To-Day.

Be glad to-day, my heart; to-morrow's sun
May never shine for you;
The fragile thread of life may all be spun—
And heaven's burnished blue

Bend o'er a sylvan pathway winding on
Where feathery fronds of fern
Play with the breezes, with my footsteps gone
Whence there is no return.

O soul of mine, how often have you missed,
A blessed vérity,
While gazing toward the hills of amethyst
That ever flit and flee?

And lift their folded summits far away,
And farther evermore!
Up from the past—a long, glad yesterday—
Come echoes, nothing more.

Strength for to-day, to bear its bliss or bane,
Is all enough to seek,
A longed-for joy may smite the nerves to pain—
We creatures are so weak.

The passing hours, rescued from emptiness
By chisel, brush, or pen,
Or homely toil, or tears, or mute caress,
Will bud and bloom again.

A fraction of the infinite garnered where
'T will never fade away,
Nor moth nor mildew fret, ncr cark nor care,
Too beauteous to decay.

—*Boston Transcript.*

SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one in spite of the intense heat, and that there was more singing done by mosquitoes than by the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable, and then he had on a clean linen suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional comfort.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, therefore happy.

The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them through Cairnley woods, with sure, fleet feet, he felt that that life was very bright; and, as he thought of Brother White's remarks about "weary burdens," "feet tired with the march of life," he concluded that the aforesaid brother was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye one another's burdens," had been the subject of the evening's talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor as she passed out. "I hope we shall all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand and call-boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horse trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him?" asked Mary Clark in a constrained voice, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to take the horse when we come from meeting, or if I have taken a friend out. It is rather hard to have to go to work directly one gets home."

"You are to hire him to bear some of your burdens," said Mary, in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?"

"I do! I am glad you are to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, for the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this pleasant ride. And it seems to me that it would be better to get all your housework done before meeting-time."

"If I could, but that is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to bed—all these duties come together, and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary; keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John!"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so, and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can, and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it," and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husband's glowing words in the prayer-meeting.

"I will do all I can," said Mary in a weary voice. "What I am obliged to do is much beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and of course I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at a time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future.'

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes. I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly." Mary answered in a sarcastic tone, "how thoughtful you are for us!"

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer-meetings did Mary the good they had done once, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

"I am going with Squire Towne to see a new reaper; he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was next day.

John left his wife ironing, with the half-sick baby sitting by the table in the company of an army of flies; and in spite of the home scene enjoyed his ride along the pleasant, shaded road, well-pleased to be seen so much with the great man of the town. At supper time he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

"By taking two we made a handsome saving; and, as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength, and pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tighter together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing-machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine," John had decided when the subject was discussed; a "clothes-wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring the water into the house would be just to spoil the water. Nothing, after all, like the good old bucket. Mother would never have a pump in her day!"

"My mother used to say all men are selfish, and I begin to think she was right," Mary muttered as she went to the kitchen for the plate of hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good, but from fatigue and overheating herself Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial Squire had acted like a tonic, but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said, and she sighed, as she cleared away the tea dishes, while John tilted back in his armchair on the cool, draughty porch and talked over things with Neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it's going dirt cheap, and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I've half a mind to do it. I've just had an old debt paid in, and, to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are so squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came to Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish-pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for $2 a week and her board, to the man who had promised to love and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm was never opened, but looked like a gloomy casket wherein was buried all the poetry of her life. The closed "best parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country best parlors, of which in her girlhood she had made much fun. John was a rich man, and, in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne to press on her slender shoulders, in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not a duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? which were not by her husband; for, she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by an ignorant Irish woman for $2 a week, then he rated her at that price.

"Widder Patch has had a rough time on't," said Neighbor Jones; "she is going to the Westw'rd to Tom if she sells the medder, and Jane is going out to work. She's tried sewing, but it don't agree with her, and Dr. Snow recommends housework as healthy business."

"'Tis healthy business," chimed in John. "Now, my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why, she never did a washing in her life until she came to the farm. I think washing and general housework is much better than piano-playing and reading."

"So I say to the girls, who pester me to buy an orgin, 'Better play on the washboard, enough sight,'" was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy the cranberry meadow, John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes—why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figger a little closer in order to do it; but it is going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch, won't you, and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it; but Tom is poor, and to give him a home is a deed of charity. No, we will save some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practise 'Bear ye one another's burdens' as well as preach from the text, so I will give you a chance. I will take my turn at sitting on the cool piazzaa after tea with a neighbor, while you do the chores. I think the time has come for some of my burdens to be lifted. By exchanging Tom for Jane, you will have one dollar a week for the cranberry meadow. You say strong, active Tom is in need of a home; he can make one for himself anywhere. It is a deed of charity to give Jane a home, and an act of mercy to give your wife a little rest."

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and taking the children went to the shut-up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with baby in her lap, she sat down at her piano and began to play a "song without words," a piece John had loved to hear when he use to visit her in her home, where she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and around to John as he sat on the porch, and memory compelled him to give the song words. Not musical poetry, but rather somber prose, where in washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours of cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew that her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on her cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor his wife would have borne her burden in patience, but she had no right to help make him selfish, and indifferent as to her health and comfort.—*Boston Watchman.*

An Intelligent Horse.

A gentleman owned a fine horse which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice and follow him about like a dog. At one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks. During this time, an old cat made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and placed there her little family of five kittens. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast. But when she came back she was entirely unable to get to her kittens; and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last, pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who, I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This was repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language, and been willing to listen to it.

The stock raisers of Colorado estimate the aggregate value of their flocks and herds at $35,000,000. The number of horned cattle is placed at 2,250,000.

There are $52,000,000 invested in mining operations on the Menominee and Marquette iron range, Michigan and about 14,000 miners employed.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

Sensitive people wish to be loved; vain people wish only to be preferred.

An evil speaker differs from an evil doer only in the want of opportunity.

Do you wish to learn how to give anything? Then fancy yourself in the place of the receiver.

To conceal a fault by a lie has been said to be substituting a hole for a stain.

The man who feels certain he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Modesty is the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Nothing, indeed, but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover what at the bottom is the true character of any man.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Action of Queen Makea.

Queen Makea, of the South Pacific one day called her officials together and said:

"You constables were directed to put down drink; you wink at it. In truth, you are of no use whatever, except to eat on feast days and share fines! I am a woman. Let the staid, middle-aged women of this village be enrolled as a police force; perhaps they will have some regard for my word."

This novel plan, so says, William Wyatt Gill, in *Sunday at Home*, has been tried for some months, and so far succeeds remarkably well. Nothing escapes the eyes of these women-constables. The drunkards are in great consternation; several of them have turned over a new leaf. One day a drunken man on horseback was surrounded, but succeeded in beating off the women with a long whip. Next day, now perfectly sober, he unwisely showed his face, and of course was heavily fined. A striking outward reformation has been effected. A day or two ago a good old man said in his prayer, "Lord, we have been told that such a plan was never before hit upon in any part of the world. Are we in this matter sinning against Thee? Any way, let the strong drink that occasioned the murder of my eldest son be put down effectually. May Ngaunu's prayer be answered!"

A Persistent Blacksmith.

R. L. Stevenson tells a pretty story illustrative of the power of romance. A friend of his, a Welsh blacksmith was twenty-five years old and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm-kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left that farm another man. There were day dreams, it appeared, divine day dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read his language and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English and at length, and with entire delight, read "Robinson."

The New Geography.

How many farmers are there in the United States? 4,008,907.

How many dwellings in city and country? 8,955,812.

Which State has the most farms, and how many? Illinois, with 255,741.

What is the total number of farm animals? 130,972,673.

What do they comprise, and the number of each? Swine, 47,683,951; sheep, 35,191,656; milch cows, 12,443,952; working oxen, 993,970; other cattle, 22,488,590; horses, 10,357,981; mules and asses, 1,812,932.

Straw Lumber.

Straw lumber appears to have attained more prominence than that made from sawdust and other materials which have from time to time come to the notice of the public. Straw lumber is made from all kinds of straw, including hemp and flax fibre. It is positively fire and water proof, and is of equal or greater strength than walnut or oak. It is susceptible of fine polish, and is made to represent the hard woods at a comparatively small cost, say half the price o walnut.

A man at Charlotte, N. C., touched a lighted cigar to the elephant's trunk to see if anything would happen. People who picked him up after his flight found a leg and arm broken.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Bright jet ornaments never go out of vogue.

The rage for red-caps for children is on the increase.

Redingote costumes are made up with the utmost simplicity.

Ashes of roses under a new name appears among artistic colors.

Turbans of all kinds are worn by young girls, as well as by children.

Children's hats and bonnets are more quaint and picturesque than ever.

Gold soutache embroidery appears on a few red and blue all-wool costumes.

Children's garments of all kinds are made rigorously loose and easy fitting.

After all there is no color so handsome as scarlet for a balmoral or petticoat.

Fine gauze veils with chenille dots bid fair to take the place of tulle-dotted ones.

Black wool dresses remain the favorites of American women for ordinary wear.

It is said that the plush jackets, now so much worn, will be only a passing fashion.

The Prince Albert frock coat remains a popular garment for ladies' demi-toilet.

Feather bands and long pile plush are the rivals of fur for dress and cloak trimmings.

The dusky shades of grayish mauve and purple are combined in many silk suits for children.

The latest fancy for neck lingerie is to unite several colors in the ribbon bows that mingle with the laces at the throat.

Ruffs and ruches do not encircle the neck, but are brought down low on the bosom in front, but the throat is not left bare.

The fancy work of the moment is the crocheting of ficelle-colored twine or unbleached cotton into collars and cuffs for dresses.

A novelty in bridesmaids' dresses consists in different colors for different costumes; the costumes, however, to be fashioned alike and of the same material.

Every lady should have a plush jacket in black, seal, brown, or some other color which will harmonize with any kind of a skirt.

Two things stout women should leave severely alone are the Jersey and the bustle. The former make them look like animated meal bags.

New bangles are of gold, from which dangle five, ten and twenty-dollar gold pieces—the coins being genuine. They are expensive, of course, and are chiefly affected by the young ladies who represent our moneyed aristocracy.

Fashions in Dogs.

There are fashions in dogs as in everything else Anne of Austria loved King Charles spaniels, probably because they were English. Madame de Sevigne doted on silky Maltese terriers, and Marie Leczinska lost the affection of her royal husband through her infatuation of her lap-dogs. Pugs were the great delight of Marie Antoinette and her ladies, and greyhounds were the pets during the Restoration. Scotch collies, toy terriers, and pugs are all in favor at the present time, and there are signs that the Blenheim spaniel will be the pet of the future.

Chinese Women.

Some important facts about Chinese women are given by the Rev. W. S. Swanson, missionary of the English Presbyterian at Amoy, China. He thinks that in that country women are a greater power than in any other Eastern land. He speaks of their sturdy, strong, pithy character, such as makes them the real backbone of China. They are terribly oppressed, yet not tamely submissive, but rather resisting and reforming. Many of them have entered into a league, says Mr. Swanson, against the practice of foot-binding, pledging themselves not to practice it, and further, to marry their sons only to women whose feet were never bound. No more difficult reform could have been undertaken.

Requisites for a Physician.

To be a successful physician a woman must be a lady, a womanly woman. No aping of masculine habits, dress or foibles will conduce to success. She must have an affinity for the work, feel at home in the sick-room, with a desire and tact to relieve suffering, devoid of any morbid sensibility at sight of pain, offensive deformities and ghastly injuries and operations. She must be born to command, firm in purpose and quick to execute, at the same time have dignity and self-control. Nothing must escape her observation. She must be able to reason from cause to effect, strong in convictions, but slow to give an opinion. She needs a love for scientific research, and the ability to apply herself to study.—*Dr. Alice Stockham.*

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly advises people not to "attempt to cool off quickly when overheated; many a fatal 'cold' has been caught by so doing."

Careful cooking of even the longest used and best known kinds of food, whether animal or vegetable, is the important rule to insure health and strength from the table. No matter what the quality of the food to begin with may be, a bad cook will invariably incur heavy doctors' bills and a not less inconsiderable "little account" at the druggist's.

In case of poisoning the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand. Stir a tablespoonful in a glass of water, and let the person swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting in five minutes repeat the dose. After vomiting give the whites of two or three eggs.

Housekeepers, merchants and others in handling knives, tools and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely, and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease flowing as follows: Take the fine dust of tea, at all times accessible and easily obtained, and bind it close to the wound. After the blood has ceased to flow laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save much agitation of mind while running for the surgeon.

Female Gymnasts.

The rage for physical development among young women is increasing. A New York letter asserts:

Classes are forming in gymnasiums where young ladies and girls are taught, and also small clubs which receive instructions in private houses. One of the latest phases of this mania is an insatiable desire on the part of many young ladies to learn fencing. It has become a fashionable accomplishment in Europe, which is quite enough to make girls here ambitious to acquire it. Last year there were only few classes, and they were small. This year there will be scores of young women poking swords at each other. One of the best known gymnasiums in the city is within a stone's throw of the Windsor hotel. The young ladies who go there for instruction and practice have little retiring rooms similar to bath houses. When they emerge they have a costume consisting of basque or jacket and trousers. The agility, grace, and skill they show at the various exercises is astonishing. They are quicker to learn than boys, I am told, and much more graceful at everything they undertake. At first they are made to make certain movements with their fingers, hands, and arms; then they are taught to swing dumb bells and clubs, keeping time to music. As the average young lady does not straighten out her arms properly when in the first stages of her training, the wooden dumb bells have little brass bells on them that jingle when the movements are made with proper force. One of the exercises they are put through is that of marching with sticks for guns. They like this very much, and carry their heads with a jaunty air. What young chap is there that would not pay a good fee at the door to see them going through evolutions? But the professor rigorously excludes spectators. The advanced classes are required to practice on the horisontal bar. Beginners at this exercise have great difficulty in swinging their feet over, but some of the persevering ones go through a great variety of movements with the grace of an acrobat. Swinging in rings suspended on long ropes is a favorite exercise. In one corner of the room there are several poles in an upright position and others inclined at an angle. It is almort incredible, but nevertheless a fact, that young women will spend hours climbing those poles. The most popular exercise is that of mounting and vaulting over a wooden horse. They make a rush at this and spring into a wooden saddle, and after much practice they go over almost without touching. The private classes usually meet in a garret so many times a week for lessons and practice. When a young lady who has the physical development craze is detained at home by a rainy day she goes up to the garret and develops her muscle.

The mining accidents in Pennsylvania, during 1881, resulted in three hundred and twenty-eight deaths, or about one for each working day in the year. To put it in another shape each 265,046 tons of coal cost a life. There were in addition one thousand and six persons injured whose wounds were not fatal, or one for each 61,346 tons mined. Nearly one-half of these casualties resulted from falling roofs and sides of the mines, only eight per cent. from gas explosions.