

THE MAN WHO WORKS

"The man that is so far advanced that he likes the work he is doing," said Mr. Stoggleton, "has reason to feel hopeful of himself. I suppose that the very great majority of us go through the work we have in hand the easiest way we can and get through it, skipping we'll be glad when it's finished; but the next job will be just the same. There will be just about so many hard places in it, and then we'll be wishing just the same that we could get through that job.

"The fact appears to be that we are always trying to shirk the present job. We mean well in a feeble sort of way, and the next thing we tackle we are going to do right up to the handle, but when we strike that, when that becomes the present work, don't we try to shirk that too? We do, indeed. And that's what we do all through life—daily putting off our best endeavors till to-morrow. Kind of a miserable thing to do, isn't it?

"But occasionally you meet a man who puts in his best licks every day and rejoices in the labor. He doesn't care a continental what the next is going to bring to him he can handle it, whatever it is. Just now he's engaged with to-day's labor, and he does that up thoroughly and complete and searches out the last nook and cranny. He isn't trying to see what he can pass by, but what he can root out, and he goes home satisfied with his work, and he's the one man in a thousand that leads all the rest, and his pay corresponds with his labors."—Ex.

The Navaho Blanket

But in the land of little rain;
Of can you rift and cactus-plain,
An Indian women, short and swart,
This blanket wove with patient art;
And day to day, through the year,

Before her loom, by patterns queer,
She stolidly a story told,
A legend of her people, old.

With thread on thread and line on line,

She wrought each curious design,
The symbol of the day and night,
Of desert and of mountain height,
Of journey long and storm-beset,
Of village passed and danger met,
Of wind and season, cold and heat,
Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.
Now in this paleface home it lies,
'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes,
Which never read the tale that runs,
A course of ancient mystic suns,
To us, is simply many hued,
Of figures barbarous and rude:
Appeals in vain its pictured lore;
An Indian blanket nothing more.

—Edwin L. Sabjn, in Ex.

Mark Twain as a humorist is no respecter of persons, and a story is told of him and Bishop Doane which is worth repeating. It occurred when Mark Twain was living in Hartford, while Dr. Doane was the rector of an Episcopal church. Twain had listened to one of the good doctor's best sermons one Sunday morning, when he approached him and said, politely: "I have enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcome it as I would welcome an old friend. I have a book in my library that contains every word of it."

"Impossible, sir" replied the rector indignantly.

"Not at all. I assure you it is true," said Twain.

"Then I shall trouble you to send me that book," rejoined the rector, with dignity.

The next morning Dr. Doane received with Mark Twain's compliments, a dictionary.—Ex.