did not interfere; he has long wanted some quartz crystal.

He has only a modest collection as yet, but it is growing slowly, and what he lacks in quality he makes up in quantity, from the pudding stone to slate; at present he is engaged in making salt crystals, and the jar on the kitchen shelf is examined regularly three times a day, to determine the state of crystalization.

To my mind the hoarding instinct is to be encouraged. The principal reasons are: The prevention of the above mentioned book-worm and "tough," and the promotion of knowledge along some special line, which many times may lead to the one occupation in life in which one is sure to succeed. All of us can recall childhood friends whose playtime occupations have in this way been the germ of a successful career. I remember three who "chummed" together, two were always working over spools, tin-can covers, anything that could be made to revolve; wire, old iron and what their friends regarded as "clutter," filled the shed until one could scarcely walk with safety. Their machines were a standing joke among the boys and girls, but both of these boys have since made important inventions in steam and electricity, and the father of one used to lament that he couldn't make a grocer out of him. He got his orders so tangled on Saturday afternoons that he was obliged to get another boy in his place.

The third boy was never so happy as when drawing maps and coloring them with crayons to imitate those in the geography; he had his walls covered with them, every country in the world and every state in the Union; I think he could draw some with his eyes shut; he is now a successful draughtsman.

So let us not scold our boys for the clutter they make, but give them a corner all to themselves where they can stow away their collections and sort and arrange and work to their heart's content, always bearing in mind the fact that the bugs and butterflies, stamps, minerals, and amateur locomotives, like good books, are the safest of company. —*The N. Y. Observer.*

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STRANDED.

Not long ago one of the large steamers which ply between the new and the old world was grounded while entering a harbor. It was found that she was fast in the sand, and that it would require the large dredging machines, as well as a large steam tug, to get the vessel afloat again.

The great steamer had good sailing all the way, but just as she had about reached her destination she stranded upon the rocks and sand. Is there not something similar in human life? Do we not see those who run well for a time and then the next thing we hear about them is that they have stranded upon the rock of sin.

Only a few weeks ago we saw a man apparently interested in church and Sabbath school and prayer meeting. He seemed to have been running well. The other day we heard that the tempter drink had lured him upon the sand. What a wreck! How useless, too, such a stranded vessel. It is the same with the human being stranded upon the rock, of not the least good to any one. We read also recently of a bank cashier who had been prominent in religious circles, and yet all the while was making wrong use of the bank's money, and when losses came he could no longer conceal his speculation. He said, "I am guilty." He was stranded upon the sand-bar of greed. We must have in mind not only the wrong which such men do to themselves, but the evil influences their wrongdoing has upon others.

Do we not see many church members upon the sand, and have we not been admonished not to build upon the sand, for there is no good foundation? If any reader of these lines is stranded, let him remember there is no need of his remaining in that position. It will take much hard labor to float the large steamer. The sand must be cleared away. The cargo must be unloaded. A powerful tug will pull away at it until finally the great ship will float once more.

It is just so with the stranded soul. The great load which is holding it to the sand must be removed. Self, the desire for money, the craving after strong drink, and lust. These must be thrown overboard, then with the help of the strong Gospel of Christ, the man will be brought once more into the proper elements, and there is hope for his soul. How many of these stranded wrecks there are all about us. What are you doing to get them off the rocks which threaten to destroy both body and soul?—*Rev. Edward Herbruck, D.D.*

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THE BISHOP'S REPLY.

Rear Admiral S. Cotton, to whom general attention is now being directed, is responsible for an interesting story. On one occasion Admiral Cotton sat at a dinner party beside the bishop of Durham, a clergyman noted for his wit. Near the bishop there was a millionaire manufacturer, a stout man, with a loud, coarse laugh, who ate and drank a good deal and who cracked every little while a stupid joke. One of the man's jokes was leveled at the brilliant bishop of Durham, whom he did not know from Adam. It was enough for him that the bishop's garb was clerical. He was a parson; here, therefore, a chance to poke a little fun at the parson's trade. "I have three sons," he began in a loud tone, nudging his neighbor and winking toward the bishop, "three fine lads. They are in trade. I have always said that if ever I had a stupid son I'd make a parson of him." The millionaire roared out his discordant laugh, and the bishop of Durham said to him with a quiet smile: "Your father evidently thought differently."—*The Commoner.*

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POOR GIRLS.

The poorest girls in the world are those not taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor and to depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class. Every daughter should learn to earn her own living, the rich as well as the poor. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do girls should learn to work. No reform is more imperative than this.—*London Gentlewomen.*

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"When you save a man, you save a unit; when you save a child, you save a multiplication-table."—*John Wanamaker.*

Watch Your Mood When Letter Writing.

Much depends upon the mood in which one sits down to write a letter. It is a good rule never to write unless you feel like writing. If it is a blue day with you, you could sit down and order a dozen lead pencils, and the stationer be none the wiser, but beware of writing to a friend in such a mood.

If you were talking to him, he would know by your expression, by the tone of your voice, that you were not yourself, and would make allowances. But in a letter he sees only the coolness, and not the reason for it. Again, it is not well to write when under great excitement. At such times you say more than you mean.

If you spoke these things, your friend, seeing your agitation, would understand that what you said was not your sober judgment. But when it is written in cold black and white, and read by some one a hundred miles away it has quite a different effect. We have all, I suppose, written letters at such times. Wait for calmer moments — your friends deserve your golden hours. —*The Chantauquan.*

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WHEN YOU MAKE A MISTAKE.

When you make a mistake in judgment or in word, or in both, own up. Don't try to explain how you came to do it, nor seek to sustain an untenable position by argument; that merely wastes time and brings you into disrepute as a contentious quibbler. There is only one way to rectify a mistake if rectification be needed, and that is frankly to admit the error and make whatever amends may be required. A straightforward confession is good for the soul. It is the tribute which conscience demands of intelligence. The man who will not admit his blunders has neither a conscience to set him straight, nor any intelligence to keep him so.

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"LIKE A LADY."

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers, "you came downstairs so noisly that you could be heard all over the houee. Now, go back, and come down the stairs properly." Frances retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. This time you came down like a lady."

"Yes'm; this time I slid down the baisters," explained Frances.

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WHAT A BOY IS LIKE.—A boy is like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use, but the more processes it is put through, the more valuable it becomes.

A bar of iron that is worth $5 in its natural state is worth $12 when it is made into horse shoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into knife blades its value is increased to $350. Made into needles, it would be worth $3,000; into balance wheels for watches, $25,000.

Just think of that, boys!

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Whiting, mixed with ammonia, will remove paint or putty marks from window glass. Mix to a cream, and let it dry upon the glass, then wash off with warm suds. Whiting for cleaning, and a good polishing with chamois, gives the most brilliantly clear windows that it is possible to obtain.

ORIGIN OF THE WEEPING WILLOW.

The weeping willow tree came to America through the medium of Alexander Pope, the poet, who placed a willow twig on the banks of the Thames at his Twickenham Villa. The twig came to him in a box of figs sent from Smyrna by a friend who had lost all in the South Sea Bubble, and had gone to that distant land to recoup his fortune. Harper's Encyclopedia of United States history tells the story of the willow's arrival in America. A young British officer who came to Boston with the army to crush the rebellion of the American colonies, brought with him a twig from Pope's now beautiful tree, intending to plant it in America when he should comfortably settle down on lands confiscated from the conquered Americans. The young officer, disappointed in these expectations, gave his willow twig, wrapped in oil silk, to John Parke Curtis, Mrs. Washington's son, who planted it on his Abingdon estate, in Virginia. It thrived and became the progenitor of all our willow trees.

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A noted teacher of physical culture makes this startling statement: He says that a tepid bath at about ninety-nine degrees Fahrenheit, taken just before retiring, in a tub where the whole body except the face is immersed, is an excellent substitute for sleep. To be exact, he says it is the only substitute known to science for nature's sweet restorer. "I have known cases of prolonged and chronic insomnia to be cured by this form of bath. Sleep, with the exception of the heart beats, is intended for perfect rest. The bath above named will come near enough producing this result to answer mnay months for sleep in cases of insomnia."—*Selected.*