

DOWN INTO THE DUST.

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we peer at each other  
In the blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our painful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other,  
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a fellow goes down, loath his load on that heather,  
Flashed in the heart, words are kinder than steel,  
And lightning far for war or for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey  
On over the bottom, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be said:—  
Forever and aye in the dust by his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other,  
Look at the birds all at peace on the plain—  
Man and man only makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we tattle to humble  
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?  
God pity us all!—Time never will tumble  
All of us together like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

MEASURES.

I have a dainty cup of glass,  
Is not given to a thirsty man,  
Its beauty is its fragility;  
A lady's hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink of water,  
One day, a drop of water cold,  
He took it like a woman's hand,  
In reverence, loving, flinging hold.

He held it up to his delight,  
Based on its texture rare and fine,  
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,  
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man,  
That sat, drinking at my board;  
He took it like a woman's hand,  
A precious wine for him I poured.

He drank it at a swallow down,  
With unthoughtful wrath I will-nigh burst;  
Nur wine for glass was ought to him,  
So that he splashed his foolish thirst.

"Ah me!" I said, "to him that hath,  
All things on earth the delectable bring;  
From him that hath not, earth takes back,  
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

H. H. in Scribner.

FARM HOUSE CHAT.

[Mary Mountain in Pacific Rural Press.]

We all like to talk about soil occasionally, and I was greatly interested when an unknown friend asked what had become of me.

Could I possibly respond in time for next week's paper? Yes, yes, it must be done; and the subject, so fresh and original, was also inspiring and doubtless made itself felt in the household ways, which were just then blocked with an unusual amount of work to be done. City vacations were at hand and the latch-string must be hung out.

ALAS, FOR THE MODERN LATCH-STRING!

No longer a simple leather string shaped by the careless jack-knife, but a complicated coil, and once caught among its tangles, how is a woman to give account of herself?

And the moment pen and paper came together I knew how fatally tame my answer must be; exactly the same response that would come from 10,000 busy women all over the land who perform double duty as mistress and maid, with an eternal sense of failure, because there is not time enough to do everything well and enjoy life besides. Also, there is no exactly well-defined leisure for that pleasant duty of writing for the papers!

BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS AND SUPPERS.

With all that those words imply of endless routine; washing, ironing, sweeping, making beds, cleaning windows and doors and shelves and all the rest of the house; cutting and making new garments, altering and patching the old ones, darning the stockings, feeding the chickens, and last, but not least, "having company," and does not the pinch come here? for now one would like to throw off the

HARDNESS OF CARE.

And prance around free for a good time; but instead it must be buckled on a little closer and earlier and later than usual, so that in hospitality's name there may be no failure in that Sisyphean task—the inexorable round of cooking and eating.

All this is what has become of me and the other 10,000, of whom a fair percentage would joyfully bring over with good and worthy "correspondence for home circles," only, strange to say, they really cannot find time for it.

Days and nights too short, months and years too short for even the busy hands of the house-mother to accomplish all the good works her brain may plan.

How often the very best thoughts and turns of thought will come when we are in the thick of those tasks that cannot possibly wait for the catching of transient fancy; and if you imagine they may be as easily caught and fastened by-and-by, you will certainly be disappointed unless your brain children are more vital and persistent than the "common run."

When the afternoon or evening hour for rest has come, mind and body are tired alike and the utmost effort can no more than outline a poor dead ghost of the theme that was all alive with force and sparkle in the morning.

Of course that is discouraging, for we know that a live paper must have—not once, but all the time—the freshest brain-work; no warmed-over masses or languid fragments of a weary day can help much to build up the literary vigor that must go "from conquering to conquer," until it shall capture and hold a sure place in all the best homes of the State.

A friend was telling me recently of a sermon she had heard about Martha and Mary. These two women, of whom we have such a brief historical glimpse, have been much quoted and preached for the edification of all classes, and this recent effort was in the approved style—

gravely reproachful of Martha—sweetly praiseful of Mary.

So my friend—long trained to patience—was able to sit quietly to the final amen; but when the placid preacher came down among the troubled Marthas of his flock, she turned upon him in comical wrath and asked—

"HOW ABOUT THE DINNER—"

If Martha had acted like Mary? The blame and the praise have been all wrong from the very beginning! Don't you suppose Martha would have been just as glad as anybody to have nothing to do out at still and listen to the talk? Of course she was "numbered about much serving," as every poor woman is who has unexpected company to entertain and all the work to do herself.

She asked the Lord to bid the lazy sister help her, so that the work might be done and both have time to enjoy the visit. Perhaps she was a little squeaky about it, and had a perfect right to be; but because she was reproved, and lazy Mary praised, we all have to bear the taint; and yet what would become of this world full of helpless men and little children if we should all follow the example of Mary?

THE PREACHER'S REPLY.

I cannot imagine what he would say, as the truth flashed upon his mind, that the Marthas of to-day sometimes keep the church itself from stagnation, and hasten the steps of reform by being also "careful and troubled about many things." But keeping within the domestic interests that started the original text, there might be a sermon from the Martha point of view that would lift the burden of reproach from many a tired sister who toils alone, while the careless and easy-going take their rest.

Please let the sermon start from the 40th verse of the 10th chapter of Luke:

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said: 'Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.'" The two verses that follow this have made up heretofore the fashionable text, and would justify among all Christian women a dislike of those household tasks that brought upon Martha such severe and unexpected rebuke.

Is it not much nicer and easier to sit still and listen to all the good talk, and be praised for it? We would thus gather mental food which could never be taken away from us; while the soups and roasts, the good bread and butter prepared by toiling Martha, are all "done for" and gone in a day.

Now, who will preach us this sermon and set our hearts at rest?

A man can hardly do it, for he will be sure to try the track and tell us to hire a Chinaman and thus be forever free to "choose the part that Mary chose."

A tranquil, complacent "Mary" is hardly equal to the amount of hard work needed for such business; and a "careful Martha" will never get time enough to put her thoughts through the inkstand and spread them out to dry before the public eye.

We must wait for the "coming woman" to make this crookedness straight and justify those who must even do the "cumbering" whether they like it or not.

Meanwhile we can all embrace the part who has said: "Learn to labor and to wait."

ROMANIANS AND TURKS.—Scientific societies

are turning their thoughts to war topics. At a recent meeting of the English Statistical Society, Mr. Havelstein read an elaborate paper on "The Population of Russia and Turkey."

The former of these empires has 84,584,482 inhabitants, the latter only 35,986,868, or, including Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis, 43,408,900. The population of Roumania is 4,850,000; of Servia, 1,502,500. The population of Russia increases at the rate of 1.1 per centum, the increase amongst the Jews being at least double what it is amongst the Christians. With respect to Turkey, there exists no data for calculating the increase, though it is most probable that the dominant race does not increase at all, a fact accounted for by vicious practices prevailing amongst the women, and by the sacrifices demanded from it for the defense of the empire.

Some curious facts were communicated with respect to the propensities between males and females. Throughout Asia Minor and in a considerable portion of European Russia the male sex preponderates. The same fact has been noted in Roumania, in Greece, and in other parts of Europe. The author thus summed up the results of his investigations:—

In the Russian empire there are 100 Russians to every 50 members of other nationalities, and 100 Christians to every 16 Mohammedans and Pagans. In Turkey, on the other hand, 100 Turks have opposed to them 197 members of other nations, and 100 Mohammedans to 47 Christians. The advantage, in both these respects, is therefore entirely on the side of Russia, and the position of Turkey must appear in a still less favorable light if we look at the details of the geographical distribution of the dominant race and religion, and bear in mind the interest existing amongst Slavs and Greeks on behalf of some of the races dwelling within the limits of that empire.

LARGE NOSES.—Dr. Cui, an inventive surgeon

of Paris, noticed that elderly people, who for a long time have worn eye-glasses supported on the nose by a spring, are apt to have this organ long and thin. This he attributes to the compression which the spring exerts on the arteries by which the nose is nourished. The idea occurred to him that the hint could be made useful. Not long afterward a young lady of 15 consulted him, to see if he could restore to moderate dimensions her nose, which was large, fleshy and unsightly. The trait he found was hereditary in her family, as her mother and sister were similarly affected. This was discouraging, as hereditary peculiarities are particularly obstinate. But the doctor determined to try his method. He took exact measurement, and constructed for her a "nasal pin-and-spring" and had her wear it for some days, which she wore at night and whenever she conveniently could in the daytime. In three weeks a considerable diminution was evident, and in three months the young lady was quite satisfied with the improvement in her features.

AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPERS.

In a recent number of the Boston Journal, a correspondent, "Young Farmer," says the following very truthful and appropriate words about the agricultural papers: "One word now about the agricultural papers. Some of them have improved very much, as I look at matters. Thirty years ago very few actual farmers, whose hands were familiar with the plow, hoe, or milk pail, could be found to write for such a paper, even upon such subjects as they had made their daily avocations for years. They were not used to the pen or familiar with spelling book or rules of grammar. They spoke their minds freely to their neighbors, but cared not to invite criticism upon points where they felt that they might fail. The minister, the schoolmaster, storekeeper, or doctor, who employed the time not devoted to their business in the cultivation of little plots of land, would write out their theories and ideas, and from such men we gained much knowledge. All honor to them. But among their what was much chaff. They did not always experiment carefully enough, or observed carefully enough the conditions under which their experimental sows made, to take as safe pilots in a channel in which they had only sailed upon short pleasure trips, and which abounded in rocks and shoals which they had not seen. In a word, their advice was not always practical, nor applicable, as they thought it to be, to all farms and localities.

To-day, farmers are studying and experimenting, who make "farming for profit" a business, and who are fitted by study, as well as by practical experience, to experiment scientifically and to report the result in plain language, if not in flowery style. It is the writing of such men that fills the columns of our leading agricultural papers; and the time may come when they will occupy the time at the meetings of our agricultural societies and boards of agriculture. A few of them have done so to the satisfaction of their audience of farmers, and others might. This is the history of nearly all progressive movements. Thinking men have started strange theories—bold adventures have tested them, as Columbus did the theories of those who believed in a western world before his day; and when the discoveries are made, then comes the practical man to utilize them.

AFFECTION IN BIRD LIFE.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of married bird life appears most conspicuously in pairs of the grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's company for a moment all their life; to do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of leathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding cup there is no quarrelling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied by loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting time more peaceable than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest there are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear most inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes, and the cock shows such affectionate care that the whole day he seems to do nothing but love food and give it again. Yet even this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching time, with quarrels that even come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only occasionally sits on the eggs or young, but he watches the most very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight and helps her in feeding the young.—Chambers's Journal.

RESPECTABILITY OF AGRICULTURE.—A clergyman

once said to me, "Will farming ever be considered more respectable than now?" My answer was, no. Farming is highly honored, when we consider that from it flow all the calls for artisans of every name to supply the real or imaginary wants of all mankind. Heaven, as a state, whether it relates to the present or the hereafter, consists mainly in the beautiful. Alas! we to dress the garden, which we mean to make it look well, and at the same time it would be useful. How is it to-day? A beautiful garden attracts visitors from all the surrounding country. No less does an extensive farm, made beautiful by the diligent hand. By the products of the farm man and beast survive. All other callings are supported by it; but to the question, "Is it more respectable than formerly, or will it be?" I answer, it always has had the precedence in respectability. God and good men, in former times, looked with pleasure and delight on seedtime and harvest; so in this age, professional men extol the beauties of agriculture, and especially every one who is looking for a lucrative office from the people, will shake a friendly hand with the honest yeoman, as much as to say, your calling is respectable.—Robert Mansfield, in N. E. Farmer.

WHAT A MAN CARRIES UP-STAIRS.—In the

course of an article on elevators the Polytechnic Review remarks: "Few consider that stair-climbing necessitates an actual lifting of the whole weight through a vertical distance equal to the height of the stairs. A man weighing 160 pounds in walking up a flight of 16 steps, each with an eight-inch rise (corresponding to a 12-foot ceiling), in a time of 20 seconds has lifted 1,920 pounds a foot high in that time—nearly a ton weight. To climb to the top of a four-story building—say 32 feet vertically to the fourth floor—in 90 seconds represents the lifting of 8,300 pounds a foot high in that time. Reduced to minute foot-pounds, this equals 5,535 pounds lifted a foot high in a minute, or one-sixth horse-power.

THE KING AND THE STABLE BOY.

During the visit of George III to the royal stables, a boy belonging to one of the groom's took his attention. There is no accounting for fancy; but there was something about the boy that won his royal master's favor, and the king treated him kindly in many ways. But a time of temptation came, and the poor lad fell into disgrace; he had stolen some oats from the royal bins, and, being detected, the head groom discharged him. The fact that he was noticed by the king may have aroused the envy and dislike of others, and it may be that the occasion was gladly seized by the groom to have him turned away. There seemed to be no idea of speaking to the poor lad about the wickedness of taking the oats, and abusing the confidence of his master, but only a determination to treat him as he deserved. Who knows what a kind word might have done for an erring boy, who gave way to wrong-doing in a moment of temptation? But such was not the case; he was turned adrift with a stain upon his character, to the great grief of his parents.

Not long afterwards, when the king again visited his stables, he observed the absence of the boy, and asked one of the groom's what had become of him. The man, fearing to tell the truth, yet not liking to tell a falsehood, said he had left. His majesty was not satisfied with the groom's answer, and suspecting wrong, called the head groom to him, and made the inquiry again. "I have discharged the boy, sire," answered he.

"For what reason?" asked the king.

"He was discovered stealing the oats from one of the bins," was the reply, "and I sent him away."

The king felt sorry for the poor boy who had disgraced himself thus, but determined not to give him up, and ordered him to be sent for immediately. The order was obeyed, and without loss of time the boy was brought to the king. What a scene was that—face to face with the king of England stood the boy, a convicted thief!

"Well, my boy," said his majesty, when the poor lad, trembling and looking very pale, stood before him, not knowing what awaited him, "is this true that I hear of you?"

The lad could not look up into the king's face, but with his head bent down, his only answer to the kind inquiry was a flood of tears. He had not a word to say for himself; his mouth was stopped, for he knew he was guilty; he had not a word of excuse. The king, seeing the poor boy was sorry on account of his sin, spoke to him of the evil—how he had not only taken what was not his own, but abused the confidence reposed in him. "Well, my lad," said his majesty, putting his hand kindly upon the boy's head, "I forgive you." Then, turning to the head groom, said, "Let the boy have his former place, and let him be cared for."

What a thrill of joy did the lad's heart feel as the king uttered those three words, "I forgive you." Instead of being ordered off to prison and punished and disgraced, he was restored to favor, and restored to the place he had lost. What gladness this gave the boy's heart! It seemed almost too good to be true. But who could dispute it? The king himself had forgiven him, and then the highest judge in the land had not a word to say against it; he was a guilty one, but now was forgiven, and that by the king himself. Will our young readers learn the beautiful lesson contained in this story?—Christian Guardian.

DIVING.—The fun of a good dive is fun in-

deed. I have often "fetched bottom" at 15 feet, and brought up a big stone to prove to my comrades that I had been "clean down." But once, in water like crystal, in the Upper Lakes, where the pebbles could be seen at the bottom, I came rushing up with my head cracking, and saw an old fellow grinning at me. I hung breathless to a wharf-pile, and he casually informed me that the water was 39 feet deep, "thar or tharabouts." Jumping from a high is a doubtful job. Recollect that in everything connected with swimming you are very heavy, and that water is incompressible. If you get off your balance while dropping, and fall on your side, either you will be drowned or your mother will need, next day, all the cold cream in the neighborhood. I have painful recollections on that subject. Two days in bed and a maternal lecture of the same length were too much to pay for that one dizzy, sideways rush through the air. If I had taken my leaden head for a plummet, I should have been spared the blisters on my body. I ought to have dived.—St. Nicholas for July.

PUBLIC SQUARES.—If money enough can be

provided to do the work thoroughly well from its very foundation, then, of course, nothing more is needed than that its direction be placed in accomplished hands; but, unless this is fully assured, if, as is nearly always the case, economy is the first thing to be considered, then the rule of action is fully stated in two words, simplicity and thoroughness. Avoid all fantastic ornamentation and all decoration of every sort, that would be appropriate only to work of a more complete and substantial character. Let whatever is done be done in the most thorough way. If the ability is only enough to secure good grass, then do everything that is necessary to furnish the best conditions for the growth of grass; make suitable provision for its care and attend to nothing further. Good lawn-like grass surfaces, crossed only by foot-worn pathways over the turf, will be more beautiful and more satisfactory than will poor grass, and cheaply-made and ill-kept walks.—Col. Waring, in Scribner.

A FACTIOUS physician, an old bachelor, said lately to a single lady: "How can you with a clear conscience answer St. Peter when you shall reach heaven's gate, for your heartlessness in refusing so many marriage offers?" The lady archly replied, "I shall tell the apostle that Dr. — did not ask me."