

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toll has past, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest eve:
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with the heaviness of heart and brain:
Master, behold my sheaves.

Few light and worthless, yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tears than wheat,
Branbles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves—
Wherefore I blush and weep at thy feet—
I kneel down reverently and repeat:
Master, behold my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility.
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be,
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strive to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

—Elizabeth Akers.

BORROWERS NOT WANTED HERE.

Mr. Podgers is one of our well-to-do farmers, who, by dint of hard knocks and carefulness, has secured a good degree of independence.

Four persons make up the family, Susie Hannah, the industrious wife, John Henry, the only son, and Mable Gay, a fair miss of 16.

One day, a few months since, Mr. Podgers came in from the field a little earlier than usual, threw himself thoughtfully into the rocker, and commenced putting that useful piece of furniture into rapid rocking motion; a habit which he had when some momentous matter was pressing upon his brain.

"What now, Mr. Podgers?" said Susie Hannah, as she noticed the movement of the husband.

"Why," said he, "Susie Hannah, I tell you what I have been thinking about. I have made up my mind that I have been working long enough and hard enough for any one man. And there is John Henry—I don't want him to have it as I have had it. The schoolmaster says he has the head of a statesman, and I am sure he will make a No. 1 doctor, lawyer, or professional man of some sort, if it is selling lightning-rods, and Jim Tapley wants to rent the place, and Bill Philips wants to rent his house and lot at Cantelope Corners, and it is a nice place with currants, and grapes and cherries, and all such in the yard, and John Henry can go to the high school at the Corners, and Mable Gay can take music lessons on the piano fort, and I am sure we will like it better and it will be better for us all."

"Mebbe," said Susie Hannah, in a short, sententious way she had of replying to Mr. Podgers' suggestions.

"Yes," continued Mr. Podgers, "and there is another thing—I am just sick and tired of the everlasting borrowing that people keep up here. I don't see why people can't get their own things, and not be always borrowing of somebody else. There's the old man Close; there ain't a week, but it is something or other. It is either the loan of a plow, or a harrow, or a wagon to haul an extra load, or a horse, or saddle, or something. And it is never brought back. Whenever I want it, it is there, and like enough broke at that. And the Mulicks and Gads and Tom Smith's and Bill Donnel's are just as bad. It's enough to keep one hand and a horse at work half the time to hunt up lent things. I heard Preacher Goodun readin' one day from the Bible nuthing about borrower being servant to the lender; but I think it t'other end foremost, for, if I ain't been servant to the borrowers I don't know anything about it. Now, when we get

into the Corners, that'll all be done with, and we shan't be vexed that way no more."

"Mebbe," responded Susie Hannah. And so, for Mr. Podgers had a way of doing things to suit himself, the change was made. The stock, except a couple of favorite cows, a span of nice young horses, and some pigs and chickens, were disposed of; the implements, except a wagon and buggy, sold; and on a pleasant day the truck was hauled to the new home in Cantelope Corners.

The event of the new arrival was, of course, a matter of interest at the Corners. It had been discussed at the postoffice and the two town stores, and as the procession of the movers was on its way down Main street, groups of observers at the windows and on the sidewalk carefully noted everything.

Mr. Podgers was busy with his hands unloading and moving the articles from the wagons to the house, when he was saluted in a familiar manner with:

"Good day. How do you do?"
Turning to notice the person by whom he was addressed, he found standing before him a man whose every expression indicated that he was in for business.

"Good day," replied Mr. Podgers.
"Expect to be done soon?" said the visitor.
"Well," replied Mr. Podgers, "We have to send the teams right back for some more goods."

"Oh!" said the man, "could I get one of your teams just about half an hour to haul a little jog of a load from down at the store up to my house?"

"Not to-day," replied the astonished and confounded Podgers, and as the man retreated, Mr. Podgers said to himself: "Well, don't that beat you?"

Scarcely had he time to collect his thoughts before was startled by another call.

"Ho, neighbor," said the speaker, a stout, short built man, dressed roughly, with one pant leg stuffed in the top of his boot, his hat setting carelessly one side his head, and sucking violently at a five-center, "Ho! neighbor, will you get through moving to-day?"

"Don't know," said Mr. Podgers.
"That is a likely young team," said the man, "are they yours?"

"I don't know," said Podgers, "that they have any other owner."

"Yes," said the man, "a very likely team. If you would not be using them to-morrow morning, could I get them to drive five or six miles in the country to see a man I want to see?"

"No," said Mr. Podgers, "you can't; they don't know how to let anybody drive them but me."

Of course the man left, and Mr. Podgers, turning to his wife, who was standing by, said, "Well Susie Hannah, there is two I disposed of, I guess that'll be all. Darned if I knew they borrowed in town like they do in country. I guess them fellows don't understand town ways."

"Mebbe," said Susie Hannah.
Turning to go into the house with an armful of things that she had taken from the wagon, Mrs. Podgers came near falling over a thin, weasy-looking girl of some 10 years old, who had slipped up so quietly that her presence was unobserved.

"Please ma'am," said the girl, "ma seed you moving up street with the wagons, and the cows and the chickens and the things. We live right over yonder in that two-roomed house, and ma has a baby; it has a cold in its head, and it's been teething some, an' it has a dreadful running off, you see, at the nose, and a bad cough, an' ma don't know whether it's the whooping cough or not, and she says she saw them purty cows, and that now she could get lot o' fresh milk for the baby, and she wants to know if you can spare her a quart of milk a day till our cow comes in?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Podgers, "whether we will have any to spare or not."

"But I do," interrupted Mr. Podgers, "you tell your mother we brought these cows to town

to furnish the milk and butter for the family."

Before the day was over, half a dozen additional calls were made for sundry articles used about the house. The ax, the flat irons, the coffee mill, "a little bit o' tea," some salt, the carving knife, the hatchet, and several other things were shown to be necessary in more places than one.

And Mr. Podgers retired worried with the labor of the day, vexed with the prospect of a continuance in town of the same kind of annoyance he had endured from his country neighbors.

Next morning there was lots to do in the way of fixing up things, and Mr. Podgers rose early and prepared himself for another busy day. Just as breakfast was over, he happened to look through the front window, and discovered a man standing on the sidewalk at the gate, through which a boy was entering towards the house. A few steps down the walk was a girl approaching carrying an empty tin, and across from the other direction, coming toward the house, also was a woman in a faded calico dress and a dirty sun-bonnet.

The sight overcame Mr. Podgers. Nervously locking the door, and remarking to Susie Hannah, "they are going to take us by thunder," he picked up his hat, slipped out of the rear door, and down the alley, and hurried to a shop at which he had noticed the sign "Timothy Streakems, painter."

Entering the building and inquiring for the proprietor, he said, "Well now, Mr. Streakems, za sure as guns, I have not come to borrow anything."

"I suppose not," replied the painter.
"No," said Podgers, "but if you have got a bit of board that'll make a kind of a notice sign, I want you to paint it."

"Will this do?" said the painter, showing a piece of white painted board to Mr. Podgers.

"Excellently well," said Podgers.

"What shall I put on it?" asked the painter.

"Put on it," replied Podgers, "BORROWERS NOT WANTED HERE, and do it quick."

Very soon the letters were shaped on the sign, and Podgers bore it triumphantly home and tacked it to the fence close by the front gate.

"That will fix 'em," said Mr. Podgers to Susie Hannah.

"Mebby and mebbly not," was the reply.

But fix them it did, and so great a reform did it work in Cantelope Corners, that now whenever a man wants a thing in that town, he either buys it or hires it.

DARIUS' TOMB.—Among the most remarkable tombs of the ancients may be noticed the sepulcher carved out of the living rock by order of Darius, the warrior and conqueror King of Persia, for the reception of his own remains, and which is existing to this day at Persepolis, after a duration of 23 centuries. The portico is supported by four columns 20 feet in height, and in the center is the form of a doorway, seemingly the entrance to the interior, but it is solid; the entablature is of chaste design. Above the portico there is what may be termed an ark, supported by two rows of figures about the size of life, bearing it on their uplifted hands, and at each a griffin—an ornament which is very frequent at Persepolis. On this stage stands the king, with a bent bow in his hand, worshipping the sun, whose image is seen above the altar that stands before him, while above his head hovers his ferocious or disembodied spirit. This is the good genius that in Persian and Ninevite sculpture accompanies the king when performing an important act. On each side the ark are nine niches, each containing a statue in bas-relief. No other portion of the tomb was intended to be seen, excepting the sculptured front; and we must, therefore, conclude that the entrance was kept secret, and that the avenues were by subterranean passages so constructed that none but the privileged could find their way. We are told by Theophrastus that Darius was buried in a coffer of Egyptian alabaster, and also that the early Persians buried their dead entire, preserving their bodies with honey or wax.