Gray Hair.

Some of the dust from the road of life
Has fallen upon my hair,
And silver threads from my raven locks
Are gleaming out here and there;
And, oh, these meshes of silver gray
Tell of the moments flown—
Of the day that's drawing to a close,
And the night that's coming on.

But the coming night seems cold and dark
And my heart is filled with fears,
As Thought flies backward on weary wings,
O'er the waste of vanished years;
And in the castle of Memory
Few jewels are treasured there;
But dross and rubbish that tell of earth
Are visible everywhere.

Even on the faithful register
That hangs in Memory hall,
I find only worthless deeds are traced—
They are dark and blotted all;
Hence, as approaches the eve of life,
My spirit shrinks back with fear,
For threatening clouds o'erspread the sky,
And the night seems very near.

By faith I turn—in the rosy East
A beautiful star I see
Stand o'er the manger in Bethlehem,
And it seems to shine for me;
And from the city of golden spires,
Whose gates just now are ajar,
I catch a radiant beam of light
From the bright and morning star.

And when upon Jordan's restless wave
I shall launch my way-worn bark,
The "dust from the road of life" shall fall
From my tresses long and dark;
And the lines of care upon my brow,
And the pain within my breast,
Shall pass away as my bark draws near
This beautiful land of rest.

"JUST LIKE A MAN."

"They do beat all!" sighed Mrs. Peck, as she wiped her face earnestly with a spotted cotton handkerchief, and set her spectacles aloft on top of her cap border. "I summered an' wintered one on 'em nigh on to fifty years, and the' was things done't I don't see into up to this day. Beside, I had sons, and darters' husbands as well, and they're all of a piece; tarred with the same stick, as Lias used to say.

"Well, spoke up Miss Patty Brinkly, a vivacious maiden lady, stopping to thread her needle, with both elbows on the quilt frame and her thread and needle stabbing at each other nearly half a yard away from her straining eyes. "I han't never had no such experience, thanks be to praise!" Pa used to say if I had ha' married anybody I'd have killed 'em or ran away from 'em, and I dono but what I should

"They had something to be thankful for, then, as well as thee, Patty," dryly remarked Aunt Marcia Blinn, the only lady of the "Friends" persuasion, as she called it, of whom Oakley boasted.

"Well, they're queer, anyhow," resumed the Widow Peck. "There's no 'countin' for em; they'll up and do things you wouldn't no more expect of 'em than anything; and as for bein' protectors for women folks and all that, which folks tell about in books, my land! Lias Peck would ha' died more'n forty times ef I hadn't ha' had dry things for to put onto him when he came in soakin' wet out of the crick or after a pourin' rain. As 'twas, he died o' rheumatiz 't he took along 'o floatin' saw logs down to the mill in a spring freshet and never coming home to dinner, but working all day in them damp clothes. I gave him pokeberry rum and a hemlock, and two hull bottles of Gumption's ginger bitters, besides a rubbin' of him powerful with camphire before I sent for the doctor; but it struck to his stomic and he went off like a snuff. But that ain't here nor there; as I was a sayin', for nigh onto fifty years I'd put his flannel shirts into the front left hand corner of the bottom drawer in the m'hog'ny bureau in the bedroom, and every Sunday mornin' reg'lar, when he was cleanin' up for meetin', he'd holler out 'Lurancy, where's them flannel shirts o' mine? Now that's so!" concluded the disconsolate widow, and adding in a stage aside: "But I'd give consider'ble to hear him holler that again!"

"And they hain't got no memory," put in Miss Patty, who had at last coaxed needle and thread to an amicable understanding, and was quilting away with zeal and discretion, as every good quilter knows how. "I never seen the time when they wouldn't forget thirgs. I've tailored round quite a number o' years, and I've had an eye on 'em as you say. There was Silas Buck, I used to tailor for his folks consider'le; the' was him and three boys and the hired man. Well, I'd get out o' linen thread, say, and you can't no more make overhauls with sewin' cotton than you can with spider webs, and Mis' Buck she'd say, 'Silas,' says she, 'Miss Patty's all out o' linen thread. When ye go down to the store after them rake tails I wish't you'd fetch up a hank o' black and a hank o' brown. Now don't ye forgit it!' And Silas he'd laugh, he was just as clever as a basket o' chips, and he'd say 'I'll fetch it, mother'—but he wouldn't! 'nd I set 'nd set a waitin' for 't, and fin'lly put on my bunnet and walk a mile down to the Corners for to fetch it myself; then he'd say, 'Cousin Patty'—you see we called cousins because his father's second wife was sister to my Aunt Sophrony's husband—'Cousin Patty, hain't you got them overhauls done yet?' and I'd sorter bluster up 'nd say, 'Cousin Silas, I a'n't no more able to make bricks without straw 'n the Isr'elites was for Pharo', nd you didn't fetch me no thread yesterday!' and then he'd haw, haw, right out; he was real clever, but land! so shiftless. That's just a case in p'int, so to speak, ye know; just one time, but you can tell by a little what a great deal means, and, as Mis' Peck says, they're all alike."

"Thee doesn't think women folks are all perfect, does thee, Patty?" queried Aunt Marcia, in her calm voice.

"Well, I dono as they be; I dono as I said they be, but you can gen'lly tell where most of 'em 'll fetch up, and you're kinder fit and prepared for what they will do, and especially for what they won't do. Sometimes they'll disapp'int all your calculations, but then you can fall back on Scripter, and see't they was made to be the weaker sect; though if t'aint really lawful to say so, I own I always did have a poor opinion of Adam as ever was; to be a tellin' how 'twas Eve made him eat the apple, when he done it the first time askin', but 'twas jest like a man! They keep a doin' of it to this day; it's forever an' always 'the woman tempted me.'"

"Thee remembers—doesn't thee?—the Scripture says, 'the woman being deceived was in the transgression.' It hath always seemed to me kindly in Timothy so to speak of her as to lay the blame on the enemy."

"That ain't neither here nor there," answered the logical and undaunted Patty. "I ain't trying' to make light of Eve's disobeyin', but I do say Adam was real mean to get behind her; he was able to say he wouldn't, I guess, just as well as she was, but he didn't no more'n she did. I was a readin' somewheres, t'other day, about an old French feller, a judge or somethin', judge of a p'lice court I expect by the tell, and whensomever they fetched a man before him that had been took up for a misdeed, no matter what it t'was, he always asked 'Who is she?' lettin' on as though a woman was to the bottom of every wrong-doin'. Clear Adam! And that's what I fault 'em for."

"Well, they be queer." Mrs. Peck again took up the fruitful theme. "Sary, what was that you was a tellin' about Thomas an' them letters t'other night?"

'Oh, ma!" said Sarah Beers, deprecatingly, but with a laugh that lit her pale face and sad eyes; for Sarah was a typical New England woman; careful and troubled about everything; a coward physically, a hero mentally; afraid of her very shadow but doing the bravest things, with her heart sinking and her joints trembling all the time, because duty or affection called her to such service. She married Tom Beers, a bright young fellow, full of fun and reckless daring and devoted to Sarah, but entirely ignorant of her daily anxieties and terrors; for she was as reticent as she was timid, if she thought she could save any one—much more any one she loved—by such reticence.

"Oh tell on 't, Sary; 't ain't no harm; we all know Tom sets by ye like his life. He wouldn't do nothin' to plague ye, if he knowed it, no more'n he'd cut his head off; but that letter business was so exactly like men-folks."

A chorus of voices echoed the request; there were only about ten people at the quilting—it was the regular sewing circle meeting at Oakley—so Sarah consented.

"Well, t'aint much to tell, but if ma wants me to. You know Tom's horse is real young and kind of skittish, and if there's one thing above another I'm afeard of it's a horse."

"Bless your soul and body!" put in her mother, "I never see the thing yet you wa'n't afraid of, Sary, horse or not."

"Oh, I know it, ma, but I am awfully afraid of a skittish horse; Tom, he don't really sense it, and he says Jenny ain't ugly, she's jest full of play; and I s'pose she is, she's knowing as a dog, and I gave her a bit of somethin' every time he fetches her 'round, and she knows me real well, but she will jump and lash out and shy sometimes, and it makes me just as weak as water, so't I don't never drive her ef I can help it."

"You don't mean to say you ever do drive a cretur when you feel that kind o' way toward it?" queried Miss Patty, sharply.

"Why, I hev to sometimes, ye know; there's oft-times a day Tom can't leave the hayin' or harvestin' or plantin' or somethin', and there has to be things fetched from the store, and no way to get 'em except I go for 'em, so Tom he jist tackles up an' I go for 'em; he don't really mistrust that I'm scared, an' I don't never tell him that I be; what's the use?"

"Well," said Miss Patty, with a sniff no type can express, and Sarah went on:

"So week before last Aunt Simons writ and said she was comin' out to stay a day or two before she went back south, and she was goin' to fetch Joe, that's her oldest, along with her; she wanted for to have us meet her at the station, but she said she shouldn't come if it rained; she's got dreadful weak lungs, but she'd telegraph if she wa'n't coming. Well, Wednesday morning, the day she set to come, it did rain, sure enough, and seeing there was the donation party to get up, I sided my work away early and walked over to the Center, for I knew I should find all the folks I'd got to see to home. I'd just got ready to start for home about noon time, and I bethought myself to step into the postoffice, for I knew there'd be the mail for the creamery, so I got a double handful of letters and papers and set my face toward home, when who should come up but Tom in the buggy.

"Get in!" says he 'I'm a goin' to the station.'

"'What for?" says I.

"'Why,' says he, 'they hain't sent no telegraph, so they're coming.'

"'But it rains,' says I, 'and Aunt Simons said she wouldn't come if it rained.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I obey orders and break owners; she said she telegraph if they wan't comin'; and how do you know but it didn't rain there?'

"So I got in and put the mail down into the seat, and he driv like Jehu, for we heerd the train whistle; and, says I, 'Oh, Tom! don't drive up the hill to the station, I'm so afraid Jenny "ll be scared.'

"He laughed a little. 'I'll bet, she wouldn't be half so scared as you says he; 'but I'll leave you to the foot of the hill, and if they come I'll holler down to you, and I'll get in and go up to t'other station and put 'em into the hack that waits there, for there can't four get into this buggy; and you drive along up to that station and then I'll put you into the hack with Aunt Simons, and I'll take Joe along o' me in the buggy.' So sayin' he jumped out, for we was there, and run up just in time to catch the train. I didn't have a a thought that they'd be there, but they was, and he called out, 'They're here, drive along.' I knew 'twas the quickest way to take the road along side the track, but the 'Tuck train was due, and Jen is skittish, but I thought I'd ought to, so I drove along; there was not rain, but right in the road, where I couldn't turn nor back, I see two loose horses—and if there is a thing that puts lightenin' into Jenny it's loose horses. I tell you, the shivers run down my back, but I knew the only chance was to go so fast she wouldn't think about side shows; so I jist laid the whip onto her, and she sprang to and went by them horses quicker! Well, the hack was going over the bridge but I catched up with it, and Joe he got out with Thomas and took the buggy and I got in with aunt. Tom had got to go up street to get a can for the creamery. I called out to him as he went off:

"'Look out for your mail on the seat,' and we drove along. But we hadn't gone a half a mile before Tom he came tearing along and stopped the hack.

"'Where did you put the mail?' says he.

"'Why, on the seat of the buggy,' says I.

"'No you didn't!' says he; 'there wasn't nothin there but papers.'

"'I guess I gave you the letters then. I sort of thought I did,' says I

"'Well, I haven't got em, anyway,' says he. 'Look in your pockets, Sally, they ain't in mine.' I knew I hadn't, but I looked to suit him. Then I thought how I drove by the side of the road, and I told him I guessed they'd jolted out of the buggy when I driv so fast.

"'Dear me!' says he. 'I must have those letters to-day. I've got to; I'll go back over the side road and see if I can see or hear anything about 'em. So he turned round. I tell you, I felt real bad; I couldn't think anyway in the world what I did with them letters, and I see he was worried to death. After we got to the house and Aunt Simons was fixin herself upstairs, he drove up with Joe.

"'Sary,' says he, 'do look over your pockets again for them letters; I expect there was a three-hundred dollar check in one of 'em, and we can't afford to lose it.' I was just ready to cry, I tell you, but I overlooked the pockets again; they wa'n't there, and he said there wasn't any sign or hearin' of 'em on the road. I felt as though I should give up, when he turned and went out of the door, but just as he swung the gate to he hollered out:

"'Sally! Sally!' and I run. 'I cave!' says he, laughing; 'here they be in my own pocket; you did give 'em to me.'"

"Sure enough I did, but he put 'em into a pocket he didn't use for letters ordinarily, so he never looked there! and there wa'n't no check at all in any one on 'em."

"I guess you was mad?" queried Miss Patty.

"Well, I was a little stirred up, I don't deny; I set right down and cried quite a spell."

"Wa'n't that real mean?" Mrs. Peck asked of the audience with a tone of fine scorn.

"Did thee wish, then, thee'd never seen thy husband?" asked Aunt Marcia of Sally.

The anxious face flushed and the sad eyes sparkled.

"Aunt Marcia, I shouldn't know how to live without Tom any way in this mortal world!" And the clear voice broke down as if the thought of such a contingency was too much.

Aunt Marcia smiled.

"I expect there is faults 'n all human creatures. 'Male and female created he them, though; and we can't set out greatly to better the Lord's plans. We couldn't really get along, thee knows, without menfolks, and they could not, without us; but I expect if they could hear them talk amongst themselves, Miss Patty, thee would hear, quite frequent, 'Just like a woman.'"

Miss Patty could not deny it.—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Onions as Medicine.

If there were any way of avoiding the long continuance of the odor of onions after eating them, the consumption of this vegetable would be vastly increased, great as it is at present. In addition to the almost universal fondness for them (which in some European nations has become a sort of passion), they have always been highly esteemed for their medicinal properties. There is not, in the whole vegetable world, a more effective anti-scorbutic. Sailors at sea are protected against scurvy when having plenty of onions, and scurvy is driven away when they come upon them. One who ought to know, says: "Taken regularly, they greatly promote the health of the lungs and the digestive organs. An extract, made by boiling down the juice of onions to a syrup, and taken as a medicine, answers the purpose very well; but fried, roasted or boiled onions are better." But, oh! if we could only obtain some antidote to the odor when our neighbor sees fit to indulge in them!

CAUSE OF HEADACHE.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly* says the many headaches are caused by straining the eyes either because of poor light or because the individual ought to wear glasses to assist the vision.

A SUGGESTION.-Don't keep your rooms full of steam on wash days, for that is a sure way to have your children down with colds or croup the day after. Open the window at the bottom, and place a board in the vacant place; then sufficient air can come in through the space between the upper and lower sashes without causing too great a draft. Keep the children out of doors as much as possible on wash days.

Killing Dogs in Philadelphia.

The painless process by which about 7,000 dogs were killed last year, and as many more are likely to be killed this year, is a simple injection into an air-tight apartment, into which the dogs are driven, of carbonic-oxide gas, generated by means of two charcoal furnaces. On every day except Saturday the city dog-catchers send to the shelter in the latticed wagon the day's catch of canines, which are placed in the pound. This is a spacious, comfortable place, with cool running water, in which the imprisoned animals may bathe on the hot days, and where they are well fed up to the day of execution. When seventy-five or a hundred of them have accumulated the death-room is prepared and they are driven into it. Describing how one day's accumulation of homeless canines were disposed of, a Philadelphia paper says:

There were ninety-six of them. Lame dogs, blind dogs, dogs little and dogs big, poodle dogs, bulldogs and spitz dogs, good-natured dogs and dogs which would bark—and bite, too, if they found a chance. All of this lot which had been condemned were driven—a barking, snapping mass—into the death trap, which was then made air-tight. The killing process, however, could be examined through glass doors provided for that purpose. In a few minutes the operator announced that he was ready; the generators were closed up, the escape damper put down and the deadly gas allowed to pass from the pipes into the compartment where the dogs were running about like rats in a trap for a place to get out. In less than a minute all the small dogs fell over, gave a little kick and died, and in fifty seconds more the entire batch, almost without a single spasm, had fallen to the floor and given up the ghost. In about eight minutes the gas was shut off and the bodies taken out and delivered to a man who hauled them away. This man pays the society $75 a year for the bodies of all the dogs killed at the pound. He takes them to a point down the river, where he has a rendering establishment, and thence find their way to the glove stores. The fat is rendered and sold to the soap man, and the bones are sent to the phosphate factory, so that nothing is lost. Since the refuge was established in 1874 there have been nearly 30 000 dogs thus disposed of by the society, which thinks this is a more humane plan than drowning them or subjecting them to the tortures of vivisection.

The salutation of the Egyptians is alleged to be, "How do you perspire?" and that of the natives of the Orinoco "How have the mosquitoes used you?"

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Mormon "missionaries" are probably the most industrious of workers among ignorant men, and are not daunted by anything short of physical force. About 100 "missionaries" are at work in Europe, and it is expected that 1,200 converts will reach New York before the close of September.

One of the most eminent German medical men is reported as saying that there are not less probably than 10,000 persons in Germany who have become slaves to the habit of hypodermically injecting morphine. There are many who take as much as eighteen injections every day. Some have hardly a square inch of skin on their bodies which is not marked by scars produced by this practice. Slaves of this habit are even more hopelessly enchained than those who take opium in other ways, and it is speedier destruction.

Agriculture is still the leading pursuit in the United States. A census bulletin just issued shows a vast increase in the number of farms during the past ten years. In 1850 the whole number of farms was 1,449,073; in 1860, 2,044,677; in 1870, 2,659,985; in 1880, 4,008,907. The increase in the number of farms during the decade 1870-'80 was fifty-one per cent.; in the decade 1850-'60 it was forty-one per cent. In 1870 New York had the greatest number of farms; but in 1880 it was third on the list, being surpassed by Illinois and Ohio. Farms are increasing in number in the South, showing that the plantations are being divided. Alabama shows an increase in numbers equal to 102 per cent. during the decade; Arkansas, 91 per cent.; Florida, 129; Georgia, 98; Louisiana, 70; Mississippi, 50; North Carolina, 68; South Carolina, 81; Virginia, 60.

Among the most interesting of the census bulletins is one recently issued that shows the number of males of the voting age of twenty-one years or over, classified as native white, foreign white, total white and total colored. It is seen by these tables that in only two States does the male colored population of the voting age outnumber the whites; Mississippi has 130,278 colored to 108,254 whites, and South Carolina has 118,889 colored to 86,900 whites. Louisiana is nearly divided, the colored numbering 107,977 to 108,810 whites. Some States have surprisingly few of these colored males of twenty-one years or over. New Hampshire has but 237, Vermont 314, and Maine 664. Nebraska also has remarkably few—884. In these tables, also, Chinese, Japanese and Indians count as colored.

It is not generally known that nearly all the male members of the imperial German family are well trained and proficient artisans, and that the members of both sexes are accomplished in the fine arts. Both the crown princess and the Princess Frederick Charles might succeed as painters, and the former is skillful as a sculptress. Frederick William himself has been the designer of many a church and public building. Prince Georga, under the name of "Conrad," is a dramatist of considerable reputation. But it is music that has most occupied this royal house. Frederick the Great, in the darkest period that he experienced, played the flute, while his sister, the Princess Amalia, and the Prince Louis Ferdinand, were good composers. The present Prince Albrecht is well known and admired for his compositions, and a growing formidable rival of his is the hereditary prince of Meningen. Four of the favorite military marches of the present day are said to be of royal origin.

Madame Nilsson, who is to return to the United States this fall, was the daughter of very poor Swedish parents. She early exhibited musical talents, and could sing and play the violin remarkably well. The owner of a ferry employed her services to attract customers from a rival boat. When she was big enough she traveled with her father and mother from fair to fair, singing and playing, until one day an influential Swedish gentleman discovered her musical genius. His name was Tornerhjelm, and he opened to her successively the academies of Holmstadt and Stockholm, obtained for her the protection of the king and queen, and had her, when she was fit to go to Paris, sent there to study under Wartel. Her benefactor got hold of the emperer and empress of the French through the king of Sweden and Dr. Evans, the dentist. A wish expressed by them to the directors of the Theatre Lyrique and the opera house was taken as an order. Christina Nilsson made her debut at the former as "Queen of the Night" in the Magic Flute.

Looking back to the fate of the Wilkes Booths and Guiteaus of a century ago, one must own that judicial punishment has become wonderfully civilized during the last four generations. The assassins of the late czar and of President Garfield have been tried and hanged like any other murderers. How they would have fared in the days of our great-grandfathers may be learned from the still extant sentence of the peasant Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV., about the middle of the last century. The hurt which he inflicted was a mere flesh-wound which speedily healed; but he was nevertheless sentenced to have "his right hand burned from his body with flaming brimstone, the flesh torn with red-hot pincers from his breast, arms and calves, boiling oil poured into the wounds thus made, and his body torn limb from limb by four horses," all which humane injunctions were scrupulously carried out. If this was the punishment of an assassin who failed in his purpose, what would have been done to him had he succeeded?

New Zealand's rabbit-skin trade has attracted the attention of the United States consul at Auckland, and it certainly has points of interest. Ten years ago there were only about 36,000 skins exported, and now there are 8,500,000, with a value of about half a million dollars. Still more striking is the fact that twenty years ago there was not a rabbit on the island. A few pairs of gray rabbits were taken there by a gentleman hard driven for game to shoot, and so prolific were they that in a few years their descendants had eaten up a great part of the vegetation, destroying millions of dollars' worth of property, causing sheep to die of starvation by thousands, and threatening to ruin agriculture. The colonists employed dogs to kill them, but they still multiplied faster than they could be destroyed; then they resorted to ferrets, weasels and poison, and this latter was ineffectual, though scores of thousands of sheep also fell victims to it. It is believed that eighty millions of rabbits a year are killed in New Zealand by professional rabbit hunters with their appliances. Making the best of the misfortune, the skins of the pests were turned into an article of commerce as material for furs, and one of the markets is the United States, which fact has caused the consul to tell the story. It reads, however, more like a chapter of Jules Verne than like an ordinary consular report.

"Cured."

One would suppose, to read the advertisements of the "cures" by every kind of patent medicine nowadays, that no one need suffer longer with any kind of disease. The trouble is these so-called "cures" are apt to be only on paper. We remember when a boy noticing a comic picture of one of the many writers of "recipes" for covering bald heads. The old man had a pate as smooth and bald as a pumpkin with the exception of two or three stray hairs at the lower rim of the back of his head, and he is represented as in the act of writing: "Two or three applications cured me and I have now a fine head of hair." But the "raising of a mustache" is perhaps as good an illustration as any, where the boy, with a cheek and lip as smooth and fair as a girl's, writes that he has now a "fine growth" of the desired article, stimulated into being by the wonderful properties of the hair raiser. The following, on stammering, as told by Miss Fox, in her journal, is not bad, and illustrates the value of these certificates of cure. She says:

Mr. Gregory told us that, going the other day by steamer from Liverpool to London, he sat by an old gentleman who would not talk, but only answered his inquiries by nods or shakes of the head. When they went down to dinner he determined to make him speak if possible; so he proceeded:

"You're going to London, I suppose?"

A nod.

"I shall be happy to meet you there; where are your quarters?"

There was no dispelling this, so his friend, with the energy of despair, broke out:

"I-I-I-I-I-I'm g-g-g-going to D-D-D Doctor Br-Br-Br-Brewster to be c-c-c-cured of this sl-sl-slight im-impediment in my sp-sp-sp-speech."

At this instant a little white face which had not appeared before popped out from one of the berths and struck in: "Th-th-th-that's the s-s-same m-m-m-man wh-wh-who c-c-c-c-cured me!"

Washington's Will.

The will of General Washington, on file in the clerk's office at Fairfax, Va., has received so much wear and tear from visitors who desired to examine it, that the clerk found it necessary to inclose it in a glass case in order to preserve it. The will is written on heavy unruled paper, about note size, and every side is covered. There are twenty-seven pages, all of which have General Washington's name attached except the twenty-third, which ended with the words "City of Washington;" and it is supposed that in looking over it the general mistook the words for his signature, and therefore failed to sign the page. The entire will is in his own handwriting, and was written in 1799—the year he died.