

sullied as when it entered the typewriter.

The front page is very much written upon, a neat copy on one side, and on the other a copy reversed, like Alice's looking-glass writing.

What has happened?

Few, in these days, need to be told. You put the carbon paper in wrong-side to; that's all.

Such a mistake, absurd and provoking as it is, rendering necessary the wearisome duplication of the work, is nevertheless a pleasant affair compared with a like error in another sort of effort.

You are making a speech.

The speech impresses you very much. As you run off its neatly turned sentences, you purr to yourself, pat yourself on the head. 'Good boy!' you say to your inner consciousness. 'Good boy! Not every one could do that,' you say.

And, of course, you want to impress your auditors.

In fact, you think you are impressing them. You haven't a doubt of it. When you are through, you look for that impression with the greatest confidence.

And you don't find it. Minds a perfect blank. Evidently couldn't tell a thing you have been saying. Evidently don't care, either.

You have been making all the impression on yourself. You have turned the carbon paper the wrong way.

Analyze this embarrassing occurrence, and you will find that you have been thinking of yourself in the process of preparing that speech, of yourself in the process of delivering it, and that, in fine, the usual attitude of your mind is inward rather than outward. The carbon paper is turned toward yourself, and not outward, away from yourself.

Therefore, if you want to make an impression in the world, THINK OF THE OTHER FELLOW.—(C. E. World.)

Giving.

Hast thou plenty? Then rejoice,
Rejoice and freely share,
Hast thou scanty store? E'en then
A little thou canst spare.
And hast thou only bit or crumb,
A donor yet thou mayst become.

Since morsel from thy less or least
For bird or insect makes a feast,
Be the portion small or great,
Thy loving, generous heart
Will always find it large enough
To give away a part.

—From the 'Norwegian.'

Wait for the Mud to Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted and came to Father Graham, full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

'My dear boy,' Father Graham said, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be a quarrel.'

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.—(M. C. Advocate.)

Great-Aunt Maria's Cure.

'I just detest the in-between time!' grumbled Mabel Scott. 'I mean the between time of age. I don't appear well before the people, and if I play with the children, every one calls me a tomboy, and there just doesn't seem to be any place for girls of fourteen, especially if they have too many elbows and feet.'

'That's so,' said grandmother. 'I felt just that way myself until I discovered a cure for awkwardness.'

'Is there one?' asked Mabel, delightedly, taking a seat at grandmother's feet. 'Because I grow so fast that I don't have time to get used to myself, grandmother dear. I overheard uncle say, only yesterday, "Mabel was a dear little girl, and will be a fine woman, but now she ought to be kept in retirement for two or three years," and Mabel's blue eyes filled with tears.'

'I was tall for my age, too,' said grandmother's comforting voice; 'never could enter a room without stumbling over a chair or kicking up a rug, and I grew so self-conscious that I was miserable most of the time.'

'Your grandmother?' said Mabel, looking in astonishment at the stately old gentlewoman.

'Yes, I; and the way I was cured was this: I had been to a party one night, and had appeared so poorly that, on reaching home, I threw myself on my bed and cried with vexation.'

'Great-Aunt Mary was visiting us at that time, and her room being next to mine, she heard my sobs, and soon a sharp tap sounded at the door, and in she came, wearing a broad-frilled night-cap, and carrying a candle, bottle and spoon.'

'"Are you sick?" she asked; "because if you are, here is an herb to drink."

"No," I sobbed out.

"Have you hurt any one's feelings, or has anybody done harm to you?" she next inquired, in her brusque yet kindly way.

"No; oh, no," I said, "but I was so awkward, and appeared so, and couldn't think of remarks to make—and nobody ever makes—such a fool—of themselves as I do!"

"Oh," said Great-Aunt Mary, "is that all? Now, the next place you go to, try to see how many people you can make have a good time, and bring me word. And now go to sleep, or you will look like a fright to-morrow."

'The next week there was a gathering at one of the neighbor's, who had a niece from the city visiting her. While I was nervously in dread about going, by great-aunt came to me and said:

"That lame Dodd boy will do to begin on, and I shall expect quite a list, remember!"

Well, that was the first party I really enjoyed. In looking out for the Dodd boy, I forgot my feet, and they got into the room very well; for I've noticed that both hands and feet get along nicely when you leave them alone.

'I helped Jimmy Dodd in the games, and repeated the conundrums to the deaf old grandmother, who stayed up part of the evening to enjoy the fun.'

'I offered to tie on the handkerchief in the blindfold games, and so put my awkward hands to work, and—well, in thinking of others, I forgot myself, and had a happy evening, and when I told my great-aunt about it, all she said was:

"Huh! Supposed you would."

'Thank you, grandmother,' said Mabel. "I will not forget, or, at least, I will forget my hands and feet."—(Morning Star.)

Some Quaint Customs in Tibet.

In a very interesting account of the people of northern Tibet, among whom he spent some time—a not very attractive folk, by the way—Mr. W. C. J. Reid says in the 'Monthly Review': 'Tea is one of the principal staples of trade throughout Tibet and Mongolia. The natives are miserable without it, and when it cannot be obtained, are willing to cheat themselves by various expedients, such as boiling dried onion heads, herbs, or even an infusion of chips of wood in water, in order that they may not be at least without a suggestion of their favorite beverage. The tea imported from China is pressed into small oblong-shaped bricks, having the appearance of cakes of chocolate, made up into cases of nine bricks, secured by rawhide thongs. This is not only used as a beverage, but, being conveniently portable and easily passed from hand to hand, passes current as money.'

'The native method of preparing this delicacy is not of a kind that would commend itself to civilized epicures. The tea

is first ground to a fine powder by vigorously pounding it in mortar until no splinters of wood or other impurities are visible; it is then put into the copper kettle, before the K'ang, when the water is hot, to boil for five or ten minutes. By way of giving increased flavor, salt or soda is added, and this part of the operation being completed, the all-important business of drinking it commences. The host and his assembled guests being gathered around the fire by yak-dung in order that "atmosphere," as the artists would say, should not be lacking, each one draws from the folds of his garment a little wooden bowl, and, with a satisfaction which must be seen to be appreciated, fills his private dish with the liquid.

'All this, however, is put by way of preliminary. From a sheepskin full of rancid butter, placed within convenient range, each takes a piece of the oleaginous compound and lets it melt into his bowl of steaming tea. Then, with furtive grasp, he draws the "nectar" to his lips and "heaven is opened unto him." The bowl is again filled, into the steam liquid he throws a handful of tsamba, and drawing forth the sodden lump, works it into a ball of brown dough with a deft movement of his left hand, and successively bites off pieces of this delicacy and drinks his buttered tea until the visible supply has vanished, when, in order that his table etiquette may not be impugned he licks his bowl clean and puts it back into the folds of his coat.'

What You Are.

The things you do have mighty power,

And oft-times make or mar;

But never forget,

That more potent yet

Are the deathless things you are.

The spring is not higher than its source.

No glowworm can rise to a star;

Look well to the deed,

But prayerfully heed

That innermost thing you are.

The outward act is but, at best,

A copy, and how should it be

A beautiful thing

If the hidden spring

Of beauty lies not in thee?

—Eva Williams Malone.

Harry's Missionary Potato.

'I can't afford it,' said John Hale, the rich farmer, when asked to give to the cause of missions. Harry, his wide-awake grandson, was grieved and indignant.

'But the poor heathen,' he replied; 'is it not too bad that they cannot have churches and school houses and books?'

'What do you know about the heathen?' exclaimed the old man, testily. 'Do you wish to give away my hard earnings? I tell you I cannot afford it.'

But Harry was well posted in missionary intelligence, and day after day puzzled his curly head with plans for extracting money for the noble cause from his unwilling relative. At last, seizing an opportunity when his grandfather was in good humor over the election news, he said:

'Grandfather, if you do not feel able to give money to the missionary board, will you give me a potato?'

'A potato!' ejaculated Mr. Hale, looking up from his paper.

'Yes, sir; and land enough to plant it in, and what it produces for four years?'

'Oh, yes!' replied the unsuspecting grandparent, setting his glasses on his calculating nose in a way that showed he was glad to escape from the lad's persecution on such easy terms.

Harry planted the potato, and it rewarded him the first year by producing nine; these, the following season, became a peck; the next seven and a half bushels; and when the fourth harvest came, lo! the potato had increased to seventy bushels; and, when sold, the amount realized was put with a glad heart into the treasury of the Lord. Even the aged farmer exclaimed:

'Why, I did not feel that donation in the least! And, Harry, I've been thinking that if there were a little missionary like you in every house, and each one got a potato,