

Country Life.

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living;
Heaven is both more and less than just
In taking and giving.
Swords clove to hands that sought the plow
And laurels miss the soldier's brow.

Dear country home! Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles?
The window vines, which clamber yet,
Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries, growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian-pipe?

Happy the man, who tills the field,
Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights—Oh, can there be
A life more rational and free?

Dear country life of child and man!
For both the best, the strongest,
That with the earliest race began
And has outlived the longest.
Their cities perished long ago;
Who the first farmers were we know.

Perhaps our fables, too, will fall,
If so, no lamentations,
For Mother Earth will shelter all
And feed the unborn nations;
Yes, and the swords that menace now
Will then be beaten by the plow.
—R. H. Stoddard.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest and the incessant downpour of the rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered petulantly to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the ravine through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the possible consequence of a misstep or a move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been content to keep in the right road?

Hold on! was that a light, or my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank, for it actually seemed that the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank providence—it was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lead me on to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o-o!"
My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged on through tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern.

As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting!" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R—station?"

"Yes, R—station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Could you tell me any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"To Drew's, down by the maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well."

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more.

"I guess so; folks don't stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."

"Then make haste and let us reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed a trackless wood, and keeping straight on until lights gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of bread.

"I should like to retire as soon as possible," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly." The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up chamber."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No."
"It's the most comfortable."
"I tell you no."

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

"I am not particular—I don't care where you put me, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in the corner of the room into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table with two or three chairs formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman sat the light—an old oil lamp—on the table.

"I hope you will sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At 4 o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R—station in time for the 7 o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder; the fire still glowed redly in the hearth beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials and returned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice—"

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not till both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded my paper I happened to glance toward the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition, or was it my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only blank darkness beyond, yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was 1 o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep. I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So placing my valise at the head of my bed and barricading the lockless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and laid down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until all of a sudden a startling, electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long golden hair knotted back with a blue ribbon. Apparently she was coming to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness, and I was left alone. At the self-same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight to the very spot where ten minutes before my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger I swung myself over the edges of the window, jumping some ten feet into the tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering myself, I heard the tramp of footsteps into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half-closed eyes.

"Of course he is," growled a voice back; "that charge would have killed ten men certain."

A cold, agonizing shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers I had fallen into! And how fearfully narrow was my escape!

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illumined by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track, or how close I stood to the deadly ravine—but a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R—.

Once at the town I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false alarms we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty—the birds had flown; nor did I discover my valise, and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they've troubled us for two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come.

Some three weeks afterward I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter that filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very singular," wrote she, "that happened on the night of the seventeenth of October. Alice had not been well for some time—in fact she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week—and I was sitting beside her reading. It was late—the clock had just struck one—when all at once she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance but all our efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly around her.

"Alice," I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all! Are you ill now?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange. Grace, I have been with my husband!"

"And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertion. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the morning of the eighteenth of October. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been a dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparitions; but this thing I do know: that, although my wife was in England in body on the morning of the eighteenth of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength of a wife's holy love all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

The Return from Mecca.

While at Damascus I was fortunate enough to witness the return of the pilgrims from Mecca. The whole city was in the streets, a bright sun lighting up the brilliant variety of dresses and costumes which jostled one against the other. Now and then a dervish would force his way through the crowd asking alms, or a confectioner would pass along with his tray balanced marvelously and immovably on the top of his head. The procession of the pilgrims was heralded by the sound of a trumpet; then marched the troops, travel-stained and "shabby," who had formed their escort on the way; after these came about 100 of the garrison, mounted on horses, with swords drawn, and a few cannons, and the pasha's palanquin in their midst. Next followed the sacred copy of the Koran beneath its canopy of green and gold, under the folds of which, as it swayed uneasily to and fro on the camel's back, a boy's head and shoulders appeared. Behind was a second camel bearing the green and gold banner of the prophet, and accompanied by the three sheiks in white turbans banded with gold. The first was enveloped in a robe of purple and gold; the last in one of green and gold, marking his descent from the family of Mohammed. After the sheiks came the pilgrims and their families on camels, all equally ragged and dirty. These were followed by the band of the garrison, and a company of foot soldiers brought up the rear. The procession was not, perhaps, a very striking one in itself, but the crowd which had flocked to witness it, filling the streets and shops, peering out of the windows, and lining the flat roofs of the houses, was a sight well worth traveling a long distance to see.—*Athenaeum*.

Use of the Eyes.

The man who avoids excesses of every description has a fair chance of retaining his eyesight until old age sets in. A time comes to every one when the physical powers begin to decay, and then unless the brain has been kept active and recipient by exercise, there is nothing left to live and the man perishes. We say that he dies of gout, or over-eating, or of heart disease, or of the failure of the particular organ which was the first to exhibit symptoms of the approaching end. In reality he has died of stupidity, artificially produced by neglect of the talents with which he was endowed. That which is true of the organism as a whole is true also of its parts; and the eyes, among others, are best treated by an amount of systematic use which preserves the tone of their muscles and the regularity of their blood supply. Acuteness of sight is aided by the attention bestowed upon objects within the range of vision. In people who cannot read, the sight is far from acute. I have even had reason to think that the wives of such men are indebted to their household needlework for the maintenance of a higher standard of vision than that of their husbands; and I have no doubt that idleness of the eyes, if I may use such an expression, is in every way hurtful to them, and that proper and varied employment is eminently conducive to their preservation in beauty and efficiency.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Mica is being applied to a new and most valuable use, that of being placed into middle soles of boots and shoes. Water and air are thus excluded, keeping the feet dryer than by any other means heretofore used.

A paper on the presence of alcohol in the earth, in water and in the air was read recently before the French Academy of Sciences. The author, M. Muntz, has developed the method depending on the change of alcohol into iodoform, so that one-millionth of alcohol in water can be detected. Alcohol is found in all natural waters except pure spring-water, and in greater quantity in snow. Rain-water and the water of the Seine contain about one gramme per cubic meter. Alcohol no doubt also exists as vapor in the atmosphere. In snow, especially those which are very rich in organic matter, there is a considerable quantity. The wide diffusion of alcohol in nature is due to the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation.

Stammering, according to M. A. Chervin, generally originates in a sudden nervous shock which the victim of the affection has received in childhood; sometimes it is a habit which has been acquired by the practice of imitating other persons who stammer, or by constant association with stammering members of the family. Professor Chervin resorts to singing, or the use of the cadence for preventing stammering and has been very successful. Whipping has sometimes been resorted to.

Perhaps the best linguists in the world are the Danes. They are also nearly as expert telegraphists as the operators of the Western Union, and that is saying a great deal. Of these two important facts the Chinese government have become aware, and have, consequently, and very lately, signed a contract with the Great Northern Telegraph company of Copenhagen for the establishment of a telegraph line between Shanghai and Tientsin, a distance of about a thousand miles. There are difficulties in the way of accurately transmitting messages in the Chinese language which even the telephone fails to surmount.

Dr. Carnelly has recently been making some experiments upon hot ice, which have excited a great deal of interest in scientific circles. He claims to have shown that, in a vacuum, ice may be heated far above the boiling point of water without melting. Of course, the ice evaporates rapidly at its surface, without passing into the liquid state, just as camphor does in the air, and so far there is nothing new; but it has been hitherto supposed that the absorption of heat by this surface evaporation would prevent the temperature of the ice from rising materially, and this appears to be a mistake. A thermometer, having its bulb enclosed in a lump of ice, frozen upon it by a process analogous to that used in the Bunsen calorimeter, has been made to mark a temperature as high as 356° F. The ice was in a glass bulb, connected with a vessel which was exhausted of air and kept at a temperature below zero by a freezing mixture around it.

Quince Seed Curls.

Every one knows that the little loops and curls of hair which lie flatly down against the forehead of the girl of our species do not thus maintain themselves naturally, and nearly every one who has had the curiosity to ask them about it knows now that the gum of the quince seed is employed to make these curls "stay put." The quince seed gum has peculiar properties which make it suitable above every other article for this purpose. It would even hold smoothly down the quills upon the fretful porcupine. An ounce of quince seed contains albuminous gum enough for innumerable bangs. Three years or more ago, before the bang had assumed its sway, an ounce of quince seeds could be bought for five cents, or a pound, which would supply the requirements of a large family of girls for a year or more, could be had for forty-five cents. Five pounds was the ordinary stock which a dealer in drugs kept on hand, and there was almost no demand at all for the seeds. They are imported chiefly from Russia, and not over 500 pounds in a year were in those happy days brought to this country. As the present whim in hair-dressing became more popular the demand for quince seed quickly improved, until at present the stock in the market is almost exhausted, probably not over 100 pounds being distributed among the drug dealers of New York. Now nearly 10,000 pounds are imported in a year, and the price is from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a pound. A wholesale dealer said yesterday:

"We could sell all we could get of it if it was to be had at all. We have not over ten pounds in stock now, and can't get more. The agents in Europe have scoured the market and got about all the seed there is to get, I think."

Bandoline, which contains gum tragacanth and glycerine, is much used because of its greater cheapness, but quince seed mucilage is considered better for bangs.—*New York Sun*.

How and Where Globes are Made.

It is a fact not known, perhaps, by many readers that Troy is one of the largest and best producers of school and library globes in the country. The manufacture was begun in this city in 1852. At first only a ball five inches in diameter was made, but a 10-inch terrestrial globe was soon added. The list of sizes was rapidly increased. The balls are made in Boston, but the appendages are supplied and the globes mounted and shipped in this city, where are owned the plates from which the maps are printed. Globe making is a skillful and delicate process. The maps are printed in small sections on English drawing paper, and these segments must be so nicely put upon the hollow ball of papier mache that there shall not be the slightest break in the alignment of letters or the continuity of lines when the smooth and painted surface is complete. Three months are required to construct one of these worlds in miniature from the time that the ball is begun until it rests in its frame or sits aloft upon a brass, bronze or nickel standard. And it must be so rimmed and mounted that it will have no disinclination to change its inclination in the frame and will hang so truly in space that it will halt in its revolution at any time when so commanded and remain motionless, as if its center of gravity were in truth equally distant from all points upon the circumference. If the globe refuse to rest with any other country than America on top, the maker will be deemed more patriotic than skillful. The sizes manufactured range from three to thirty inches in diameter, and from \$2.00 to \$225 in price, and are mounted in forty different styles. The increasing demand for the portable orbs is shown by the fact that the shipments from this city last year were fifty per cent. larger than during the preceding year.—*Troy Times*.

An Accident All Around.

A most ridiculous scene occurred at a church in Newcastle. A policeman was passing the church as a gentleman came out. The man jokingly accosted the policeman and said he was wanted inside, meaning that the minister would be glad to have him turn from the error of his ways and seek the truth and enjoy a peace that passeth all understanding. The stupid policeman thought there was some trouble in the church, so he went in. The sexton, seeing a policeman, was anxious to give him a favorable seat, so he said: "Come right in here," and he took him to a pew and waved his hand, as much as to say, "Help yourself." There was another man in the pew, a deacon with a sinister expression as the policeman thought, and he supposed that was the man they wanted arrested, so he tapped the deacon on the arm and told him to come along. The deacon turned pale and edged along as though to get away, when the policeman took him by the collar and jerked him out into the aisle. The deacon struggled, thinking the policeman was crazy, and tried to get away, but he was dragged along. Many of the congregation thought the deacon had been doing something wrong, and some of them got behind the deacon and helped the officer put him out. Arriving at the lock-up, the policeman saw the man who told him he was wanted in the church and asked him what the charge was against the deacon, and he didn't know, so the sexton was appealed to, and he didn't know, and finally the prisoner was asked what it was all about, and he didn't know. The policeman was asked what he arrested the man for, and he didn't know, and after awhile the matter was explained, and the policeman, who had to arrest somebody, took the man into custody who told him he was wanted in the church, and he was fined \$5 and costs. He says he will never try to convert a policeman again, and the policeman says he will never go to church again if they get to knocking each other down with hymn-books.—*Peck's Sun*.

How to Get Along.

Never stop to tell stories in business hours.
If you have a place of business be found there when wanted.
No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.
Never "fool" in business matters.
Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.
Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.
Do not kick every one in your path.
More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than stopping.
Pay as you go.
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.
Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.
Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.
Use your own brains rather than those of others.
Learn to think and act for yourself.
Advertise your business. Don't be afraid of a liberal use of printer's ink.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

To REMOVE DANDRUFF.—This is a natural secretion but becomes a cutaneous complaint by neglect. Take an ounce of powdered borax, a piece of unsalted lime the size of a chestnut, and a tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia; put them in a quart bottle and fill it up with boiled or pump water. After twelve hours apply this wash to the scalp. Ladies can apply it best with a fine sponge. Rinse with tepid water. After a few applications the scales will disappear, the hair become soft and brilliant, and the young hair will be seen to start out. Dandruff should be cured gradually, so as not to produce sick headache or dizziness by its sudden suppression.

A CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is hardly any ache to which children are subject so bad to bear and difficult to cure as the earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put on it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

CURE FOR HICCUGH.—A medical journal gives the following safe and simple means of relieving this troublesome disorder: "Inflate the lungs as fully as possible, and thus press firmly on the agitated diaphragm. In a few seconds the spasmodic action of the muscle will cease." This may be true of ordinary hiccough; but this symptom occurring in advanced cases of disease accompanied with great prostration is almost invariably an indication that death is very near.

SALICYLIC ACID FOR BEE STINGS.—Although salicylic acid, from having been too highly extolled, has fallen somewhat into disfavor, there can be no doubt that it is useful in the case of bee stings. An Austrian paper recommends the following treatment: First, to remove the sting as quickly as possible with a forceps or by scratching with a finger, but never between the thumb and forefinger, because this squeezes more of the poison into the wound. Next squeeze the wound until a drop of blood comes out, and rub the place as large as a dollar with an aqueous or dilute alcoholic solution of salicylic acid. The effect is still better by injecting the salicylic acid into the wound with the hypodermic syringe. After this the spot is painted with collodion to keep out the air. A sting treated thus causes little or no pain, slight inflammation and swelling, and is not followed by nettle-fever or lameness in the most sensitive and nervous individuals.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

If you would not have afflictions visit you twice, listen at once to that it teaches.
Quarrels would be short-lived if the wrong were only on one side.
Good temper is like a sunny day: it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.
Affection in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us to be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or wanting sincerity.
Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never dries up on your journey through scorching years.
A sad truth, half of our forebodings about our neighbors are but our own wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.
The worthiest men are most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.
Sincerity is like traveling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than byways, in which men often lose themselves.
Let us not forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties does honor to man.
A pamphlet on the Mississippi river and its tributaries gives the following interesting statement of the mileage of the navigable portion of each of the following named rivers above its mouth: Missouri, 3,129; Mississippi, 2,161; Ohio, 1,021; Red, 986; Arkansas, 684; White, 779; Tennessee, 789; Cumberland, 609; Yellowstone, 474; Onatchita, 384; Wabash, 365; Alleghany, 325; Osage, 303; Minnesota, 295; Sunflower, 271; Illinois, 270; Yazoo, 228; Black (Ark.), 112; Green, 200; St. Francis, 180; Tallahatchie, 175; Wisconsin, 160; Deer Creek, 116; Tensas, 112; Monongahela, 110; Kentucky, 105; Bartholomew, 100; Kanawa, 94; Muskingum, 94; Chippewa, 90; Iowa, 80; Big Hatchie, 75; St. Croix, 65; Rock, 65; Black (La.), 61; Macon, 60; Boon, 55; Big Horn, 50; Clinton, 50; Little Red, 44; Big Cypress and Lake, 44; Big Black, 35; Dauchitte, 33. Total number of rivers, 33; total number of miles of navigation at present, 15,710.