

## FLOWER OF GRASS.

The gratefulness that homely life takes on  
When love is at its roof, you saw in her,  
No sorrow, but soft tints in lovely blur—  
A charm which if so much as named was gone,  
Like light out of a passing cloud. Yet when  
The fairer faces blossomed on you alone,  
Without the softening of your presence, then  
Into their look had something garish grown—  
Some tenderness had faded from the air—  
A loss so subtle and so undefined  
The thought was blamed that hinted loss was there.

The nature of such souls is to be blind  
To self, and to self-seeking; let them blend  
Their life as harmony and atmosphere  
With other lives; let them but have a friend  
Whose merit they may set off, or endure,  
And they are gladder than in any guess  
Or dreams of their own separate happiness.

Earth were not sweet without such souls as hers;  
Even of the rose and lily might we tire;  
She was the flower of grass, that only stirs  
To soothe the air, and nothing doth require  
But to forget itself in doing good;  
One of life's lowly, mainly multitude.

—Lucy Larsson, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

## HOME SCENES.

I hate a dull, melancholy, moping thing; I could not have existed in the same house with such a thing for a single month. The mopers are, too, all goggle at other times; the gayety is for others, and the moping for the husband, to comfort him (happy man) when he is alone; plenty of smiles and of badinage for others, but the moping is reserved exclusively for him. One hour she is capering about as if rehearsing a jig, and the next, sighing to the motion of a lazy needle or weeping over a novel; and this is called sentiment! Music, indeed! Give me a mother, singing to her clean, and fat and rosy baby, and making the house ring with her extravagant and hyperbolic encomiums on it. That is the music which is "food of love," and not the formal pedantic noises—an affectation of skill in which is nowadays the ruin of all the young couples in the middle rank of life.

Let any man observe, as I so frequently have with delight, the excessive fondness of the laboring people for their children. Let him observe with what pride they dress them out on a Sunday, with means deducted from their own scanty meals. Let him observe the husband, who has toiled all the week like a horse, nursing the baby while the wife is preparing a bit of dinner. Let him observe them both obtaining from a sufficiency, lest the children should feel the pinchings of hunger. Let him observe, in short, the whole of their demeanor—the real, mutual affection evinced, not in words, but in unequivocal deeds. Let him observe these things, and having then cast a look at the lives of the great and wealthy, he will say with me that, when a man is choosing his partner for life, the dread of poverty ought to be cast to the winds. A laborer's cottage on a Sunday, the husband or wife having a baby in arms, looking at two or three older ones playing between the flower-borders going from the wicket to the door, is, according to my taste, the most interesting object that eyes ever behold.

**HEAT-CONDUCTING POWER OF ROCKS.**—Some time ago Prof. Herschell and M. Lebour made a series of experiments on the heat-conducting power of rocks. Twenty-eight specimens were reduced to uniform circles of five inches diameter and one-half inch thick, but of six specimens that had been tried, slate plates cut parallel to the plane of cleavage transmitted the heat faster than any of the others. Where the flow became uniform the water was raised 1° Fahr. in 32 seconds; with marble, sandstone, granite and serpentine, about 39 seconds were required to raise it by the same amount. The greatest resistance to the passage of heat was offered by two specimens of shale, gray and black, from the coal measures in the neighborhood of Newcastle, which occupied 48 to 50 seconds in raising the water one degree, or half as long again as that taken by the slate.

E. I. PIERCE, of Boston, has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States.

## A DINNER OF HORSEFLESH.

"I went on Saturday," writes a Paris correspondent, "to a horse-flesh dinner, given by a M. Ducroix, Veterinary-in-Chief to the *Etat Major* of Paris. It was prepared by an ordinary cook, the host wishing his guests to know that the food placed before them owed none of its palatable virtues to extraordinary culinary science. Everything except the sweets at dessert was of Chevaline extraction. I thought the soup better than that made from beef. The bouilli was very toothsome; 'Cheval a la mode' was also excellent; but the crowning dish was roast filet, which was very tender and succulent. There was no flavor or odor that in the remotest reminded one of the stable.

"The weak point of the feast was the salad, which was dressed with oil taken from horse feet. M. Ducroix is an enthusiast, and dreams of nothing less than cheapening meat, and rendering the lives of horses tolerable by getting people to become hippophagists. If the ultimate fate of the horse was to be sent to the butcher's shambles instead of the slaughter house, cabmen, he opines, would be more merciful to the beasts they drive, and the poor would be able to fall back from dear beef and mutton upon cheaper and more nutritive meat. Since hippophagy has been introduced here, more than 12,000 horses annually have fallen into the stewpans and soup-pots of the French capital. It appears, indeed, that the supply is scarcely equal to the demand.

"On sitting down I felt, I confess, somewhat nervous. It occurred to me that sundry chevaline diseases were propagated by inoculation. M. Ducroix, who suspected my misgivings, informed me that the inspection of horseflesh for the flesh market is more close than beef. The living animal has to pass a veterinary surgeon, and when it is reduced to the condition of butcher's meat, it is again subjected to a microscopic examination. Some members of the society for the protection of animals have invited M. Ducroix to London to make arrangements with them for a horse-flesh banquet at Crystal Palace, prepared by a French cook."

**IMPOSING FOR FRIENDS.**—My neighbor is in active business and I am only a farmer just out of debt, with a little at interest, bringing up and educating a family of children. He comes to me, holding out a note, large, for me to sign, saying, I wish you would just write your name on the back of this; I need the money very much; it will be a great accommodation to me, and you will only have to write your name. My answer is: "My friend, do you really understand what my position would be before the world and the law if I were to do this? I should instantly proclaim that from a state of complete independence, and without the slightest reason for a similar favor from you, and for no consideration whatever, except friendship, I have agreed to take upon myself the risk of your business, but with the difference against me, that if you lose I lose, and if you gain I do not. I share in your losses and not in your profits. But not only this; I should affirm before the public that you are responsible when I really know nothing of your circumstances, and in so far help you to deceive others. I give you a false credit. In short, I do that which no honest man true to himself and to his family, can do, and be blameless. Will any right-minded, real friend, with this view of the case, ask of me such a possible sacrifice?"—*Country Gentleman*.

MR. GEORGE WYLL, M. D., says: "Although I have always held that electricity, sooner or later was destined to become the light of the future, still my faith in gas is so strong, that I have doubled my stake in gas shares since the scare began. Coal gas is destined to become the cooking and heating power of the future."

LINEN and woolen fabrics are entirely incombustible if impregnated with a solution containing five per cent. of alum and five per cent. of phosphate of ammonia. They lose this quality by washing.

## INDIVIDUALITY.

An apple once said to a pear, swinging on a limb close by: "What gives you that form, friend? What, this to me? The parent stem which supports you, differs but little from that of mine in appearance, and seemingly, the same conditions give to your cheek a bronzed color while mine takes on the red."

"Your query is a deep one," remarked the pear, "and calls to my mind the experience of the husbandman who persisted in feeding from the same bountiful trough, the same kind of food, to his poultry and pigs—yet feathers would grow on his poultry and bristles on the pigs. The hen, would be a hen and the hog, would be a hog. So it seems that our separate existence depends not so much on the sustaining power as on the creative; that which constituted us distinctly individual. There are certain elements in the earth and atmosphere, which your organism calls for, to perfect you and give you that rose-tinted cheek of which you boast; but you do not require all the surrounding elements to perfect your being, else a pear would never have been. Some parts which would have been rejected as unnecessary in your composition, could be used to the completion of mine; because of the very difference in our construction. Be it as it may, I am satisfied to be a pear, since I can better carry the stamp of my own individuality than that of any other. In the case of the hen and the pig, parts of the food given were absorbed to compose the finer flesh of the fowl, while the remainder was thrown aside as waste material; yet, that which formed waste material for the fowl, could be used to make up the coarser body of the pig, thence the difference in the result."

"Your philosophy is satisfactory said the apple, but why does not the same principle apply in the human family? It seems that a pear can be a perfect pear, a hen a perfect hen, etc.; why cannot a human being be a perfect being? On the contrary, we find him with a mind warped and dwarfed, purely from the inability of the body to supply the conditions favorable to the growth of the mind toward perfection. He realizes this and has to content himself to be incomplete, although in his origin was pronounced the most perfect of all created things."

"True," said the pear, "but for them to make the most of this realization seems their hardest accomplishment. If they would but reflect that millions of your mates, and of mine, have fallen to the ground and have perished, while influence after influence was being brought to bear upon our germ life, through ever-changing conditions, until we were finally brought to our present standard of worth."

"If they could realize that to be satisfied with their given individuality, and that to make the best use of its powers to possess the good and to resist evil, is their perfect life work. The end of human ambition would have been satisfied in each individual, and each life a complete one as pertains to the earth."

"Thus elements in principle  
Doth give to life its soul  
And from the fragments incomplete  
Make one stupendous whole."

—*Pacific Rural Press*.

**THE GIBRALTAR TUNNEL.**—The proposed tunnel between Spain and Africa is still before the public. This tunnel, according to the plan at present contemplated, is to extend from within a short distance of Algeciras, on the Spanish side, to between Tangier and Ceuta on the African side. The length of the submarine tunnel will be nine miles, with an inclination of one foot per hundred, and the approaches will have an extent of six or seven miles. The greatest depth of the sea is 3,000 feet; and, as it is intended to have a thickness of some 300 feet of rock left between the roof of the tunnel and the sea bottom, the greatest depth of the tunnel will thus be 3,300 feet below the level of the sea.—*Am. Architect*.