

VOL. 38.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 30, 1890.

THE ALPINE FLOWER.

DOWN, down, o'er rocky ledge, the chamois hunter fell, Till shelving of a fissure chanced his feet to stay. Far, far above him rose the white-capped Alpine hights; A precipice below. Above, the mountain goat With flying feet mocked his despair. The eternal snows. Gleaming in sunshine, winged no prayer to heaven On airy flight or icy spire, but shimmered down Its glory to the depths below, lighting his tomb.

The weary day was folded in its stern repose By dreary curtains of the night. The burning eyes Of myriad stars looked down, the while o'er cloud-

flecked blue The moon trailed silver robes. O solitude so grand!

Thy speech too deep for human words! Silence, whose hush

Startles to fear at distant roar of glacier's sweep, Then vast, profound, as o'er creation's morn held sway.

At last the awful hours sped by, and daylight dawned;

And looking up to greet the light, he saw a flower-A little blue-fringed gentian-growing in the rock. Borne by the careless wind, the seed had fallen there In crevice bare; now for him [smiled its lovely bloom.

"Promise of good! Shall God," thought he, "Care for the flower and not for me?"

And lifting up his voice, there rang

O'er cliff and mountain glade: "God is our refuge and our strength, In straits a present aid."

Higher than Alpine crags the echoes of that song Moved on and on until they reached a human ear; Or did an angel, listening, swiftly bear the need To Him who hears our lowliest cry of faith and

trust? Ah, who may know? But answering shouts rolled down and down,

Until the hymn, so like a wailing prayer begun, Rose like a mighty chorus to the sky again.

How cruel seemed thy fate, O flower of Alpine vale, To find a barren rock whereon to rest! And yet thy blue-fringed petals wept glad tears of

joy, When, folded to a mother's loving breast, The mission of thy life was told, that saved her boy. And like a precious treasure, to this day, In sacred Bible lid thou'rt hid away!

-Christian Weekly.

FANNIE'S BROTHER.

DO think he is the most disagreeable boy that ever lived. He was pleasant enough to you last night and this morning, of course, because you had

just come, but wait till you know him!" "O Fannie! that seems an awful way to talk of one's own brother!"

"I can't help it; he *is* disagreeable! He is always doing the most hateful things. And as to ever being kind and obliging—he dou't know how. You never had a brother like him, Esther, so you can't be a judge of Harry."

"No; Albert and I are always doing things for each other. We never have a cross word," said Esther, and she walked over to the broad window overlooking the large garden of Mrs. Dale's house, and stood there, gazing out absently, a dreamy expression in her eyes.

Fannie, who was putting things to rights in the bed-room, went on with her work of dusting the bureau.

"Perhaps you don't treat him in the right way,"

said Esther at last, turning around from the window. "How do you mean, Esther? I treat him as well as he does me."

"Perhaps so; but I have heard mother say that love begets love; and if we love and admire a person, and do all we can to win affection, it is sure to be given to us. *Every one* feels better for making sacrifices and doing favors. I know that whenever I make



any one a little present, I feel light-hearted and happy. Haven't you felt so, too?"

"I suppose so. I don't remember," answered Fannie. "I haven't money to buy presents very often." "I make most of mine," said Esther. "Last winter I crocheted a little work-basket, starched it and shellaced it, and took it to an old crippled woman whose daughter washes for us sometimes. I had run little blue and red ribbons around it, and you ought to have seen how pleased the old creature was. She said she had never had such a pretty thing before, and she kept it on the window-seat all the time so she could admire it. I was so glad I made it."

"And do you think I might make a crocheted workbasket for Harry?" laughed Fannie. "I think I see him throwing it out of the window!"

"No; of course not," said Esther, looking a little hurt.

"Well, it sounded like it, any way. Come, now, I have finished this room; and we'll go into Harry's. You'll see confusion and disorder enough there. He is so careless. I do wish we could afford to keep a girl. I can't bear to do chamber-work."

Harry's room was directly across the hall. It was indeed in a state of wild disorder, and Fannie did not attempt to straighten it. She made up the bed as quickly as possible, and set a chair back against the wall; but that was all.

"Aren't you going to sweep and dust?" asked Esther in surprise, as Fannie turned to leave the room.

"No, indeed; Harry wouldn't notice it if I did; and, now I'm all through, we can go down town to see the public library and the greenhouses. I'm not going to work any more than I can help while you are here."

"O Fannie, then I'll be sorry I came."

"Nonsense. You'll be here only a week, and I need a rest, anyhow."

"But your mother will complain."

"Mother is too busy down-stairs to look after the chamber-work. So long as I keep her own room looking nice, she won't say a word. I don't think she ever goes into Harry's; she hasn't time. Oh, dear! if Harry were only like some boys I know, we could get him to take us to the concert tonight. I'm so fond of music, and yet I seldom go out in the evening, for I have no one to take me. Mother is so tired out when night comes that she isn't fit to go anywhere, and Harry wouldn't take me if I begged him on my knees."

Esther's face had worn a very thoughtful look while her friend was speaking.

"Why not turn over a new leaf, Fannie? It couldn't do any harm, and it *might* do good. Do everything you can think of for him, and see if he wouldn't want to do something for *you*. I know he would, if only because he didn't want to be under obligations to you."

"It wouldn't be of any use."

"Try it, anyhow," urged Esther.

Fannie still hesitated, but Esther argued so long that she finally consented, rather reluctantly, to try the plan.

Together the two girls put the room in perfect order, sweeping, dusting, and arranging everything to the best of their ability.

"It makes a great change, anyhow," said Fannie, when the work was done. "He can't fail to notice it."

"Now what else can we do for him?" asked Esther. "I can mend that coat pocket he has been grumbling about for a week," said Fannie. "It is on the table in the sitting-room, and mother hasn't had time to touch it."

The mending of the pocket took just fifteen minutes, and then the coat was hung up in the owner's closet. This accomplished, the two girls went down town, and Fannie confessed that she *did* feel happier. It was very pleasant to feel that she had done her duty,

at least.

It was one o'clock when they reached home, and Esther ran upstairs to take off her hat and jacket, but Fannie went straight down the hall to the diningroom. As she reached the door, she heard her brother's voice:—

"Oh, I guess they can get along without going to the concert, mother! You know very well that it is no pleasure for me to take Fannie anywhere. She never gives me a pleasant word. If she chooses to have visitors, she must amuse them as best she can. It's her own fault if they don't enjoy themselves."

Fannie's cheeks flushed scarlet, and an angry light came into her brown eyes. Her first impulse was to rush into the room and make a sharp rejoinder; but fortunately she restrained herself, and turning around, went upstairs.

When she came down, ten minutes later, she was perfectly calm. She resolved to give the new plan a good trial.

Dinner passed off quietly, and nothing was said about the concert. Harry was very pleasant to Esther, and told her of various places she must visit during her stay; but he did not offer to act as her escort.

"By the way, mother," he said, as he rose from the table, "did you mend that coat?"

"My dear, I haven't had time," answered Mrs. Dale. "I have been busy in the kitchen all the morning, putting up pickles. I will try to do it for you this afternoon."

"I mended it, Harry," said Fannie, her color rising slightly, "and I hung the coat in your closet."

"You mended it!" said Harry, with a look of surprise. "Well, that's something new. I'm much obliged!"

And he went out.

He came back in a few minutes, wearing the coat. "You must have had a good streak this morning, Fan," he said; "was it you who put my room in such apple-pie order?"

"Esther and I together," answered Fannie.

"It looks fifty times better. There! I've forgotten a handkerchief, Birdie," to one of his little sisters. "Can't you run upstairs and get a handkerchief from my top bureau drawer?"

"She couldn't reach up; I'll get it," said Fannie, and was out of the room before her brother had time to reply.

He looked at her curiously when she came back with the handkerchief, but said nothing except, "Thank you."

"I wish you would stop at Miller's on your way home this evening, Harry, and ask why the rug I bought yesterday hasn't been sent up," said his mother, as the young man was about to leave the room.

"It is very much out of my way, mother. If I go there on my way home, you'll have to wait supper for me."

"Why can't Esther and I go down there this afternoon?" asked Fannie quickly, and without looking at her brother. "We won't have much to do, and the walk will do us good."

"It would be a great favor to me if you would," said Harry.

"Then we will go," replied Fannie.

When Harry had gone, and Mrs. Dale had taken the two little girls upstairs, leaving Fannie to clear off the dinner-table, Esther put her arm about her friend's waist.

"What do you think of the new plan now, Fannie?" she asked.

"I do feel happier—I like it, if only on that account," answered Fannie, frankly.

"The longer you follow it, the easier it will be," said Esther, "and it will become second nature for you to do favors for Harry."

That evening when Harry came in, he threw three yellow tickets into Fannie's lap, as she sat at the window, cutting out paper dolls for little Edith.

"Oh-for the concert!" cried Fannie, excitedly.

"Yes. I thought you would like to take Esther," said her brother, "and I would enjoy going myself." "Will you really take us, Harry?"

"Why, of course I will. What did I buy the tickets for, if not to take you?"

Obeying a sudden impulse, Fannie sprang up, and threw her arms around her brother's neck.

"O Harry, please forgive me for the way I've treated you. I'm so sorry." And then she burst into tears.

Harry patted her shoulder, and looked very uncomfortable.

"I've been to blame, too, Fannie," he said at length. "Let's be different after this. There, don't cry any more. I hear some one coming, and Edith looks as if she would cry, too, in half a minute."

Fannie looked up, and smiled through her tears. "I may be crying, but I'm happy, nevertheless," she said.

And she had just time to escape from the room by one door before Esther entered by another. She told Esther all about it, though, that night after returning from the concert.

"I see now it was not the brother that was at fault, but the way I treated him," she said. "I think brothers must be pretty much alike all the world over, after

And Esther said she thought so too.—Selected.

all?

I SUPPOSE there is scarcely a boy or girl who has not felt like complaining when compelled to undo a piece of work because it was not done right at first. The boy who has had to hoe a potato patch over because he leveled off the weeds instead of digging them up by the roots, or the girl who has had to pick out a long seam because she set the stitches unevenly, hardly felt at the time that it paid to be so particular. The long hours spent after school in learning some neglected lesson are looked upon as an irksome restraint or as an infringement upon personal liberty. Perhaps even feelings of resentment are often cherished toward the wise friend who insists upon thoroughness in everything. But as the years go by, and these same boys and girls take their place among the world's workers, they will see how important to good work are faithfulness and accuracy in little things, and they will then bless the firm hand that insisted on carefulness when they were too inexperienced to see the need of it themselves.

Too many young people seem to think that if they can only manage in some way to give creditable replies to the questions put to them in school, it will answer quite as well as if they learned their lessons thoroughly, and that no harm is done so long as the teacher does not find out that they are shirking. But the question ought not to be thought of in that way. Boys and girls should remember that a school is not held for the benefit of the teacher, but for the good of the scholars; and that when they fail through negligence, the result will be felt by themselves. All through their lives they will be weaker, not only on account of the facts they have failed to learn, but on account of the careless habits they have allowed themselves to form.

The following letter and comments from an exchange contain a lesson of such importance that, although you may have read it, it will do you no harm to hear it again. The letter was written by a New York firm to a friend of the girl, who was discharged from a good position because she had not learned to be thorough:—

"MY DEAR MADAM: The — company has been compelled to tell — that it has no further work for her. I had to announce this decision to her yesterday, giving her next week's pay in advance, so that she can have a week to re-establish herself.

"It is unnecessary for me to say that Mr. has tried to give her every help he could to make a place for herself. He has been kindness itself. But although the girl is faithful, steady, regular, willing, and a hard worker, she is altogether incompetent as a stenographer and type-writer. She lacks the ground-work of elementary education, and we must give up trying to educate her. Personally, I have much interest in her, and I should be glad to do anything I can to help her. I have suggested that she call on you to-morrow and get your advice. There is, however, no alternative but for us to part with her; it would be better economy for the -----Company to contribute to her support as a matter of charity than to try to carry her longer on its pay-roll.

"I write now because I know you are interested in her.

"Yours sincerely,

The exchange says: "The young girl discharged had been in the employ of this firm almost a year, though from the first week it was a question whether she would ever be valuable. As the letter states, she was faithful and a hard worker. The faults she had were the result of careless work in school. She could not spell, and she would write a whole letter without a comma. These faults were pointed out to her, and she was told that she would be allowed a half day for study and practice for a month. For a few days she used her time well, but she lacked the first element of business ability, perseverance. At last it became so evident that it was a hopeless case, that she was discharged. What is she to do? She has not the money to support herself while getting the grounding of an education; she probably will never find another employer

to give her the opportunity the last one gave her, and, after spending months in learning the stenographic characters and how to read them, and a year in practice in an office, she must find some other business. Earnest work in school would have saved this, and today she would hold a position that would grow more valuable each year."

A wise builder always lays a solid foundation. And in the matter of getting an education those who are wise lay a good foundation by mastering thoroughly the first principles. You recollect, do you not, that story about the foolish man who built a splendid mansion on the sand? When a great wind arose, that tested the strength of the structure, it fell because it had no solid foundation. A like misfortune comes to those boys and girls who are so anxious to appear advanced that they are not willing to master patiently the common branches, or who are too indolent or have too much fun on hand to do so. When the test of practical work comes, they fail because they have not laid a good foundation.

Besides this, there is another reason for well-doing. "One is our Master, even Christ." If he, the one supremely wise, thought it necessary to finish the most insignificant part of the works of creation with a nicety to which we can never attain, shall we, who profess to imitate him, dare to do less than our best? Will you not let the thought that you are Christ's and trying to follow his example help you to do faithfully and well whatever study or humble taskwork may come to your hands to be done?

FOR HIS SAKE.

W. E. L.

"How can we love those who don't love us—much less our enemies?" mused Mollie, as she carefully watered her window plants, thinking meanwhile of the Sunday-school lesson. "'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' I don't see how it can be done. No one uses me despitefully, but if any one did, I am sure I shouldn't love him. I should n't even try."

"How thrifty your plants are, Mollie," said some one who had heard Mollie's half-audible soliloquy.

"Yes, don't they grow famously?" "You must be very fond of plants."

"Why, no, I don't think I am naturally. I used to consider it a trouble to watch and water them every day."

"What made you do it, then?"

"O auntie! you know they were sister Annie's plants. She loved them, and when she died I took care of them for her sake; but now, somehow, I have grown fond of them too, they seem so grateful, and it is such a delight to discover new buds and leaves day after day. See how full of splendid blossoms this cactus is."

"Is that the same cactus that poisoned you last spring? I remember your hands were swollen and painful."

"Yes, it is the same cactus, but it was not the fault of the plant. You see, I didn't know how to manage it; I don't get thorns in my hands now unless I am careless. And really, auntie, I think I am more fond of it than of the other plants, it blooms so magnificently."

"Is it then impossible to love those who despitefully use you?"

"Why, auntie!" exclaimed Mollie, facing about, a sudden light in her eyes.

"Yes, Mollie, that is the way. You took care of them for dear Annie's sake, and so grew to loving them for their own sake, even the one that despitefully used you. For *His* sake, Mollie, always for *His* sake, and the rest will follow."—*Selected*.

THE PRAYING LITTLE CRIPPLE.

I ONCE knew a little cripple, who lay upon her deathbed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labor for him actively among the lost.

Her pastor visited her, and hearing her complaint, told her that there from her sick-bed she could offer prayer for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write their names down, and then to pray earnestly for them.

Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her pillow, was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had been converted in the revival. By each name was a little cross, by which the little cripple saint had checked off the name of each convert as it had been reported to her.—Moody's Child Stories.

For the INSTRUCTOR. BE THOROUGH. APRIL 30, 1890.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

For Our Sittle Ones.

SPRING PLANTING-TIME

OXHAT will you sow. little children, what will you sow? In your garden you wish that sweet flowers would blossom and grow?

Then be careful to choose from the myriads of wonderful seeds The caskets that lock up delight, and beware of the weeds?

If you sow nettles, alas for the crop you will reap!

Stings and poison and pain, bitter tears for your eyes to weep. If you plant lilies and roses and pinks and sweet-peas What beauty will charm you, what perfumes on every breeze!

Thus it will be, little folk, in the garden of life;

Sow seeds of Ill-nature, you 'll reap only sorrow and strife; But pleasant, kind words, gentle deeds, happy thoughts, if you sow.

What roses and lilies of love will spring round you and grow! Smiles will respond to yours brighter than marigolds are,

And sweeter than fragrance of any sweet flower, by far; From the blossoms of beautiful deeds

will a blessing arise, And a welcome at sight of you kindle in every one's eyes.

Then what will you sow, my dear children? what will you sow?

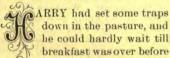
Seeds of kindness, of sweetness, of patience, drop softly, and lo!

Love shall blossom around you in joy and in beauty, and make A garden of paradise here upon earth

for your sake.

-Celia Thaxter.

For the INSTRUCTOR. "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."



going to see if he had caught anything. He started off bareheaded, calling for Albert, and of course Tiny wanted to go too. Albert and Harry were brothers, and Tiny was their sister.

Harry did n't like to "have girls along," so he spoke up quite crossly, "Tiny'd better go back, for the grass is wet, and she'll take cold. Besides, it's no place for a girl, any way.'

Tiny's lip began to quiver, and Albert hastened to say, "Oh, let her come. Here, Tiny, I'll carry you over to the pasture, so your toots' won't get wet. And as for going to see the traps, I think she has just as much right as we have. Now, then, up she comes." Albert was strong, and Tiny en-

joyed the ride in his arms. It was a beautiful day, and everything seemed so happy. The blue sky poured out an ocean of light; and the fields were green, thickly

studded with dandelions,—"gold dollars," Tiny said, "scattered out of the sky for poor folks." The birds were going to housekeeping, and the lambs were frisk-ing around, "playing tag," Tiny thought.

"It seems as if somebody very good has walked all around the whole world," said Tiny, "and made everything happy. Hark! hear the bees humming." And she began singing a school song :-

> "Out in the beautiful garden, Say will you come with me now? The oriole swings as he gaily sings High in the maple bough. Come, come, come, Hear the buzz and hum, As if a band from fairy land, Were coming from under the ground."

"Here we are," said Harry, stooping down in the pasture to examine his traps, and then exclaiming excitedly, "There's something in this one!"

"Oh, it's a little bird!" said Tiny. "I hear its wings beating about. It will hurt itself. Take it out, Harry."

Harry put his hand inside, and caught the poor little fluttering thing. "Poor little bird!" said Tiny. "How I wish the

birds weren't so frightened at us. Perhaps its a little mother bird. O Harry, what if it is a little mother bird, and has some little birds waiting for her to come? How long do you suppose it's been in that trap?"

"I don't know."

"And even if it isn't a mother bird," continued Tiny, not noticing the cross tone, "it's too bad to frighten it so, and to keep it away from its friends in the sky. Do let it go!"

"Not much!" said Harry. "I'm going to keep it in a cage, and may be I'll stuff it after awhile.' Tiny really looked as if she was going to cry.

"O Harry, I'll give you all the money in my bank if you'll only let it go. Just think how lonely a cage will be for it! How would you like to have some big giant come and take you away from us, and shut you up where you couldn't play? All the birds will be sorry if we keep this little one in prison or stuff it. O Harry! Could you kill that dear little bird, that God has made so beautiful? Don't you know what mamma said about our being careful not to destroy life, because we can never give it back? We can never make the bird sing again." $% \left({{{\rm{A}}_{\rm{B}}}} \right) = 0$

Tiny was crying now in good earnest.

too feeble to rise, and these wicked boys got some sharp sticks, and poked his poor eyes out. The children uttered a cry of horror.

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"Yes, that is true. Do any of my children ever want to be so cruel?-No, no. Well, then, when you go along the street, and see a poor bug crawling along, try not to step on it. It is doing you no harm. Don't shoot the birds, don't tease the kittens, don't plague the dogs. In this way you will be writing mercy in your hearts, and the Lord says, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' You will never be like the boys who poked the poor horse's eyes out, if you will do this. Those boys didn't get so cruel all at once. They began to do cruel things to bugs and animals, and at last were so like Satan that they could do that awful thing.

ful, and gracious; and if we are like him, and write our lives full of mercy, he says we shall obtain mercy.'

"I want to like God," said Tiny.

And Albert looked up to the sky without saying anything,

look, and was satisfied. FANNIE BOLTON.

"OH, how the sun shines!" said Mollie, as she got out of bed on a

are peeping up in the grove. I know just where the darling little anemones and bluebells grow. And there are violets, too. Oh, dear! I don't want to go to school."

looked over toward the grove.

I wonder if I don't look pale." She went to the glass, and was

cheeks were.

way."

kept it so until she sat down to breakfast. It was hard work not to smile when her little kitty ran frolicking over the floor after a marble.

asked her mamma.

I think I'd better notgo to school to-day. I need a little fresh air."

ever, as she passed up her plate for some beefsteak and pancakes.

"If you are not well, my dear, you can eat only oatmeal," said her mamma.

Mollie did not like oatmeal; but she thought of the anemones, and made the best of it.

"I think you would better lie

in bed that beautiful morning! "Can't I have my picture-books or my paint-box?"

pleasant school.

When dinner-time came, mamma brought her some toast, though she was hungry for roast mutton.

How she hated the quiet! She thought she would never again want a rest. As she had a great deal of time, she began to think that she had tried very hard to

"Whenever you are tempted to tell what is not true, dear, think of this long day in bed," said mamma, kissing her.

As mamma went downstairs, she smiled to herself, saying,-

"I think my dear little girlie has learned a lesson." -Sydney Dayre.



"Well," Harry said, impatiently, "I knew it was no place to bring a girl. S'pose I'll have to let it go, and he opened his hand, and away flew the bird toward the golden sky, sending a sweet chirrup of thanks back.

"There's another flock of birds soaring away, too. 'Fly away, fly away, fly away home,'" sang Tiny, through her tears.

Albert put his arm comfortingly around Tiny, glad that the bird had gone; and as Harry watched its happy flight, he declared he was glad too.

I guess I'll take these old traps home," he said. "There's no use catching things just to frighten them, and then to let them go again."

So the children brought the traps home, and told their mother about the bird. She was glad Harry had let it go, and said, "Now, while I pare these apples for a nice turnover for you, you sit down, and I'll tell you why I'm glad the bird was set free.'

"Everything we do, or think, or say, leaves a mark on our character," continued their mother, as the children gathered round. "We are writing ourselves all through and through with what we think and do. So each one of us is a book of life.

"I read of some boys who once found a poor, old, worn-out horse on a city common. His cruel owner had turned him out to die when his days of usefulness were over. The old horse was lying on the common, "Let us try to be like God; he is full of love, merci-

"I'll never set any more traps," said Harry, huskily.

but his mother read his gentle

MOLLIE'S LITTLE LESSON.

spring morning.

"I know the little wild-flowers

Mollie finished dressing, and "I don't believe I'm very well;

sorry to see how rosy her round

"But I don't feel very well, any

She put on a doleful face, and

"What is the matter, Mollie?"

'I don't feel very well, mamma.

Mollie looked more doleful than

down," said mamma, leading Mollie upstairs. "And you will be more comfortable with your clothes off." And before Mollie had time to think, there she was

she asked.

"No, dear, not till you get well."

Oh, what a long morning it was! The sun shone, and the birds sang, and Mollie wished with all her heart that she was on the pleasant way to her

"Can't Hetty and Tom come into my room?" she

asked, when they returned from school. "No; you must be kept quiet," said mamma.

feel sick, but it was not quite true that she had been. She told mamma so when she came to hear her prayers.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 38, No. 18.

HOW A BONE BUTTON IS MADE.

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FROM human bones?-No. From ivory?-No. From bone of dog or cattle?-No. The other day, writes a correspondent, I happened to call on Mr. Church, who is master of a small bone button factory in Birmingham, and was greatly interested in seeing a tailor's bone button made, just such a one as you would find on your ulster or a tweed coat. It was a queer little factory, made out of two or three cottages rolled into one. First of all, I was introduced to the raw material, which lay on the floor of a dark and dingy little workshop, in which a solitary workman was standing at his bench. "There," said Mr. Church, pointing to what I took to be potatoes, "there you see what we call vegetable ivory. It comes from South America, and grows in clusters of half a dozen nuts. That is the first state of the button."

We then went up to the workman who was cutting up the kernels of the nuts at a swiftly revolving circular saw, an operation requiring great dexterity, for a slip might cost him a finger. This is the first process. The kernel is easily extracted, the shell in which it is inclosed being very thin and fragile. Although the kernel is a nut, it would take a very strong pair of jaws to crack it, and the teeth cannot touch it. The little white slabs that are cut out by the saws are taken to the next department, where the button is really formed in the series of lathes through which it is passed. The tool-maker, whose office is very important, works at one end of the room. The first lathe cuts out the button with the desired circumference, regulating by a series of guages, the work being passed on to the others for the rim, and so on.

Two women were drilling the four holes of the buttons, this being done by taking up each one and subjecting it to the action of the four-pronged horizontal drills, doing their work with remarkable deftness and rapidity. Now the button, so far as its form goes, is finished. It only remains to do the polishing and dyeing. In another room are half a dozen hexagonal boxes revolving in an atmosphere of dust. They contain the buttons, which are now being polished by the action of some hard powder, which is placed with them in the boxes. There is a secret in every trade, and I fancy that the contents of the mixture with which the buttons are eventually stained is not divulged to the world. Down below, I was taken to another room, in which there were scores of tins containing dye, and many buckets holding chemical solutions. When the buttons are ready for receiving the dye, they are placed on a tin tray, holding, I think, a gross. The dye is then blown onto them by a spray, which causes the liquid to fall very naturally. The trays are then put into a gas-heating oven, and the buttons are afterward put on the cards ready for the market. Such is the interesting history of a bone button, one of the many wonders of Birmingham, that town of magicians .- Pall Mall Gazette.

THE WOLVERINE.

MICHIGAN is called the Wolverine State, but there are not many people outside of that State who can tell why it is thus called. To say that it is called after a wolverine is not a sufficient answer, because the next question would naturally be, "What is a wolverine?" There are very few people in Michigan itself who can answer that question.

Why this animal should be particularly a resident of the Michigan wilderness is not known, but it is certainly never seen or heard of elsewhere. The wolf is a common animal all over the West, or at least it was before civilization limited its habitat, and the black bear is also found everywhere in greater or less numbers. Then why should the wolverine only have made its appearance in Michigan, where it was in the pioneer days as plenty almost as the wolf, and even now is a dreaded frequenter of the woods of the northern part of the State?

The wolverine is an animal that has some of the characteristics of the wolf, and partakes in other ways of the nature of the bear. The old settlers of Michigan always insisted that the animal was a cross between those two beasts, and that is the belief of the north Michigan woodsmen to-day.

When Michigan was admitted into the Union, the wolverine was still common—in fact, infested all the forests of the State, and the State was named after him, owing to some of the characteristics of the animal admired by the hardy pioneers who hewed a commonwealth out of the great wilderness they found about their inland sea.

It is a singular fact that no museum or zoological garden has ever yet had a specimen of this unique member of the animal kingdom. They have never exhibited the wolverine on account of the great difficulty of capturing it alive, or of keeping it alive after it is captured.

They are the most savage of beasts. They have the ugly temper of the wolf, which they resemble in appearance. In size and savageness they resemble the bear of the Western fastnesses; but while having the size and savageness of the bear (they excel him in aggressiveness and ferocity), they do not have his clumsiness.

Their wolfish appearance makes the fact that they are expert and agile tree climbers seem odd. In lying in wait for prey, they also resemble the panther; for they will crouch closely in the branches or forks of a tree, and drop down upon their victim, like one of those great members of the cat family.

They will attack a man in this way as readily as they would a fawn, and many an unwary hunter in the Michigan woods has fallen a victim to some hungry and undiscriminating wolverine.

The claws of this strange animal are much longer and sharper than the bear's, and their teeth larger and more pointed and curved. Their wariness is said by hunters to exceed that of any animal on the continent, and they are seldom hunted for the sport of the thing, the danger is so great.

It is only when a wolverine has made his presence so destructive to the pastures and sheepfolds of the backwoods farmers that the entire loss of their livestock is feared, that the farmers organize for a raid on the wolverines, usually employing a number of expert and daring woodsmen to direct the hunt.— Golden Days.

THE NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS.

ON Washington's birthday, February 22, 1890, an entire new series of postage-stamps was issued, comprising the same denominations as those which were displaced. The stamps differ in form from the old series, being about one-eighth smaller in size and nearly square.

The designs contain as the leading feature the portraits of personages of great eminence in American history. The portraits are in medallion, with a heavily shaded background, and set in an ornamental frame, containing the words and figures expressive of the object and value of the stamps.

The one-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Rubricht, of Benjamin Franklin, printed in ultramarine blue.

On the two-cent stamp is a profile bust, after Houdon, of George Washington, looking to the left, on an oval disk, printed in carmine.

The three-cent stamp contains a profile bust, after Powers, of Andrew Jackson, on an oval disk, printed in purple.

The four-cent stamp contains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, after a photograph from life, threequarters face, looking to the right. The color is chocolate.

On the five-cent stamp is a portrait of General Grant, after a photograph from life, three-quarters face, looking to the right; color, light brown.

The six-cent denomination has a portrait of James A. Garfield, after a photograph from life, three quarters face. The color of this stamp has not been fully determined upon.

The ten-cent stamp contains a portrait of Daniel Webster, after a daguerreotype from life, three-quarters face, looking to the left; color, milori green.

The fifteen-cent denomination has a portrait of Henry Clay, after a daguerreotype from life. The color is a deep blue.

On the thirty-cent stamp is a profile bust of Thomas Jefferson, after Coracchi; color, black. The ninety-cent denomination contains a profile

bust of Commodore O. H. Perry, after Walcott's statue. The color is orange.

The old stamps will of course continue to be received in payment of postage, but no more will be printed.

There will be no change in the current special delivery, postage due, or newspaper and periodical stamps; neither will the stamps on the stamped envelopes or on the letter-sheet envelopes be changed at present.—Exchange.

GOOD ADVICE.

This is what Florence Nightingale says to a Scotch Band of Hope: "Don't think you can do anything worth doing in a fit of enthusiasm, but train yourself carefully to do any work you are called on to do, and think nothing too small to do carefully, or to train carefully for, that is for the good of your fellow-creatures. For instance, good or bad cooking may make or mar the lives of thousands, and those, too, who are trying to do great things for our race." Setter Budget.

LULU MAY BROWN sends an interesting letter from Decatur Co., Kansas. She says: "This is my first letter to the Budget. I am twelve years old. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I get my lessons in Book No. 3. I have two brothers living and one dead. I have four sisters; one of them is married. We live in a big draw, with steep hills on each side. In summer the draws are covered with green grass and flowers. We have lots of wild fruit here, such as plumbs, cherries, currants, and grapes. I have lots of fun gathering flowers and eating fruit. I have a horse mamed Dolly, and a pet cat. Mamma gave me all the black chickens. We have six little calves to feed. Our day school is just out. The school-house is about a quarter of a mile from here. It is sod. If this letter is printed, I will tell you how sod houses are built. I am reading the Bible through. I want to live faithful, so that when the Lord comes to take his saints, I can go off with the angels to heaven, and meet the INSTRUCTOR family."

From Delta Co., Colo., this letter comes, written by FRANKIE PILCHER. It reads: "I am a little boy ten years old. I love to read your letters. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath. I study in Book No. 2. I have one brother and one sister. We all keep the Sabbath. Pa is superintendent of the Sabbathschool. Bro. States and Bro. Gates were here with us during the week of prayer. Bro. Gates taught us children the Christmas song and our pieces. We have got twelve new singing books for our Sabbath-school. There are twenty in our Sabbath-school, and we have three classes. My pa has gone to a Bible reading tonight, and while he is away, I am writing this letter. All of us little children who keep the Sabbath are trying to spread the truth to other little children who do not keep it. On one night we all come together to study the Bible. Pray for me."

MARY E. SAUNDERS writes from Ashtabula Co., Ohio, saving: "I have thought a good many times about writing to the INSTRUCTOR. We take it, and like it very much; there are so many nice stories in it. I am eight years old. I have twin sisters; they are five years old. Their names are Jessie and Georgia. I have a brother twelve years old named Harry. My sisters go to school, and study in the second reader. I am going into the fifth reader next term. My brother reads history. We cannot go to Sabbath-school, for there is none in this place. We study in Book No. 1, and are going to get Book 2 as soon as we can. We have lots of little lambs. We live on a farm. Papa is not a Sabbath-keeper. Pray for him, that he may be a Christian. I hope to meet you all in the new earth."

MAUD TOMPSON writes from Branch Co., Mich., saying: "I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school, and study in Book No. 4. We live six miles from the church. I have one sister and one brother living. My sister and I raised a pet lamb, and now our papa lets us have the money from her wool every year. When we went to day school this winter, he gave us a cent every time we left off head. I expect to make a visit to my grandfather's this week, and get some maple sugar. I love to help gather sap, and see them boil it. I want to do right, so that when Jesus comes, I may be saved:"

From O'Brien Co., Iowa, comes the following letter written by ETHEL L. AYARS: "I love to read the letters in the Budget. We get the INSTRUCTOR every Sabbath. I keep the Sabbath, and the family all do too. We all go to meeting when we can, except my brother; he does not like to go. I am twelve years old. I have two sisters and one brother. I hope my brother will learn to love the Lord. I study in Book No. 5. For pets we have two birds. I love the Lord, and I hope he loves me. I want to meet the IN-STRUCTOR family in the new earth."

The Bible says, Ethel, that while we were yet sinners, and did not love God at all, he felt so sorry for us, and loved us so much, that he sent his only Son to die for us, in order that we might have a home in heaven by and by, where we can be truly happy. So it would not be right for us to say we hope the Lord loves us. We know the Lord loves us, because he says so. If we love him, we will believe what the Bible says about him. If you will read the third and fourth chapters of First John, you will find some verses that will tell you all about it.

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