

Young Folks.

HEAPS OF MONEY.

Every little lassie and every tiny lad, Has heaps and heaps o' money—it ought to make you glad! It isn't in crisp banknotes, nor coins just from the mint; This money you all have to use—money without stint, You can help dear Grandma Tired, and mamma pressed with work, And a regiment of toilers, who haven't time to shirk; The coachman, and the gardener, also too, the nurse, With the money you have stored away—full is every purse! Oh, yes, indeed, you have some and every bit for use; Why, lads and lassies, really, it's lying round you loose! Do not spend it carelessly for you cannot trade it back, This wealth—for "time is money," of which you have no lack!

JESSY AND HER BROWN BETTY.

"Oh, Jessy, I have just received word that Aunt Ruth has been taken seriously ill and I must go at once, as there is no one there to take care of her. I really don't see what I can do, Bridget won't be here before Thursday, and who is to get the meals while I am gone?"

"Oh, don't mind about the meals, mamma," said Jessy. "I think I can prepare a few simple meals, and you know papa is not at all particular. As for Bert, why he will have to get along whether he likes it or not."

After some thought, Mrs. Warren decided to leave Jessy in charge of the house, for, she thought, Jessy is 12 years old and it is high time for her to make herself useful, and this will be a good opportunity for her to begin. So she told John he might get the horse and buggy and drive her out to the farm where Aunt Ruth lived, which was about eight miles through the woods. When she was ready Mrs. Warren gave Jessy a few orders and drove off, only stopping at Mr. Warren's office to tell him where they were going.

As soon as they were gone, Jessy made the beds, tidied up the house, and then began preparations for dinner. She thought she would begin quite early so she would have plenty of time, for, you see, Jessy knew very little about cooking. She had decided on everything she was going to prepare, except the dessert, when she remembered having seen a recipe for a brown Betty her mamma had made a good while ago, and Jessy had never forgotten the fragrant, spicy pudding. She found the recipe and in half an hour Betty was in the oven. Jessy then fixed her chicken, cooked the potatoes and made a nice salad.

It was then half past 10, and Jessy went up to her room to change her dress and make herself neat before her papa and Bert came home at 12. Her dinner was ready, all except the brown Betty, and that would be ready in a few minutes. When Jessy had made her toilet, she came down and was surprised to find Bert there. Bert was Jessy's 16-year-old brother. She asked him what he did not feel well and he replied that he did not feel well and papa had sent him home. He went up to his room, and when Jessy had made him quite comfortable, she came down and took Betty out of the oven. "Oh, isn't it lovely," thought Jessy. "Such a delicious brown Betty. I wonder if it tastes as good as it looks." Taking up a spoon she tasted it, made up a wry face and spit it out. To her grief, she found she had used red pepper instead of cinnamon! Poor Jessy was on the verge of tears when she heard a knock. Opening the door she came upon the roughest looking specimen of a tramp she had ever seen.

"Say, miss," he said, "is father home?"

"No," replied Jessy, "my father is not at home."

"Well, never mind, but say, couldn't you give a fellow a bite?"

"Oh, certainly," said Jessy, turning to the table, where she took up a loaf of bread, intending to wrap up a lunch and give him to get rid of him, for she felt a little afraid, though she knew Bert was in the house. But to her surprise the man walked in and sat down to the table, saying, "Look here, miss, I want some of that fried chicken, and a dish o' that there puddin'."

"Why, I can't give you that," said Jessy. "It's my papa's dinner."

"Yes, you can," he said, "there's plenty, and if you don't—why, you'll wish you did," giving her a warning look. Jessy was getting terribly frightened and placed the chicken and potatoes before him. When she came to the brown Betty she thought, "He will surely kill me when he tastes this pudding. Oh, dear, what shall I do. I wish I could tell Bert." She set the pudding on the table, when the tramp said, "Ain't yer got no pickles?"

"Well, get 'em and be quick about it."

Jessy stepped in the dining room and ran quickly up the stairs to Bert's room, where she found him lying on the bed. "Oh, Bert," she whispered breathlessly, "there's a tramp in the kitchen and he's eating up all our dinner and I'm afraid he'll kill us, for I put a lot of red pepper in the brown Betty by mistake, and he'll think I did it on purpose."

"Never mind, sis," said Bert, "just

you go down and don't be afraid; I'll fix him," going to the bureau where he took out a revolver. In the meanwhile Jessy ran down to the dining room, and taking a glass of pickles off the table, she stepped into the kitchen and set them before the tramp, who was devouring the chicken greedily.

"Took you some long time to get 'em," he remarked.

"Well, it's quite far, and I had to open the jar and get 'em out," said Jessy, for she was feeling quite brave now that Bert knew all about it. Presently the man took up the dish of brown Betty, and gobbled up a big mouthful, which he immediately spit out again, making up a horrible face, and glaring at Jessy and then at brown Betty.

Suddenly a voice from behind exclaimed, "Hold up your hands!" The man started, with a terrible oath, and turning quickly around held up his hands, for the muzzle of Bert's revolver was pointed directly at his head.

"Now," said Bert, "you just eat up every crumb of that brown Betty, or I'll blow your brains out!" The man turned pale with fright, and attacking poor Betty began to scoop it up, spitting and sputtering all the while, till three-fourths of it had disappeared, when he laid his hand over his stomach and turned to Bert with an appealing look.

"No," said Bert, "eat it all up! He went for it again, making up a horrible grimace for it burnt his mouth dreadfully. When he had consumed the rest Bert said, "Now get up!" the man obeyed. "March," said Bert. He marched to the door, Bert following with the pistol still pointed. "Now run as fast as you can till you are out of sight and if you come around here again you'll get a bullet through you." The tramp took to his heels and Bert and Jessy watched him till he was out of sight. Then Bert dropped his pistol and laughed, while Jessy sat down and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Really," she said, "brown Betty did some good after all."

HOW FISH BREATHE.

Fish do not breathe air, but the life-supporting constituent of air—oxygen gas—which is soluble in water to the extent of 3 volumes in 100 at ordinary temperatures and 4 in 100 at freezing point.

The water containing the dissolved oxygen is made to pass over the gills, where it is separated from the blood only by a very thin membrane, through which the gas is able to pass.

Fish in ice-bound rivers have to depend entirely upon this store of oxygen for their respiration, and if it becomes exhausted they are suffocated, just as we should be if deprived of oxygen.

It rarely happens however, that any considerable area of water is entirely covered with ice, especially in the case of rivers. Holes and cracks are almost sure to occur here and there by which the oxygen of the air can reach the water and become dissolved in it. During a long frost fish may always be found congregated beneath air holes in large numbers. They are there to breathe.

CHILDHOOD'S QUAINT CONCEITS.

Some quaint conceits of childhood are given by the Child Study Monthly as follows:

Apples are "the bubbles that apple trees blow."

Baldness—A boy who was sitting playfully on his father's bald head said, naively, "Father, I must get this seat upholstered."

Cross—"The heaven key."

Dust—"Mud with juice squeezed out."

Eternity—"The lifetime of God."

Fins—"The fish's wings."

Happiness—"It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

Ice—"Water that went to sleep in the cold."

Lightning—"The winking of God's eye."

Mother—"The bloodiest relation I've got." By a boy who had been taught that blood relations means near relations.

Nest egg—"The one that the hen measures by."

Omnipresence—"God is everywhere without going there."

Rainbow—"God's smile."

Stars—"The eggs the moon has laid."

Thunder—"The big pump that makes the rain come."

Wakefulness—"My eyes won't shut; um comes unbuttoned."

What a deep psychological truth lies in the answer of the little child asked why a certain tree was crooked. He replied: "I suppose somebody stepped on it when it was a little fellow."

KEEPING THE CHIMERA WAITING.

The sands of Margate are indirectly responsible for this: Father, mother, and family were about to be photographed by one of the itinerant beach fiends, when one of the olive branches, in fear perhaps of the olive branches, fled away, with mother in hot pursuit. The chase waxed long, for the urchin was blessed with sturdy legs, and mother's skirts impeded her. At length even father, who was indulgent to a fault at holiday time, lost patience, or perhaps he was reminded by the photographer that this delay would entail an expenditure of extra coppers. Urry up with the nipper, Marial Ere's the bloke awaiting with the chimera!

LIFE OF WHALES.

Whales from 200 to 400 years old are sometimes met with. The age is ascertained by the size and number of layers of the whalebone, which increases yearly.

THE SIRDAR'S SCHEME

WILL AVENGE GORDON'S DEATH IN THE NOBLEST WAY.

What May Be Done to Reclaim the Arab of the Sudan—The Difficulties Pointed Out By One Who Knows the Country.

"One who knows the Sudan," writes as follows:—Lord Kitchener's powerful appeal for funds to found a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum was more suggestive than explanatory of the great scheme he has in view, but we may be sure that all practical details have been thought out not less carefully than the financial question. The Sirdar's genius is eminently constructive, and it is characteristic of the man that his first thought after destroying the old order of things in the Sudan, should be devoted to the best means of building up a new and far better fabric from the material that is readiest to his hands. The mental and moral regeneration of Sudanese tribes was one of Gordon's many dreams.

If it should be realized through the influence of a college dedicated to that hero's memory, England will have avenged his death in the noblest way, and justified her claim to be regarded as the greatest civilizing power that has ever ruled in Africa. English rule it must be there for many years yet to come, if only for the simple reason that no other is possible. And nobody can doubt that Lord Kitchener has devised an admirable means whereby this rule may be rendered effective.

Lord Salisbury evidently has a similar opinion as to the duration of a government "which in its principles and methods must be essentially Western," or he would hardly have said that the reconciliation of the races which inhabit the Nile Valley to this form of government is a task that "will tax the resources of the present generation and of those who come after them." We have here, therefore, to begin with, the young natives at an age when their minds are most receptive and freest from prejudice. The old may sullenly accept the inevitable. It will be the task of Englishmen to convince the young by practical demonstration that the inevitable is also the best.

NOT INTERFERE WITH RELIGION.

All who are familiar with habits of thought in the Sudan will rejoice at the Sirdar's announcement that there is to be no interference with the religion of students who may enter the college at Khartoum. A scheme based on any other principles would be foredoomed to failure, and serve only to rouse the old spirit of fanaticism which has reigned so long with disastrous results to peace and the progress of civilization. Missionary efforts will find a fruitful field there as well, but they must be kept distinct and apart from the Sirdar's educational scheme. Comparatively few people realize even yet the diversity of race and character that will have to be dealt with by English masters in the proposed college. The Sudanese are not one people, but many, with different customs and various capacities. There is no predominant race since the power of the Bagaras has been shattered, and Lord Kitchener has certainly no idea of setting that up again. It may be gathered from the terms of his proposal, therefore, that he does not wish to exclude the representatives of any race from the benefits that education at Khartoum College may confer. Dinka, Shilluk, Danagla, Jaalin, Dongolawi, and even the fierce Bagaras may be brought together under one influence that will be working for the good of all.

Happily there are no prejudices of caste to overcome. Natives of Kordofan have in recent years as in times long past, been partly subject to the slave-trading Arabs, who carried them off captives, but many rose to high rank under the Khalifa's tyrannical rule, and neither race nor colour has ever been a bar to the success of capable men in any part of the Egyptian dominions.

TECHNICAL TRAINING.

Perhaps the most satisfactory part of Lord Kitchener's admirable scheme is the inclusion of technical training. We cannot teach even the Dinkas and Shilluks much in the way of metal and leather work. With the rudest materials they have been able to produce marvellous results. But we may familiarise them with the use of modern tools and mechanical appliances that will add immensely to their means of production. Agriculture and other industries in the Sudan, when carried on at all, have been hampered by the necessity for employing very primitive implements. When trade flourished there fourteen years ago, it was no uncommon thing to see the rheis of a Nile boat stitching parts of a garment together with a sharp mimosa thorn, instead of a needle.

The process of education even in such elementary subjects as are at present contemplated will be slow. We shall first of all have to catch the students, who will perhaps be a bit shy and suspicious of our intentions at the outset, but Lord Kitchener knows exactly what he wants, and sets about getting it in the right way. He proposes to get on the original foundation of his college a son—presumably the eldest—of the leading man in each village and district. These are almost without exception communal organizations, and something akin to the patriarchal system. The Sheikh el balad, like the head of the tribe is, in most cases, heredi-

tary, so that the boy, educated at Khartoum College, may expect in their turn to become Sheikhs, and a great step will have been made towards the consolidation of stable government in the Sudan, and go back to their villages imbued with the ideas, knowing something of the arts and science of civilization and having learned a great deal about the power of the country that holds protective sway over Egypt and its reconquered provinces.

QUEER NOTION OF BEAUTY.

It is curious to note the queer ideas of beauty which characterize different nations. In Fiji the native women paint their faces with red and white stripes as an ornament. The women of Greenland cover their faces with blue and yellow, while Arabian beauties stain their lips blue and their fingers and toes red.

The pearly teeth of the poet and novelist would not be valued by some of the Eastern and Polynesian nations. In Macassar the women paint their teeth red and yellow, in such a way that a red tooth follows a yellow one, and alternately. The teeth of the Tonquinese are as black as art can make them. The dyeing occupies three or four days, and is done to both boys and girls when they are about twelve years of age.

During the whole operation, they never taken any nourishment, for fear of being poisoned by the pigment if they swallowed what required mastication. Every person, high and low, rich and poor, is obliged to undergo this somewhat objectionable operation, as it is alleged that it would be a disgrace to human nature to have teeth white like those of dogs or elephants.

In Japan fashion compels married women to blacken their teeth, not, however, as an ornament, but to make them more ugly and save them from temptation. The Sunda Islanders sometimes blacken all the teeth but two with burned coccoanut, covering the two excepted teeth with thin plates of gold or silver. The same tribe is in the habit of employing their old women to dress up the teeth of the youths and maidens at wooing time. The canine teeth are filed to a fine, smooth edge, and the body of the tooth, made concave, or they will notch the edge of the teeth like a fine saw as an additional means of beautifying.

This mutilation of the teeth is observed by many of the savage or uncivilized races in various parts of the world. In the Malay Archipelago the natives file their teeth into points like those of a saw or pierce them with holes into which they insert studs. The Macassar people sometimes pull out two front teeth, in order to supply their place with teeth of pure gold or silver. Some African tribes knock out their front teeth, on the ground that they do not wish to look like beasts. On the Upper Nile four front teeth are always knocked out, but further south only the two upper incisors are dispensed with.

In some parts of the world, the shape of the head is of great importance. Many American Indians admire a head so extremely flattened as to appear to us idiotic. The natives of the northwest coast compress the head into a pointed cone, while the inhabitants of Arakhan, admire a broad, smooth forehead, and in order to produce it they fasten a plate of lead on the heads of the newborn children.

In some countries the feminine headgear is carried to singular extravagance. The Chinese lady carries on her head the figure of a bird, according to the quality of the owner. The Myanthe women carry on their heads a thin board, about a foot long and six inches broad. With this they cover their hair and seal it with wax. With the Tahitians to be called "long nose" is considered an insult and they compress the noses and foreheads of their children for the sake of beauty. The same custom is prevalent among the Malays and the natives of Brazil. In some parts of the world the nose is pierced, rings, sticks, feathers and other ornaments, being inserted in the holes.

The ancient Egyptians and Assyrians used paint to make their eyebrows seem wider; the Arabians of the present day go a step further in the use of paint. They endeavor to produce the impression that their eyebrows grow down to the middle of the nose and meet there. Persian women paint a black line around their eyes and ornament their faces with a variety of figures. The Indians of Paraguay eradicate their eyebrows and eyelashes, saying that they do not wish to look like horses. In China and neighbouring countries the finger nails are allowed to grow to a monstrous length as a symbol of nobility, ladies wearing silver cases to protect them. In some parts of Africa fashionable, while the Turkish women tinge their nails with a blue color.

A DISTANT COUSIN.

At the wedding anniversary of a railway magnate, one of the guests, noticing a somewhat lonely-looking and rather shabbily attired man in one corner of the parlor, walked over and sat down near him.

"I was introduced to you, he said, but I did not catch your name."

"My name, replied the other, is Swaddeford."

"Oh, then you are a relative of our host!"

Yes, rejoined the "poor relation," with a grin, I am his cousin five hundred thousand dollars removed.

Mose Snowball—No, Yer Honah.

Why not?

If it please de Co't, I'd like ter keep dem chickens myse'f, atter habin' all de trouble er gittin' 'em.

Health Department.

CARE OF THE EYEBROWS.

Poets and artists may continue to extol the expressive beauty of the delicately penciled eyebrow, but the average woman pays little heed to it, and beyond an occasional smoothing with her fingers leaves uncared for one of the nicest and most particular portions of her facial toilet. Like all other points of beauty, this little pen stroke of nature varies greatly with the individual, but, as a usual thing, one is endowed with just about the right brow to harmonize with the features, and a little judicious care is all that is necessary to enhance this touch which goes so far to make or to mar the entire facial expression. When, however, the formation of the eyebrow is decidedly at fault we have recourse to artifice to help out the deficiency or obliterate its homeliness. The eyebrow should extend slightly beyond the orifice of the eye at either end, should terminate in a mere line toward the temple and be slightly broader toward the nose. Upon the breadth, the arch and the shade depend much. Delicate features should not be preponderated by broad brows, while those which are large and strong in character need the bolder brush to accentuate their force. The brow is always to be carefully smoothed, glossy and orderly. At a recent visit to a dermatologist a society woman was greatly amused when the so-called artist, after carefully treating her skin for real and imaginary blemishes, apparently scrutinizing every part with a microscope, completed his work in a hasty brush over the much-disturbed eyebrows, with a camel's hair brush, and stepped back to announce his work of beautifying was complete. "Now," she said, with a smile, "I'll show you something. Look at me well, and then notice the difference." Selecting a stiff little brush from among his numerous paraphernalia, she brushed the hair of both eyebrows straight up toward the forehead, then carefully brushed them down from above. This left an extremely delicate shading, every hair clearly defined and distinctly separate, and a clear dark line along the center. She shaped the inner line toward the nose with a cautious touch of the brush, then turned to the manipulator for his opinion, and he was forced to admit that, when the brow was in a healthy condition, he had never taken much pains about its dressing.

Never pull the hair out, even if it grows too close over the brows; careful brushing will in time shape it nicely, and to certain features close brows are a decided necessity. If you will take the time some day to comb your brows in various shadings you will soon discover which style—whether high or low arch, rather flat or fine and delicate style—is most becoming, and, once learned, adhere strictly to it. The hair will, of its own accord, finally shape itself in that direction.

OLD-TIME WRINKLE RECIPE.

Any women who have read the Vicar of Wakefield would give much to know just what herbs and simples were used in the face wash that Mrs. Primrose and her bonny daughters were at such pains to make over the fire. Both dames and demoiselles of those times were famous for their fine complexions, and it is well worth while making a study of their means to this desirable end. Here is a recipe straight from old England that sounds as if it might be a compound like the famous "Primrose Wash." It is far more delicate than cold cream, cocoa butter or any of the emollients now so much in vogue and when used over night all traces of it should disappear before morning.

Cucumbers will be plentiful for some time yet, and as they enter largely into the composition of this preventative it would be well to prepare enough just now to last the winter.

To make, put a cup of good cream in a small sauceron over the fire and stir until it boils; allow to cool and reheat. Do this three times. While hot stir in the juice of two lemons and two tablespoonful of cucumber juice. This may easily be pressed from this vegetable, by cutting in bits the size of half a lemon and pressing in the squeezer in the same way as lemons. Stir in, also, two tablespoonful of glycerine and one of honey. The former may be omitted if it does not agree with the skin. The sauceron should be kept in hot water until the ingredients are well mixed, then removed and the contents stirred every few minutes until perfectly cold. It is now ready to be packed in small pots, like those that come with extract of beef, and covered with paper dipped in the white of an egg, to become airtight. The face should be washed with good soap and hot water, shading off to cold, over night, and this ointment massaged into the skin.

When glycerine is omitted use sweet oil instead.

SULTAN'S JEWELS.

The estimated value of the Sultan's jewels is \$40,000,000. If His Majesty has any hobby at all, it may be said to be the purchasing of jewels and witnessing private theatricals. No professional note—he actor, singer or conjuror—passes through Constantinople without an invitation from the Sultan. He always pays for these performances in Bank of England notes.