

OCTOBER.

In these still days earth takes a moment's rest:
The bare, brown fields lie placid in the sun;
They are content, knowing their labor done.

There is no pleasant green place; every nest
Is empty now; the branches are all bare,
And the sweet singing birds no longer there.

The crisp, brown leaves lie deep; we go
In quest
Of ripe, full nuts that drop down lazily
Into our laps from many a loaded tree

And after all sweet hours we think the best,
And are so glad for fair October days,
When earth is seen through gold and purple haze.

For of her bounty we have been the guest
Through the pale spring, through summer's golden prime,
Through all the rich, hot days of autumn time.

We've wept and laughed with her, been sad and blest;
We've tried our love in every changeable mood,
And now with earth we rest awhile and brood.

For this year's sun sinks grandly to its west,
Knowing how sweet and gracious are its ways,
How beautiful and fair its many days;
And sitting hand in hand, our love confessed,
We calmly rest in still October's calm,
Hearing in our own hearts a low, glad psalm.

And knowing we have garnered all the best,
The sweetest hours of love, and that our store
Is now so rich that life can ask no more.
—Selected.

To Win Success.

A young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advancing very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works more conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and, when the opportunity comes, a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:—

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks; and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when one afternoon he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question,—"Can you give me anything to do?" Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go downstairs and pile up that kindling-wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man, and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came upstairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal-bin.

"Hello," said Mr. Stone. "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad, but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not; but I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter. "Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me,"—writing something on a slip

of paper,—"take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there: he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week, to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that downstairs, and—that's all." And Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow had recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent today is the young man who began by piling kindling-wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet, by any means, reached the top-most round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business house.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Girl To Be Avoided.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things you would not repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party which is to be "a dead secret," and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl that tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and have your pleasures at home, and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people, is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as "a gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And of all the others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.—*Ruth Ashmore, in The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Naming The Baby.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby.

A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for an other name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three, according to their birth.

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls are that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has, he will always reply, "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if it is ill; and the Japanese are said to change the name of a child four times.—*Wide Awake.*

He that gives good precepts, and follows them by a bad example, is like a foolish man who should take great pains to kindle a fire, and when it is kindled, throw cold water upon it to quench it.—*Seeker.*

The Girl-Guest Who Is Welcome.

She is described by "Ruth Ashmore," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We have all seen the original of the portrait, and—alas and alack!—most of us have seen her opposite also:

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half-an-hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting; and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them, by putting away her own belongings, and in this way not necessitating extra work.

The welcome guest is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion.

The welcome guest is the one who does not find children disagreeable, or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them.

The welcome guest is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips a seal of silence, so that when she goes from the house she repeats nothing but the agreeable things that she has seen.

This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say good-bye with regret, and to whom we call out welcome with the lips and from the heart.

Nose and Ear Piercing.

The ornaments put through the walls of the nose vary greatly. There may be but one perforation in each wall or there may be several. In New Zealand flowers, in New Guinea a boar's tusk, in the Solomon Islands a crab's claw, in New Britain thorns, set upright, are the objects thus worn. These are all original and primitive. After the natives come in contact with whites, these give place to metal buttons and rings. In the Sturgis Collection is a rather pretty nose ornament from New Guinea. It is V-shaped, and the arms fit by stud-shanks, one into each wall of the nose. Nose ornaments were known to the Jewess of the exile: Ezekiel xvi. 12, "And I will put a jewel on thy nose;" and Isaiah iii. 21, "The rings and nose-jewels." The cheeks are pierced by some Eskimos, who wear little round stud-buttons in the holes. Ears are pierced the world over. A few cases must suffice. Schweinfurth says that Ba-bucker women pierce the rim of the ears repeatedly, and wear therein bits of straw an inch in length, having twenty such, perhaps, in each ear. This repeated piercing of the ear is common among barbarous people, and we have seen a woman of the Sac and Fox Indians who wore seven brass rings in one ear. Ears may be slit and stretched instead of pierced. They then hang in long loops. Catlin gives a picture of an Indian whose beauty had been increased in this way. The Anchorite Islander slits his ears, while the Fijian often has them slit and stretched to such an extent that the two fists might be placed in the openings. Slit ears may be of practical use. The Kafir carries his snuff-box in his ear-hole, and Capt. Cook figures a Mangai Islander who carries a large knife in his right ear.

A Brave Kangaroo.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia, describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At last she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While the baby was satisfying its thirst, the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story to be

able to state that the eye-witness was so affected by the scene, that from that time forward he would never shoot a kangaroo.—*New York Telegram.*

Young Peoples' Column.

Edited by C. E. BLACK, St. John, N. B.
Devoted to Puzzles, Letters, Solutions, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: Onward! Upward.

[The Mystery Solved.—No. 41.]

No. 238.—
"Absence of occupation is not rest; A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

No. 239.—"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

No. 240.—
1. A 2. A 3. W
E L K A D A T H E
A L L E N A D U L T W H I N E
K E Y A L E E N D
N T E

No. 241.—Collar.

No. 242.—1. Bangor. 2. Juda. 3. Not.

[The Mystery No. 44.]

No. 260.—DROP-VOVWEL PUZZLE.
(BY K. L. BARKER, Bath.)
H-l-v-s l-ng th-t l-v-s w-ll; -nd t-m-m-s-p-n-t-a-n-t l-v-d, b-t l-st.

No. 261.—TRANSPPOSITION.
Where in the Bible do we find—I dame em dreangs dan cordsrah nad I deplna esert ni meht fo lal dnki fo sturfi—D. McMULKIN.

No. 262.—TRANSPPOSITION.
Etg twah oug nao dan wiah yuo egt lodh ti is het rimes atht runts lal sh edal toin dolg.

No. 263.—DIAMOND.
1. A letter; 2. a part of a circle; 3. a berry; 4. an enclosure of fruit trees; 5. level ground; 6. a species of whale; 7. a letter.

"PEARL."
No. 264.—CHARADE.
My first is to break short.
My second is a winged animal.
My whole is a plant.

Berwick.

No. 265.—DROP-VOVWEL.
(BY F. L. BARNES.)
Th-v-ry l-w wh-ch m-lds-t-r, -nd b-ds-t-tr-ckl-fr-m-ts-s-r, Th-t l-w pr-s-rv-s th-e-rth-sph-r, -nd g-d-s-th-pl-n-ts-n-th-r-c-r.

No. 266.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.
In apples, not in berries;
In ink, not in pen;
In branch, not in leaf;
In hen, not in duck;
In day, not in night;
In pencil, not in slate;
In purple, not in scarlet;
In sell, not in buy;
In sea, not in strait;
My whole is the name of a fruit.

H. B. S. MERRITHREW.
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