

The Sower's Song.

Now hands to seed-sheets, boys,
We stop and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And woe to yon partake of harvest joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed,
And stand so yellow some morn
That beast and man may be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As the years that are past have been.
Fall gently and still, etc.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The seed of six thousand golden acres;
All these to thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
For gently and still, etc.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of step and stroke we keep;
Thus up and thus down, we cast our grain;
Sow well, and you gladly reap,
Fall gently and still, etc.

—Thomas Carlyle.

'MOTHER CAREY'S CUSHION.'

"Now, Octavia," said Mrs. Oland, "do be a little careful to-day. Don't, for pity's sake, let your wild spirits run away with you!"

Octavia Oland, in her pink muslin dress, tied here and there with jaunty little bows of ribbon, and a straw gypsy hat garlanded with pink poppies, turned around, the very incarnation of radiant glee.

"Mamma," said she, "why should you grudge me my little holiday? Don't I work behind Miss Fanshawe's counter all the year like any African slave? Don't I lose my very identity in shirts and puffs, and toil my fingers off in flounces and tucks? Do let me play I am a child again just this once!"

So this beautiful young Euphrosyne danced away, leaving only the sweet echo of her laughter in the gloomy apartment, and Mrs. Oland sighed.

"She is so thoughtless," said the mother. "And Duncan Ray and Harry Bolton are both going on this sailing party—and somehow I feel as if to-day were going to be the turning point of her life. I wish she could bring herself to like Duncan—he's a steady, noble-souled lad, as his father was before him, but there isn't much outside show about him. And Bolton's a handsome, dashing young fellow, just the sort to attract any girl. But somehow I can't quite believe in him. Octavia says I haven't any knowledge of the world. Well, perhaps she is right. But I think we quiet, stay-at-home bodies are sometimes gifted with a sort of instinct in these matters."

The day was all sparkle and sunshine the excursion steamer, fluttering with gay flags and sound of music, glided majestically along; the sea air breathed new strength into weary lungs and louched fevered brows with rosy power; and all these over tired, overworked sewing girls forgot for a brief while that life was nothing more than a real mill to them.

They laughed, they danced, they sang; they flung flowers into the water that floated around the wheel house, they counted the glimmering sails that leaned up against the horizon; and finally when the boat landed at White Crags they all scattered in various directions over the silver shingled beach in merry pursuit of shells, seaweed and pebbles, as so many newly liberated school children might have done.

And Octavia Oland, the prettiest girl in all the throng, reigned as a sort of princess among them.

"Mother Carey's Cushion?" said she; merrily, echoing the words of an ancient salt who was mending his nets in a sunny spot with an old pipe in his mouth, and a picturesque long beard blowing about in the wind. "Is that what they call yonder rock?"

"That 'ere's what they hails her by, lady-miss," said the old sailor, his dim eyes resting with evident approbation on Octavia's fresh young lilies and roses. "And well it's knowed hereabouts."

"But why do they call it so?" persisted the girl.

"Because of the cushion, my lady-miss," answered the fisherman, laying his pipe down on the sand out of respect to this charming young presence. "And the Mother Carey's chickens as circle round the point of a dark day when there's a storm comin' up. It's a round rock, near to the top—d'ye see?" pointing his knotty forefinger—"with grass and mosses growin' on it, in a circle, like a cushion. And a back, all of the natural rock. There's them, my lady-miss," he added, "as has climbed to the very top and sat on the cushion. I and my sweetheart—as has been dead these thirty years—did once. But we didn't care to stay there long. I tell ye. For the wind howled and the seagulls shrieked, and the tide roared like a hungry shark around us, and it was as much as ever we could do to get down again with whole bones."

"Why," said Bolton, "it doesn't look much a height."

"Mebbe not—mebbe not!" said the old man. "A quarter of a mile makes

a deal o' difference in the look of things. And them as ain't used to distances can't calculate."

And he went on with his work while the little group strolled on, bright Octavia with her ribbons and curls floating, Bolton carrying her shawl and Duncan Ray walking silently on the other side.

And just then another gay throng overtook them and there was a discussion as to where the site should be for their impromptu banquet; and presently Duncan Ray looked around.

"Where's Octavia?" he asked.

Everybody had some answer to make. Auriette Hall had seen her not five minutes before; Helen Ray was quite certain that she was hiding behind the ruined boat-house on the edge of the beach; Lois Fielding suggested that she had probably gone back to the steamer for a scent-bottle or a handkerchief, or some such trifle.

"She'll be here presently," said they. "In the meantime, let us get the lunch ready, for there's a dark little edge of cloud down in the west that the captain says he don't half-like the look of."

And where all this time was Octavia Oland?

She was springing up the steep and winding ledge of the rock, quicker and lighter than any mountain chamois, her veil floating back like a white wreath of mist, an exquisite scarlet dyeing her cheek.

"If other people can climb to Mother Carey's Cushion, so can I," said daughter Octavia, keeping her face resolutely away from the furious waves that boiled and raged below, lest, perchance, it should render her giddy. "And how astonished they will be when they see me waving my handkerchief to them from that dizzy peak!"

Long before the cold fowls, chicken salad and sandwiches were spread upon the grass the captain came up from the steamer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I'm sorry to spoil sport, but there's a squall brewin', if ever there was one, and we'll all be safer well out at sea than on these ragged points of rock, especially as the tide is comin' in a deaf faster than we'd calculated on. So if you'll all step lively I shall be particularly obliged."

The ladies began hurriedly to pack the as yet incomplete repast, and to gather up their hats, veils, parasols and gloves—the gentlemen looked around for shawl-straps, books and baskets; and once again ran the question:

"But Octavia! Where is Octavia?"

And Dorsey Wheeler, straining his eyes through the gray mist which was already beginning to gather over the landscape, exclaimed:

"Who has an opera-glass? I see something on that tall rock that seems to lean toward the water—something, I am quite certain, which moves!"

The captain produced his glass.

"Though, to be sure," said he, "glasses ain't much use in such a plaguey Scotch mist as this. But I declare, there is something up there fluttering in the wind, like some one waving a signal of distress!"

Bolton snatched the glass from the veteran's hand and hurriedly adjusted it to his own eyes.

"It is Octavia's veil," he said. "I can see the pink flowers like little dots of color on her head. Good heavens! and she has been mad enough to climb that rock, all for a spirit of crazy adventure!"

"It's a bad job for 'er, then," said the old fisherman, who, having left his nets to take care of themselves, had mingled, black pipe and all, in the general confusion. "For now the tide is in, there ain't nobody nor nothin' can get near Mother Carey's Rocks; and if the wind rises, as it's goin' to do, she'll be blowed into kingdom come at the very first puff!"

"Can nobody help her?" cried the horrified group.

The old salt shook his head.

"You'd only come to your own death," said he, "without helpin' her a mite. There was a man killed there twenty-one year ago come October. He—"

"We are losing time," said the captain, impatiently. "There's a black squall driving up on the wind, and I'd not give much for our lives if we don't get clear of them confounded rocks. Of course we're all sorry for the young lady; but so far as I can see she'll have to take the consequences of her own folly. It's impossible to risk a whole barge-load for her. Ladies and gentlemen, all forward now, if you please!"

But Duncan Ray stepped out from the ranks.

"Bolton!" said he. "McDowell! Christian men, all of you! Are you going deliberately off to leave the sweetest and most precious of our number to perish in the winds and waves?"

"I—I don't see that we can do anything!" stammered Bolton. "This good man says that we should not risk our own lives to no purpose."

"And you must see, yourself," added Mr. Luncheon McDowell, "that it would be certain death to try to cross

the water, now that the tide is rising so fast!"

"There's no time to parley!" said the captain, impatiently. "The bell will ring directly, and whoever isn't on board then isn't on board at all! Eh! Where are you going, Mr. Ray?"

"To the top of yonder cliff," said Duncan, pulling his hat resolutely over his brows. "To rescue that girl or to die in the attempt!"

But at the same moment a slender figure, with a saphyr shawl drawn lightly over its head, stepped out from behind the old bulkhead—Octavia Oland herself.

"Do not risk your life, Duncan Ray!" she said, in a sweet, clear voice. "I am quite safe. My veil and hat blew off, and I could not disentangle them from the sharp rocks. But I, myself, was fortunate enough to make good my retreat before the dreadful wind got too high. And I came up behind you all, and heard your talk, and—Oh, Duncan, I can't bear to think of it all! Let us go back to the steamer as fast as we can, and get out of this frightful place!"

She covered her eyes with one hand as she spoke, while with the other she clung to Duncan Ray's arm, as if it were a refuge beyond all computation.

But all the way back to New York she never once condescended to speak to Harry Bolton or Mr. McDowell; and when she returned home that evening she was engaged to Duncan Ray.

"For I know now," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "who, and who alone, would have risked his life for such a silly child as I!"

And Harry Bolton and Mr. McDowell felt like recreant knights, indeed!

"Decidedly awkward!" said the former.

"Yes," assented the latter. "Put one—ahem!—in such an awkward position.—Helen Forrest Graves."

A Girl's Experiment With Her Lovers.

The presence of a big black bear in the neighborhood of Butler, Georgia, recently, has given occasion for several local scares and a number of newspaper articles. Miss Mary L. Groat, a young woman who lives in that vicinity, near Reynolds, decided to make use of the bear in order that she might test the courage and devotion of two rivals for her hand. She planned that her brother, disguised in a buffalo robe, should appear suddenly in a certain grove during twilight that evening and that both lovers should be with her at the time. The young men were glad of the opportunity to be with Miss Groat, neither suspecting that they were to pass through the terrible and come out refined gold or "306" medal metal. Sammy Groat, the bear, was delighted with the scheme, feeling that he could roar her "as gently as a sucking dove" or as thunderously as a cyclone in the wild West. When the sister saw the disguised brother poke the bear's head over some bushes she screamed and pointed toward the object. Both lovers looked and saw the masquerading youth. To Miss Groat's surprise, however, each made for the animal and the discharge of three or four revolver shots added to the surprise. The bear took to its heels and the young woman frantically appealed to her lovers not to shoot. Sammy got home without a scratch and shortly afterward the romantic girl, with an admirer at each hand, also returned, all considerably excited by the incident.

A City of Perfumes.

The Tunisian Arabs have a passion for flowers, and as soon as their spring commences even the poorest and raggedest may be seen with a delicately-scented blossom stuck above the ear. The perfumes distilled at Tunis have been famous from time immemorial. There is one very large, rather pale rose in particular, from which the famous attar is extracted, which exhales an odor so powerful and yet so delicate that it scarcely seems a figure of speech to speak of "odors of paradise," and one can understand that the Mohammedan's heaven would hardly be complete without it. But at Tunis it is not only the rose which is made to yield up its sweet breath, to be afterward imprisoned in cunning little caskets and sparkling crystal flasks enriched with gilding; the odors of the violet, the jasmine, the orange-flower, and many others, are extracted with equal skill, and in the bazaars mingle their scents with the perfume of sandalwood and other sweet smelling woods, and with that of the curious most odoriferous dark substance which the natives call amber. If you go to buy perfumes the vender will perhaps offer you a little ivory box or porcelain vase containing a scented unguent for the hair, or may be a string of beads to hang round your neck, apparently thinking it of small consequence in what way you perfume your person so that the desired odor is conveyed to the senses. In Arab households incense and sandalwood are frequently burned on charcoal braziers.—Christianian Recorder.

THEIR HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Cases in Which Persons' Hair Turned Suddenly White Through Fright.

Instances have not been wanting of the hair being deprived of its color in a few minutes. The home-coming of the king of Naples after the congress of Laybach was celebrated with much public rejoicing. To do the occasion honor, the manager of the San Carlo theatre produced a grand mythological pageant, in which an afterward well-known opera singer made his debut in the character of Jupiter. The stage thunder rolled, the stage-lightning flashed, as the Olympian monarch descended on his cloud-supported throne. Suddenly screams of horror ran through the house; the queen fainted, and all was uproar and consternation, until the voice of the king was heard above the din, crying, "If any one person shouts or screams again I'll have that person shot!" Something had gone wrong with the machinery before the clouds had descended ten feet, and Jupiter had fallen through. Fortunately a strong iron wire or rope caught his cloak, and, uncaring with his weight, let him down by degrees. But a workman falling from the workman dead, the singer dazed, but able to thank heaven on his knees for his escape; and then the awe-stricken people saw that the black-haired deity had become transformed into a white-haired mortal, whose youthful features formed a strange contrast to their venerable-looking crown.

Believing that a fortune might be easily won in the oil country, a young Bostonian went there to enrich himself. One stormy night a glare in the sky told him that an oil tank was on fire a few miles off; and, knowing that after a time the oil would boil up and flow over the side of the tank, he made for a hill to witness the spectacle. "She's coming," a man shouted. There was a rumbling sound, and then the burning oil shot up from the tank, boiled over its sides and floated down the creek, destroying everything in its way and setting fire to a second tank. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, he ran to the ground in the rear of the tanks to get a better view, and in trying to avoid a pool of burning oil fell into a mud-hole and stuck fast. Struggling till he could struggle no longer, he lay back exhausted, watching the billows of smoke surging upward and floating away into space. Suddenly his ears were startled by the sound of cannon-firing; a column of flame and smoke shot up from one of the tanks, and he was stricken almost senseless with the knowledge that the "pipe-line men" were cannonading the first tank, to draw off the oil, and so prevent another overflow. He tried to shout, but the words would not come. A little stream of burning oil ran slowly but surely toward him. He watched it creeping on until it was almost upon him; then in a moment all was dark. When he came back to consciousness, he found himself in his own room, surrounded by "the boys," who had seen him just in time to save him. It was a weary while before he was himself again, and then he was inclined to doubt if he was himself, for his once dark hair was perfectly white.

Staff Surgeon Parry, while serving in India, during the mutiny, saw a strange sight. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chanda was a sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities, and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding the bystanders were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming, "He is turning gray!" All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid glossy jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of a uniform grayish hue.

Some years ago a young lady who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her husband-elect received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained five hours. On the following morning her sister saw that her hair, which had been previously of a rich brown color, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural color. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray. This case coming under the observation of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, shattered his unbelief in the possibility of the sudden conversion of the hair from a dark color to snow-white. No man knows more about the hair than Dr. Wilson, but he is at a loss to explain the phenomenon quite to his satisfaction. The whitening of the hair wrought by mental disturbance is sometimes only of a partial nature. Vexation of spirit gave Henry of Navarre a parti-colored mustache.

An old writer tells of an Irish captain going to deliver himself up to Lord Broghill, the commander of the English forces, who, being met on his way by a party of English soldiers, was made prisoner, and was so apprehensive of being put to death before Lord Broghill could interfere in his behalf that the anxiety of his mind turned some of his locks quite white, while the others remained of their original reddish hue. Perhaps the curious change was less annoying to its victim than that which befel an American girl, whose first intimation of her lover's falsity was the reading of an account of his marriage in a newspaper. After a night's brooding over the traitor's perfidy, her looking glass showed her that one side of her head was still adorned with tresses of golden brown; but the other, alas! was decked with locks more befitting a grandam than a maiden still in her teens; though even this was not so bad as was the case of a French girl, who, frightened by the floor of her room giving way beneath her, shed her hair so quickly that in three days' time she was—to use the expressive comparison of a chronicler of the event—"as bald as a bell-handle."—Chambers' Journal.

A Revolting Spectacle.

One may sometimes hear from the lips of a discontented Arab peasant in Lower Egypt the remark that he is being "trampled upon like a man at the Doseh." This comparison would come home with peculiar force to any good Mohammedan in Cairo or Alexandria, to whom the strange ceremony in question is quite a familiar spectacle. At the close of one of the great religious festivals of the Moslem year a number of Arabs are seen to detach themselves from the crowd and to lie down side by side in the dust, face downward, like logs upon a "corduroy" road, while their friends, crowding around them, press down an arm here and a limb there, in order to make this living pavement as compact as possible. When all is ready the crowd falls back, while a horseman, coming up from behind, passes at a quick walk over the prostrate bodies. This is called the Doseh, or "trampling." Each man receives the full pressure of the iron-shod hoof in the small of his back, and not a few may be seen to writhe under it like trodden worms. The moment this horrible pageant is over the friends and relatives of the trampled men rush up to them and do their utmost to make it appear that they have sustained no injury from the pressure. The odious farce, however, is always unsuccessful, the groans and writhings of the sufferers being a very sufficient evidence to the contrary. The whole spectacle is revolting in the extreme, but deserves attention as a striking proof of the lengths to which superstition and fanaticism can go, even in an age of highly developed civilization.

A Medley of Facts.

There are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages. Two persons die every second. Sound moves seven hundred and forty-three miles per hour. A square mile contains six hundred and forty acres. A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour. The average human life is thirty-one years. An acre contains four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards. Slow rivers flow five miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. Arif-ba'l moves one thousand miles per hour. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Electricity moves two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per hour. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. A mile is five thousand two hundred and eighty feet, or one thousand seven hundred and sixty yards in length. A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour. The first use of a locomotive in America was in 1820. The first steam engine on the continent of America was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776, cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

A Valuable Button.

It is probable that Mr. Fritsch, of New York, will be the first man in America to offer a reward for a button. He was presented last season with a set of twelve large buttons for his coaching club top coat. They were sent from across the ocean, hand-made, and entirely unique. Each button bears a miniature painting of some coaching scene—the stables, the start, on the road, reaching home, and so on. Without any of these buttons the set is incomplete, and its beauty is spoiled. One of them has mysteriously disappeared since the spring parade. Whether it is lost, strayed, or stolen, nobody knows. And it would not be well for the thief, if it is stolen, to let some of the muscular members of the coaching club lay hands on him, for the buttons are the club's pets.

About \$25,000,000 are now given to foreign missions where but \$1,000,000 was given sixty years ago.

"KOUMISS."

An Asiatic Beverage that Became Noted During Garfield's Illness—Its Alleged Virtues.

"The use of koumiss has grown very much in this country," said a physician, "since it was used by the doctors in the case of President Garfield, when he could not take other food. It promises to be a popular drink all through this country, and it is now habitually used in many private families, and, I believe, can be obtained at some bars and drug stores."

"What is koumiss?"

"It is a beverage which has been used for centuries by the nomadic tribes of Asia, and was discovered in Tartary by a traveler. It is made by the Tartars of mare's milk, and a liquor was fermented from it which was most palatable. It is, however, now made of pure cows' milk, with the addition of a little sugar, thus making it chemically equal to mare's milk. It is now regarded as a great cure for dyspepsia. At Ananieff, on the Volga river, near Samara, Russia, there has been established a Koumiss cure, to which thousands of invalids, some from this country, go. The foundation of the course of treatment given here is the milk diet. The advantage of koumiss is that the first process of digestion, namely, fermentation, occurs before it is taken, and the generation of a small percentage of alcohol relieves the stomach of carbonic acid gas, one of the most distressing symptoms of dyspepsia. The koumiss assimilates most perfectly with the organs of digestion without taxing them, and it goes, as the saying is, to the right spot. The best thing about this delicious drink is that it can be made at home and at a cost of about fifteen cents a quart."

"How is it made?"

"The best formula is furnished by Dr. John G. Johnson, of Brooklyn, and it is as follows:

"Fill a quart bottle up to the neck with pure milk; add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, after dissolving the same in a little water over a hot fire; add also a quarter of a two-cent cake of compressed yeast. Then tie the cork on the bottle securely, and shake the mixture well; place it in a room of the temperature of 59° to 95° Fahrenheit for six hours, and finally in the ice box over night. Drink in such quantities as the stomach may require. It will be well to observe several important injunctions in preparing the koumiss, and they are: First, to be sure that the milk is pure; second, that the bottle is sound; third, that the yeast is fresh; fourth, to open the mixture in the morning with great care, an account of its effervescent properties; fifth, not to drink it at all if there is any curdle or thickened part resembling cheese, as this indicates that the fermentation has been prolonged beyond the proper time.

"The American habit is to make the koumiss as it is used, but under certain conditions the beverage will keep for some time, and age will improve its flavor and strength as it does alcoholic liquors. It is transported in skin bottles in Tartary."

"How does it taste?"

"It has a delicious and pungent taste, unlike any other beverage, and, while it stimulates and refreshes, there is no enervation or prostration following it. The medical faculty has long been seeking a beverage that would nourish and sustain as well as give strength for the moment, and it is believed that koumiss supplies the want. As dyspepsia is a sort of a national disease with us, this cure should be a national blessing. Clever young women on the farms of our country could not give more cheer to the evening meal than by supplying the tired men with koumiss. It is a beverage for colleges and boarding schools, and I think it may cure dipomania. I repeat, it should be made at home and with care, and only pure milk should be used."—New York Sun.

A Chicken Trade.

Captain Farrow, of Isleboro, Me., tells a good story at his own expense. The captain was trading in a small vessel along the coast, and at Tampa Bay he purchased twenty dozen chickens, paying \$4 a dozen for them. They were of all ages and sizes, some being ready for the pot and others scarcely done with their shells. At Key West a hotel keeper came along side and asked the price of the chickens. The captain answered: "If you pick them out I shall charge you \$6 a dozen; but if you let me pick them out you can have them for \$3 a dozen." "All right," said the hotel man, "you pick them out." The captain selected several dozens of the fledglings, expecting every moment to hear the purchaser cry "enough." But still he said "go on." The captain saw the point at last, but he stuck to his bargain and "selected" the entire lot, at a net loss to himself of \$30.

Lightning struck the barn of Dr. P. M. Standbrough, near Newburg, N. Y., killing a horse and severely injuring his son Clarence, yet without doing the least damage to the building.