

SON AND MOTHER.

One evening the Dore family were sitting in the common room, and Gustave was at a little table drawing quaint forms and figures in his copybook. Something prompted the mother to look over her boy's shoulder.

"Do come and look!" she exclaimed, catching up the copybook. "See what Gustave has done! How funny! Here is the postman, here is Françoise (the old family nurse and servant), and a lot of people I don't even know. Where did you see them, Gustave?"

"Everywhere," he answered, with a loud laugh.

"Yes, but how have you been able to make them so lifelike? Did they sit to you?" persisted the delighted mother.

"Sit to me! Never!" said the little boy scornfully. "They are all here," touching his forehead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like?"

"My son is a genius!" exclaimed the mother.

"Don't fill his head with nonsense," answered the father, who was a civil engineer.

"It is not nonsense," retorted the mother. "My son is a great genius; he must study painting. He will be one of the first artists in the world."

"Our son will be nothing of the sort, and he shall not study painting," reproved the father. "He shall go to a polytechnic school with his brothers, and we shall see what he can do; but he will never become a painter, if he wishes to please his father."

The boy made no reply save to brush away a tear. He turned to his mother for sympathy, and she encouraged him to keep on drawing.

As they were both of them persistent, they triumphed, and the world gained an artist of great merit as well as with many defects.—*Youth's Companion.*

A STORY OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The following anecdote is related of the Emperor William II. Three or four urchins made a practice of climbing the high wall enclosing the Imperial Park, at Potsdam, and of playing at soldiers under the splendid trees. As luck would have it, the Emperor and Empress rode one morning in that particular part of the park, and suddenly came upon the little ragamuffins. Instead of throwing away their broomsticks and running off, the urchins wheeled into line, presented arms, and saluted the Imperial couple. The Emperor was simply delighted, and he told the boys that he would remember them. So he did. Ascertaining who they were, and that they were children of poor people, he has sent them to a military school and will have them educated at his own expense.

GENUINE CULTURE.

To make society really good—even really brilliant and entertaining—one thing is wanted, and that is, true and genuine culture. Then let us have the polish by all means; but let it be a diamond we polish, and not a pebble. Our society must be one that does not merely dance, and hunt, and shoot. It must be think, and reason, and read. It must be familiar—the whole of it must be familiar—with the great thoughts of the world, the great facts of the world, and the great books of the world. You want all this, if you would be perfectly brilliant in your salons, as well as really profound in your studies.—*The New Republic.*

Our Young Folks.

YOUTH'S BEST ACHIEVEMENT

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defence.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light;
Give me the power to labour for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish,
mind;
And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

—Theodore Parker.

A POEM ON A SILVER PLATE.

It was Mr. Field's habit to write personal verses about his children, says Martha Nelson Yenowine, in August *St. Nicholas*. There are a number of scrap-books filled with these little poems and quaint rhymes which have never been seen outside of the home circle. When Roswell Francis Field, usually called "Posey," was born, he received many beautiful presents from the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Field—porringers, spoons, cups, and other gifts serving a baby's joys and needs. The one thing lacking, his father thought, was a silver plate, which he purchased for Posey. For this plate Mr. Field composed the following beautiful verse, which was afterwards engraved in *fac simile* upon the plate:

"INSCRIPTION FOR MY LITTLE SON'S SILVER PLATE.
Unto Roswell Francis Field his father Eugene Field giveth this Counsel with this Plate. September 2, 1893.
"When thou shalt eat from off this plate,
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;
Unto thine elders at the board
Do thou sweet reverence accord;
Though unto dignity inclined,
Unto the serving-folk be kind;
Be ever mindful of the poor,
Nor turn them hungry from the door;
And unto God, for health and food,
And all that in thy life is good,
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

MOTHER'S "TALL BOY."

"Knock again, Lawrence; I see a light moving in the place."

The one thus addressed banged for a second time fiercely on the cabin door with the butt of his riding whip. "I hear some one coming," he said over his shoulder to the companion who was holding the two horses in the road.

"Speak up briskly, then, so whoever it is will know it means business," was the reply, and the speaker's teeth chattered as the words passed through the half closed lips.

The door the two travellers had so roughly assailed was opened at last, and a thin voice asked: "What's wanted?"

"Shelter," was answered in as brusque a voice as the one outside could command. "Shelter for two men and two horses."

"I'm sorry," said the gentle voice through the crack, "but we can't take you in."

"I'm sorry, too," said Lawrence, setting his shoulder to the door, "but we'll have to come in whether you can take us or not. Oh—I beg your pardon, I haven't hurt you, have I? Had I known I wouldn't have done it for the world!"

All the roughness was gone from the young man's voice now, for the lad whom he had caused to topple over by his pressure against the door had a pitiful hump on his back, and as he turned to cross the room it was evident he was a cripple.

"I hope I haven't hurt you," he repeated anxiously.

"Not so bad," answered the other. "But I should say it was rather a rough way to enter a stranger's house."

"I beg your pardon," was the conciliatory reply. "My companion here and I

are obliged to find cover for our heads, and if possible for our horses. But we will pay you well. Stir us up a fire, my lad, and let us thaw out of these icicles."

While he spoke, a woman came down the ladder which led to some mysterious upper quarters, a rather stern-looking woman, but dignified and not ungracious.

"You must excuse Calvin's not inviting you in," she said, "but this is a lonely road and travellers are not always safe company."

"If you can excuse our rudeness in insisting upon shelter, madam, I can assure you there will be nothing else you can complain of in our manners."

"Unless it be our appetites," suggested the second traveller, who having fastened the horses, had taken his place by the fire.

The woman uncovered the coals on the hearth and soon had a blazing fire, while the cripple went out with the young men to stable their horses in the cow shed. Coming back to the cabin, Lawrence Ould and his friend, Wilhelm Meyer, took off their icy overcoats, as stiff and heavy as coats of mail, and tried to warm their numb feet by walking about over the floor.

"If I ever get safely back from this 'balmy South,'" said Lawrence, standing first on one pricking foot and then on the other, "I'll publish it for the biggest fraud out."

"What's the matter?" asked the grave-faced woman, looking at the two a trifle suspiciously.

"Matter! Why, this; that two idiotic young men, believing the tales of magazine writers and such unreliable people, left their comfortable quarters North, and came down here for a little holiday. Leaving the cars at Winchester we hired horses, and set out to ride down the valley; 'up' the valley you call it, do you? Well, never mind about where the water shed is now; the water seems to have broken loose in the heavens above, in all imaginable forms; snow, hail, sleet, rain. What do you think of us, now, for pleasure-seekers?"

"Taint much to find, 'pears like," said the woman with a grim smile. "Next time I was settin' out for a pleasure trip, I'd take a look at the almanac, just for convenience. The almanac says 'heavy storms,' and 'unusual cold,' for March."

"Next time I'll try the North Pole for a salubrious climate," muttered Wilhelm Meyer. But a hot cup of coffee, a slice of fried bacon laid on white "salt-rising" bread, a poached egg and a saucer of curd, changed this bad humor to a state of complacency, and by the time our tourists had slept for ten hours on a big "shake down" laid on the kitchen floor, and especially by the time they had repeated the coffee-and-ham-and-egg business, they were ready to assure Calvin and his mother that they meant to try the same thing again in the fall, "having first consulted the almanac."

"I wish you might happen along when Jim's at home;" said their hostess, who had thawed out of her icicle condition too.

"Jim?"

"Jim's my son: he's at work in Staunton, gets fine wages, and keeps me and him," with a careless nod at Calvin; "he's set on my comin' to live wi' him in town, but it would cost a sight of money, and besides him and me," with another nod at the cripple, "makes out to raise pigs and chickens and vegetables out here,

and to keep a cow, an' I ain't goin' to be a dead weight no nobody, long's I can work. Jim'll have to take care of 'him, after I'm gone, but he ain't so likely to outlast me; he's pretty bad, at times, wi' his heart."

The young men winced under her tone and manner to the poor afflicted boy, and set themselves to show him friendliness; they had already paid more for their board than the sturdy Scotch-Irish woman was willing to take, and now they pressed upon Calvin various little gifts such as they found in their knapsacks and could well dispense with for the present.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF TEA.

The tea plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the guileless Celestials blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chin Nong some five thousand years ago. A poetic version makes it sixteen hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance:—"In the reign of Yuen Ty, in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the break of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At night she flew through the prison windows with her little vase in her hand." If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Cha Pu," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt find the translation exact. Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when "Fo hi," a priest, is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century an old beggar from Japan took some of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Osaka a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia also learned to love the drink, and served it at all hours of the day. The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the seventeenth century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1602 some Dutch traders carried a quantity of sage (which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe) to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the almond-eyed tea-drinkers think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of tea, which was brought home in safety, and without the loss of a single Dutchman.

BOYS OUGHT TO KNOW

1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and kinds acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.
2. That roughness, blustering and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.
3. That muscular strength is not health.
4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.
5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.
6. The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—*Ex.*