

was unwillingly acting as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is as true of every other man and woman in the world as John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy, that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil over our faces between us and other men, is true in fact.—*Onward.*

THE GOOD TIME THAT MIGHT COME.

THE toiling farmer, though richly blessed with fertile soil, genial clime and abundant crops, work and worry and fret because they seem to make no progress to get anything ahead. The wage-earning millions work, worry and fret, because in the face of steady effort and fair pay they do not prosper, and these classes wonder why. Let the farmers and the laboring men seek the suppression of the liquor traffic, and a new and prosperous era will dawn upon them.

It is not low prices or high production that is bankrupting the farmers so much; it is the overflowing drain which the liquor traffic imposes.

It is not the low tariff or the high tariff that is oppressing the mechanic or burdening the laboring man. It is the saloon that steals the bread from the wife and children, and the saloon evils that lay such heavy taxes upon toiling citizens. If the millions of dollars spent upon rum were turned into the channels of legitimate trade to buy food and clothing for women and children, it would not only bless the home of the drinker's family, but save the family of many an honest business man from bankruptcy and want, and furnish remunerative work for the many millions of unemployed.

The money spent in one year for liquor in the United States is sufficient to buy a home with all needed home comforts for every American family; is sufficient to build a school-house in every township and educate every child white and black, rich and poor; is sufficient to enable every American laborer to live in comfort, without even an excuse to strike for higher wages or sue for shorter time.

Pity it is that men do not see this.—*Boston Daily Traveller.*

MAKE A BEGINNING.

A GOOD woman in Philadelphia twenty odd years ago asked two or three of her friends to join her in renting a little room where they could meet occasionally to drink a cup of tea and consult together how to help other women whose lot in the world was harder than their own.

Out of that little room has grown the stately New Century club, with its collateral guilds, classes and clubs of working women, which have helped and strengthened many thousands.

Many readers who live in inland towns are bewildered when they visit the cities by the great libraries, hospitals, associations for charity, education or mutual aid, and wish hopelessly they had the same helps to broader and higher life in their own homes.

Let them begin with a little effort, and persist in their good work. Some good will come from every attempt of this kind. The most firmly grounded institutions are those which grew out of poverty slowly, and were not built to order.—*Youth's Companion.*

A MOTHER'S ARGUMENT.

"THE most-to-be regretted act of my life," says a lieutenant-commander in the navy, "was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'My dear boy.' I felt at that

time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased.

"I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson and as wise as Solomon: you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you; but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Now-a-days you are becoming a part of a gross world, by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you. But if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

We shall be thankful to those sending their names as subscribers, if they will write their names and Post-office address as plainly as possible, that there may be no mistake in sending the paper to them.

A PINCH OF SALT.

BY ANNA BREATH.

A PINCH of salt seems of very small consequence, yet, like many other things of apparently no account, it has a most important place in the world.

Animals, cows especially, have been known to die for the want of it, and if it is denied to sheep the quality of the wool is affected by the lack. Some farmers are in the habit of keeping salt in a safe nook within reach of their cattle, for they will not eat more than is good for them.

Perhaps you think you could dispense with it on the table. Try some oatmeal cooked without it or neglect to add it to your eggs, and remember ham, bacon and corned beef would be dropped from our bills of fare, and there would be no nice brown codfish balls for Sunday morning breakfast.

No fish balls and no salt herring means distress and want to hundreds of families all over. If there were no salt to preserve the catch, there would be no employment for all the hardy fishermen who earn a support from the waves for their wives and little children, for the small quantity of fresh fish consumed would busy very few.

Salt is so necessary to our health and comfort, even to our very existence, that the world is well supplied with it, and the mining and purifying it occupies many people.

This strange old ball of matter on which we live, age after age swinging on its way through space, furnishes directly or indirectly all that her children need, but salt she gives like coal; it is to be had for the labor of getting it. There are two ways in which it is coaxed from kind old Mother Nature's hoard, from the earth and from the sea. Rock salt is in solid masses, but mixed with impurities; sometimes it is white or gray, and occasionally red, violet or striped. There is a hill of it in Spain about five hundred feet high, and a whole island in the Persian gulf is formed of it.

That great river, the Indus, which waters the Punjab district in the north-western part of Hindustan, forces its way through hills of salt which forms overhanging cliffs a hundred feet high, and in Poland there are great mines, some of the workings of which are seven hundred and forty feet deep, the salt at the greatest depth being the purest. Here alone fourteen hundred men are employed, and often they have to blast out the salt with gunpowder. For hundreds of years this mine has been worked, and may be worked for hundreds more. Salt is so plentiful in Arabia that they can build houses from the slabs. In this country, on a damp day, when General Humidity has command, I fear we should find our salt houses