THE FARMERS HYMN.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of Thine.

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 cull
Thy gifts, each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful;
The beautiful 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-poles." It had a suspicious sound, a Baedeker rhythm, to it. I couldn't help thinking I had heard 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 torment, for it began to ride us the moment it was uttered. We inquired of the landlord if there was any twilight festival that night. We had heard there was to 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 all night; he always turned 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 village-yard from the inn at about eleven o'clock. The sun had disappeared behind the trees an hour or more before, but there seemed to be no 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 the whole dome of the heavens, 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 evanescent. No dew had fallen, but across the meadows rose a thin mist, floating lightly on the breath of the evening, drifting into fantastic, 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 shape 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. John'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. Throwing these in a fragrant heap upon the steps of a house, they all set 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 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 unobtrusive 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 changed to the faintest tinge of gold. It was the charm of sunset changing to the beauty of sunrise. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, came the transformation. The glory of the east rivalled awhile the splendor 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 magic the crowd disappeared, and we were left alone.—F. D. Millett, in Harper's Magazine for September.

The Scene of the Slaughter.

Casamicciola, the scene of the last terrible slaughter by an earthquake, has been a watering place and summer resort for 2000 years. It was celebrated for its baths long before the opening of the Christian era, having been deserted in the year 474 B. C. by its inhabitants because of an eruption of the volcano Epomeo, which has been quiet and harmless since the year 1302. The freedom from volcanic eruptions was purchased at the expense of increased danger from earthquakes.

It is situated on the island of Ischia, fifteen miles westward from Naples, and is reached by sailing down the wonderful bay, which has long been the delight of travelers and the despair of descriptive writers. The population of the island is less than 30,000, of whom something more than 4000 are residents of Casamicciola, which is the town of third importance on the island. It is farthest to the westward on the island, but this is compensated for by the possession of a fine harbor, which has made it the landing place for travelers. The town lies at the foot of the quiescent volcano and is built on soil formed from the many eruptions of past ages.

The island lies almost in the center of the earthquake zone of the Eastern world, which is subject to these internal convulsions at all times. Casamicciola has suffered severely many times before this, though never so seriously as upon the present occasion. It was almost entirely destroyed in February, 1828, the shock only continuing three seconds. The next and most serious visitation until the present one was in March, 1881, when a shock lasting seven seconds, accompanied by a noise like subterranean thunder, visited the town, destroying 300 houses and leaving 400 people killed or injured.

The most desructive earthquakes that have ever occurred in the same vicinity were that in Sicily in 1693, when 60,000 people perished in one; that in the reign of Tiberius, in 16 A. D., in which 12,000 people are supposed to have lost their lives, and that of 526, when according to Gibbon, 250,000 people were engulfed. Herclaneum and Pompeii were destroyed in the year 62, sixteen years before the final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius. The earthquake of Lisbon in 1775 swallowed up 30,000 people alive and killed 30,000 more, and in February, 1783, 100,000 lives were lost during a series of earthquakes, when Messina, Calabria and other villages were destroyed. No century has passed without numerous and destructive exhibitions of this great natural power in the region in which the latest calamity to Casamicciola has occurred.

The inhabitants of Ischia are principally peasants, who cultivate the grape and the fig and engage in fishing. They are an indolent, self-satisfied people, who live in continual fear of the danger from the volcano or earthquakes, but are too much attached to their easy existence to quit either the terrible risks or the easy rewards. The population is much swelled during the summer months by the large number of persons who visit the island for their baths and add their easy, contented lives and their polite killing of time to the indolent qualities of the humble natives.

How Milk is Tested.

The inspectors, of whom there are four, can almost at a glance distinguish pure milk from bad. Their method of procedure is as follows. On the arrival of the wagons at the ferries the drivers are made to lift the lid of every can, and the inspector then goes from one can to the other and takes up a dipperful, which he pours slowly back again, and as a general thing to glance at the fluid as it falls back over the dipper into the can suffices to their practised eyes to show them the quality of the milk. Where there is any doubt he takes out a sample of the milk and tests it with a lactometer, and if it does not stand that test, and even if it does, in some instances, he takes another sample, which is sealed up in a bottle for analysis and further tests.

While milk is obviously impure or heavily adulterated, it is invariably dumped in the gutter after a sample has been taken for analysis and proof against the owners, who are in all such cases prosecuted and fined or imprisoned, as the case may be.

Adulterations by water are shown by the use of the lactometer, which should mark eighty-seven or lower, for milk of good quality and above that figure for bad qualities or milk heavily diluted. The tests adopted by the board of health for determining the quality and strength of milk are first by taste, which in its reaction should be slightly acid. Second, the cream test. This is as follows: A quantity of milk is poured into a long glass tube marked in 100 points, which is left standing for twenty-four hours to allow the cream to rise to the surface. The percentage of cream is then easily ascertained by a glance at the tube. Some milk will show as high as 15 or 20 per cent. of cream, while other samples will give but from 1 to 3 per cent., according to the extent to which it has been denuded of its cream by skimming. The lowest standard allowed to pass is 8 per cent.

For the determination of butter a certain quantity of milk is dried at 212 Fahrenheit, when the residue is saturated with ether, which is evaporated, and this leaves the butter behind. To determine the whole amount of solids and inorganic salts, a quantity of milk is subjected to 212 degrees Fahrenheit and the weight left shows the amount of solids contained in the sample. This, being ignited, loses all inorganic constituents, such as butter, lactine and caseine, leaving the inorganic salts behind.

If carbolic soda was dissolved in the milk for the purpose of preventing it going sour, acids brought in contact with the salts cause effervescence. The quantity of salts, together with the quantity of butter substracted from the total amount of solids, leaves the amount of sugar and casine.

Other organic substances which are not of a fatty nature, if added to the milk to give it a rich and creamy appearance, increase the weight of sugar and casine to a considerable degree, and whenever the quantity of these two substances is above the normal standard—that is, when a certain amount of butter on one side and sugar and casine on the other do not exist, it is nearly certain that some organic substances have been added.

The farmers, it is asserted by the authorities as well as by the dealers, use little or no water for adulterating purposes, and send in their milk as it comes from the cow.

The Wholesomeness of Bread.

Miss Juliet Corson, in Harper's Bazar, treats the bread question, as all other details of cookery, from a practical point of view. She says a good word for aerated bread, made of dough, into which carbonic acid gas is forced, and baked before the bubbles have a chance to escape. The main objection to fresh yeast bread for dyspeptics is that it is soft, and therefore too easily swollen, whereas the "stale" bread requires much mastication. If sufferers who have been avoiding new bread will take the same trouble in chewing it as they are compelled to do with the old, they will get all the advantage of their patience in the more palatable article. The fresh bread eater really tasks his digestion with a much larger mass of spongy quality than the stale bread eater, and one which has not been as well broken up by the action of the saliva. If dyspeptics were careful to take the smallest mouthfuls at a time they would find even fresh bread more manageable, with sufficient chewing, than is supposed. In the choice of flours, that made from hard winter wheat is the richest in gluten; in Europe it is used for making the different varieties of maccaroni; the brown bread of Europe is made from this wheat ground entire. Soft spring wheat yields a white flour rich in starch. Bran bread may be very irritating to some invalids, so "Graham bread" and the "whole meal" fashion should only be adopted when it is proved to be satisfactory. The particles of bran may cause an irritation of the alimentary canal and produce diarrhœas. Undoubtedly this irritation or stimulus may be exactly what is needed by some constitutions.

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 aisle—or, to be exact, I should say fifth, since that was the proportion of her occupancy as compared with the fat man beside her. He was a stranger. I noted that she was glancing at him out of the corner of her eye, and not for flirtation either, for her aspect gradually betrayed 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, while she was young and delicate. I did not wonder that she nervously drew away her Spanish gaiter and gave it a new attitude. Then he pursued it with his thick-soled cowhide, 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 pursuing bull that his actions indicated him to be. The girl rose indignantly, crossed the aisle to her papa and told him 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 veteran 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 liable to, it seems."

"How is that?"

"Just feel of that leg. It is wood. I lost the original in battle—don't you see? I can wear trousers on it, natural as life, and walk with it pretty well, but it ain't got a bit of feeling. It wouldn't know a girl's ankle from a chair leg. Forgive it and carry my humble apology to your daughter."

End of a Strange Law Suit.

The London Daily News says: The civil tribunal of the Seine has just disposed of a very romantic suit, arising out of the visit to Abyssinia in 1842 of M. Husson, an eminent professor of natural history in Paris. M. Husson fell in love with a native woman of great beauty, and when he returned to France he took back with him the son that was born to them. In the meantime he had married a wealthy widow, and his wife took such a fancy to the little half-caste that he was, in accordance with French law, legitimatized and registered as their child. The boy was educated at Nancy, where his father and adoptive mother lived, and in course of time he married a young lady of the town, and died at a very early age, leaving a daughter behind him.

But just after he had died his real mother, the Abyssinian slave, appeared upon the scene and she came to claim him as her son. This was an incident which had not been foreseen by M. Husson and his wife, and as there could be no doubt as to the boy's parentage—the color of his skin testifying to the race of one of his parents—they were unable to resist the claim, the consequence being that the deceased lad was no longer legitimate, becoming the natural son of M. Husson and the Abyssinian slave. A further consequence was that the lady whom he had married and her daughter lost their share in his inheritance, and the widow accordingly brought an action against the adoptive mother for having allowed her to marry the lad under false pretenses. For the defense it was urged that everyone in the town of Nancy was aware that the lad could not be the son of M. and Mme. Husson, on account of his color, and that the young lady and her relatives were made fully acquainted with the facts of the case before the marriage was agreed to. This was the view taken by the tribunal, which has dismissed the case and condemned the plaintiff in all costs.

A Dyspeptic Minister.

Man and woman, in the name of Christian charity, in the name of common humanity, rise, and by every means in your power, with all your strength, and with all your mind and with all your soul, rescue the perishing victims of intemperance. See, here comes one with a pale face and lustreless eyes. His eyes are set in agony he may not describe. His steps are slow, and the dull throbbing of a heavy headache beats at his temple like a muffled drum. Ten years ago his form was erect, his eyes were bright, his heart was light as thistle down; he knew what a headache was only by hearing people speak of it. See him to-day! His days are drowsy and his nights are sleepless, and gaiety is a weariness to him. And what has made this wreck of manhood? Intemperance! Too much hot bread and too many late suppers. Dyspepsia; that's what's the matter.

Had this man been a temperate eater, he would be a healthy man to-day. But he said, "I can take care of myself. When I find that hot bread and eleven o'clock suppers are harming me, I will let them alone." Ah, he thought he could. But look at him now. And the curse of his intemperance does not fall upon him alone. No, indeed. You should see his poor family hunt for dark corners when the dyspepsia is unusually strong on the old man. And yet he is not a bad man. No; he is a minister of the gospel. He is a good man, but he has the dyspepsia. And a truly good man with the dyspepsia will say as ill-natured things about people as will a bad man with his skin full of whisky; howbeit the good man will not swear and says his ill-natured things in a more refined way. Let us, deep in our hearts, ever cherish a profound pity for the victim of intemperate eating who is bound in the chains of dyspepsia. And let us vote for a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture of shortcake and hot bread in Iowa, save only for exportation.—Burlington Hawkeye.

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.

Chrysanthemums.

All varieties of chrysanthemums are amenable to the art of the cultivator, and the plants can be fashioned at his will; perhaps no plant will better display the care and ingenuity expended upon it to give an ideal form. Compact, well-fuinished plants are most desirable, and this is effected by potting in rich soil, in pots of medium size and pinching back the growth as it progresses, to increase the number of branches. When it is time to allow the buds to form for blooming, the pinching must cease, and with us this is about the first of August. The strength of the plant is maintained while blooming by a liberal supply of manure water. The varieties of chrysenthemums in cultivation are very great, and new ones introduced every year. Many of these are not better than older ones, but on the whole there has been going on for a long time a gradual improvement, consisting in greater fullness, truer forms, and more distinct colors. Great size, looseness and gracefulness of petals, and brightness of colors are characteristics of the Japanese chrysanthemums. Altogether the variety afforded will testify all tastes.—Vick's Monthly.

INTERESITNG 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 paid for cord wood all over this northwest coast. Capt. M G. Morgan, one of the pioneers of Sellwood—Portland's pleasant suburb—reasoned in that way and decided to invent a machine that would cut cord or stove wood at a much cheaper rate than has ever been done heretofore. It is an immense job to haul logs out of the woods to a heavy engine in order to saw them up so Captain Morgan has invented an engine and saw so light that two men can carry it into the woods and putting it down beside of a log set it to work and saw the log out, without moving the log, no matter 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 as its merits are known. The engine consists of a piece of steam pipe four inches by 48 or 50 inches stroke. The inside of the pipe is bored out smooth. A band with two trunnions is then shrunk around the outside of the tube about center way. The trunnions are for the purpose of sustaining the engine and giving the saw action. The ports of the engine are made of steam pipe. The steam is supplied out of hose through a rotary valve worked by a lever and an ingenious contrivance of a spring and an incline plane. The lever is worked by a long taper rod connecting with cross head The saw is attached direct to the end of the engine's piston rod and is guided by rollers placed in the saw frame. The weight of the saw and engine is about 175 pounds. The whole machine is so simple that a school boy can run it, and cut from fifteen to eighteen cords of wood per day. Captain Morgan has the machine at work all the time at Sellwood, and desires those who are interested in such things to call and see it in operation. The captain is prepared to build and sell the machines to all that desire them.

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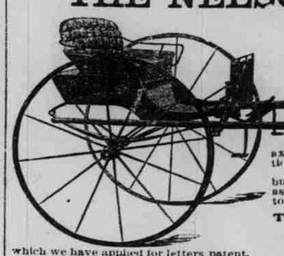

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