

uniform length; in her right hand a dull knife, with which she lifts a small piece of wax, and pushes the hair underneath. When she has finished this process, by inserting only two or three hairs at a time, she takes an iron roller and gently but firmly rubs it over the surface, thus fastening the hair securely on the head. This is a very tedious process, and only used in the more expensive dolls. In the less expensive or composition ones, a deep groove is cut completely through the scull, along the top of the head where the parting is to be, and uncurled ends of the ringlets are pushed in with a blunt knife, and then fastened down with paste.

Black hair, which is seldom used for dolls, is almost entirely human, and is imported from the Continent, while the flaxen locks so universally preferred are made of mohair. This material is specially manufactured for the purpose, and there is one house in London which supplies nearly all the English as well as the best French and German makers. It is of a remarkably soft and silky texture, and is sold in little bundles of different lengths.

Having finished with the doll's head, the body is now to be considered. Upon this a number of people are employed, chiefly women, assisted by the younger members of their families, each of whom takes one special part. The manufacturer gives out so many yards of cotton, and he knows to an inch how much material each dozen dolls will require, according to their size. The body-maker takes it home, and accomplishes the work in the following manner: One person cuts out the body of the doll, another sews it, a third runs in the sawdust, a fourth makes the joints, and in this way a family will produce many dozens in a week. The payment of this work is by the piece.

The arms form another branch of this manufacture, upon which certain persons are almost exclusively employed. Except for the very commonest class of dolls, the arms are made of kid below the elbow, and cotton above; and in every case there is an attempt at fingers, although their number may not always be correct. The price paid for these arms complete is incredibly small. The work woman furnishes the kid, cotton, and sawdust, and for large arms about six inches long receives 6d. for a dozen pairs, or thirteen cents in American money. Small arms for cheaper dolls are supposed to be worth only 1d. a dozen pairs, or three cents. As these poor people furnish the material, it must be difficult to keep starvation from their doors, unless they have other means of support.

The putting of the head and arms together is the last process. This is done with glue and thread. The doll is then wrapped in tissue-paper, and ready for the market.

At least twenty different people are employed in making a doll, not counting those who manufacture the raw material, that is, the wax, the eyes, the cotton, and the hair. In London there are sixteen wholesale establishments or manufactories, and as for the retail dealers, it is impossible to calculate their number, as there are so few who make toys a specialty, they being generally sold with other things. This will give an idea of the number of people employed in England alone in manufacturing these apparently trivial articles. Still trifling as they are, toys are supposed to be the necessities of children, and in Europe, where labor is cheap and plentiful, so much skill and time are bestowed on these Lilliputian articles that they have attained a high degree of perfection.—Exchange.

whether they really do love money as a possession, or as an abstract entity to which honor is due, for we have heard of one of them who, dropping a dime beneath a door-sill, and finding his own efforts unavailing to remove it, hired a laborer to take up the door-stone, and paid him a quarter for the job. Yet it is possible that such a case as that only emphasizes the love of it, since the recovery of the dime was felt to be worth the greater sum; and quite as possibly the computation of the interest on that dime, lying idle and lost for all time weighed heavily in the balance against the expenditure of the quarter for value received in work; and there may, after all, have been only a braggadocio about it and a sacrifice of real feeling for the fancy that it might afterward be said, "He does not love money so much as exactitude and justice."

Such men are almost invariably as tyrannical as they are close-fisted; indeed, the exercise of their dominant quality obliges them to hold the rein closely. The result of this in the family is usually open insubordination, petty theft, constant deceit, or else a slavish submission that begets a chronic weakness of mind which, not daring to think, borders closely upon stupidity. "My dear," said one of these tyrants, "we are using a great deal of light in these hard times. Two candles are an extravagance nowadays. I think, considering the high price of living, we must content ourselves with burning one candle, no matter what it may be that drops in in the evening. They must take us as they find us." And the slave quite agreed. But on coming home the next night, what was his amazement to find two candles burning! He quietly extinguished one, and waited for the departure of the guests in order to expostulate with his wife. "I don't know what you mean," answered the slave, with a flicker of indignation. "I was only burning the one; I took one candle, and cut it in two."

It seems to us that such people as these are really almost outside the pale of humanity. They afford only pain and no pleasure during their lives and their deaths might be called their first praiseworthy act. Families have rights as well as heads of families, and it is not even questionable how far a man is warranted in mortifying and humiliating his wife and daughters and sons in order to gratify any whim or idiosyncrasy of his own that is not founded in law and logic. There are but few wives and daughters in all the sum of society who do not deserve well of husbands and fathers. In the great number there are not many who would commit, or wish to commit, unjustifiable extravagances if they were informed of the facts of the case; and there are still fewer who, if a course of penuriousness were necessary and right for any desirable or laudable object, or even if they were only assured that it was so by one whom they trusted, would not do their best, and make every personal sacrifice in carrying it out. We have even known cases where they did so to satisfy the father's notion of saving, when there was no real reason for it, because he was otherwise kind and they felt that to be a peculiarity not to be cured and saw that the pain the sacrifice cost him was more than the pleasure an opposite course would yield them. And for such wives and daughters who may be unable to better circumstances, either through youth or ill health by self-exertion, we think the pressure of public opinion should exert its authority, and compel sufficient decency of appearance for the victims to feel that they are certainly of the value of a sparrow, two of which are sold for a penny.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

Men who love their money more than they do their families are thus described in Harper's Bazar:—

Certainly these men must be destitute of family affection in any intense degree, for we have known families who lived on little but oatmeal from year's end to year's end, and sold half the milk of the cow at that; who never had so much as the ears of the yearly pig that was sold to the butcher; who, though they worked in the garden, had none of the vegetables, and who would as soon have touched the fruit of the tree of life as have dared to pick an apple; yet the father sat in high places, and was respected as a moneyed man, with the vague aura surrounding him that somehow seems always to accompany the possession of money even in the hands of the most unworthy, instead of being execrated as a ruffian for his cruelty to animals, if for nothing else. "Too much luxury!" he said, when he found an ambitious married daughter had earned with her own hands a common ingrain carpet for her little parlor; and he cut her off with a shilling.

Nor can they value the opinion of those about them. "Give me back the penny, pretty one," said a man who was an authority in his town, two-thirds of which he gained, having given a child a coin to keep it quiet for a moment or two; "a cent spoils the face of a dollar." And sometimes it is a puzzle to us

WORDS OF THE WISE.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other Emerson.

Twenty Christians can fight heroically where one can suffer greatly and be strong and be still.—Dr. Cuyler

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Carrill.

A laugh to be joyous must flow from a joyous heart, but without kindness there can be no true joy.—Julius Harz.

The more enlarged is our mind, the more we discover of men of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one and another.—Pascal.

He only is great who has the habits of greatness: who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and tells neither father nor mother about it.—Laceter.

What we want in Christ we always find in Him. When we want nothing we find nothing. When we want little we find little. When we want much we find much. But when we want everything, and get reduced to complete nakedness, and beggary, we find in Him God's complete treasure-house, out of which come gold, and jewels, and garments to clothe us, wavy in the richness and glory of the Lord.—Scars.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

XXIII

From the tangled thicket bounding,
Roars my first,
Through the wild his voice, resounding,
Hath dispersed
All the tribes that prowl and prey
In the night,
From his path they flee away
With almight

O'er the path my second gliding
Bites the heels;
In the treacherous wane-up hiding,
Stings and kills.
But the Christ, creation's Head,
David's Root,
Shall my first and second tread
Under foot!

Look! my third has made its dwelling
Underground;
And its mimic mountains swelling,
Rise around
Image of the carnal mind.
Child of earth,
'Tis by nature dark and blind
From its birth.

So my fourth, with scanty vision
Of the light,
Flitting, finds its whole provision
In the night.
To my third and fourth, 'tis told,
Man shall cast
All their gods of sordid gold,
At the last.

Who the four initials borrow,
Shall display
One, who all our sins and sorrows
Bore away:

Like this creature though Divine—
He became,
And his name in type and sign,
Is the same.

"A WAY OF ITS OWN"—A little girl had a canary in a cage, and wishing to let it fly through the room, she opened the door of the cage. The bird at once fluttered and flew, knocking itself against the wires inside the cage. When quite exhausted it came out at the little door of the cage. "Mamma," said the little girl, "why did not the canary come out at the door at once when I opened it?" Her mamma replied, "Because the little bird was trying to get out by a way of its own." How often do sinners try to get to heaven by a way of their own, and when quite exhausted, they at last enter through Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.—The Baptist Messenger.

—As bearing upon the question whether it is not better to tell a lie, or to rob a bank, or to cheat in trade, or to commit one crime or another, than to lose one's life, or to come to poverty, this aphorism translated from the Sanskrit is worthy of the attention of those who do not think the Bible teachings are sufficiently explicit on the subject: "What ought not to be done, ought never to be done, even if the loss of life threaten, and what ought to be done, should not be left undone;—this is eternal law."—S. S. Times

—A Chinaman's theological notions are dissimilar to ours: Rev. Mr. Selby, of Canton, says he asked a Chinaman if his sins were forgiven, and he replied he did not feel confident about all of them, but he was sure that seventy per cent. of them were forgiven.

LITTLE PIGGIE-WIG.

Musical notation for the first line of the song: There was a lit - tle pig - gie - wig. So fat it could-n't run. With

Musical notation for the chorus: eyes that twinkled merrily, and tail that curled with fun. Darling lit - tle pig - gie - wig, So

Musical notation for the second line of the chorus: fat it could-n't run. With eyes that twinkled merrily, and tail that curled with fun



This piggie was a cleanly pig,
With skin as white as snow,
And every day it had a bath,
Which fatter made it grow.
Funny little piggie-wig, &c.



With sleeping and with eating,
The piggie grow so fat,
That at last it couldn't walk or run,
So on its haunches sat.
Lazy little piggie-wig, &c.



This piggie had a little trough,
Which was always filled with food
Bran and broth, and turnips too,
And every thing that's good.
Lucky little piggie-wig, &c.



At length it grew so very fat,
It really couldn't see,
But the fatter, still the jollier,
And it so laughed "Ho! ho!"
Happy little piggie-wig, &c.



Its little bed was made at night
Of lovely meadow hay,
There, covered up all but the nose,
It snored till break of day.
Cosy little piggie-wig, &c.



At last one day a strange man came,
Alas for piggie then,
For all at once he disappeared,
And was never seen again.
Poor little piggie-wig, &c.