

The Steeds of Sin.

Ride not the steed of sin, my boy,
The wildly steeds of sin—
In some abyss of darkness lone
They're sure to plunge you in.
Their tramping hoofs move swiftly on;
There's a fiery reflector—
They'll bear thee downward to despair;
The destiny is death.

Intemperance, with gory eyes
Is speeding o'er the earth;
A death in all his pathway lies—
He's of a fiendish birth.
Ride not this fleet and foaming steed,
The victory he shall win;
What rein or bit can stay his speed
To doom of deadly sin.

Oh, there are other dreadful steeds
That man oft dares to ride;
That work upon this beautiful earth,
Invasion dark and wide;
Ride not the steeds of sin, my boy,
Of their swift hoofs beware!
They have a hot consuming breath,
And poisoned with despair.

—W. O. Bemis.

The Largest Volcano in the World.

"How we worked that passage! up hill and down hill, over hard pointed lava that cut through our shoes like knives; over light, crumbled lava, into which we sank up to our knees; over hills of lava that were themselves covered with smaller hills; into ravines, and over steam-cracks, some of which we could jump with the aid of our long poles, and some of which we had to find our way around; steam-cracks whose depth we could not see, and into which we thrust our walking-stick, drawing them out charred black or aflame; over lava so hot that we ran as rapidly and lightly as possible, to prevent our shoes being scorched. Three hours of this kind of work for the three miles, and Hale-mau-mau, or 'House of Everlasting Fire,' lay spitting and moaning at our feet!"

"A lake of boiling lava is what the column of smoke marked out to us—a pit within a pit—a lake of raging lava fifty feet below us, of which *St. Nicholas* gives you a picture taken 'from life.' 'It was so hot and suffocating on the brink of this lake that we cut eye-holes in our handkerchiefs, which we wore as masks. Even then we had to run back every few moments for a breath of fresher air, though we were on the windward side of the lake. The gases on the leeward side would suffocate one instantly. Oh, the glory! This Hale-mau-mau, whose fire never goes out, is a huge lake of liquid lava, heaving with groans and thunders that cannot be described. Around its edge, as you see in the picture, the red lava was spouting furiously. Now and then the center of the lake cooled over, forming a thin crust of black lava, which, suddenly cracking in a hundred directions, let the blood-red fluid ooze up through the seams, looking like fiery snakes.

"For three hours we gazed, spell-bound, though it seemed but a few moments; we were chained to the spot, as is every one else who visits Kilauea. 'The wind, as the jets rose in the air, spun the molten drops of lava into fine threads, which the natives call *Pé-é's* hair, and very like hair it is. 'All this time, under our feet, were rumblings and explosions that made us start and run now and then, for fear of being blown up; coming back after each fright, unwilling to leave the spot. 'Occasionally the embankment of the lake cracked off and fell in, being immediately devoured by the hungry flood. 'Terrible as is old *Pé-é*, the volcano's tutelary deity, she is an excellent cook. She keeps a great many ovens heated for the use of her guests, and no two at the same temperature, so that you may select one of any heat you wish. In these ovens (steam-cracks) she boils tea, coffee and eggs; or cooks omelets and meats. You wrap the beef or chicken, or whatever meat you may wish to cook, in leaves, and lay it in the steam-crack. Soon it is thoroughly cooked, and deliciously, too. 'She also keeps a tub of warm water ready for bathers.

"She doesn't mean to be laughed at, though, for doing this kind of work, and doing it in an original kind of way. After she has given you one or two round shakings, which she generally does, you'll have great respect for the old lady, and feel quite like taking off your hat to her. With the shakings and the thunders under-foot, and now and then the opening of a long steam-crack, she keeps her visitors quite in awe of her powers, though she is probably several hundred years old. 'Not far from the little hut where we sleep, close to the precipice, is *Pé-é's* great laboratory where she makes sulphur. We wear our straw hats to the sulphur banks, and she bleaches them for us.

"Well, this a strange, strange land, old many *Pé-é* being one of its curiosities. 'I only hope you may see the active old goddess before she dies. She hasn't finished her work yet. Once in a while she runs down to the shore to bathe and look at the Pacific Ocean, and when there she generally gives a new cape to Hawaii by running out into the sea. 'Majestic old *Pé-é*! Long may she live! —*Sarah Coan, in St. Nicholas.*

To cure vertigo or dizziness, arising from dyspepsia, eat food that is easily digested, avoiding pastry and fat meat. Sometimes it is occasioned by costiveness, and in this case the remedy is to keep the bowels open with gentle physic. Avoid coffee, ardent spirits, late suppers, and go to bed and rise early. Take plenty of outdoor exercise.

It Hard.

In the country towns and villages in New England, in the good old times—even within the memory of the writer—young girls, of parentage, often hired out to do housework, as did the young men hire out to work on the farm, that they might learn the life lesson of self-supporting labor, and earn the wherewith to commence life on their own account. Very many of the best and most capable female servants in our city homes, in those times, were of country families, and were treated, in many cases, like other members of the family.

But there has been a change. Society, in the business centres, is not as it used to be; and in the change there has cropped out a certain class of aristocracy which makes itself ridiculous. I witnessed a case not long since, and heard a reproof administered that was one of the hardest hits I ever saw given.

Mrs. Glitterly (we will call her) had been married four or five years, and during that time had resided in the city, where she had become very fashionable and fastidious—something of the Flora McMimsey order. She was on a visit to her old friends in the town of her nativity, and was spending the evening with Mrs. Goodhue, who had given quite a party in her honor.

At the well-ordered tea table (supper table, Mrs. G. always called it), a goodly company were assembled, and the girl—the girl who worked in the kitchen—with a neighbor's daughter who had been employed for the occasion, sat down to the meal with the rest.

Mrs. Glitterly beheld, and was amazed. Later in the evening, when the work in the kitchen had all been done, and affairs in the big battery attended to, the hired girl came in, dressed in a new calico, and set herself down to the work of social enjoyment. She was a bright-faced, pretty girl, and knew how to behave.

This seemed to be too much for Mrs. Glitterly, and when she saw that the hired help was really admitted to a party given especially in her honor, her pride rebelled. Turning to her hostess, she said, in tones loud enough to be heard over the room.

"My dear Mrs. Goodhue, how can you bear to allow your servants to stand on a social equality with yourself? I think servants should be taught to know their places."

"Really, Betsey," (Mrs. Glitterly had fashioned her Christian name into Lizzie), said the hostess, speaking with distinctness and kindly frankness, "I think I enjoy it best to keep up the old custom. I always did it. You remember when you worked for me in the kitchen, I always treated you just—"

A sharp cry of alarm from Mrs. Lizzie Glitterly arrested the good woman's speech. It seemed as though the atmosphere of the room had suddenly become stifling. She arose and went to the window, where she could get a breath of fresh air, and where she could conceal the flaming of her cheeks, which rouge and pearl paint could not hide.

The Color of Mars.

Several hypotheses have been advanced to explain the reddish color which characterizes the bright part of the planet's disk. Mr. Huggins comes to the conclusion that this peculiarity is not due to the planet's atmosphere. Indeed, Arago has called attention to the fact that upon this hypothesis the redness should be more decided at the borders of the planet than in the central portions, since the luminous rays traverse a greater thickness of atmosphere, and traverse it more obliquely, in the regions near the limb, when the contrary effect is observed. It has also been remarked that this hypothesis does not explain why the red tint is not general. Mr. Lockyer has suggested that the color may depend upon the cloudy state of the planet, and the spectroscope gives considerable support to this hypothesis. In 1862 the planet was clearer of clouds and more ruddy than in 1864. The explanation of this is that when Mars is clouded the light reflected by the clouds undergoes less absorption than that reflected by the planet itself. The spectroscope indicated this increased absorption on one occasion by showing that the reflected sunlight was without a large portion of the blue rays.

Lambert has attempted to explain the ruddy color of the spots, and their disappearance or indistinctness during the Martian winter, by the hypothesis that the vegetation on the planet is red instead of green. Hence, in the Martian summer the surface has a ruddy appearance, which disappears in winter. As Mr. Proctor remarks, if this hypothesis were true, the rapid changes of color, which have been noted by many observers, would indicate the sudden blooming forth of Martial vegetation, over hundreds of square miles of the planet's surface. Finally, we have the hypothesis, first advanced, we believe, by Herschel—and still accepted as the best explanation of the phenomenon by many astronomers—that the red color is due to the character of the planet's soil. —*Chas. W. Raymond, in the Galaxy.*

A DANBURY man, who went to a drug store to have a prescription prepared, seeing nobody but a clerk present, said: "Young man, are you holding company with a girl?" "Yes, sir," answered the clerk with a blush. "Do you think all the world of her?" "I do," said the clerk, firmly, although blushing considerably. "Is she in town?" pursued the customer, anxiously. "No, sir, she is away on a visit." "That will do," said the man, "you can't fool around any prescription for me." And he went away.

"BLOOD will tell." Vein thought.

Duck-Shooting in Maryland.

There are various ways of shooting the ducks of the Chesapeake and its broad affluent, the Susquehanna. Gentlemen for the most part shoot from "blinds" and use decoys; while market gunners use the "silk-boat" or the "night reflector." "Blinds" are any sort of artificial concealment placed at an advantageous point upon the shore. They generally consist of a seat in a sort of box or shelter some four feet deep, and capable of containing three or four persons and a couple of dogs. They are thoroughly covered up with pine branches and young pine trees, and communicate with the shore by a path similarly sheltered. The water in front is comparatively shallow, and, if it contains beds of wild celery on the bottom, is sure to be a feeding ground for the ducks. About thirty yards from the "blind" are anchored a fleet of perhaps a hundred and fifty decoys. They are wooden ducks roughly carved and painted, but devised with a strict regard for variety and sex. At a little distance they are calculated to deceive any eye, and they certainly have a great deal of weight in determining the action of a passing flock or "bunch" of ducks. The silk-boat is in reality a floating blind. It is nothing more than an anchored box or coffin with hinged flaps to keep the water from invading it. The gunner lies on his back in it, completely out of sight, and around it are placed the decoys. It is extremely tiresome work, but very destructive to the birds. They float down the stream when shot and are picked up from a boat stationed below. It is a wholesale murdering sort of thing and has little "sport" about it. The "night reflector" is quite a bait. It consists of a large reflector behind a common naphtha lamp and mounted upon the bow of a boat. The latter is rowed out into the stream where the ducks are "bedded" for the night, and the birds, fascinated by the light, swim to it from every side and bob against the boat in helpless confusion. The number of birds secured depends only on the caliber of the gun. From twenty to thirty ducks to each shot fired is a common experience. The hunter who uses one of these reflectors may succeed in getting into half a dozen "beds" in a night. Another thing he sometimes succeeds in getting a charge of shot in his body from some indignant sportsman on shore. If a rifle is handy and any one chances to be up and about at the hour, no hesitation is felt at having a crack at the "pot-hunter's" nefarious light.—*From "Canvas back and Terrapin," Scribner.*

THE LAOCOON.—The Latin poet Virgil has drawn a vivid picture of one of the scenes which hastened the fall of ancient Troy. The noble Trojan priest, Laocoon, denounced the infatuation of his countrymen, when they determined to receive the monstrous wooden horse, stuffed with Greek troops and princes, into the city. He tried every means to rouse his countrymen to a sense of their peril, and at last hurled his spear against the hollow fraud. But lest his passion might be effective, the hostile gods that helped the Greeks sent two snakes over the sea from Tenedos, with crests dropping blood and quivering tongues that licked their hissing mouths. They made their way in the city at once to Laocoon and his sons, wound themselves in frightful festoons round their limbs, bound them in a group of agony which sculpture has made immortal, crushed and choked them, and reared their crests and poisonous tongues over the brow of the patriotic priest, whose chaplet was black with their poison and red with his own death. Thus the Church of Troy was silenced; the serpents nestled safe under the buckler of the goddess in the sanctuary; the wooden horse was admitted; and that night Troy was in flames. —*Starr King.*

THE INDIA FAMINE AND AMERICAN COTTON.—The long continued and disastrous drouth in the Madras districts of India will result in the shipment of only about 100,000 bales of cotton from that country to Great Britain during the present year. This is a shrinkage of 67,000 bales from the shipments made to England in 1876 and about 150,000 bales from the average yield. The failure of the Indian crops will thus create a demand for American cotton in the markets of Great Britain larger than there has been for years. Of course the drouth has not wholly destroyed the Madras production but only curtailed it, so that the supply will be entirely inadequate to the demand usually made for it.

Reports indicate that our crops will be better than the average in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and other regions. Rains have fallen at near intervals and in such quantity as to make the prospects for a good crop all through the South most excellent. Considering these points we may expect to export at least 200,000 bales more cotton than usual this year, at fair prices.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

A LITERARY gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and, if any one should inquire for him, to give an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors:

"Did any one call?"
"Yes, sir! wan gentleman."
"What did he say?"
"He axed were yer honor in?"
"Well! what did you tell him?"
"Sure! I gave him a quivkle answer, jist."
"How was that?"
"I axed him was his grandmother a monkey!"

To confess a fault is to lighten it.

The War.

The talk among the European powers about interfering before long with the combatants in the East and so preventing their carrying the war over into another year, is too loud and open to be passed by as of no special significance. It is becoming more evident that the powers are restive under a continuance of hostilities and would be glad to bring them to an end. This they seem to think they can do without passing judgment on either party, simply calling it a drawn-battle. No doubt Turkey would accede to terms of peace, offered on such a basis, provided they involved nothing like humiliation; but what Russia might incline to do, or how far it would feel disposed to favor the proposition of the powers, is somewhat problematical. For although the Russian army has secured a foothold in Bulgaria from which to launch the campaign of next year, it might be willing to regard this as triumph enough under the circumstances, and to forego its design of advancing upon Adrianople and beyond. But the fact that the project is openly talked of is enough to show that it is not without a greater degree of support in the cabinets than might be generally suspected. It is manifested by this time that the war tells materially on the general prosperity of Europe by rendering all the foundations of peace so uncertain. There is the spot where it hurts so sorely, and this is the reason why interference is now openly broached in quarters that speak with something like authority.

It would puzzle one more than ever to say precisely what the war is being waged for. If the Bulgarian atrocities stimulated it, these have to all intents been for some time lost sight of. Other aims and feelings have succeeded than such as are implied in redressing those wrongs. Russia has encountered a foe worthy of her steel, and in the protracted struggle she has had occasion to think of many other things. The religious war has been gradually changing into one for power, which indeed it was in the beginning, when stripped of its ostentatious disguises. If Russia, however, is to become the necessary agent at whose hands Turkey is to be schooled in the processes of civilization, or semi-civilization, she will not have gone into this contest in vain, whatever may have been her original motives. Some such disciplinary exercise was essential to prepare Turkey, if she shall ever do so, to enter the European family of nations. And inasmuch as Russia herself can hardly claim full admission to that circle, since she is Asiatic as well as European, it may be in the design of Providence that one result of this prolonged collision of hers with Turkey is to eliminate from her system also what still remains of barbarism, and by degrees transform her as well as Turkey to the condition in which all states must come before they can expect to enter the circle of civilization.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Matter of Tramps.

The characteristics, habits and tendencies of this increasingly dangerous class of people are more and more engaging the attention of those whose thoughts are turned to the security and welfare of society. We recently made a note of what had been suggested as the only practical remedy for the tramp danger and nuisance. Mr. Elihu Burritt, in a recent letter to the public, remarks that in comparison with the class of foreign vagrants the American tramp is the very worst of his class. The tramp in England he describes as a solitary vagabond, who is easily managed, while in this country he is gregarious and formidable from union with his fellows, who move in bands through the country, though they may deploy as individual skirmishers, levying contributions of food and clothing under a menace understood, if not expressed.

Mr. Burritt says he must have Old World institutions to protect society against them, and he thinks the English workhouse precisely adapted to their case, with such improvements as we may see fit to add. In the Northern States, he thinks there should be one such workhouse for every county, and several where the population is dense. We could then say to every able-bodied vagrant—"There is the workhouse within a day's walk at farthest. There you will find plenty of work and better food and lodging than you can get by begging." We should thus get at their true inwardness at once. What really keeps this dangerous class in condition is the mistaken good-feeling of the people on whom they really prey. It is a false sympathy that feeds and furnishes them on their unbroken line of march. If those who are disposed to give this gratuitous assistance to vagrants who have not the slightest claim to it, would only propose in every instance that the applicant should set about some piece of work that was kept always ready, they would very soon be disabused of a weakness that is really a hurt to the community.

Look happy, if you do not feel so. Present a cheerful exterior, though your heart and mind be troubled. Never wear a face which, as Sidney Smith says, "is a breach of the peace." Dr. Johnson used to observe that the habit of looking at the best side of a thing was worth more to a man than a thousand pounds a year, and Samuel Smiles observes: "We possess the power, to a great extent, of so exercising the will as to direct the thoughts upon subjects calculated to yield happiness and improvement rather than their opposites. In this way the habit of happy thought may be made to spring up like any habit. And to bring up men or women with a genuine nature of this sort, a good temper and a happy frame of mind is perhaps of even more importance, in many cases, than to perfect them in much knowledge and accomplishments."

Farmers' Homes.

A farmer's home may be made a place of great comfort and attraction or quite the reverse. The fact of its being out of the dust and away from the din of the city, and surrounded by pleasant landscapes, is calculated to enhance its beauty and add to its comfort, but we too often find among the farmers nothing but incessant toiling, a dearth of home comforts, a conviction on the part of the farmer that time spent in an effort to beautify and make pleasant his home is absolutely thrown away, and the result is that we see every thing rough, soiled, untidy, and the life a ceaseless round of care and labor. Yet we find very different scenes than this, and even among farmers of quite limited means, but of a more improved taste, perhaps, who make their country life and country homes the source of much enjoyment. It is not unreasonable to estimate, taking all the year round, that out of a dozen hours of the day two might be devoted to brushing up around the premises, planting and training ornamental trees and shrubbery, in the cultivation of flowers and the collection of interesting objects in natural history. Thus the home may be made a more pleasant and attractive place for the often overworked farmer's wife, and a better and more suitable place in which to bring up and develop the better tastes of the children. Again: the farmer can doubtless find time enough from the essential labors of the farm to take the family on many a pleasant ride around the premises and through the neighborhood. This time he may afford to take often, even from the lighter labors of the farm, since in that way he may be even "more perfectly fulfilling the purposes of a short life than in merely rolling together dollars and cents by unintermittent work." Civilization is gradually improving the condition of the agricultural people. With the increase of the means and facilities for cultivation a powerful agency is ever active in the elevation and improvement of the country people themselves. The exercise of improved methods and the use of improved machinery calls for the exercise of thought, and the ornamentation of the farmhouse and grounds develops the aesthetic tastes, and thus the experiment gradually goes on. The principal agency which is operating to produce the desired result is the common school system, and the improved methods and means of instruction now in reach of the common people. Many more in proportion to the entire population, than formerly, come up from the cornfields to attend the academies, seminaries and universities, and returning cultivated and enlightened into the agricultural districts, infuse an improved element into country life.—*Ashland (Oregon) Tidings.*

Trim the Hoofs of Colts.

In many instances the insensible portion of the hoofs of colts and of young horses will grow out so round and flat that fragments sometimes will be broken off. This is more particularly the case if colts are allowed to run at large occasionally on hard ground, gravelly and stony lands and hard roads; the hoofs will wear fast enough, as nature evidently intended they should. But if young horses are kept on smooth turf, their feet must be kept short by artificial means. The most convenient way to trim long hoofs is to let one person hold a block of hard wood against the hoofs, or hold the hoof on the square end of the wood while an attendant cuts off small pieces with a sharp chisel and mallet. Use an inch finer chisel rather than a large one, as a two-inch chisel will require heavier blows with a mallet. A pair of sharp nippers (sometimes vulgarly called snips) may often be employed for such a purpose, when a colt is so restive that a chisel and mallet cannot be used.

We have in mind a colt having unusually long hoofs, which had in his play stepped upon some hard substance and broken off the front of the foot to the quick. The accident was attended with some bleeding and excessive lameness, the suffering brute being unwilling to put his foot to the ground. Ten minutes' work would have saved the animal much pain, and the owner might have had the benefit of three months' growth instead of having it arrested for that period. But the occasional breaking off of a part of the hoof is a mere trifle when compared with other mischiefs resulting from the same cause. When the toe is too long the strain on the fetlock joint will be greatly increased, so that permanent injury to the suspensory ligament of the foot often follows. Young horses frequently have wind-galls and other evidences of sprains before they are put to work. In many instances such ailments occur, when shortening of the toe has been neglected until the hoofs have grown to an unnatural length.—*Practical Farmer.*

TEA CULTURE.—While labor is high-priced and of poor quality, it is hopeless to believe that tea can be profitably produced in the United States. Hundreds of experiments have been made in years past with the tea-plant in various parts of the States for the purpose of ascertaining if it was adapted to our soil and climate; and although in many instances they have proved successful, so far as the growth of plants was concerned, still the high price of labor has heretofore prevented extending its cultivation. Of late, experiments in tea culture have attracted considerable attention in California; but the same difficulties which have attended it elsewhere in this country prevent any considerable progress.

GENIUS, like the sun upon the dial, gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light.