

FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As o'er life's mountains and vales
Our pilgrim's journey we take,
We add to our trouble and care,
And heavier burdens we bear,
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces are smiling and bright,
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day,
And many a sacrifice make,
And a night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne,
For somebody's sake.

Though humble our dwelling may be,
Though simple the food we partake,
Our happiness may be assured,
And poverty's ills be endured,
For somebody's sake.

What wondrous tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds we undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
What all we've accomplished was done,
For somebody's sake.

The struggle that's only for self
No joy among angels may wake,
But the brightest of crowns will be given
To those who have suffered and striven
For somebody's sake.

ICHAOD TURNER'S MISSION.

"Crooked! Crooked! Crooked?" rang out the sharp, peculiar, dissonant voice, and the tall, thin figure in seedy garments and flapping hat swayed to and fro on the stump that had been selected for a rostrum. "All things have gone crooked in this world, and I've come to set 'em straight—to undo the snarls, give the power where it belongs and put men in their places. Oh—h—h my friends! The world is topsy-turvy; the top's at the bottom and the bottom's at the top, and I've come to turn things right end up!"

The six o'clock whistle had sounded the close of another day's work at the shops, and the men, pouring out from the various smoke-stained archways, paused to listen. The speaker's excitement seemed to deepen as his audience increased. The keen eyes under the old hat darted lightning-like glances here and there; he gesticulated wildly and his voice rose to a still higher pitch.

"Oh—h—h—yes! Look at me! I'm Ichaod Turner; and the mission I'm sent on is to mend all crookedness and turn things right end up!"

The men seemed to find a grim pleasure in the harangue. They laughed as they exchanged comments.

Jim Barclay sauntering down the long walk, stopped beside a bright young girl who had paused for a moment on the outer edge of the crowd.

"If that fellow would begin his work by altering the days and nights a little, or my means of enjoying them, I'd be obliged to him," he laughed.

The girl turned with a little start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, Jim?" Then a glance at his lunch-basket brought the swift question: "You're not going out to-night? It's not your run."

"I must make it though, they say. It's an extra train, and they are short of men, somehow—off or disabled. I feel considerably disabled myself."

"You were out at last night?"

"And all the night before and nearly all yesterday. I didn't get in to-day until afternoon, and I was scarcely settled into a comfortable sleep before I was called. I'm not fit to go, that's a fact. Don't worry, Dell."

He strode off his sentence abruptly as he saw the shadow of anxiety on his companion's fair face. "It doesn't happen so often. They're short, you see."

"It oughtn't to happen at all," insisted Dell, indignantly. "I wouldn't go."

"Then my head would come off at short notice," laughed Jim. "We can't afford that."

Pretty Dell flushed rosily. She knew so well what that meant. There was a little house talked over and arranged to every detail of its simple furnishing, for which they were planning when Jim should obtain his hoped-for promotion. "No, I won't insure any necks to-night, but I'll take the risk of crushing a few other people's heads rather than the certainty of losing my own," laughed Jim. "It's a pity that fellow who is so sure of his mission couldn't turn my brains right side up; they feel crooked enough. But don't worry, Dell," he repeated hurriedly.

The crowd began to thin. Hungry men, swinging their empty dinner-pails, presently found the prospect of supper more alluring than the stranger's promised millennium. Jim looked at his watch, and found he had not even five minutes to spare for a part of the homeward walk with Dell. He parted from her with a reluctant good-bye, and she walked away alone. She had gone but a few steps, however, when she turned and looked back.

"You'll be careful, Jim? Don't let anything happen."

"Why, Dell?" He laughed, half touched, half wondering. "I oughtn't to have talked such nonsense. Don't be uneasy."

She smiled in answer, and the cloud slowly faded from her face as she walked on.

Jim had some need of help as the evening wore on, though he but dimly realized it. Getting everything in readiness for starting was harder work than usual. There was a dull pain in his eyes and a throbbing in his temples.

"This trip's rather rough on you, Jim?" remarked a fireman, half questioningly, half commiseratingly.

"Rather!" Jim laughed faintly. "I'm stiff and used up, but I'll get over it when we're fairly off, I expect."

When the station with its dim and dancing lights was left behind, however, and the long lines stretched away straight before him, his occupation became but a mere routine so treacherously familiar that it would scarcely hold his eyes or thoughts. Mechanically he attended to his engine, with his mind straying far away from it to Dell, and then running oddly into a confused memory of the speaker at the depot, until the swift movement of the polished rods before him seemed the motion of gesticulating arms, and the sound in his ears resolved itself into a measured monotonous repetition of meaningless words—"Crooked and straight! Right side up!"

"Hello! Caught myself napping, I do believe!" Jim Barclay, what are you about? See here, Bill"—to his fireman—"just keep an eye on me, will you?"

The young engineer shook himself, looked about him and stood stiffly erect. He whistled a tune vigorously to assure himself that he was wide awake. What a drowsy rocky motion the train had! Even the jar and rattle seemed to lull and stupefy, though he stood erect at his post. He was glad this sort of work was nearly over. At least he hoped it was nearly over, for he did not see how the desired promotion could be much longer delayed, and then such calls as this would be fewer. He was looking anxiously forward to the day when he would carry the longed-for tidings to Dell. Dear little girl, how her face would brighten! What a cosy, happy home she could make! And she said the curtains wouldn't cost anything, and hammock on the porch to rest in. Lights? Queer where the lights came from, unless—why, yes, almost to a station, of course. Dell must have put a bright light in the window.

Alas! Bill had climbed back over the tender to look at a suspected hot-box on the after truck.

Shriek after shriek of warning from a steam whistle aided the flashing of the signal lights and, at last, forced their meaning upon the benumbed brain. With a low cry of horror the engine was reversed, but too late to avert the crash that followed as the two freight trains were piled upon each other in common wreck.

"What possessed you to run on in that fashion, man? Were you drunk or crazy?" demanded more than one rough voice as Jim stood by the track. But he only gazed with blanched face at the scene before him and answered them nothing.

"Fortunately—almost miraculously," it seemed—no one was seriously injured, as the morning papers said in chronicling the occurrence. Under the same glaring head-lines they commended the promptness of the company in dismissing "the engineer whose criminal carelessness caused the disaster, and who, as nearly as could be learned, was comfortably sleeping at his post, and so neglectful of all signals!"

These were the tidings that reached Dell instead of the glad word for which she had waited.

"What they say is true, after a fashion," said Jim simply and sadly. "I was to blame for it—and yet I wasn't, for I was not fit to make the run, and I told them so."

There was no one to chronicle his years of faithful service, or the "criminal carelessness," if not cruelty, which had placed him in such a position; but these things were well understood among the many workers in that railroad town, and they acknowledged to each other, with each other, with ready but helpless sympathy, that it was "rough on poor Jim."

Rough it surely grew as the long days came and went, and the hope of reinstatement grew dimmer. "All those missing men, who couldn't be found when I needed a single night's rest, seemed to have turned up once more, and they can spare me indefinitely," he explained to Dell, with a pretense of jocularity that scarcely covered the bitterness. The brave little woman tried to comfort and encourage him, though the dancing light had gone out of her brown eyes, and new grave lines were deepening about the young lips. The little house they had planned seemed so like the shadowy ghost of a dead hope that neither cared to talk of it any more, and indeed Dell's ingenuity found full occupation now in combating the various wild schemes which Jim in his desperation was constantly forming. He had been away to look for employment, but business was dull everywhere at this season; and moreover, grown up in that railroad town, where all interest and industry centered in the shops and tracks, he had belonged to the line from boyhood; he could do but the one thing, and there was little chance for a situation elsewhere while the shadow of the great corporation's disapproval seemed to follow him in all his efforts like a blighting frost.

So the bright autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving only brown and barren branches; the soft haze faded from the hills; and the narrow iron track, stretching away over the frozen earth toward the cold gray sky, looked to Dell's sorrowful eyes a fitting emblem of the dreary life-road that lay before him.

"I'm going away to-morrow," Jim was saying, as they passed slowly over

the bridge and down toward the town. "I've shown idiocy enough in waiting here for any chance of justice. I mean to go as far west as I can make my way, and I'll come back when I've some good word to bring—if that time ever comes."

It was useless to combat his purpose: there was nothing better to offer. The girl's wistful gaze strayed with a dreary persistency to the track again. What a hard, narrow road it was, stretching on to its cheerless goal—the far away wintry horizon.

Down on the walk by the round-house a knot of loungers had gathered. Ichaod Turner's wanderings had brought him thither again—the place seemed to hold some peculiar fascination for him—and he was discoursing on his favorite theme. Suddenly a movement and murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, and its numbers were speedily augmented from various quarters of the building. Swiftly and unexpectedly the speaker had turned, and with a single bound placed himself in the cab of a locomotive that had for a moment been left unattended.

"It, steamed up!" "Off! off! "Come out of that!" shouted several voices.

But Ichaod laughed hoarsely and waved his long arms triumphantly above his head.

"I'm the only man on this continent that can run an engine! I'm ordered to take this one and go and turn the world right side up! Hurrah!"

Two or three persons rushed forward, but he caught up an iron bar and wielded it so vigorously that they were compelled to fall back. Then like a flash, his hand seized the throttle-lever, and the dangerous steed he had chosen began to show signs of life.

"Pull him off!" "Block the wheels!" rang out in conflicting orders.

But the madman laughed again, his wild eyes gleaming like fire, and shook his bar in threatening and defiance.

"Touch me if you dare! I'm sent to set the crooked straight. Here comes the millennium! Clear the track for the millennium!" And he was off.

Swiftly as an arrow some one darted through the crowd, ran along the track and leaped on the engine, clinging, no one knew quite how, as it moved away. Dell found herself suddenly deserted, and could only move forward with the others who were following with eyes of mingled admiration and horror the athletic young figure clinging and swinging and as the speed increased, until it finally forced its way into the cab.

"What a terror to be let loose on the road! Who can tell what he will run into before he can be stopped!" exclaimed one with white face.

"Jim! Barclay! manage him!"

"Jim'll be killed!" answered dissenting voices.

Jim's unexpected appearance in the cab, meanwhile, had momentarily confused his occupant, who, until then, had not been aware of his presence.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded in surprise.

"Flew down," panted Jim; "sent to help you. But what on earth do you mean by trying to start the millennium in open daylight?"

"Daylight?" repeated Ichaod, bewildered by an earnestness and assurance as fierce as his own.

"Don't you know we must wait until the stars fall begin to fall? Besides, we must back and telegraph to all the world to clear the track for us."

He was improving his companion's momentary confusion by gently edging into his place and crowding him back, while he urged the superior advantages of his own plan of proceeding. "All the details of that brief, horrible ride Jim could never clearly recall, but with the engine once in his own hands, he held possession, and as soon as it was possible reversed it, endeavoring the while to distract the others attention by a stream of explanations concerning their joint mission. The suggestions of clearing the track seemed to suit Ichaod's crazed brain, and seizing the cord near him he clung to it so persistently that the shrieking, deafening, steam-whistle drowned out all further efforts at conversation, and never ceased its terrific din until they rolled back into the great yard. Officers, police and train dispatchers had been hastily notified, only to find themselves helpless in the matter, and a line of anxious spectators watched the engine's return. Then, discovering for the first time that his project was foiled, or bent upon some new scheme—ne one could ever tell which—Ichaod suddenly dropped the cord, and, before his companion could surmise his intention, leaped to the track. A moment later he was drawn from under the cruel wheels and tenderly lifted.

"So endeth—the first lesson," he murmured, and then all earthly tangles for him were over, and life's rough places grew smooth and plain.

Jim was greeted with congratulations, praises and questions on every side.

"That was a brave deed of yours, sir,—a dangerous undertaking, very skillfully planned and executed," declared an officer of the road, with a congratulatory shake of the hand. "It's far more than cancels that little misfortune of yours last fall. There is no telling where this might have ended but for you. Call around at the office in the morning, will you? We shall have something to say to you."

"What does that mean?" questioned

eager Dell, as Jim made his way to her side.

"It means that everything is all right again," answered Jim, with an odd smile about his lips. "Queer how soon a bit of success can change a great crime into merely a little misfortune."

The excitement was over, and the yard settled back to ordinary routine, but the young engineer and pretty Dell lingered for a last pitying, tender glance at the still form reverently covered.

"For whatever he might have been to the rest of the world, dear Jim, for us he fulfilled his mission," said the girl softly.

FIGS.

Whether planted in the name of the prophet, or any other way, the fig tree is the most easily propagated of any other fruit tree. The cultivation of the fig has been greatly neglected in Southern California. The tree grows from the cutting, and bears oftentimes the first season after planting, and generally bears every year. It grows with great rapidity and becomes a large tree in four years, and free from all disease or insects. The fruit is very healthful as a human food as well as for chickens. It is also very valuable for fattening hogs, which are very fond of this kind of fruit.

The fig of commerce, originally called the Smyrna fig, is one of the most delicious fruits of the orchard. This is a yellowish fruit, bronzed on the sunny side and very much elongated. It is far sweeter than the common Mission or purple fig, the brown Ischia, or white fig, and should be planted by tens of thousands all over our country. There are but few of this kind in the country but they can be multiplied rapidly by cuttings, so that in a few years the country could be supplied with this delicious fruit.

In the absence of the Smyrna fig, the white fig, so called, which is a greenish lemon-colored fruit, can be used with great profit. It can be made into spiced pickles, which are very fine and command a strong price, even more than cucumbers. It is a good table fruit especially valuable for children, fattens hogs rapidly, or as canned fruit is very excellent. The white fig of Los Angeles has been canned in our city and sent to New York, London, Liverpool and Paris, where it has been considered one of the most delicious of all prepared fruits. Orders have been received in this city for all that could be produced, no matter how much, but the people have not been informed of the fact and have not been prepared to raise them.

From all the information we have been able to gather, the fruits is put up like apricots or pears, in white syrup, and is most delicious and fascinating. The operation is simple and not expensive, and the profits very satisfactory. If our manufacturers of canned goods will give more facilities to information about their business it will be very much to their advantage. Figs can be raised more easily and rapidly than any other fruit, and if there is money in them our farmers want to know it and produce all that are needed. Heretofore they did not seem "to care a fig" for the business, but now they have reason to revise their opinions.

A Blunder in Dinner-Giving.

The same generous impulse that creates the dinner-giver often causes him to blunder in the manner of his dinner-giving. Expense, of course, is something that must be expected and can't be avoided; yet where this is unnecessarily lavished upon an over-profusion of dishes, the policy is not to be commended; and this is true whether the party be a large or small one. It is all very proper for the host to have a well-marked sufficiency, for to have less would be to broadly insult those whom he has invited to his table. But to follow up course after course, each one more attractive than its predecessor, and all too tempting to be resisted, is not the plan to be adopted if he desires to reach the reputation of a successful dinner-giver. And the reason is plain. A guest may owe his presence, not to any particular friendship the host may have for him, but to a certain qualification he may possess—wit, perhaps, or general conversational powers, or other attribute fitting him for such an occasion. Now these may be entirely upset by over-indulgence either in eating or drinking, or, at least, they may be so clogged and smothered under the load as to show nothing deserving the invitation they had caused their possessor to obtain.

It may be said that diners should know when to stop, unless they are beasts and not men. There may be force in this proposition, yet one may be lured beyond the bounds of prudence by a multiplicity of dishes so tempting in their excellence as to be irresistible, and yet be a man and not a beast, either. A skillful cook can make a man hungry and keep him so until he has swallowed his last mouthful, and then tantalize him with eagerness and yet have no further capacity to accommodate. The dinner-giver, if he be a wise one, will look to this, especially if brilliancy in his guests be an object with him. The corking process answers well enough in preserving the life and sparkle of wine, but it is death to the exuberance of wit.

Domestic Training for Girls.

A young child's perceptions are clear, active and lasting, and the impressions of childhood and youth often remain till the last moments of life. The three great foundations upon which the superstructure of training should be built are truthfulness, obedience and punctuality; and, strange to say, without these even cookery will be a failure. Weights and measures must be true, no weights and measures of "guess-work," and to questions connected with cookery, if the replies be not true, no reliance can be placed on a person's conduct if unwatched, and there is no honest principle.

These three virtues a child should be taught simultaneously, not in the way of teaching a lesson, but in the love and watchfulness, care and example of the mother. Before the child can speak it can intuitively discern truth in the actions of those about it, and later on with a deeper impression, such as if a thing promised is withheld, or an act forbidden is yet permitted to be done. So, little by little, here and there, a child's character is built for evil or good. Domestic training cannot begin too early. The we things can be taught to play in setting a store cupboard in order, to unpack stores, to take care of twine, of paper and nails, to have a place for everything, and to understand (in play) that if there is not a place just made for everything, things cannot be put away properly. If this instruction grows with their growth—and it is sure to do so by habit—how much comfort in a home there will be when the little one is a woman!

The regular routine of a mother's work in the kitchen after breakfast should be shared by the child, and the instructions given to a young servant will not be for her ears alone, the child will share it. It won't understand much at first, neither will the servant, but by reiteration, repeating this and that over again, knowledge enters the brain, however young and inexperienced. It is also good to let a child have her own brushes and dusters, and be taught (as play) to keep her own bedroom clean, or a certain part of a nursery. A mother's watchful eye will teach her child to have corners clean before the middle of the room is swept. A proper method of dusting should be observed. The room should not be swept with the windows and doors open, but shut, and for the reason that the dust in sweeping would, with windows open, fly out of the door to the passage or on to the furniture, which, however, should first have had cotten wrappers put on; but if the door and windows be shut, and after sweeping the rooms the dust be left to settle for ten minutes—still with closed doors and windows—the dusting process can then be gone through by first wiping off the dust carefully, shaking the duster out of the window, and then carefully going over the process again. The dust will not have been fluttered from one place to another, but will have been removed altogether. And, last of all, the wrappers are to be shaken, and folded with the clean surface inside, and put in their place. All this may be done in the way of "helping mother."

Children soon tire of toys; there is no satisfactory result, and whatever grown persons may think of the wee ones, they are in their own conceit little men and women and like to disport themselves accordingly. They like to be of importance, and to be thought important.

Monday mornings always bring the linen sorting and setting down for the laundress, and the clean things need overlooking as to want of buttons, tapes and mending fractures in the wash. A child may be brought to find amusement in the work, and in due time to become a real help. The mistake that mothers make is, they don't want to be troubled with a child while their work is in progress. Of course the child's help is none, but oftentimes a hindrance, yet the probable future should never be forgotten, for only in this way can a child be properly taught domestic work, and, indeed, be kept out of mischief, which is merely improperly-directed energy.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

Never ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the view and motives of the author of it, and on no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from you in political and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near to you.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanities or their riches.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review your conduct and note your feelings.

Baron Mueller asserts that palm trees reach the extreme southern limit in New Zealand, where a noble species extends as far as forty-four degrees south latitude. The most southern American members of the same tribe—Kentia sapida—ceases in La Platte, in latitude thirty-four degrees.

The shoots of the season's growth should be cut from the grape vines, gooseberry and currant bushes any time from the 1st of November to the middle of December.

An anti-Mormon movement has been started in London.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Content is a communicable virtue. If your path is smooth—watch and pray.

A foe of God was never friend to man.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

Reason should not regulate, but supplement virtue.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Money and contentment do not always go hand in hand.

Oh, that we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well.

Let us first search ourselves, and afterwards the world.

True love is always firm, and true firmness is always love.

Patience is the endurance of any evil through the love of God.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

The man who pauses on his honesty, wants little of the villain!

How immense appear to us the sins that we have not committed.

Envy's memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

Any person may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it.

Deg collars of velvet, silver, pearl and jet are again in high vogue.

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.

All habits gather by unseen degrees; as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Oh, banish the tears of children! Continuous rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

How strange it is that people are ever mistaking their small circle for the world.

It is a species of agreeable servitude to be under an obligation to those we esteem.

Superstitions, errors and prejudices are cobwebs continually woven in shallow brains.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

That would be a queer religion which consisted only in being afraid of the devil and his imps.

Ideas generate ideas; like a potato, which, cut in pieces, reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

It is no small fault to be bad, and seem to; it is a greater fault to seem good, and not to be so.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the heart and the head are stuffed with goods.

An intelligent, sustaining faith cannot be snatched, like a life preserver, in the moment of danger.

We form our most correct judgment of people sometimes from what they intend, rather than what they do.

We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock crowing and the morning star.

Whoever strikes hard must prepare for the rebounder. If we criticize, we must not wince when we are criticised.

Prejudices are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education.

A woman requires only to remember this to be always safe, namely, it is the first false step which leads to all future evils.

Nearly always, in cases of needed reproof, or even counsel, indirect measures are more successful than direct ones.

Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of the window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

We should never make enemies, if for no other reason, because it is so hard to behave toward them as we ought.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

When one with a strong mind recognizes that he is approaching a crisis in life, there is an awe that calms and controls.

If you would do good to others, you must be good before others. No one can be a safe guide in a path he has not traveled.

When loving hearts are separated, not the one which is exhaled to heaven, but the survivor it is who tastes the sting of death.

The essence of every by-gone pain is, indeed, not so much memory as it is the prophecy which it holds within itself of a possible future like it.

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.

The advice of our friends must be attended to with a judicious reserve; we must not give ourselves up to it and blindly follow their determination, right or wrong.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

The head truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart, and the heart really affected with goodness will much conduce to the directing of the head.

It is almost impossible that two persons should live contentedly together, and not offend each other sometimes. In order to enjoy life, all unintentional offences ought to be forgiven. It would be well, if persons studied not to give offence, even unintentionally.