

the management of native labor, and the many plant diseases which are the enemies of all cultivation in the tropics.

The pioneer planters had before them the task of reclaiming those jungle wastes; of replacing their futile extravagance of vegetation by well-ordered gardens; of repopulating those bare tracts, supplementing the scanty and inert inhabitants by larger numbers of orderly and industrious workers from other provinces.

The planters are men conversant with modern science, and use ingenious machinery well adapted to the purpose it serves. Large gardens, carefully planted, are cultivated by experts. After plucking, the leaf undergoes many processes. It is withered to condense the sap. It is rolled to squeeze the juice on to the surface. It is oxidized to develop the flavor and aroma. It is fired to dry it. It is packed in clean, lead-lined, air-tight chests.

All these processes are performed by clean automatic machinery. Thus the teas from India are pure and free from all contaminating admixture. Coming from healthy, well-matured plants, they contain all the essential elements in rich abundance.

CONCENTRATION.

"I've read my history three times, and I don't know a word of it," said Tom.

Joe grinned. "That's because you read words and think of Saturday's football game. Wait till you get into one of Mr. Brown's classes in the high school, and you'll see."

"What will he see?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Mr. Brown won't let us read our history more than once," said Joe. "He says if your mind is open the first time, more knowledge will come in and settle in the one reading than if you dawdle over the same path a dozen times."

"Eyes aren't so hard to train as ears," Joe said. "There's Frank Fiske in our class in school. His eyes went back on him, and he thought he'd have to drop out and not be graduated in June. Mr. Brown proposed that six of us fellows each take a lesson and study it aloud with Frank. I took Latin. It was hard at first, but now Frank can translate Virgil as fast with his ears as I can with my eyes."

"I believe people train their sense of hearing less than any other faculty," said Aunt Mary. "In my Bible class of grown women, when I give out references there's only one in the class that catches the whole. She writes down book, chapter, and verse as I give it. The others write the book and ask what chapter, or write the chapter and forget the verse."

"Mr. Brown ought to train them," declared Joe. "Whenever he gives us dictation he doesn't deal out a word at a time. He reads a whole paragraph before we take up our pens, even, and then we get it as well as we can. I can write it almost straight, now."

"Besides my Bible class," said Aunt Mary, "I'd like to send a great many shop clerks to him. When I give my name as Miss Sellers, and spell it for them, letter by letter, they blandly write, under my very nose, C-el-la-r-s. They've never learned to hitch their ears to their hands."

"There's old Hepsy coming in. I owe her two dollars," continued Aunt Mary, "and my purse is upstairs. Please, Tom, go up to my room to the bureau at the left of the south window, and in the upper left-hand drawer, in the box at the far right-hand corner, you'll find my purse. Will you bring it to me?"

Joe laughed at Tom's bewildered look. "I couldn't begin to remember all that, Aunt Mary," Tom said. "Tell me again."

Aunt Mary began slowly again, but before she was half through, Joe dropped the purse into her lap.

"How could you remember?" demanded Tom.

"Only concentration again," answered Joe. "I listened a step at a time. Aunt Mary says 'upstairs,' and in my mind I go up and I'm there waiting for the next direction. She says 'my room, and mentally I go in; and when she says 'bureau left of south window,' I'm there. Then it's easy to open the 'upper left-hand drawer,' and I'm ready for the 'back right-hand corner.' I don't take it as a mixed-up whole. I listen step by step, and each step is a distinct picture of a separate action, and I take that action. I don't think of what's behind."

"I think perhaps I'll try that myself," said Tom. —*Youth's Companion.*

REMEMBER THOU

The noble uses of affliction;
Preserve the quick humanity it gives;
The pitying social sense of human weakness;
Yet keep thy stubborn fortitude entire —
The manly heart that to another's woe
Is tender, but superior to its own.
Learn to submit, yet learn to conquer fortune.

— *Beaumont and Fletcher.*