

The diseases presented for treatment are legion, but the most common cases are skin diseases and diseases of the eye and teeth. Perhaps rheumatism is *the* disease of Mongolia; but the manner of life and customs of the Mongols are such that it is useless to attempt to cure it. Cure it to-day, it is contracted again to-morrow.

The question, "How did you get this disease?" often elicits some curiously superstitious replies. One man lays the blame on the stars and constellations. Another confesses that when he was a lad he was mischievous, and dug holes in the ground or cut shrubs on the hill; and it is not difficult to see how he regards disease as a punishment for digging, since by digging, worms are killed; but what cutting wood on a hill can have to do with sin it is harder to see, except it be regarded as stealing the possessions of the spiritual lord of the locality. In consulting a doctor, too, a Mongol seems to lay a deal of stress on the belief that it is his *fate* to be cured by the medical man in question, and, if he finds relief, often says that his meeting this particular doctor and being cured is the result of prayer made at some previous time.

In Mongolia a foreigner is often asked to perform absurd, laughable, or impossible cures. One man wants to be made clever, another to be made fat; another to be cured of insanity, another of tobacco, another of whiskey, another of hunger, another of tea; another wants to be made strong, so as to conquer in gymnastic exercises; most men want medicine to make their beards grow; while almost every man, woman and child want to have his or her skin made as white as that of the foreigner.

Our Young Folk.

IT WAS HIS CUSTOM.

A CLERK and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening and took a seat at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing, "I have beefsteak, codfish balls and bull-heads." Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood red beet, and, touching his arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants!" "It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," said the old man. For the third time he bowed his head, and the son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist put back his fish-ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.

THE WOODEN HAT.

IT was smooth, and hard, and heavy. No doubt it made the Scotch laddie's head ache; but a hat he must have. It would never do to wear his old cloth bonnet when he went to apply for a situation in the old Soho Foundry in Birmingham, England. There was no money to buy a hat with, and nothing to make a hat of, but wood; so wood it must be, and wood it was.

You may guess that the Scotch laddie was very, very poor, and there were loved ones in the humble home that he longed to help; then you can fancy how he felt when the great foundryman—the "iron king," as Boswell named him—said, almost without looking up, in answer to his application for work: "No vacancy, young man."

The disappointed applicant stood quite still, smoothing his hat. It was so hard to give up this hope.

Suddenly the "iron king" turned his head and his eyes fell upon the hat. "What is it?" he demanded. "Give it to me;" and, taking it in his hands, he looked it over and asked the history of the new-style head-gear.

The bashful lad told the story. The hat was his own work. He had turned it in a lathe, and, moreover, was obliged to make his own lathe.

It was a story of difficulties overcome by an honest determination to succeed. The wise manufacturer engaged the patient and ingenious youth on the spot, and the day came when the master could say, "We want more Murdochs."

The Scotch lad, whose wooden hat opened the door for him to a place of honor and usefulness, was William Murdoch, the first it is said, to think of using the gas of coal for lighting purposes.

THE BLIND BASKET-GIRL.

A POOR blind girl once brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for a missionary society. Surprised that she should offer him so large a sum, he said, "You, a poor blind girl! you cannot afford to give so much as this."

"I am indeed, sir, as you say, a blind girl, but not so poor, perhaps, as you may suppose me to be; and I can prove to you that I can better afford to give thirty shillings than those who have eyes."

The clergyman was, of course, deeply interested, and said, "I shall be glad to know how you make it out."

"Sir, I am a basket maker, and being blind I can make them as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that during last winter when it was so dark, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles; and so I can well afford to give that sum for the missionaries, and I hope you will take it all."—*Angel of Peace.*

MAY'S MISTAKE.

EVERYBODY loved Aunt Rose. She had won all hearts by her merry ways and charming stories. She was always ready to give Jack riddles, tell Harry Indian tales, listen to Sue's school trials, or help May with her lessons. One morning she heard Harry say, "I wonder what it is to be a real Christian?"

"Nonsense! Don't bother yourself about it!" cried Jack. "Time enough."

"Maybe not," said Harry.

"Why, you don't expect to die yet," exclaimed Jack.

"Don't know; Jim Saunders died young. I'd like to love Jesus now," said Harry.

"Bother! I do not want to hear about it," declared Jack. "I wouldn't be such a Christian as our May. To tell you the truth, Harry, I thought it would be a good thing once, but May has put me out of the notion."

"Oh, Jack, I am sure May tries to do right."

"It is the kind of right I don't like," persisted Jack.

"She reads the Bible and prays, and goes around with tracts, and teaches Sunday Schools, and 'talks good' to me; but when it comes to helping me with my lessons or games, she's as cross as a bear! You know it well enough, Harry."

Aunt Rose was grieved at this talk, and resolved to watch May's conduct with her brothers.

She found May in great trouble one day.

"Jack will not listen to a word of advice. I am afraid he never thinks about his soul," she said.

"Perhaps he don't tell all his thoughts," said Aunt Rose. "Suppose, May, you try a different way with him; let precept go for awhile, and try example. Show the pleasant side of your religion. For instance, when Jack brings you a