencing the treatment the hair changed from a light blonde to a chestnut brown; four months later it was "almost a pure black." It is satisfactory to find that eight years after ward, the hair is again a dark brown. Dr. Frontiss ascribes the phenomenon to the jaborandi and its active principle pilocarpine.

Cases where, as the result of the influence of the nervous system in pain or fright the hair has changed color, are pathological curiosities. So little is known, however, of the physiological influence of the nervous system over the growth and nutrition of hair, that it is at present quite impossible to understand how a drug administered internally can alter the color of the hair. It would be interesting to learn from other practitioners who have used jaborandi or pilocarpine for an extended period, whether any change in the color of the hair has been noticed.—[Therapeutic Gazette.]

A horse at Glenelg, N. S. W., swam three miles out to sea of its own accord and return, being in the water three hours.

Singers and public speakers, chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners 5 cents.