

"and he was very fond of work. Are you, Mr. Fuller?"

"No, I detest work. I like to dream my time away; and though I can conceive a dozen wonderful pictures and delight in beholding studies for them and in planning them, yet I hate the labour involved in painting them."

"I hate work too," she said, almost thankful to be able to express her views; "and I cannot always see the use of it."

"No, nor I," he answered. "If I had two hundred a year I would never do a stroke. I have no patience with men who go on earning money to supply themselves with luxuries. I'm thankful that I have simple tastes; and in the country, or by the sea, the common inheritance of all human beings, and a luxury for which none have to pay, I should be quite happy to read, and dream, and stroll, and so pass my life."

"Oh, so should I!" she said, feeling all her sympathies go out to him; for he had so described the life she would have thought blissful beyond all other in this world. Poor, thoughtless little Dorothy!

"I think sometimes I shall work hard for a few years, in order to put by just enough to do this. Then I shall take a cottage somewhere, and live like Robinson Crusoe."

"Till Man Friday comes," she said, turning her face away; for this plan of his included no other human being, she thought.

"You shall be the Man Friday," he said, without for a single moment thinking of the light in which his words would be taken. Her head dropped a little lower as she bent over the fence, that was all. It seemed so natural that he should say this, and she did not dream of taking it in any other sense but one. It was what she had been waiting for since the morning that Venus was buried, the thing which she had felt would be, and which her mother and Netta had thought impossible. "You shall be the Man Friday, Dorothy," he repeated.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Unless Blakesley cuts me out again," he laughed, little thinking that he was talking to a child and being listened to by a woman. "But I don't believe he will," he added, carelessly.

"No," she said. He went in soon afterwards; for Mr. Woodward came home, but Dorothy stayed there still, till looking round, she saw the sycamore-tree, and made her way to the ricketty seat beneath it, then she put her hands over her eyes, and swayed to and fro in the twilight. "Oh, I am so happy!" she said, softly and gravely, to herself; "I am so very happy!"

(To be Continued.)

#### A THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.

There are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are most wanted are—

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|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Honest.      | 6. Obedient. |
| 2. Pure.        | 7. Steady.   |
| 3. Intelligent. | 8. Obliging. |
| 4. Active.      | 9. Polite.   |
| 5. Industrious. | 10. Neat.    |

One thousand first-rate places are open for a thousand boys who come up to this standard.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

One is an office where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He

likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and the places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skilful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank.

Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have these points.

Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy so that they can be very easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

#### A WORD TO THOUGHTLESS GIRLS.

In a late number of *Fors Clavigera* Mr. Ruskin advises his girl readers as follows: "Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you, and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with the utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person living in the country—not a rich person living in a large house in London. Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of the every-day needle work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs."

#### THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

Three fair young girls were seated on a mossy bank by the borders of a rippling stream which flowed in silver beauty at their feet. It was a beautiful picture. The sun was gilding all things with a golden brightness, and lighting up the features of the young and mirthful damsels who were merrily engaged in wreathing garlands of wild flowers, and decking each other with the garlands twined by their own fairy fingers. By-and-by they began to compare the size and beauty of their hands, and each disputed with the other that hers were the loveliest of all. One washed her hands in the limpid stream; another plucked the wild strawberries and stained her finger-tips a ruddy pink; the third gathered sweet violets until her hands were redolent with their fragrance. An aged and haggard woman, clad in the garb of meanest poverty, drew near, saying "Give me of your charity; I am very poor." All three denied her, but a fourth girl who sat close by, unwashed in the brook, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave the poor woman a little gift and received her grateful thanks. The daughter of poverty asked them the subject of their dispute, and they told her, lifting the while their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed!" said she. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that was washed in the stream, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand with the fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and a beautiful angel stood before them. "The loving heart and the kindly hand," said she, "are always beautiful, and where these are not, there is no beauty left," and straightway she vanished out of their sight.

"Right," said Uncle Charlie, "beauty is but skin deep, and I would rather have the rough brown fist and iron hook of kind-hearted Sailor Jack, than the fairest hand that ever wore diamonds, with a proud unfeeling heart behind it. The Good Book tells us of One whose hands were pierced with nails, and whose 'visage was more marred than any man's;' and yet He was the 'fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely,' and the more we are like Him, however plain in feature, rude in form, or coarse in raiment, the more truly beautiful we are."

#### STATE NICKNAMES.

Queer are the nicknames of people of the different States: The inhabitants of Alabama are called Lizards; of Arkansas, Toothpicks; of California, Gold Hunters; of Colorado, Rovers; of Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; of Delaware, Muakrats; of Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; of Georgia, Buzzards; of Illinois, Suckers; of Indiana, Hoosiers; of Iowa, Hawkeyes; of Kansas, Jayhawkers; of Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of Louisiana, Creoles; of Maine, Foxes; of Maryland, Crow Thumpers; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Minnesota, Gophers; of Mississippi, Tadpoles; of Missouri, Pukes; of Nebraska, Bug Eaters; of Nevada, Sage Hens; of New Hampshire, Granite Boys; of New Jersey, Blues, or Clam Catchers; of New York, Knickerbockers; of North Carolina, Tar-boilers and Tuekoes; of Ohio, Buckeyes; of Oregon, Webfeet and Hard Cases; of Pennsylvania, Penances and Leatherheads; of Rhode Island, Gun Flints; of South Carolina, Weasels; of Tennessee, Whelps; of Texas, Beef Heads; of Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; of Virginia, Beadles; of Wisconsin, Badgers.—*Record of the Year.*