FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

SOME ENTERTAINING CONVERSATION WITH THE YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

In Regard to Learning Trades—W y He Blushed—Interesting Matter and Humorous Items.

The subject which is frequently brought up for discussion, and which considers an important matter, is that in relation to the trade which a young man shall learn and be the most likely to become successful in. A writer in an exchange brings out some very pertinent points in discussing the question, and says: "We hear much now-a-days about manual training schools and the desirability of boys learning trades. This is very commendable, but there is one serious drawback. What shall the trade be which will assure him an occupation in the future and a sufficient return to remunerate him for the time and trouble expended? This is no simple question, even provided we know that affairs will not change during the next decade. The question, however, is becoming more complicated, because of the invention of machinery which acts the part of man, and almost thinks for him. Today 15,000 electro-platers are skilled laborers; tomorrow electricity reduces the number to 500. New inventions only permit one-tenth of the former molders in plaster to find work. The lather and the plasterer view with alarm the rapid inroads of fireproof materials. The type-setter knows that his days are numbered. The carpenter sees the well-equipped mill making a house in parts before his suspended hammer, and wonders how soon he must seek the mills or another occupation. So goes the world, and therefore the father who has the best interest of his children at heart may well hesitate when he plans for their future. Such has been the phenomenal advance in invention of late that the possibilities are beyond conjecture. There will always be, however, much for man to do; but how he shall anticipate by preparation in his youth almost needs the gift of second sight."—American Cultivator.

Always Something New.

There is nothing more useless than to talk of the unknowable and impossible. For pretty soon facts rise up and contradict one. Says a writer in Christian Union: "I recollect hearing, when I was a young man, a lecture on Benjamin Franklin, which wound up something after this fashion: 'Franklin lived in a fortunate age. The laws of nature had not then been thoroughly investigated, and much was waiting to be discovered which Franklin was so fortunate as to discover. But now, when we have made out the rings of Saturn and the four asteroids, and when men are actually talking about sending messages by the lightning which Franklin brought down, there is little hope of any of us distinguishing ourselves by new discoveries.' Well, sir, since I heard that lecture, you know what has happened. We have discovered two hundred asteroids in place of the old four, we have put the planets in scales and weighed them, and instead of talking *about* lightning we are talking *by* lightning from one end of this globe of ours to the other. I remember, also, about the time that lecture was delivered I heard of and saw an old man who was considered a lunatic because he had spent a good deal of time and money in trying to perfect a vehicle by which a man might propel himself on wheels. 'Ride and walk at the same time!' people said. 'Why, of course he is demented!'"

What to Do When Starving.

A survivor of the hardships of Fremont's terrible four expeditions writes as follows in a posthumous narrative of the expedition in The Century, in which he more than hints at the fact of cannibalism:

It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a bountiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiæ of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-three that entered the mountains had perished, and a few days more would have finished the others.

Tried to Cheat the Conductor.

"One day a gentleman got on my car," writes a conductor in Cin. Enquirer. "He carried an open umbrella hung on his arm. When I asked for his fare he gave me a silver dollar and held his hand out for the change. I counted it out and was turning to go on when he said: 'I beg you pardon, but you have made a mistake. I am half a dollar short.'

"I was positive that I had given him the full amount of his change, and told him so.

"'You are mistaken,' he said. 'See, here is the change you gave me.' and he still held the money in his open hand.

"There was nothing for me to do but give him another half-dollar and I did so. I went out on the back platform, and the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that I had given him the correct change. Finally a thought struck me, and I waited. When he came out on the platform to leave the car I managed to tip up the umbrella as he stepped down into the street. Out rolled a half dollar on the stones. I think he would have thoroughly enjoyed choking me as I climbed down and picked it up."

SHOOTING HIS FIRST DEER.

His Sensations Before and After He Fired the Shot.

"I remember my first deer," somebody writes in the New York Tribune. "I was in northern California and was crazy to get a shot at one. There were five of us in camp, besides the guide, and we were all enthusiastic save one who had killed his share of deer in his lifetime. I remember seeing the guide one afternoon at work with hammer and nails on a saw-horse. Afterward I saw him examining a deerskin which hung on the wall. The next day we were lying around smoking, when Jake, the guide, came running into camp. He was breathless, and cried out between his gasps: 'Get your rifles; there's a deer grazing over on the other side of the ravine up there.'

"There was wild excitement in the camp. We all seized our guns and ammunition and started after Jake on the run.

"Well, the cynic, was missing, and I thought with grim delight of his disgust when we should come back to camp in triumph bearing our trophy. The guide led us a terribly hot race, and then as we approached the rise over the ravine he turned and placed his fingers on his lips.

"'S-s-sh!' he said; 'we may come upon him at any minute. I was in a tremble, but I was determined to have the first shot.

"Jake led us carefully along until we came opposite a clearing on the other side of the ravine. Suddenly he stopped and grabbed my arm. There he was. I could see him browsing behind some brush, and my knees grew weak. We got down on our hands and knees and crawled carefully along. Then came the time to fire.

"'All take aim,' said Jake, 'and I'll count "three" and "fire."' Our three guns were at our shoulders, and Jake began to count. I lost my senses, and could not find the trigger of my gun. I had deer ague. I heard him count out in a low voice, one, two, and my muscles were paralyzed. 'Three and fire!' There were three shots, but I stood like a fool, shaking with my weakness.

"'Quick!' cried Jake, 'before he jumps! Now's your chance! They've missed him!'

"At the instant that the others fired I found the trigger, and at Jake's word I pulled it. I saw the deer quiver for a moment and then sink to the earth.

"'I got him!' I cried in a burst of joy.

"'No, I got him,' cried the other three.

"'I tell you, you missed him.' I cried, and dropping my gun I went leaping down the side of the ravine, the others in hot pursuit. There was a patch of briars at the bottom, but I rushed wildly through them, tearing my face and hands and yelling like a crazy man that I had shot the deer. We had a lively race of it. I jumped into the creek, and half plashed and half swam through it, clambering up the bank and running for my deer, my clothes dripping and my heart thumping like a trip-hammer. When I reached my deer my companions were close behind me and then I stopped short. Will, the cynic, was lying on his back in convulsions of laughter, the string still in his hand with which he had pulled our noble game to earth when we fired. Jake had made a deer to order with the sawhorse and skin, and Will and he had set it up across the ravine. I was so white with rage and mortification that I could not speak, while Will continued to roar with laughter.

"'Who shot it?' he cried, and at that I turned back to camp. That experience so disgusted me that I have never since gone deer hunting."

A FEW FUNNY ERRORS.

Some of the Humorous Slips Made in Newspaperdom.

The mistakes in newspaper offices arising from the faulty chirography of occasional and regular contributions have led to the publication of a few specimens. The Oswego Palladium refers to one instance, that of a Syracuse clergyman who gave the manuscript of a sermon of his to a reporter of the Standard, for the purpose of making an abstract of the discourse for publication. The manuscript said of John Wesley that "though only a presbyter, he himself ordained Thomas Coke to the office of the episcopacy." The preacher's penmanship was so bad, however, that the reporter made out this statement to mean and read "though only a Presbyterian he himself ordained his cook to the office of the episcopacy."

The Brooklyn Eagle follows this up by relating how some manuscript of Dr. Talmage came to its office at one time in which occurred the words: "My text finds the Lord." When the words appeared in print they were neatly transformed to read: "My tall friend, our Lord."

Horace Greeley's manuscript was a puzzle to most people, and therefore it is not to be wondered at when he wrote: "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true," the types made him say: "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; yes, 'tis fifty-two."

On a Rochester daily a few years ago a reporter wound up a sketch of a little boy who had died from the effects of an explosion of firecrackers, which he carried in his pockets, in these words: "His afflicted and bereaved parents will have the sympathy," etc. The announcement as it appeared in print was an offer of sympathy to "His afflicted and burned pants."

Roman Catholics in Scotland.

In 1851 the Roman Catholics had 118 priests in Scotland; now they have 317; they had at the former date 123 churches and stations, now they have 329; they had then no monastic institutions, now they have 11, they had then no convents, now they have 36, they had then only 1 college, now they have 5.

A Timely Hint.

"Going a fishing?" inquired his wife. "Yes, catch about a dozen or so." "Why so few? Fish are so cheap now you might as well catch a couple of dozen while about it."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Test.

Did you ever watch people when they can't have their own way? Their behavior under these conditions always shows how little or how much they have of religion and good manners.

CONDENSED KNOWLEDGE.

Little Items That Are Big With Valuable Information.

Sir John Lubbock kept a queen bee for fifteen years, a test proving her eggs to be just as fertile at that age as they were twelve years before.

Africa has an area of 11,000,000 square miles. It is larger than any other continent, except Asia, and is 234 times the size of the state of New York. It presents a unique field for the geographical distribution of animals, as out of its total of 523 species 472 are peculiar to that country.

The China Sea and the Bay of Fundy are the two roughest seas in the world.

According to the assertion of the eminent physiologist, Sappy, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which gastric juice is secreted.

The base of celluloid is common paper; by action of sulphuric and nitric acids it is changed to gun cotton, then dried, ground and mixed with from twenty to forty per cent. of camphor, after which it is ground fine, colored with powder colors, cast in sheets, pressed very hard, and at last baked between sets of superheated rollers.

A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that time will not show it has diminished in the least; a grain of carmine on half a grain of aniline will tinge a hogshead of water so that a strong microscope will detect coloring matter in every drop.

The sun is 92,500,000 miles from the earth; the latter receives only one two-thousand-millionth of the solar heat; the nearest fixed star is 16,000,000,000 miles distant, and it takes three years for its light to reach the earth.

In a criminal lately beheaded in France the beats of the heart were noted during more than six minutes and experiments were made to demonstrate the independence of the ventricular and articular contractions. This is the first time such observations were ever made on man.—Current Literature.

WINDOWS IN EARLY TIMES.

Such a Luxury that They Were Subject to a Special Tax.

By the act of parliament of the forty-third year of George III., from and after April 5, 1804, in England, and May 24, 1804, in Scotland, a tax was levied on the windows of dwelling houses. On a house of not more than six windows and skylights, whether exterior or interior, under the annual rent of five pounds, a duty was charged, annually, of six shillings in England and four shillings in Scotland. Of annual rent of five pounds and above, in England eight shillings, and in Scotland six shillings, and so proportionately to a house of one hundred and eighty windows, which was charged in England eighty-three pounds and in Scotland eighty-two pounds and eighteen shillings. A house with above one hundred and eighty windows was charged, both in England and Scotland, half a crown for every light. Exemptions from the tax were: (1) Any house of the king, or any member of the royal family; (2) any public office, hospital, charity school, or house provided for poor persons—except the officers' or servants' apartments; (3) any room licensed for divine worship; (4) any dairy connected with a dwelling house, the windows of which were made with splines or wooden laths, or iron bars, and without glass, and the door of which had the word "Dairy" or "Cheese-room" painted on it.

A Strange Cure.

Speaking of these "literary fellers," as Horace Greeley called them, reminds a Chicago Herald man of a peculiar story he heard a few days ago: A certain brilliant woman who had come into a fortune on the death of her husband found the bacillus of literary ambition pervading her system. Lacking originality she employed her acquirements as a linguist to the task of building up a translator's reputation. Much to her disgust, all her efforts in this line were unavailing. Manuscript after manuscript was rejected by newspapers, book publishers, and syndicates. She kept on, however, until her mind became unbalanced and she was taken to an insane asylum. Among her papers the physician in charge of the case found an English rendition of one of Guy de Maupassant's stories. He sent the manuscript to a syndicate. It was accepted. The doctor thereupon presented a printed copy of her translation to his patient. The effect was magical. Her old ambition returned, her mind resumed its normal condition, and she has been discharged from the asylum—cured. Once in a good while publishers do a good deed."

Grace Greenwood on Small Economies

One rainy morning a few days ago, it happened to me to surprise Grace Greenwood sewing. "Do you," she asked, "use the needle?" Truth forced me to confess that I had little knowledge of its gentle mysteries. "You are fortunate," she said. "take good care you don't learn; if one becomes a business woman it behooves her to know that she can't succeed if she fritters away her energies on too many small economies. She mustn't work in an office all day and then sit up half of the night to make her own dresses; if a man earns $5 a week he doesn't try to save by stitching up the seams of his own coat or trousers. If he did he would never earn any more than $5; he puts his head into his business and schemes to make himself more valuable, then he buys coats and trousers with his increased salary. A woman saves at the spigot and breaks down. I've wasted half my life sewing but"—this with a reminiscent smile—"I was brought up to sew and I like it."—New York letter.

Odds is the Difference.

When a subject of the king of Dahomey is ailing he is bled from the arm. If this doesn't cure him, he is laid on his face and two men walk up and down his spine. If this fails, his case is called incurable, and he is left to shift for himself as a very obstinate fellow.

A Poor Rule.

There is no rule without its exception. The czar's rule, for instance, has several exceptions. They are not generally called exceptions, however, but nihilists.—Drake's Magazine.

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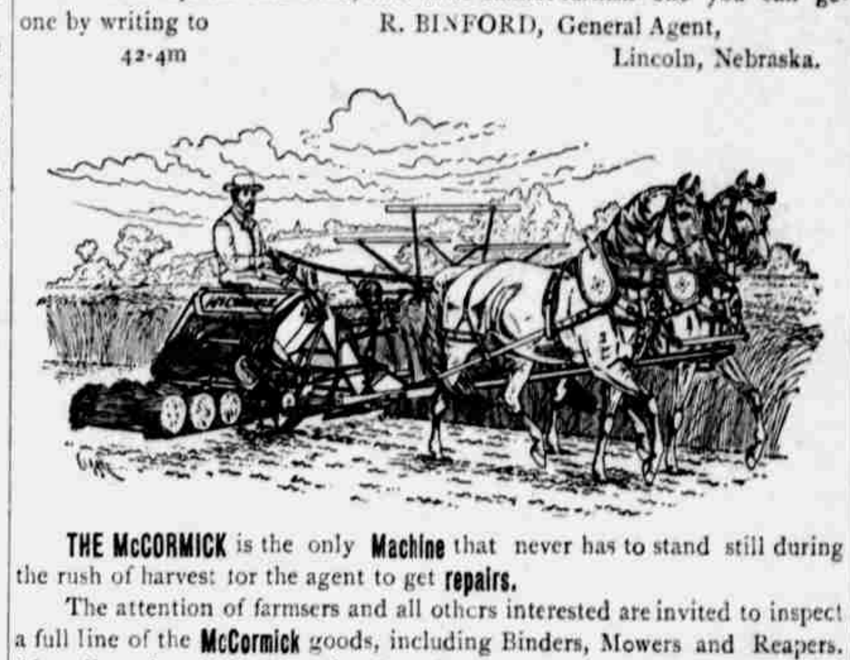

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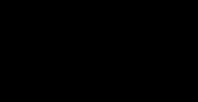
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