

"You mean the capper for the three-card monte man, don't you? Bill Keyes—Missouri Bill."

"Yes."

"Well, by the great guns, he's the best man in the whole gang; he's just stuck old Eli Perkins for \$5. It does beat me what blankety-blankety fools them darned newspaper fellows are!"

Yours tearfully,
—Chicago Tribune.

ELI PERKINS.

The other day I stood within the composing-room of a great daily newspaper. There was nothing to delight the eye—no pictures, statues, or sumptuous furniture. Serious looking men were standing before their cases so fixedly that nothing less than the falling of the roof would have distracted their attention. Scarcely a sound was audible but the faint click of type falling into place. I never before realized so forcibly the cause why newspaper printers are, it is said, naturally cynical. To-day they set up the type that tells the world of rejoicings and festivity; to-morrow the same type is made to proclaim disaster and mourning; the same type which carries to 10,000 homes the inaugural message of the ruler of 50,000,000 of people has not time to lose its sharpness by use before it is employed to report the funeral oration in the Capitol in memory of the same man. The momentary contraction of the forefinger of a despicable wretch levels exalted hopes and robs the whole civilized world in sable. If there is a spot on earth where the instability of human affairs is epitomized hourly, it is in the composing room of a daily newspaper.—*Ez.*

Had Sense to See It.

In a certain city a laboring man, leaving a saloon, saw a costly carriage and a pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away, he said to the dealer: "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," said the dealer complacently; "it cost \$4,000; my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment, in deep thought, and looked sad; with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, he said:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?" queried the dealer.

"See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harnesses, for silks and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned that I should have given to my wife and children, I have spent at your bar. My wages, and those of others like me, have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter, my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and cure for it."

Who else will "see it," and work for themselves and their loved ones, instead of toiling to buy silk for rumsellers' wives and carriages for rumsellers' families?

When to Go.

It is hard work for a bashful man to leave company even after he is all ready to go. An exchange tells how it should be done:

Not all have learned the art of leaving in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no delaying. Don't say: "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go.

Wanted, Men and Women.

(Earnest Gilmore, in Christian Weekly).

We take up the papers daily, and casting our glances down the long columns, we see many persons asked for after the word "Wanted." Cooks and chambermaids, coachmen and butlers, clerks and porters, are needed here, and there, and everywhere.

And yet the greatest want of this nineteenth century we do not see advertised, and if we did, I think all that could conscientiously apply would find room for employment, and still there would be acres, at least, of unoccupied space.

Men wanted. Men who are honest and pure. Men who are wholesome and truthful. Men who will not be bribed. Men who are like fair, refreshing fruit, sound to the heart's core.

Men wanted. Men who are unwilling to eat the bread of idleness. Men who will scorn to wear what they have not honestly paid for. Men who know what ought to be done and will do it. Men who are not egotistic, but rather have the courage given by the Spirit to do and to dare. Men who will give counsel, who will set a good example for emulation, who will sympathize with the grieving, and succor the distressed. Men who know how to obey before they undertake to command. Men who do more than they talk. Men who do good to their friends to keep them, to their enemies to gain them. Men whose hearts compare favorably with full pocket-books—who believe in systematic giving, and advocate it. Men whose hearts are moved by the sadness of others, who are touched by a little hungry face and cold, bare feet.

Men wanted. Men who are brave and tender, men who are not ashamed to wipe tears away. Men whose acts will bring smiles to wan faces. Men who hush lamentations, and are rewarded with sweet songs of thanksgiving.

Women wanted. Women who know their own business better than their neighbors'. Women who are true and pure from centre to circumference. Women who will not weary in well-doing, who will neither flag nor flinch. Women who will not take the rear from choice. Women who know their mission and do not pursue the will-o'-the-wisp. Women who will daily do loving service, gentle little kindnesses, and do them unostentatiously. Women who will see that bare pantries are supplied, and that the shelterless find homes.

Women wanted. Women who will not drift with the tide, but who will courageously stem the current, trusting to the Omnipotent arm to support. Women who will not allow their noble impulses to be crushed by the hand of society.

Women wanted. Women who know how much power there is in a hopeful prophecy. Women who will sow their loving acts broadcast, believing that kind words never die. Women who will extend a helping hand all along life's pathway. Women with clear understanding, quick perception, and good judgment. Women of patience, who do not explode at the slightest friction. Women of forethought (yes, and afterthought), of discrimination, and great generosity. Women who will keep their eyes fixed upon the loving Master, and will not listen to the murmuring crowd. Women who brave the scorn of this world to be crowned of God.

The Training of Children.

Inducing children to will right is the great educational art. All, to be well governed, must be *taught unto themselves*. Teach Conscience to live and do right, and then train the will to obey it. Influence them to will right, but let them have their will. Show them the effects of this course and that, why this is good and that bad, that this will make them happy but that miserable, and you enlist their very self-interest in behalf of the right.—*Prof. O. S. Fowler.*

The following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor. Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say: "Two shillin', sir." The professor, fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman dryly answered: "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir."