THE FARMERS HYMN,

- O Painter of the fruits and flowers, We can Thy wise design, Whereoy these bunds hands of ours may share the work of Thice.
- Our toil is sweet with thankfulness, Our burden is our boon; The curse of earth's gray morning is The blessing of its doom.
- And still with reverent hands we call The good is always besutiful; The becutiful is good.

Midsummer Day in Sweden.

While we were resting at the inn in the shade of the temporary birch grove. my companion let fall, quite carelessly and as if by chance, this sentence: "The younger members of the community while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked May-po'es." It had a suspicious sound, a Baedeker rhythm, to it. I couldn't help thinking I had beard it somewhere before; but this placid countenance betrayed no sign, and I charged my suspicions to oversensitiveness on the guide-book question, and credited the rolling sentence to a sudden flash of literary fire. But that sentence proved to be our torlord if there was any twilight festival nection wit that night. We had heard there was to about him. be. The boys and girls usually trimmed the May pole, and he believed they danced around it at midnight. For his part, he never sat up ail night; he alwaysturned in at eleven o'clock, summer and winter.

The possibility of a pastoral festival at the romantic hour when the golden hues of dawn meet and mingle with the sunset red was too tempting for us to resist, and instead of experimenting with sleep we strolled villageward from the inn at about eleven o'clock. The sun had dismore before, but there seemed to be ro diminution of his light. The glare was gone, but not the illuminating power. In the west a line of red and orange clouds, recalling the splendors of a Venetian sunset, changed slowly in form, but never lost its brilliancy of coloring. A strong diffused light, casting no shadow, came from feel that our time was worse than lost the whole dome of the heavens, that is spent in referring to it. But it is giving an unnatural color to the grass and to the masses of foliage. The strangeness of the effect seemed almost portentous, as if some great convulsion of nature were about to take place. It was like that glow of late sunset which in other climates is always rare and always eyanescent. No dew had fallen, but across the meadows rose a thin mist, floating lightly on the breath has designed us."-Burlington Hawkof the evening, drifting into fantastic, eye. ghost like shapes.

Across the valley the distant hill-sides were harmonized by the softness of the light into broad masses against the sky, but still details were visible as in the delicate haze of an afternoon in Indian summer. There were no signs of night in the village. Doors and windows were open, and children were playing around the prostrate May pole. Perched on the fences sat rows of men and boys quietly chatting. We sat on the fence also, and, in order to feel more at home, began to whittle little sticks like some of the men, and tried to look as careless and contented as they did. We sat there a half-hour or more, then changed to a fence of another shaps and sat another half-hour, and still nothing took place. Then we began to think it was only a kind of open air watch party to welcome the midsummer sun on St. Joha's day. But while we were meditating a return to the hotel there was a stir in the street, and a party of stout girls appeared bearing great boughs, grass and field flowers. Throwthese in a fragrant heap upon the steps of a house, they all set while she was young and delicate. I did to work in a busy crowd, and in a short time had woven wreaths and garlands and were decorating the striped pole. No loud words were it with his thick-soled cowhide, it with his thick-soled cowhide, spoken, scarcely a laugh broke the stillness of the night. It was a solemn, almost religious ceremony. From the red of the sunset sky a delicate rosy reflection touched the white sleeves and kerchiefs, and harmonized the harsh colors of the caps and aprons. Even the crudely painted architecture was modified into unobtru-ive quality of tone by the soft light. One by one the busy workers ceased their labors as the ugly pole grew into graceful shape, and spread long arms with trailing wreaths and tufts of flowers. The men watched on in silence, the tired children stopped their whispers and sat in ranks on the curb-stone. Now the cool draught of night only stirred the leaves at intervals, the mist settled low upon the meadows, and the weird forms melted away. A new light from some mysterious quarter gradually spread itself over the landscape, and even while scarcely visible changed the general tone. The rosy reflection from the west lost its delicate quality, faded into a cooler light, then splender of the west, until the first ray of the sun shot across the sky, and it was day again. At that moment the pole was put in its place by the strong arms of a score of men, and fastened to the post where it stands the season long, shedding its dried leaves and grasses with every wind that blows. As if by

er's Magazine for September. Marital affection is a beautiful thing, and every fresh exhibition of its tenderness and loyalty affects us to tears. A wife-possible an old wife-on a certain occasion fell overboard. The husband rushed frantically about the deck, literally tearing his hair out by the handsful and crying in the most beseeching tones, "For heaven's sake, save her, save her, she is my wifel' The noble sailors thought of their own sweethearts and ran all risks, and at last brought the poor woman into the cabin of the swooning husband. The look of gratitude he gave them fully repaid them for all their efforts, Then, recovering his equili-brium, he thrust his hand into his wife's wet pocket, pulled out a somewhat plethoric purse, and with infinite relief said, "There, old woman, the next time you tumble overboard just leave that purse behind, will you? You scared me

magic the crowd disappeared, and we were left alone.-F. D. Millett, in Harp-

Coinage of silver dollars for August peculiar circumstances .- Rochester, will amount to \$2,340,000.

Not Rest, but Work.

We have often wondered where and how humanity got the idea that rest is happiness, for a greater fallacy never existed. Yet it seems that the one bright dream that cheers the busy man through the years of struggle and strife of early life is that by and by, when he is old, he will give up work entirely and rest. And the mother, as she ministers to the ever re curring wants of her little family, revels in anticipation of the days to come when the children will have been raised and she and her husband can enjoy again the repose of earlier years.

Time passes-yea it seems to fly, and at fifty-five the man has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations of his youth; but does he settle up his business affairs and invest al! his capital in government bonds that he might be rid of care, although his money yields him a low rate of interest? Not one time in a thousand, if he can find anything more remunerative to do with it. But if he decides in favor of the care-free course, nive times out of ten he devotes the remainder of his days to regretting his folly in closing out a business that had ment, for it began to ride us the moment | made him comparatively happy in years it was uttered. We inquired of the land- past, and by this act severing his connection with the active, moving world

And the house seemed never so big, nor the mother's heart half so desolate, as when she has said good-bye to the baby and he goes out into the world to battle with its trials. Then how the years of his dependence, when he was a constant care comes back to her, and she contrasts the care-free weariness that was then her daily portion, with the anxiety that is now her constant companion, and how gladly would she leave the luxury and ease that surrounds her and return to the old days with all they appeared behind the trees an hour or held of work and worry. But it is too late now. While all these joys of womanhood were hers, she allowed herself to be blinded by the dazzling picture of rest in the future, until she could see no beauty in the busy present.

And were it not for this effect which invariably results from our mistaken idea of the delights of rest, we would a mistake that may in a great measure be avoided. Every one of us may discover new beauties in our daily toil by steadfastly resisting the one temptation to long for rest as the one thing to be desired. "This world is a working world and man is a working creature, and the sooner we realize this truth the better we fill the places for which the Almighty

He Apologized

She was extremely conscious of her feet, says Clara Belle in the Cincinnati Enquirer. Not only because her Spanish boots, in the new style, with the upper portions made of a net work of coarse silks, were No. 3, while the contents were No. 4, corned, but for the additional reason that her beautiful blue stockings were visible through the tiny interstices of the shoes, so that she could display the fineness of her hoseiry with neatness and modesty. She sat in the half of a railroad car seat, toward the since that was the proportion of her occorner of her eye, and not for flirtation either, for her aspect gradually betraved annoyance, irritation and finally anger. The cause was visible to a cute observer. The man began by touching her prettily posed foot with one of his own. He was an old fellow, with spacious boots on, and oh, culminating outrage! pushed the calf of his leg against her. I was not astonished, for the audacity of some of these case-hardened old fellows is common. And he looked as placidly innocent as a cow, instead of the pursning bull that his actions indicated him to be. The girl rose indignantly, crossed the aisle to her papa and told bim how she had been insulted. He changed seats with her and gave the offender a dreadful berating, threatened to throw him off the car, and was with difficulty induced to let the fat man say a word in defence.

"I am a yeteran of the war," said that unpopular person.

"What in thunder has that got to do with it?" hotly retorted the other. "Any service doesn't give you the right to insult young girls. "But it made me liab'e to, it seems."

"How is that?"

"Just feel of that leg. It is wood. I lost the original in battle-don't you see? changed to the faintest tinge of gold. It I can wear trousers on it, natural as life, was the charm of sunset changing to the and walk with it pretty well, but it ain't beauty of sunrise. Slowly, almost im got a bit of feeling. It wouldn't know a perceptibly, came the transformation girl's ankle from a chair leg. Forgive it The glory of the east rivalled awhile the and carry my humble apology to your daughter.'

Married at a Funeral.

The late Mrs. Swift was buried from her residence last Friday morning. The Rev. J. M. Lyon conducted the funeral services. After the people had assembled, and just before the time for commencing the services, the pastor stated that it had been the desire of the deceased, a few hours previous to her death, that her adopted daughter Lizzie and Mr. Jesse Lawrence, to whom she (Lizzie) was betrothed, should be married before she (the mother) closed her eyes in death, but as Mr. Lawrence was out of town at the time her request could not of course, be granted. In view, therefore, of the circumstances, it was thought best to and eminently proper that the young couple should then and there be united in marriage. In the connection it might be observed that Lizzie, by the death of Mrs. Swift, would be left alone in the world. The ceremony was, therefore, perfermed in the presence of the dead and the friends assembled, and was an occasion of more than ordinary impressiveness and sol-eminty. By will, Lizzie takes the residence all furnished, and land connected, besides, we understand, about, \$2500 in money invested, and the young people commenced housekeeping at once in the old homestead, under favorable, though (Mich.) Era.

The "Fromised Land."

I was once crossing a series of undulating ranges abutting on Mount Hermon with an English tourist who was making morry at the utterly barren appearance of the "promised land." It turned out, however, that his intended wit served to sharpen our observation, and we found that all the hillsides had once been terraced with human hands. A few miles further on we came to Rasheiya, where the vineyards still flourished on such terraces, and we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the bare terraces, from which lapse of time had worn away the soil, were once trellised with vines, the highest emblem of prosperity and joy. Similar terraces were noticed by Drake and Palmer in the desert of Junea, far from any modern civilization. It is rash to infer that because a place is desolate now, it must always have been so, or must always remain so The Arab historian tells us that Salahed Din, before the battle of Hattin, set fire to the forest and thus encircled the Crusaders with a sea of flame. Now there is scarcely a shrub in the neighborhood. In wandering through that sacred land, over which the crescent now waves, one is amazed at the number of rains that stud the landscape, and show what must once have been the natural fertility of the country. Whence has come the change? Is the blight natural and permanent, or has it been caused by accidental and artificial circumstances, which may be only temporary. Doubtless, such ruin has its tale of horror, but all trace their destruction to Islamism, and especially to the blighting and desolating presence of the Turk. That short, thick, beetle-browed, bandylegged, obese man that so many fresh tourists find so charming, is a Turkish official. He and his ancestors have ruled the land since 1517. A Wilberforce in sentiment, he is the representation of "that shadows of shadows for good --Ottoman rule." The Turks, whether in their Pagan or Mohamedan phase, have only appeared on the world's scene to destroy. No social or civilized art owes anything to the Turks but progressive debasement and decay .- Contemporary Review.

Concerning Darwin. Darwin married, in 1839, his cousin,

Miss Emma Wedgwood, and for many years had a charming home at Down, in Kent, where he carried on his studies amid the quiet beauty of one of the loveliest counties in England. Of late years his white hair and beard have given him a venerable aspect, and his singularly at tractive face held its charm to the very end. A genial temperament, a hearty manner, and a genuine elevation of nature made Darwin ove of the noblest as he was one of the most famous Englishmen of his day. His welcome was worth crossing the seas to receive, and the hospitality of his home was something to remember. A large family grew up about him to maturity and usefulness and be came his loving co-laborers, and to make his environment for work more propitions, an inherited fortune relieved him from all care and left him free to devote his life to his chosen pursuits, His views naturally provoked sharp antagonism, and at the beginning made him widely aisle-or, to be exact, I should say fifth, unpopular; but fuller recognition of the candid spirit and gennine manhood of cupancy as compared with the fat man | the great naturalist did much to soften beside her. He was a stranger. I noted the asperities of discussion and to dissithat she was glancing at him out of the | pate the prejudices of bigotry and ignorance. It was a significant tribute to Darwin's genius and character when, in the autumn of 1877, he appeared in the scarlet gown in the University Hall at Cambridge to receive the degree of D. C. L., and was greeted with a storm of cheers. The world generally knows its great man at the end, however it may have slighted or derided his claims at the beginning. Full of years and of honors Darwin has gone on to the larger knowledge of the life beyond, and, whatever final word may be spoken concerning his scientific beliefs, his bitterest opponent cannot deny that he had enriched the world by the singular honesty and candor of his mind, the steadfastness of his energy, the beauty and completeness of his life.-Christian Union.

> Mr. Beecher says that one-half the human family are eaters, not producers. Speaking of immigration, he says that there is no fear so long as our institutions have the assimilating power, and when the lion eats the kid he does not turn into kid, but the latter turns into lion. When the children of immigrants get through the public schools they are all Americans. The greatest needed revival is not of religion, of temperance, or of commerce, but of common schools

> We have just received a sample copy of a new song, entitled, "Put your arms around me, dear." Any lady who desires to try it can do so by calling at our office -we mean the song, of course.

A good deal of comment has been made because a Georgia man broke his back with a sneeze; but how much more wonderful it would have been had be broken his knees with his back.

INTERESTING TO WOODMEN.

In a country like ours, where wood is a burden to the land, we should not be compelled to pay such prices as is peid for eard wood all over this northwest coast. Capt. M. G. Morgan, one of the ploneers of Sellwood - Portland's pleasant autourb - reasoned in that way and decided to invent a machine that would cut cord or store wood at a much cheeper rate than has ever been done here-tofore. It is an immense job to haul logs out of the woods to a heavy engine in order to raw them up. So Captain Morgan has lovened an engine and saw so light that two men can carry it into the woods and putting it down be ide of a log, set it to work and saw the log out, without moving the log, no mat ter how large it is. The saw is a most ingenious invention, and will come into general use in nearly every logging camp on this coast as soon a is merits are known. The engine convers of a piece of steam pice four tuches by \$\frac{1}{2}\$ or \$\frac{1}{2}\$ inches stroke. The inside of the pipe is bored out smooth. A band with two trunulons is then shrunk around the outside of the tube about center way. The trunnlons are for the putpose of stanning the engine and giving the saw action. The ports of the engine are made of steam pipe. The steam is supplied but of hose through a rotary valve worked by a lever and an ingenious contrivance of a spring and an incline plane. The lever is warked by a long tap if to do connecting with crows head. The saw is attached direct to the end of the engine in the saw frame. The weight of these way and engine is about 175 pounds. The whole machine is so imple that a school bey can run it, and cut from fifteen to eighteen cords of wood per day. Captain Morgan has the machine as work all the time at Seilwood, and desires those who are interested in such things to call and see it in operation. The captain is prepared to build ar dwall the machine at the time at the time at the control of the engine in prepared to build ar dwall the machine at

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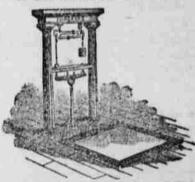
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