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The World.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And a merry laugh rang out on the air,
As the little one tumbled the new-mown hay,
Chasing the butterflies, bright and gay;
But the sun went down, and he drooped his head,
For the pretty things in his hands lay dead.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And the maiden shook out her golden hair,
And she sweetly smiled, as the lily and rose
Mid the shining tresses she deftly wove;
But the shadow came not to claim his bride,
And the thorns remained, and the roses died.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
And the mother softly breathed a prayer
As she nestled her baby close to her breast,
And his murmurs gently soothed to rest;
But the father had need of an Angel more,
And he opened for him the heavenly door.

"O the world is beautiful, bright, and fair!"
Sighed the aged one with silver hair,
"But over it all is the serpent's trail—
With the merry laugh comes the mournful wail;
I but tarry awhile till the summons come,
To join my beloved in our heavenly home!"
Fancy V. Ransac.

Sudden Reformation.

BY J. R. S.

Richard Slingerton was a man of the town as the expression goes. His natural and acquired gifts and accomplishments gave him admittance into the houses of the best families in New York City; he was managing man in a first-class business house on a large salary. Young and prepossessing in appearance, few would have taken him to be what he was, an unprincipled man. At the age of thirty he had come to find his single life uninteresting.

The good book tells us that no man can live a happy life who lives altogether for himself, and it no doubt refers to a higher law than circumstances can reach, that goes all through society, when it says God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. A young and good-looking bachelor may hunt every known place of amusement in the city of New York—and it is not a few—he may travel and spend nights in the Jardin Mabille, talk to and flirt with all the pretty girls he can meet there or elsewhere—yet he will discover when tired out and sick with over-stimulating himself, some night just after he has reached thirty years of age, that a bachelor's life has lost its charm for him.

These generalizations may be altogether true and sound, or only in part—be that as it may, the story of Richard Slingerton by name, got tired of a single life when he was thirty years of age, and went out day after day and night after night, to find a girl good enough to be his wife. He took no account of their being two sides to everything—that a girl he was suited with might not be suited with him, and for not doing so he was compelled to search longer than he thought he would have to look for a wife, as here and there a lady whom he liked, when his attentions were too marked and complexed, and in countless other outward manifestations to practiced eyes and subtle minds experienced in observation of character. The phenologist who examines your head, while doing so, is engaged, it has been said, in observing whether you are talkative, or silent, whether you are neatly or slovenly, what is called loudly or plainly dressed, and in observing your features when they are in repose, and in movement. The skill to do this it is well known is not confined to phenologists; society is full of equally keen, just and practised observers.

Mr. T., Richard's loved one's stern and unyielding parent—for Mr. T. was stern and unyielding in most cases—suspected Richard of being a worldly, unprincipled man from the first time he saw him. He himself was what could be called a good man. He had one great fault, however; the fault of occasionally over-indulging in liquor to such an extent that under its influence he committed many indiscretions, and once in a while a grievous sin. He would give the world, including his daughter, if he wanted her, to the man who could cure him of his vice for the intoxicating cup.

He was a church communicant, and every time he was tripped into the sin of over-indulging in liquor that caused him to be unlike himself when under its influence, he would be in agony for days and perhaps weeks, lamenting his sin. God looks at the spirit that prompts the act, and not so much, perhaps, at the act itself, be it sinful or otherwise. The spirit that prompted Mr. T. to get intoxicated was merely an inordinate love of pleasure, and he always meant to stop short of intoxication when he commenced drinking. So God did not give him over to himself in his weakness, but Christ was with him, and raised up an instrument to heal him of his great infirmity.

Coming one day to see his ladylove, Richard's quick eye detected that her father, who came into the parlor to meet him in her stead, was intoxicated, and he mentally exclaimed,—
"To-night I can work on the old man so that he will consent to give me his daughter in marriage."

The City of Odessa.

The city of Odessa, 400 miles from Constantinople, is at once the chief commercial port and a thoroughly Russian city. It was in the twilight of the morning of the second day when we landed on Russian soil, and stood within the walls of Odessa. The elegance of the city is due to the genius of Emanuel de Richelieu, a French emigrant, who was its first governor in 1820, and whose statue in bronze is at the top of the grand staircase, which leads to the gardens and to the sea. The streets are broad and well paved; the buildings are large and elegant; the churches are immense, and ornamented to excess; and everywhere there is an air of wealth. At evening the splendid boulevard which runs along the sea was thronged with persons of all ranks. The ladies were fashionably dressed, but many men had a decidedly Russian appearance. Chief among the public buildings is the University of New Russia, established in 1835, and is worthy of its name. The Public Library is well supplied, and in its Museum is a relic which can never fail to awaken recollections of one of the noblest of men. It is a jaspered flat candlestick once the property of the philanthropist Howard. His remains lie mouldering on the shores of the Black Sea, near Kherson. His last words to his friend Priestman have been fulfilled. "Let no monument or monumental inscription whatever mark the spot where I am buried; lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." He can never be forgotten, but those who pass by his tomb in its lonely place are alike ignorant of his virtues and his name.

Of the two hundred thousand citizens of Odessa, eighty thousand are Russians, fifty thousand are Jews, ten thousand are Germans, fifteen thousand are Greeks, fifteen thousand Turks, ten thousand Italians, and twenty thousand French, English and Americans. The commerce of the port is large and valuable. The imports and exports are estimated at nearly twenty millions in gold per annum. Although American petroleum is a large factor in the imports, yet it may be interesting to the denizens of "Oil City" to know that on the shores of the Caspian Sea there are immense wells of Russian oil, the product of which is now sold in the southeastern Caucasus, and in the northwestern corner of the Caucasus at Tannan. At the latter place the supply seems to be inexhaustible, and that found at the former place is equal to our best. The article can be bought there for fifty cents per barrel, and is now sold in Moscow and St. Petersburg, at one dollar and a half per barrel, or six gallons. One thing, however, is favorable to the American trade; the Russians are slow at present to invest capital in the outlay necessary to bring their petroleum into market, and the price is low.

Richard, after he had talked as above, was astonished at his boldness, but he had hardly finished his above quoted remark, before Mr. T. was on his knees, the tears running down his cheeks, and before Richard, who was the means of getting him there, had knelt to pray himself. Mr. T. rose and exclaimed: "My daughter is yours. I know that I am saved from my besetting sin. I feel that I will be able to hereafter live a godly, righteous, and temperate life to the end. Like the spirit of the Lord Jesus upon me, and that in answer to my prayer just made I have the spirit of God in me, and God's will willingly while I live, and refrain from the intoxicating cup."

"God grant it to be as you have said to both of us. God bless us both," said Richard in a voice trembling with emotion.

Soon after this memorable occasion Richard Slingerton was married to Miss T. Ten years after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Slingerton and children—they had two—were called to the death-bed of Mr. T. He died blessing Mr. Slingerton, and as his daughter bent over to kiss him for the last time, she said his face was like that of an angel.

Though Richard Slingerton was sorely tempted to return to his former free and easy manner of living, only twice did he yield to the wiles of the tempter, after which he always did sorely repent, and now he established a temperance society as a pillar of the church. He became a communicant a few weeks after the night of answered prayer in the parlor of Mr. T.

THE VALUE OF PROBABILITY.—Probability, to have any value at all, must express a fact. It is therefore a thing to be inferred upon evidence. Let us, then, consider for a moment the formation of a belief of probability. Suppose we have a large bag of beans from which one has been secretly taken at random and hidden under a thimble. We are now to form a probable judgment of the color of that bean, by drawing others singly from the bag and looking at them, each one to be thrown back, and the whole well mixed up after each drawing. Suppose the first drawing is white and the next black. We conclude that there is not an immense preponderance of either color, and that there is something like an even chance that the bean under the thimble is black. But this judgment may be altered by the next few drawings. When we have drawn ten times, if 4, 5, or 6, are white, we have more confidence that the chance is even. When we have drawn a thousand times, if about half have been white, we have great confidence in this result. We now feel pretty sure that if we were to make a large number of bets upon the color of single beans drawn from the bag, we could approximately insure ourselves in the long run, by betting each time upon the white, a confidence which would be entirely wanting if, instead of sampling the bag by 1,000 drawings, we had done so by only two.—Prof. Peirce, in Popular Science Monthly.

The intensely anti-Russian English are now known as "Jingoes," though the origin and significance of the term are somewhat obscure. People about the Court say the Queen is one of the most bitter of the Jingoes, and desires active measures against Russia. It is also said that readers of the third volume of the "Memoirs of Prince Albert" may find in that volume an explanation of the course of the present English Administration. The policy of twenty years ago is being carried out with entire forgetfulness of the radical changes in the situation affected in those twenty years.

DIGNITY is expensive, and without other good qualities is not particularly profitable.

Poisonous Gases in Houses.

Typhus fever, diphtheria, and other fatal diseases, are often caused by sewer gas which forces its way through the water-closet and open fixed basins into the house. Another dangerous gas is that emanating from stoves. The New York Herald thus writes about both these poisons:

Unless there is a free circulation and an adequate supply of pure air in a bedroom occupied by one or more persons, the volume of air enclosed becomes very rapidly exhausted of its life-preserving properties, and proportionately charged with gases of an opposite character. The gases resulting from the air taken from it by the oxygen, and returns a volume of carbonic acid gas, which speedily assumes an undue proportion to the former, and renders the atmosphere absolutely dangerous to life.

But there are other sources of danger that too frequently fail to be recognized, and even by generally careful householders. These are the pipes leading from water-closets, sinks and fixed wash-basins, to the house drain, and which often serve as the inlets by which that most deadly of poisons, sewer gas, enters dwellings.

It does not matter very much whether the poison enters the hallway from a water-closet, the kitchen from a sink, or the bedroom from a fixed wash-basin, it will attack the sleeper in his bed.

Thousands of fatal cases of disease that are believed to be the result of contagion are really due to sewer-gas poison brought directly into bedrooms by the ways we have suggested.

Another dangerous gas that must be guarded against in bedrooms is that emanating from stoves. During cold weather these stoves are much used as heaters in sleeping apartments, and through ignorance of the principles of combustion and ventilation, the carbonic acid gas given off fills the air with its poison.

It is a hundred times safer to sleep in a cold bedroom than in one heated by a badly-regulated stove. Open fireplaces obviate all danger, and serve as the best means of ventilation.

TO WASH GREASY WOOL.—Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water. Mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to be washed. Put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap if needed, and if necessary add more of the borax water. Wash and rinse in cold water, or in water only slightly warmed. Squeeze well, and wring the goods will dry quickly. For twenty-six years I have used for washing my white flannels water about as hot as would be used for cotton clothing. My flannels are beautifully soft, as well as white, never lose any shape, and for washing goods that fade use crude ammonia instead of soap. Soiled neckties may be made to look like new by taking one-half a teaspoonful of spirits of hartshorn to a teaspoon of water; wash well, and if very much soiled put through a second water with less ammonia in it. Lay it on a clean white cloth and gently wring with another until nearly dry. Then lay a cloth over it and smooth with an iron not very hot. If the color fades it will all come back to its original hue. Use no soap, and do not rinse.—Exchange.

APPLE TARTLETS.—Peel, core and halve some large apples, trimming them so as to get them all one size; drop them as they are done into cold water, with a little lemon squeezed into it to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a syrup (made with one pound of sugar and one quart of water) boiling hot, put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked (great care must be taken that they do not break) take them out and leave them to get cold, then set the syrup on the fire to reduce. Make some short paste with two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, the yolks of four eggs, a little water, a pinch of salt, and a little cream; roll it lightly and roll it out to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. Line some patty pans with it, fill them with uncooked rice to keep their shape and bake them in a moderate oven till done. Remove the rice and place on each tartlet half an apple, the cooked side uppermost, pour a little of the reduced syrup on each tartlet, and lastly put a piece of guava or currant jelly in the cavity of each apple.

VEAL BALLS.—Three and one-half pounds chopped meat, 1 tablespoon of salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 nutmeg, 5 small carrots rolled fine, 3 eggs; work well together to make it adhere; if the veal is lean add a small lump of butter and 1/2 teaspoon cream; form the real into a large ball and spit thickly over with butter; then strew over it the powdered cracker (a small portion of which should be mixed with the other ingredients); place it in the oven and cook slowly for two hours; from time to time add a little water; that there may be gravy.

BEAN SOUP.—Take Spanish or black beans, wash and put into a pot with a proper quantity of water; boil until well done; then dip out the beans and press them through a colander into the water in which they were boiled; tie up some thyme in a little bag, put in the pot to simmer a few minutes; boil hard a few eggs, quarter and put eggs into the soup; sliced lemon, a little butter, and season with salt and pepper.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Into 1 pint cold boiled rice stir 1 egg and 1 teaspoon of salt; mix well and mould into egg-shaped balls; fry in hot lard.

FILET OF SOLE.—Take a flounder or any other white fish, cut a nice brown; butter well all the time it is on the fire, serve with slices of lemon and tomato sauce.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup molasses, three tablespoonfuls butter, one teaspoon sugar; stir very stiff with flour; one teaspoon soda in one cup hot water. This is good, cold or warm.

An idea for mothers: Baste a piece of needlework on the bottom of children's cloaks; this takes the place of a white dress in the street, and is far more easy to do up.

The Fascination of Archery.

So long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men. I can demonstrate this fascination, and can give the reason why it exists. But first a word as to the fact of its existence. Since the publication in this magazine for July, 1877, of an article on archery, I have received nearly five hundred letters of inquiry, and men have come hundreds of miles to see what manner of bows and arrows I use. You have but to mention an archer or archery to your friend and immediately his interest is aroused. He may scoff at the bow and sneer at the arrow; but he will inquire and show curiosity. Hang a long bow and a quiver of arrows conspicuously in your hall or library, and you will soon discover that no exquisite painting or bit of statuary will receive more attention from guests than will be accorded to these ancient weapons. No doubt if one could procure a shell-latrung with gold and silver cords, after the fashion of the old time instrument wherewith the gods made music, the same fascination would attach. Indeed music and poetry sprang from the bow as did the goddess of wisdom from the head of Jove.

The bow is the old first lyre, the monochord the first rune of fine art, and is inseparably connected with the history of culture as are the alphabets of the learned languages. What the fragments of Sapphic song and the Homeric epics are to the literature of to-day, the bow is to the weapons of to-day. When a man shoots with a bow it is his own vigor of body that drives the arrow, and his own mind that controls the missile's flight. Not so with gun shooting. The modern weapon is charged with a power acting independently of muscular operations, and will shoot just as powerfully for the schoolboy or the weakling as it will for the athlete. The Sapphic songs were the natural music of love; the Homeric epics were the natural out-pourings of a great, self-sufficient soul, surcharged with inspiration of heroism; and when Apollo is represented with drawn bow he is the symbol of the natural perfect physical manhood in an attitude displaying its highest powers and graces. It is curious to note how surely the bow and arrow, across the ages, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony concretions in the bowels of the horse. Stones, produced from the excessive use of bran, have been taken out of horses after death weighing many pounds.—London Live Stock Journal.

Hang Together.

Frank W. Miller, a New Hampshire editor, in his very able and sensible address at the recent assembly of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture, says: "Farmers do not hang together as they should; they are too jealous of one another's success. If one is getting on good thing in selling milk or in raising any particular crop, they are too apt to strive to spoil the business by cutting under, or by getting away customers. Who ever heard of a lawyer sneaking around to get the clerk of a court to sell his office to a man who ever knew a rumseller to cut down prices to secure trade? No, the lawyers and the rumsellers hang together the best of any class I know, and sometimes I am tempted to wish more of them could hang together.

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Horse Feed.

Every good groom knows that sound oats and beans and peas in due proportion, and at least a year old, are the very best food for a galloping horse—the only food on which it is possible to get the very best condition out of a race horse or hunter. It also has recently become known that horses do slow work and get fat, indeed too fat, on maize, Indian corn, which is frequently one-third cheaper than the best oats. In the East, horses are fed on barley, and it is a popular idea with English officers who have lived in Persia and Syria that the change of food from barley to oats, often, when imported, produces blindness in Arabian horses. Now, although no men understand better or so well how to get blood horses into galloping condition as English grooms, they do not, and few of their masters do, know the reason why oats and beans are the best food for putting muscular flesh on a horse. The agricultural chemist steps in here, makes the matter very plain, and shows that if you want pace, Indian corn, although nominally cheaper, is not cheap at all. When we feed a bullock, a sheep, or a pig for sale, after it has passed the store stage, we want to make it fat as quickly and as cheaply as possible; but with a horse for work the object is, give him muscle—in common language, hard flesh. There are times when it is profitable to make a horse fat, as, for instance, when he is going up for sale. For this purpose an addition of about a pound and a half of oil to his ordinary food has a good effect. It is especially useful when a horse that has been closely clipped or singed is in a low condition. It helps on the change to the new coat by making him fat. A horse in low condition changes his coat very slowly.

When from any cause there is difficulty in getting a supply of the best oats, an excellent mixture may be made of crushed maize and beans, in the proportion of two-thirds of maize and one of beans, which exactly afford the proportion of flesh-forming and fat-forming food. Bran is a very valuable food in a stable for reducing the inflammatory effects of oats and beans. Made into mashes it has a cooling and laxative effect, but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony concretions in the bowels of the horse. Stones, produced from the excessive use of bran, have been taken out of horses after death weighing many pounds.—London Live Stock Journal.

Paternal Governments.

Mr. Elihu Burritt considers the question whether it is the business of government to assist the emigrant and the laboring poor, by special grants of monetary assistance. Mr. Burritt particularly mentions the loans to actual settlers on the lines of the far Western railways, the interest thereon to be paid annually. It is only in this way, as he believes, that the railways to which the Government has made large advances can be rendered profitable and solvent. Mr. Burritt says that the corporations can be properly assisted to "develop the resources" of the country, and that the Government should not be a corporation should not be granted to individuals, nor why a republic should not be "paternal" in the sense of caring for the very poorest of her citizens.—N. Y. Tribune.

Exploration of Mt. Tongariro.

P. F. Connelly, the English sculptor, has gone to the summit of Tongariro, the volcanic mountain of New Zealand. The volcano is regarded as sacred by the Maori, who have objected to all attempts to explore the mountain on the part of the colonists. It is situated nearly in the centre of North Island, and though 6,600 feet high is more inaccessible than either Mount Edgcombe or Ruapehu, both of which exceed 10,000 feet in height. Mr. Connelly found every obstacle placed in the way of his progress by the natives, who took possession of his horses, guns, saddles, and nearly all of his outfit, including his sketches. He, however, overcame all these difficulties, and the result succeeded in thoroughly exploring the crater, took a number of sketches and photographs of the locality, and determined the positions of the most important peaks.

Too Enthusiastic.

During the session of a temperance meeting, Harlem, the other night, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speaker by yelling: "Thank heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon, and he arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place." "Thank heaven for that!" yelled the deacon. "But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening." "Thank heaven for that!" said the absent-minded man, when he was politely requested to take a back seat.

Management of Hot Beds.

Where it is intended to grow plants merely for transplanting in the garden, they may be sunk in the ground to a depth of eighteen inches, and in such a case require more than two feet of enriching material, but when forcing and perfecting are designed a permanent heat must be kept up, and the bed must be made on the surface, so that fresh and warm dressing may be added when necessary—a depth of three to four feet in such cases being wanted. The bed should be laid on as soon as the mold is settled and has a lively, regularly-tempered heat.

Good Field Hands are Hiring in Georgia.

Good field hands are hiring in Georgia at \$30 and \$75 for the year.

INNUMERABLE SINS BRING COUNTLESS SORROWS.

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