

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## Glad Autumn Days.

The magic voice of spring is gone,  
Her emerald blades are turning brown,  
The dandelion ball of lace  
Has given place to thistle-down,  
The violets that caught the dew  
To hide beneath their bonnets blue,  
And orchard blossoms pure and sweet,  
Have long since withered in the heat.

The sickle, sharp and keen, has reaped  
The meadow flowers, rows on rows,  
The barley lies in winnowed heaps,  
And aftermath luxuriant grows;  
The sunachs tall, all touched with change,  
Form crimson hedge around the grange,  
And floating, now my path across,  
On gauzy wings, is milkweed's floss.

O maples, all in scarlet dressed;  
O spike of fiery golden rod;  
O purple asters everywhere  
Upspringing from the sere-grown sod;  
O blue-fringed gentian, growing tall,  
Thou comest when the leaflets fall,  
Sweet flowers to bloom 'neath golden haze  
That glorify glad autumn days.

## CHINESE BARBER.

The picture shows a very common street scene in China, or in any place where the Chinese abound. These strange people are forever shaving or washing themselves. The beard movement has no favour among them. They shave not only the face but the greater part of their heads; and this is done not only in barber shops but in the public street, as shown here.

## FACTS FOR BOYS.

The chief official in a railway office in one of our largest seaboard cities, recently advertised for a copying clerk, at a salary of thirty dollars a month. He received over five hundred answers to his application—the large majority of which were from married men, the graduates of colleges, sons, in many cases, of working-men, but young men whose dress, habits, and tastes, were those of the wealthy and leisurely class.

At the same time, in the same city, "boss" builders were advertising in vain for carpenters, masons, and painters, to finish work for which they had contracted. These workmen, when found, were paid from three to four dollars a day. Even the skilled cooks, *chefs* in the hotels and wealthy private families of the same town, were paid one hundred dollars a month.

These are significant facts, worthy the attention of such boys among the readers of *Pleasant Hours* as have not yet chosen their profession or trade in life.

What do they prove?

Not that the work of a man with an educated brain is less valuable and more poorly paid in this country than that of one with skilled fingers, but that the market is overstocked with the first class of labourers, and not supplied with the last.

The chief reason for this is, as we all know, the action of the Trades Unions, in barring out apprentices from their shops. The great industrial schools

force of his mind and body, and brings him into contact with nature and his fellow-men.

Among more thoughtful people, this silly prejudice against manual labour is fast disappearing. Hundreds of thoroughly educated men are now herding sheep, or growing wheat, in Texas and Dakota. The sons of ex-presidents, bishops, and the foremost professional men in the country, having finished their college course, are now working at forges, or in mines, side by side with day-labourers, fitting themselves to be practical electricians, and mining and mechanical engineers.

It will be long, we fear, however, before all the boys of republican America recognize the fact that it is not his occupation which gives a man his true place in life, but something for which the occupation is but an outer garment.

The real nobleman is never denied his rank, no matter how coarse his coat may be.

## HUNTING WITH A LASSO.

A GENTLEMAN who tells his adventures "In a Brazilian Forest," gives, in an English magazine, this account of how a hunter uses the lasso:

The woods are full of wild animals and game of every kind; the wild boar, tapir, and the buffalo are hunted without regard to the season of the year. The *guacho* has no need of a gun; his horse and lasso are sufficient for him. As soon as he perceives his animal he gallops up with the utmost boldness, and when he has reached within a few strides he throws his redoubtable lasso, turns round immediately, and urges his horse back at its full speed. The fearful roaring and the twisting of the cord warn him that his aim has been sure and that the strangled

animal is in the agonies of death. As soon as its cries have ceased, the hunter returns, jumps off his horse, and, drawing his cutlass from his belt, finishes off his victim. But with all this address there is sometimes an accident. One day while I was out I perceived a horse running away, while the rider, fastened by the lasso, was turning over and over, unable to touch the ground with hands or feet. Trusting to his strength, he had had the imprudence to tie the lasso to his belt as well as to the saddle, and having lost his balance, was thus at the mercy of his beast. Happily, those standing near caught the bridle, and he was rescued without further harm than a few bruises.



A STREET BARBER, CHINA.

which have been, or are about to be, established in most of our large cities, will soon, it is hoped, remove this difficulty.

But the second difficulty will not be so easily disposed of. It is the silly prejudice among boys against labour with their hands as being "ungentle." The clerk, who copies letters for a dollar a day, with no possibility of ever rising to higher work, is nearer their ideas of "a gentleman" than the mechanic who designs and originates work, who controls other men, and for whom a wide path to usefulness and success is always open; or the farmer, or ranchman, whose work demands all the