

A Spoiled Man.

Most of us know what a spoiled child is. In Europe there is a spoiled man. He has been indulged and pampered to such an extent that it costs eleven millions of dollars a year to keep him in good humor.

This spoiled man is the Sultan of Turkey. His house is defended by thirty great guns and a guard of three thousand men. His head-servants, or grand-marshals, has a salary of a hundred thousand dollars a year. Five secretaries are employed to save him the trouble of writing. Four chief chamberlains live with him, who, when they march in procession, carry a great bunch of keys on their backs. He has twenty-three aids-de-camp, all of whom are persons of much consequence.

This spoiled man keeps five *talkers* to amuse him with anecdotes and gossip, gathered from all quarters of Constantinople by sixty spies. Five doctors live with him to take care of his health, and they are assisted by five apothecaries. Four Mahometan chaplains attend to his spiritual interests. Five librarians nourish his intellect, and read the petitions that come in.

There is an officer whose duty it is to go with this spoiled man when he takes a walk in the garden. A band of music and a company of singers are part of the spoiled man's household. Five pianists give lessons to his wives and children. The black eunuchs who wait upon the ladies of his household are one hundred and twenty in number.

In the spoiled man's kitchen there are three hundred cooks and turnspits; and the food prepared by them is served by two hundred waiters.

In short, the servants of this extremely spoiled man are about four thousand in number, very many of whom are personages of high rank who keep great numbers of servants for themselves.

It costs, as we just said, eleven millions of dollars a year to keep house in this way; the most of which is earned by the hard labor of poor men and women; many of whom often go hungry that this spoiled man's servants may have more money to waste.

Spoiled children are very bad indeed but, in all the world, there is no such terrible scourge as a spoiled man.

Learning to Speak a language.

Those who would learn a foreign language should associate with those who speak it. The reasonableness of this suggestion lies in the fact that it bids the learner follow the method of nature, which trains the ear to understand before it educates the tongue to speak the language.

Hammerton, the artist and essayist, tells how he once received excellent advice as to learning French from Mohl, the distinguished Orientalist. Calling at Mohl's rooms, the artist carried on the conversation in English, as he spoke French imperfectly. The Orientalist, being a master of French, as he was of several European languages, asked his guest if he was making progress in French.

Receiving an evasive answer, he asked Hammerton if he understood thoroughly French conversations when he overheard them.

"Yes, every word," replied the artist.

"Very well," answered Mohl, "then rely upon it that you will soon speak fluently yourself. For, when the ear misses nothing, the tongue is sure to follow, but it always lags a little behind. For the present, you should listen attentively."

When the ear can only catch about one word in three of a conversation in a foreign language, the tongue will not speak correctly more than one word in five. But it soon speaks fluently and correctly after the ear has learned to understand every word spoken by natives.—*Ec.*

The Nightingale.

One of the most celebrated of song-birds is the nightingale, or night singer. It is a migratory bird. Do you know what that is. It is a bird that visits its Northern home early in the spring, and quits it for the South early in the Autumn. It migrates.

This famous bird is common in nearly all parts of Europe. It hunts woods, thickets, and gardens. It migrates into Egypt and Syria. It has been seen among the willows of Jordan and the olive-trees of Judea. In no part of Europe is it more common than Spain or Italy; but even in these Southern regions the bird is migratory.

The nightingale is shy in its habits. Its nest is placed low, and hidden from view. Its eggs, five in number, are of an olive-brown. Its food consists of insects. In color it is brown with a reddish tinge on the back and tail.

As a songster, the bird is unsurpassed. Though its notes are heard at intervals during the day, they are poured forth in their greatest perfection on quiet evenings, an hour or two after sunset; and when the moon is nearly full, and the weather is serene, the melodious song of the nightingale may be heard until midnight. The late Bishop Stanley, of England, gives an account of one that he raised from the nest. It was kept in a cage two years; then the cage was hung open at the door, and the bird was allowed to go out.

At first it returned regularly every evening. As the season advanced, it sometimes stayed out all night in the garden, but, if called by some one whose voice it knew, it would return and feed from his hand.

In the Autumn, as the evenings got cool, it returned to its cage again before nightfall. It was taken as usual into the house and was kept there for the winter.

This is a curious instance of the force of habit overcoming the instinct of a bird.—*The Nursery.*

Diphtheritic Sore Throat.

As diphtheria is one of the most terrible maladies, a person is often startled on being told by his physician that he has diphtheritic sore throat. The diseases, however, are not the same. Neither is the latter a lower type of former.

In diphtheria, while the disease localizes itself in the tonsils,—and may extend down through the air passages,—there is a general poisoning of the system, which shows itself in a peculiarly depressing fever. In the diphtheritic sore throat, the disease is confined to the tonsils and adjacent parts, with only a slight general disturbance.

In diphtheria, the exudation which covers the tonsils—and may cover other parts—is of a leather-like consistency (whence the name from the Greek word, *diphthera*,—leather), and adheres to the substance of the flesh; in diphtheritic sore throat, the exudation is simply a curd-like matter which is poured out from the glands of the inflamed tonsils. At the first glance, however, it resembles the real leathery exudation of diphtheria.

In removing the diphtheritic membrane, the skin is abraded and bleeds; but the removal of the curdy matter from the tonsils is like removing putty from the hand.

Diphtheria is always infectious; ordinary diphtheritic sore throat is not. The symptoms of the latter are enlarged tonsils, very red, with spots of cheesy secretion at the mouths of their many glands; cutting pain in swallowing, and some fever for a few days. In most cases, only one tonsil is affected; still, even this may be so enlarged as to materially encroach upon the fauces.

The disease is what is now termed "a filth disease," and is due to contamination in the water or air. The most frequent source is sewer-gas, from imperfect house-drainage.—*Youth's Companion.*

Jack.

A ragged hat and a mended jacket,
A shout, a whistle, a noisy racket,
A rough brown hand and a heart most tender,

And wherever he is, I've a brave defender.
O Jack, my jewel, my own, my brother,
There never, never was such another!
For boys are many and brothers are plenty,
But I would not give up my Jack for twenty.

He does not coax me,—he does not pet me,
And I never kiss him, for—he won't let me;
But if I'm afraid, ah, his strong arm holds me
Close to his side, and he never scolds me!

What care I for the bramble hedges,
The muddy roads and the tangled sedges.
Or rain or snow?—if we're but together,
Always for me it's sunny weather!

O Jack, my comrade, my boy, my treasure,
My partner in each grief and pleasure,
There is none on earth I would place above him!

But he does not dream of how much I love him!

—*Companion.*

Johnny Pitkin.

Let me introduce you to Johnny Pitkin. His house is not elegant; indeed it is a very humble home. Johnny's father died a few months ago, and his mother has to work hard to earn food and clothing for John and his sister Ellen and herself. But John is very helpful to his mother. He cuts wood and carries water, and shovels paths in the snow, and does a great many useful things about the house. He is very diligent at school, too, and he teaches his little sister out of one of his school-books.

Johnny is now fourteen, and he thinks it is time he was earning some money, and so helping his mother. He heard the other day that Broome & Cotton, the store-keepers, wanted an errand-boy, and so he applied for the situation. Mr. Broome liked the manly way of the lad, and said he would make inquiries, and if the answers were satisfactory, he would take him on.

What sort of a boy is Johnny Pitkin?" he asked the schoolmaster.

"One of my best," was the answer. He is not a genius, he is not very quick at his lessons, but he is industrious and attentive and obedient."

"Good testimony," said Mr. Broome. And then he asked the neighbors, "What sort of a boy is Johnny Pitkin?" And the neighbors said, "He is very dutiful to his mother and very kind to his sister; he works hard out of school hours about the house, and never gets into mischief."

"Just the boy we want," said Mr. Broome.

So Johnny was engaged as errand-boy; but I expect, as he grows older and learns the business, he will get to be clerk, and who knows but by-and-by he will become a partner? If he continues industrious and honest, with God's blessing, he is sure to succeed.—*Treasury.*

—Dr. Durbin used to tell of a Moravian mother this true story:

There was a race of parents that could raise a race of missionaries. Let me give you an instance of an old Moravian woman. A friend called upon her with sadness in his looks. "Your son," said the mother, "is gone." "Is Thomas gone to Heaven through the missionary life? Would to God that he would call my son John." Well, John did become a missionary, and he fell. And this time the committee were very sad; but before opening their lips the old woman anticipated the story, and exclaimed: "Thank God! Would that he would call my last son William!" And William, too, went and fell; when the noble woman exclaimed: "Would that I had a thousand sons to give to God!" "Oh, would that I had a thousand such mothers," said Durbin; "then would our ranks be full."

But this is unnatural; it is supernatural and religion is supernatural. If we, fathers and mothers, can not say, "Amen," when God calls a son or a daughter to preach to the heathen, we have not religion enough. No matter how much religion we "enjoy," there is not enough if we refuse to give our "best things" to Christ Jesus, our Lord.—*Wesleyan Christian Advocate.*

To The Sun.

John Leicester Warren, a young English poet, who is destined to take high rank, has published a poem entitled an "Ode to the Sun." The following is an extract from it:

Thou sayest—"I have no lot or hand in slumber;
I am light, supreme.
My robes of glory quench the planet number,
As day pales dream.

In grass-land shall arise a sound of heifers,
A voice of herds;
I bathe my glowing hands in breathing zephyrs,
I call the birds.

In ripple, and perfume, and deep breezy lustre
My flame-foot tread;
My girle sparkles moons in many a cluster,
As sand is shed.

I am the gates of life. My dawn is burning
With foam or stars,
Bright as the margin of a wave returning
In reluctant bars.

The planets veil their burning faces near me;
The green world's ends
Flash up through miles of ether that uprear me:
Pale vapor blends.

In underneath, unfolds itself or closes,
Divides, dilates;
The sea, my pathway, spreads her deep with roses
To my red gates."

—The cars were rolling at the rate of forty miles an hour, and all night an infant, in its father's arms, had been crying much to the annoyance of the passengers. At last, in an angry tone, one of them stepped up to the father, and asked: "Where is that child's mother?" Tearfully, he replied: "She is in the baggage car in her coffin, on her way to the old family burying ground." Instantly, the hearts of those who had been so impatient with the crying child were filled with pity, and in many eyes the mist gathered, while in ways almost without number, efforts were made for the comfort of the poor little motherless thing.—*Ec.*

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