

A CHINESE SCHOOL AND A GROUP OF CHINESE CHILDREN.

It will be observed that in the Flowery Land, where many of the customs are contrary to those in vogue among European nations, the scholars, instead of facing the master, sit with their backs to him. This method, although it may seem queer to us, allows the worthy pedagogue a constant opportunity of examining his pupils' work without interrupting their studies. Moreover, if the children are idle or inattentive, their avenger is unseen, and the cane may drop on their devoted heads (the favorite spot for a native master to strike at) without a moment's warning. One of the two boys standing by the master on the left of the picture, having failed in his lesson and received punishment, is now bidden to stand aside until he has properly prepared himself for repetition. The other boy is in the act of saying his lesson, with the cheerful consciousness that the master's cane may at any moment descend upon his skull. The school here represented was under foreign supervision, and was therefore cleaner than many of those in the interior of China. On the table is an ink-slab with brushes, a feather-duster, water-pipe, tea-pot, and sundry other domestic or educational adjuncts. On the shelves are classical books for reference or study. The scrolls on the walls are beautiful examples of Chinese penmanship, and contain proverbs and aphorisms from the wise men of the country.—*The Graphic.*

SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

There lived some years ago near to the city of Bristol, England, a man whose name, since his death, has become more famous than it was in his life. This was because of his excellence as a man and his ability as a merchant.

When young Budgett was about ten years old, he casually picked up a cast-off horse-shoe in the road and carried it three miles, and sold it to a blacksmith for a penny. If this transaction was not the beginning of his fortunes, it was the early

manifestation of the trading genius by which those fortunes were made. The penny became three pence in a day or two. "Since then," he said, "I have never been without money, except when I gave it all away." "One would not have imagined," says his biographer, "in seeing the little school-boy stop and look at the old horse-shoe, that the turning point of his life had come; but so it was."

There is a horseshoe in most lad's ways, but in many cases it is not seen, or not taken up, or the proceeds not used for further gains; and so, no fortune comes of it. Let it be observed, however, that the fortune was in the mind of the boy who found the horseshoe. For, as we find, "he traded with the same," and added little to little, and turned everything to account. "One day on his way to school he encountered a woman bearing a basket of cucumbers. He asked the price, and to her surprise, and his brother's discomfiture, would know the price of the whole store. It was in vain for his brother to remonstrate; he would buy, and he would sell. The old woman finding him really in earnest, concluded a bargain, and the cucumbers became his own. It was not a very likely investment for the capital of a school-boy; but his energy made it answer. The cucumbers were sold at, I think, the notable profit of ninepence." Young Budgett was, as Mr. Arthur calls him, "a born merchant."

"Yet the boy who had this singular passion for trade, and with a tenacious care of money, had his heart set on something nobler than a plentiful store of pelf." When "by little and little" his original penny had swollen to some shillings, how does he invest it? In the purchase of a copy of "Wesley's Hymns." What for? To sell again and get gain? No! but to read, and learn, and sing. Then he considered himself "a rich and happy boy;" for this little merchant was no lover of money, but a lover of trade. So on he went, trading and spending, buying a little donkey for half a crown, and selling it for five shillings, doing such little strokes of business, till by the time he had reached

his fourteenth year, he was an old merchant in practice and sagacity, and thirty pounds in sterling cash was the result of his boyish barter. His penny had reached that goodly sum, and now you might expect him to go on accumulating, especially as the time had come for him to go out into the world, and he was about to be apprenticed to an elder brother. But no, he found his parents, who were in a small way of trade, to be in want of money, so he gave it all to them, they intending to return it, though they were never able to do so.

And this is the whole story of Samuel Budgett's life, gaining and giving, giving and gaining. With a wonderful insight into the working of things, he went on his way through life adding store to store, and using and distributing his means, till he became the head of a large concern, and an employer of a large amount of labor. His prosperity, too, was built upon a foundation of strict integrity. Mr. Arthur tells us how his eyes were opened to the evil of certain tricks of trade, and how he acted up to his light.

"In Mr. Budgett's early days pepper was under a heavy tax; and in the trade, universal tradition said that out of the trade everybody expected pepper to be mixed. In the shop stood a cask labelled P. D., containing something very like pepper dust, wherewith it was usual to mix the pepper before sending it forth to serve the public. The trade tradition had obtained for the apocryphal P. D. a place among the standard articles of the shop, and on the strength of that tradition it was vended for pepper by men who thought they were honest. But as Samuel went forward in life, his ideas on trade morality grew clearer: this P. D. began to give him much discomfort. He thought upon it till he was satisfied that, after all that could be said, the thing was wrong. Arrived at this conclusion, he felt that no blessing could be upon the place while it was there. He instantly decreed that P. D. should perish. It was right; but back he went to the shop, took the hypocritical cask, carried it out to the quarry, then staved it, and scattered P. D. among the clods and slag, and stones.

He returned with a light heart; but he recollected that he had left the staves of the cask in the quarry, and as there was no need to let them go to waste, his first act in the morning was to return and gather them up."

The story of the life of this man so honest in his dealings, so kind to those in his employ, so generous in his giving to good objects, has been a very popular book in England, and it has been translated into other languages.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"LOVELY."

The absurd use of the word "lovely" is illustrated in the following conversation overheard on a horse-car in the suburbs of an Eastern city. Of course the reporter did not have his note-book open, and therefore he can only be sure of the general accuracy of his account. But this is the impression the conversation made on him. The speakers were a young man and a young woman, happy in each other's society and a bag of chocolate creams:

"Isn't it lovely riding on the open cars?" asked the young man.

"Lovely!" was the reply.

"What lovely houses there are all along this street!"

"Yes, lovely!"

"See those magnificent elms forming a perfect arch of green over that avenue. Aren't they lovely?"

"Perfectly lovely!"

"The view from this hill is so fine!"

"Lovely!"

"How beautiful that little cottage hidden in the green vines is!"

"Lovely!"

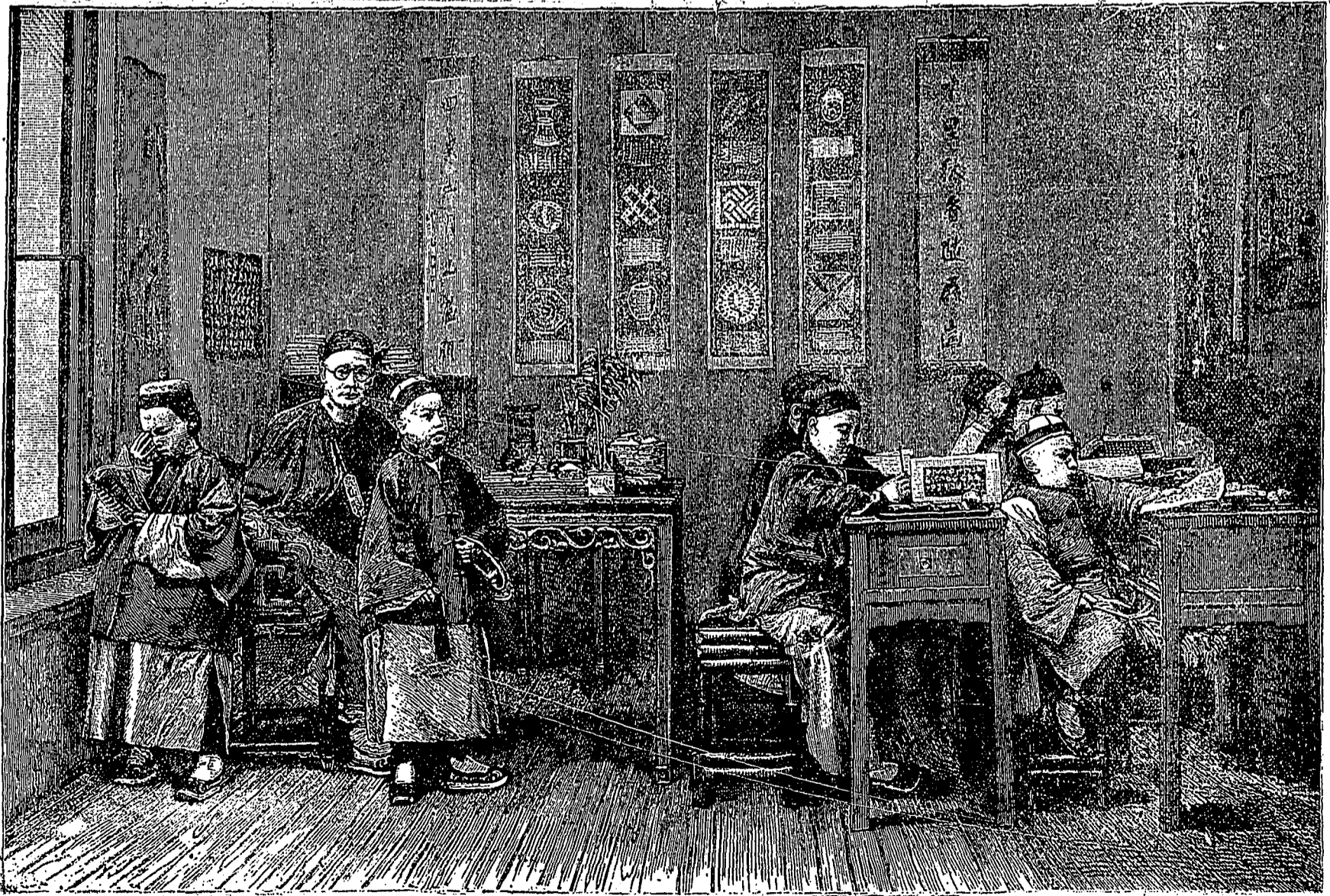
"See that lovely lawn. Isn't it charming?"

"Just lovely!"

"Have you enjoyed the ride?" asked the young man when the end of the route was reached.

"Oh, yes!" was the gushing reply. "It has been just too lovely for anything!"—

Youth's Companion.



A CHINESE SCHOOL.