

Be Careful What You Say.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in houses glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do,
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin,

We have no right to judge a man
Until he is fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults—and who has not?
The old as well as young;
We may, perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try my own defects to cure
Before of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know;
Remember curses sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

A Lesson, and How Two Learned It.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment, no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little, shapely hand a brand-new ten-dollar bill. And here began the trouble.

"What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker"—"now what is it?"

Betty, who had just begun to change the sigh into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head, and with a small jerk, no ways conciliating, sent out the words: "You needn't insinuate that I'm always troublesome!"

"I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried John, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and, backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation! "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating, and all that, and then to put it on me—it's abominable!"

The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold.

"And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little, erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you! Oh, now you can, of course!"

"Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything."

"And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again.

And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two but a year before had promised to love and protect and help each other through life.

"Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes, only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!" His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to any one's heart to have seen their expression.

"I don't know how you will change it or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure," and she pushed back, with a saucy, indifferent gesture, the light waving hair from her forehead.

That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child." Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny hair and the cool, indignant undergrowth, and before he knew it he was saying: "There is no help for it now, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!"

"What do you mean?" Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to his.

"I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

Instead of bringing out a violent protestation of fond affection and remorse, which she fully expected, John drew himself up, looked at her fixedly for a long, long minute, then dropped her

arm, and said, through white lips, very slowly:

"Yes, it may be as you say better all around. You know best," and was gone from the room before she could recover her astonishment enough to utter a sound.

With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the ten-dollar bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life.

"How could he have done it—oh, what have I said—oh John, John!"

The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms, and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he said in his tender way, why they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now!

Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rosy ears to shut out the bird's chirping. "If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?"

How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene he went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen, said: "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited.

Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble.

The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonth previous, Miss Elvira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as housecleaning, dressmaking, and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of newsgatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectually.

She always called her by her first name, though Betty inwardly resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently, and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk! But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carrion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had really commenced.

"Been crying!" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but I! I wouldn't mind—I know 'tain't your fault."

Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this! John and she not to live happily! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and not tempers; but had it gotten around so soon—a story in everybody's mouth.

With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, failing in that, was forced to go on.

"An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they git to talkin' so you can't blame me, if things don't go easy for you I'm sure!"

"You tell folks so?" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still.

"What? I don't understand."

"Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, an'—"

"And you dare to tell people such things of my husband?" cried Betty, drawing herself up to her extreme height, and towering so over the old woman in the chair that she jumped in confusion at the storm she had raised and stared blindly into the blazing eyes and face rosy with righteous indignation, her only thought was how to get away from the storm she had raised, but could not stop. But she was forced to stay, for Betty stood just in front of the chair, and blocked up the way, so she slunk back into the smallest corner of it, and took it as best she could. "My husband!" cried Betty, dwelling with pride on the pronoun—at least, if they were to part, she would say it over lovingly as much as she could till the last moment; and then, when the time did come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that was ever given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temp'r has vexed him—I've been cross, impatient, and—"

"Hold!" cried a voice; "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his

arms, and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all!

"Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly.

"And, now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may go!"

The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind.

"Betty," said John, some half hour after. "What was the sigh for? don't care 'ow, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't."

Betty smiled, and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom, she presently returned still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel.

This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wondering. "I didn't mean," she said, unpinning the bundle, "to let it out, now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after to-morrow is your birthday!"

"So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come around so soon?"

"And you, dear boy," said Betty haking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the bluest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown—"this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for oh! I didn't want you to know!"

John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes: "But I don't see, Betty, what this thing," laying one finger on the gown, "had to do with the sigh."

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she couldn't finish. "Oh, John, I was worrying so over those buttons; they weren't good, but they were the best I could do, then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday—Two whole dozen. And 'when you put that ten-dollar bill in my hand, I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till to-day." John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all! I don't think they have ever quarreled again—at least I have never heard of it.

Queer Insurance.

A New York correspondent writes: I lately discovered a sort of life insurance that rather surprised me. I had occasion to go through a large tenement, of the worst class, swarming with children and reeking with horrible odors. It had been leased to a man who sublet it, and who cared nothing about its condition so long as he got money enough out of the tenants to pay him for his risk. On one of the landings I met a young man who was writing something in a memorandum book. Half a dozen women were talking to him at once, and several children seemed interested in what he was doing. Being a little curious to know his business in the place, I waited at the door till he came down, and asked him. He answered promptly that his business was to insure the children. He represented a company (naming it), he said, that made a specialty of insuring the lives of children in tenement-houses. The company did quite a large business, too. The risks taken were generally small—from ten to twenty dollars on each child insured. The premium was payable weekly, and ran from five cents to twenty cents a week. The company had several canvassers employed, going from house to house in the tenement quarters. When a child died the insurance money was promptly paid. It was not much, but at all events it helped the parents to bury their child. If the parents failed to keep up the weekly payment of premiums, of course the policy lapsed. As the mortality among children, especially in tenements, was very great, I thought the business of insuring their lives could not be profitable, but the young man said the company was doing very well, and had already made a good deal of money.

The True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by an invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unrolled, her streamers drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the ebb tide no man knows where; and so I have known more than one genius high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, but for the bare toiling arm and brave warm heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, he would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes.

New night robes have large full sleeves shirred in at the armholes, and shirred also at the wrist to a narrow embroidered cuff.

THE OBELISK.

The Historic Wonder in New York—Its True Story—What These Monoliths Are—Contemporary With Moses.

The *Christian at Work*, published in New York, has an interesting article on the great historic obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, presented to the United States by Ismael Pasha, and brought to New York by Captain Goring on board the steamer *Dessoug*. Obelisks belong to the oldest and most simple monuments of Egyptian architecture, and are high four-sided pillars, diminishing as they ascend, and terminating in a small pyramid. Herodotus speaks of them, and Pliny gives a particular account of them. The latter mentions King Mespheps, or Mestres, of Thebes, as the first builder of them. It is probable that these monuments were first built before the time of Moses, at least two centuries before the Trojan war. There are still several obelisks in Egypt. These exclusive of the pedestals, are mostly from fifty to 100 feet high, and of a red polished granite; a few later ones are of white marble and other kinds of stone. Some are adorned on all sides, and some on fewer, with hieroglyphics cut in them, sometimes to the depth of two inches, divided into little squares and sections, and filled with paint. Some are entirely plain and without hieroglyphics. The foot of the obelisk stands upon a quadrangular base, commonly two or three feet broader than the obelisk, with a socket, in which it rests. They were commonly hewn out of a single stone, in the quarries of Upper Egypt, and brought on canals fed by the Nile, to the place of their erection. According to the accounts of travelers, there are still to be found in Upper Egypt, old quarries with obelisks already hewn out, or with places whence monuments of this form must evidently have been taken.

Of their origin nothing is known with certainty. Perhaps the first images of the gods, which at an early period were nothing but stones of a pyramidal form, gave occasion to them. According to Herodotus they were first raised in honor of the sun, and meant to represent its rays. They might also have been raised to perpetuate the memory of certain events, since the hieroglyphics contained the praises of their gods and their kings, or inscriptions relating to their religious notions. After the conquest of Egypt by the Persians no more were erected, and the successors of Lagus adorned Alexandria with the obelisks of the ancient kings, from whence the Roman emperors carried several of them to Rome, Arles and Constantinople, most of which were afterward overturned, but have been put together and replaced in modern times.

Captain Goring has rectified a little mistake of 1,500 years that the American press made in estimating the age of their obelisk. He produced authorities who distinctly remember that the obelisk was constructed in the reign of Thothmes II., about 1,500 years before the Christian era, and not twenty-three years before, as the American public was led to believe. Something did happen to the obelisk at the latter date, however—viz., its removal from the Temple of Amew, at Heliopolis, to the Temple of Casarim, at Alexandria, by order of the conqueror, Augustus Caesar, and in the eighth year of his reign.

What a long and wonderful story this obelisk could tell! More than fifteen centuries before Christ was born there reigned in Egypt one of its greatest kings, Thothmes, the second of that title. He was such a brave and successful warrior that no nation of either Africa or Asia could stand against him. He brought even the far off King of Nineveh into subjection and compelled him to pay heavy tribute. He was also a noted hunter, and a painting shows him in the act of slaughtering 120 elephants. So proud became Thothmes through his unbroken career of successes, that he had his name engraven in one of the temples as "The living good god, lord of the upper and lower world, the lord of diadems!" At his order, hundreds of men were set to work to hew two obelisks out of the hard granite rocks at Syene, in Southern Egypt, near where the Nile dashes through the cataracts. He was determined that the memory of his victories and of his greatness should be preserved forever on these pillars of stone. After the patient labor of many months the huge monoliths lay finally separated from the bed rock in the quarry. They were then transported a distance of 500 miles to Heliopolis, or On, the City of the Sun, near the delta of the Nile. So the stone was moved across inclined platforms to a raft, which had been brought to the edge of the quarry through a canal, and then it was floated down the Nile during an inundation. On its arrival the granite was carefully polished. Next the figures and inscriptions were skillfully inscribed, yet very slowly, on account of its extreme hardness. The base of the obelisk was then set within a groove in the pedestal, and the entire monument was raised to a perpendicular by building up a ridge of earth beneath it.

The obelisk presented to America, together with its mate, stood as guardian deities, before the grand entrance of the Temple of the Sun at On. They were symbols of the rays of the rising sun, as the pyramids to the westward were of the slanting or setting rays. In that idolatrous age, they were even worshipped as divine images, and oblations, were offered to them. These monuments may have been standing at On when Joseph became vizier over Egypt, and was wedded to a daughter of the Priest of On. It is hardly to be doubted however, that they were in their place

when Moses was being schooled "in all the learning of the Egyptians," and that he may have often looked upon their faces. While the Hebrews were sinking from free-shepherd life into bondage in Egypt, another great and vainglorious monarch arose. This was Rameses II., a pompous, cruel king as his own inscriptions show. He was so boastful that he often engraved praises of himself on the monuments of earlier kings, and thus it came that his deeds are mentioned on the obelisks. It was this Rameses who compelled the children of Israel to build him treasure cities of brick as the Bible records. The plagues and the exodus of Israel took place under the reign of his weaker son, Maneptha.

After the Romans had conquered Egypt, centuries later, these two obelisks were removed from On to the city of Alexandria, on the coast. They were then set up before the new temple erected for the worship of the Cesar of Rome, the then sovereign of the world. This was in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, 1800 years ago, and shortly after the death of Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt. In after years the Egyptians gave currency to a tradition that she had conveyed these monoliths to their new station, and so it chanced that they have been ever since known as Cleopatra's needles. In the lapse of centuries one of these obelisks fell prostrate and that is the one which now adorns the Thames embankment, the other being the one so successfully brought to this city by Captain Goring. This needle has stood erect throughout the entire period of the Christian era, though a part of its base has gradually worn away, and the column has required to be kept in position by inserting loose stones. The inscriptions on the east and south sides have also been somewhat defaced, either by the action of the sea-breeze, or the steady cutting by winds laden with sand from the desert. Still, it is in remarkable preservation, and when set up will prove one of the greatest attractions of New York. The entire cost involved in bringing it here will be about \$100,000, which it is understood, is to be borne by William H. Vanderbilt, Esq.

Harvest Straws.

A twenty-acre lot, cultivated by Joseph Stevens, Hampton, Md., yielded 550 bushels of screened wheat.

Berry Bradford, of Clinch county, Ga., was found dead at his plow handles recently. He is the third brother that has died suddenly at the plow.

Peter Williams, of Brunswick county, Ga., had just housed his large tobacco crop, when in a storm his barn was blown down and 20,000 pounds of the article ruined.

The intense heat during the day, together with the brittleness of the straw, caused Lancaster county, (Pa.) farmers to do their harvesting by night by the aid of artificial light.

Labor during the haying and harvest this season in Indiana has not been so scarce and high-priced in sixty-five years. Two women have found constant employment in a harvest field at two dollars a day each.

Pennsylvania claims to have the premium wheat-field. It is a part of the farm of Mrs. Dr. Nathan Michener, of Coventryville, Chester county. From a four-acre field 2,500 sheaves of wheat were hauled into the barn.

The army worms, says the Reverend Thomas McCormick, of Baltimore, who is now in his ninetieth year, suddenly made their appearance in the year 1800. A fine wheat-field adjoining the Newlin mill property was the first attacked. They were countless in numbers, and, after stripping the wheat, continued their march into the adjoining woodlands, which they left entirely denuded of foliage and presenting the appearance as if a mighty hail storm had passed through the woods. The wheat field had at the east end a running stream of water that the worms could not have crossed, so that the eggs must have been deposited in the wheat by the moths.

How to Jump from a Steamer in Case of Accident.

It is worth while for persons who travel on steamboats to know and remember that they have little chance of escaping with their lives if, in the event of an accident, they leap into the water in front of the paddle-wheels while the wheels are in motion. In spite of their efforts they will be drawn close to the side of the vessel, and suffer a blow from the wheel, which will either kill them outright or disable them so that they can no longer help themselves. They should leap from behind the wheels if possible, when they find it necessary to take to the water. A person used to the water, if compelled to leap from in front of the wheels, may escape the stroke of the paddle by diving as deep as possible, without making special effort to dive away from the vessel. If the boat is moving with nearly her usual speed, the wheel will be likely to pass over him before he rises, and his chances for escaping will be fair. In cases where communication with the after part of the vessel is cut off by flame, it is best to remain on the boat as long as possible, and, if forced to take to the water, to plunge headlong. Persons diving in that manner do not come to the surface as soon as they would if they descended to the same depth dropping feet first, and they go deeper with the same effort, unless they have trained themselves to hold the limbs entirely rigid, descend perpendicularly and not move hands or feet until they begin to rise. Very few persons who are accustomed to swimming in salt water have acquired the art of sinking feet foremost to any considerable depth.

Question and Answer.

What is the good and what is the bad?
Where is the perfectly true?
What is the end you live for, my lad?
And what, may I ask, are you?
Unproven, I fear, is your heaven above,
Life is but labor and sorrow;
Then why should we hope, and why should we love,
And why should we care for the morrow?
There may be a fight worth fighting, my friend,
Though victory there be none;
And though no heaven be ours at the end,
Still we may steer straight on.
And though nothing be good, and nothing be bad,
And nothing be true to the letter,
Yet a good many things are worse, my lad,
And one or two things are better.
—The Spectator.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The baker always has his hour of knead.

"I am shocked," as the cut grain remarked.—*Marathon Independent*.

The combined capital of the Boston national banks is fifty million dollars.

In Ireland last year \$7,500,000 less were spent for drink than in the preceding year.

Mrs. Hildreth committed suicide at Des Moines, Iowa, because her husband wouldn't take her to the circus.

The sun's rays, focalized through the glass of a round water bottle at Alyth, Scotland, set fire to a house.

A yacht, two miles at sea, was thrown out of the water and capsized by the explosion of a mine near Ancona, Italy.

Men who never advertise, live and die without ever knowing that they have never touched the true lever of success.

A man digging clams, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, hardly knows whether he is fishing or engaged in agricultural pursuits.

A Berks county (Pa.) hen laid a nest full of eggs in the forks of a tree, twelve feet from the ground, where she hatched the eggs out.

Small checked gingham patterns in Watteau basque pattern are trimmed with gingham that have very large plaids of the same colors.

This world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than reading.

The head of an empty barrel in the corner grocery may support the curbstone orator, but it won't feed his family.—*Waterloo Observer*.

When a locomotive engineer runs over his accounts, neither the coroner nor cowatcher are called into requisition.—*New York News*.

A Reading (Pa.) man married sixty-five years old has been married three times, and the father of eleven pair of twins. He has forty-one children in all.

A company has been formed with the object of laying down from 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 of American oysters upon the Schleswig and Holstein shores.

When cows have learned to read, and not till then, will it pay enterprising firms to advertise on rocks, trees and fence posts.—*Meriden Recorder*.

John Thomas, a native of Albemarle, Va., is the father of thirty-two children. He has been twice married, and twenty-nine daughters were born to him before a son.

A beautiful woman, aged twenty-two, very intelligent, with pleasing manners, is an inmate of the Virginia penitentiary, serving a long sentence for horse stealing.

Two of the most popular literary men in English society just now are the Americans, Bret Harte and Henry James, Jr., whose books are sold largely at railway stations.

The St. Paul and Pacific elevator at Minneapolis has been seriously damaged by a peculiar worm that perforates the boards and lets the wheat down as if running through a sieve.

It is singular that no man, who complains 365 days in the year that his taxes are just eating him up, never thinks of saving money by giving away his property.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

After a recent shower at Kokoma, Ind., the ground was found covered with fish, all of which were alive and flopping about. They were the size of minnows.

A woman in Marshall county, Kansas, has had bad luck with husbands. Two of them were hanged by vigilance committees, a third was sent to the penitentiary and a fourth committed suicide. Nothing has as yet happened to the fifth.

The frigate *L'Original* sank in ninety feet of water before Quebec 124 years ago. Lately she was broken up with dynamite, other means of moving her having failed. Her oak was as sound as ever, other iron was rusted completely away.

When John Keeton, a Cumberland county (Ky.) man, saw a swarm of bees in the woods with nothing to catch them in he was sorrowful. He adopted the first mode inwardly suggested to him, slipped off his pants, soon had the bees hived in the legs, and so carried them home.

Do not wait for the assistance of others in your course through life; you will grow hungry, depend upon it, if you look to the charity and kindness of others for your daily bread. It is more noble and praiseworthy to give up your lives and meet the troubles and difficulties of human life with a dauntless courage.