

The Flight of Time.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."
The bell rings out the hour of nine—
An hour that was, no more is mine;
The minutes worth no more than
Have vanished like a swallow's flight,
Or as the sinner's dreams of right,
Or like a spirit's touch.
I cannot call an hour my own—
For, when I clasp it, it has flown—
What riches have I then?
The little moments, ticks of time—
I sell and weave them into rhyme;
And now the clock strikes ten.
Two hours, and then the day is done;
The day so thoughtlessly begun
And lightly spent by me,
Has stamped some mark, or word, or sign,
On this enduring heart of mine,
Which ne'er effaced can be.
Those hours have passed: the hands that play
Around the clock-face all the day
Are pointing heavenward now:
A round of perfect work is done,
Another day's swift race is run;
To heaven they pay their vow.
And shall those hands upon the clock
My own free hands and fingers moek,
And point to Heaven alone?
No—I will raise mine own and pray
That that bright world of endless day
May this day's sins atone.
The days go out, the days come in—
They fly and whirl like tops that spin
Upon the kitchen-floor:
Thus have they spun since Time began—
Thus will they spin for boy and man,
Till Time shall be no more.
—C. P. Russell.

THE THUNDER-SHOWER.

"I don't think I care about the nutting picnic," said the rector's daughter.
"Not care about it?" echoed Horatia Dale. "Why, I thought you always went every year."
"So I always have done; but I don't think I shall go this year."
"Ah! I see—jealous!" said Horatio. "I am not!" cried Fanny Forrester. "And no one shall dare to say such a thing of me?"
"Nevertheless, it is true," said Miss Dale. "You are not going to the nutting party because Harvey Carroll has asked Oriana Van Velsor to accompany him. Now, deny it if you dare! What a goose you are, to go pinning after a man that doesn't care for you!"
"I don't pine!" said Fanny.
"To break your heart because Harvey Carroll prefers the gaudy city tulip to our little wild rose of the woods!"
"I don't break my heart!" persisted Fanny.
"Come, cheer up," said Horatio, laughing. "Miss Van Velsor returns to town to-morrow. The ward schools begin next week, and she must take her place as second assistant schoolma'am in Peake street. And even if she should take Harvey Carroll's recreant heart with her, why, there's this consolation, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."
"I hate vulgar proverbs," said the rector's daughter.
"You hate Oriana Van Velsor, you mean," said Miss Dale shrewdly.
"Horatio," cried Fanny, "if you say another hateful word, I'll—"
"Come now, Fanny," said Horatio, putting his arm around the waist of the sobbing girl, "I'm only trying to raise your dormant spirit. Don't let this conceited city girl think she's breaking your heart; and don't let Harvey Carroll suppose he is the only man in the world. Hush! there they come up the garden path!"
"Not here," cried Fanny.
"Yes, here. Why shouldn't Miss Oriana vaunt her conquest here as well as elsewhere?"
"I won't see them," cried Fanny.
"But you must," commanded Miss Dale. "Do you want her to think you're a blighted blossom? Brush those big drops off your eyelashes at once and come into the parlor."
And Fanny Forrester decided that it was best to obey her friend's counsel.
Miss Oriana Van Velsor was a tall, brilliantly-complexioned young lady, who called herself five-and-twenty, who wore her hair banded, and generally wore a white lace veil drawn tightly over her face, after the most approved style.
Harvey Carroll, the handsome village lawyer, was well nigh infatuated by her metropolitan airs and graces, to the grief of little Fannie Forrester, who up to this time had been his favorite companion.
To lose the rich guerdon of Harvey Carroll's love bowed our little country girl's heart to the very ground, and made her think vaguely that it couldn't be so very wrong to commit suicide after all. For Fanny had no mother, and the rector, honest man, lived in a world of books and manuscripts, from which he emerged reluctantly, three times a day, to eat his abstracted meals.
Miss Van Velsor giggled, flirted her fan, as Fanny Forrester greeted her in a low voice, scarcely even glancing at Harvey Carroll.
"You're going to the nutting party to-morrow, of course, Miss Forrester?"

said she. Fanny was about to say no; but she caught Horatia Dale's warning eye, and changed her answer to:
"Yes," I suppose so."
"We are going," said Miss Van Velsor—"Mr. Carroll and I. We have depicted the delights of a nutting party in such vivid colors that I really am quite anxious to participate in one. I do hope it won't rain."
"Oh, it won't rain," said Mr. Carroll. "I don't think it will rain," said Fanny, feeling she ought to say something.
"And," Harvey added, "if you are not provided with an escort, I am sure Miss Van Velsor will be very glad to have you join our party."
"Delighted," chimed in Oriana. "I thank you," interposed Miss Dale, before Fanny could reply, "but Fanny is to go with my brother Lemuel."
(Now Mr. Lemuel Dale was an old bachelor, regarded as the common property of all the girls in town.)
"Yes," said Fanny, clutching at the straw of escape; "I am to go with Mr. Lemuel Dale." And Harvey Carroll's conscience did sting him a little as he met the glance of unconscious reproach in poor Fanny's eyes.
"She is a little jewel," he confessed to himself. "But then she is only a pearl, and Oriana is a diamond of the first water; and there can be no better chance for me to propose than to-morrow."
And morning came—one of those brilliant, summer-like days that seem to have been plucked out of the golden diadem of August itself.
"How delightful!" lisped Miss Oriana as she sat gracefully on a twisted tree-root and drank out of a silver cup. "Ah, how indescribably charming is the country!"
"Could you be contented to live here always?" asked Harvey Carroll, as he lay stretched on the green turf at her feet.
"I could desire no happier fate," said Oriana, lifting her eyes heavenward.
"Then—" Harvey was beginning, when honest Lemuel Dale came stumbling over the uneven ground toward them.
"I say, Carroll, what are you dreaming about?" cried he. "Don't you see the thunder-clouds piling up in the west? Don't you feel the sudden chill in the air? Everybody else is seeking shelter from the storm, while you stay here, apparently blind, deaf, and dumb! Luckily for you that I came back for Miss Forrester's shawl, and roused you from your dream." And Fanny, leaning on Dale's arm, scarcely looked up while he spoke.
Miss Van Velsor caught up her lace parasol, with a shriek. "Is it going to rain?" she cried. "Oh, I have such a dislike of thunder showers! Oh, do let us go to a place of shelter, some nice old farm-house, or dear old dame's honeysuckle-covered cottage."
"The nearest place is the rectory at the foot of the hill, half a mile off," said Carroll, doubtfully.
"We shall be happy to welcome you there," spoke up Fanny, unconsciously heaping coals of fire on her rival's head.
"Oh, do let us hurry," cried Miss Van Velsor, catching at Carroll's arm, as the thunder broke in low rumbling tones and the first big drops began to fall.
But Miss Forrester and Mr. Dale reached the rectory by a short cut across the meadows, and were at the door to receive their dripping guests when at last they reached the haven of refuge.
Carroll surrendered Miss Van Velsor at once into Fanny's care. "Take her upstairs, please, Miss Forrester," said he, in a startled tone, "I—I think there's something the matter with her."
"Oh, I am all right," said Miss Van Velsor, with a simper. "Only a little tired with the haste we have made."
But Fanny started back with dismay, quite comprehending Mr. Carroll's discomfiture when she caught a glimpse of her rival's face. It was striped like a zebra, where the streams of rain had run down her brow and cheeks, the streaks of red and white paint blending curiously together; the penciling was washed entirely from one eyebrow, the other shielded by a fold of the lace veil, was totally unchanged. Fanny was silent, but Mr. Lemuel Dale, honest old bachelor that he was, proved less discreet.
"Excuse me, Miss," said he, with his eye-glasses at his eye, "but I rather think your paint is washed off."
"My—paint!" repeated Miss Van Velsor.
And then, happening to see the reflection of her face in an opposite mirror, she uttered a wild shriek, and went off into good old-fashioned hysterics.
When she came out of them again Mr. Carroll had vanished from the scene.
Miss Oriana Van Velsor went back

to the ward school in Peake street quite unfettered by the golden clasp of an engagement ring; and they say there is to be a wedding at the rectory, in which pretty Fanny Forrester and Mr. Harvey Carroll are to play the principal parts.
Strange how slender a straw will turn the current of the stream of life! If it had not been for that thunder-storm in the woods the whole aspect of Miss Oriana Van Velsor's existence might have been different.
But her complexion, unlike the roses and lilies of Fanny Forrester's face, was not waterproof.
A Strange Place on the Welsh Coast.
The most interesting point on the Gower coast is a rocky promontory called Worm's Head. They tell us that sailors who see it from the westward perceive in it a resemblance to a great worm crawling with head uplifted—a thing they naturally would do if they already knew its name, which is probably a corruption. From other points of view the head is thought to resemble other objects, as a great milestone, a lion couchant, a camel, etc. The promontory runs more than a mile out to sea, and at half flood becomes an island, the isthmus connecting it with the mainland being then submerged by the tide. Its sea-front is some three hundred feet perpendicular. A series of strange phenomena characterize it. There are times, in quite calm and bright weather, the sea lying almost without a ripple, when the waves of the ocean come climbing mysteriously up the sides of this precipice in a dense volume, surmounting it, and breaking over its summit in a vast cascade. The fishermen say this strange performance is the result of a meeting of opposing under-currents, and is the sure precursor of a storm. The Head is hollow; inside is a great cavern, very dangerous to enter, but which has been entered, nevertheless, by one rowing a boat within on a quiet summer day, and rowing out again with some haste. The winds and waves habitually hold such dissolute revels inside the cavern of this haughty Head that a boat which should be caught in there by so much as a wandering zephyr from the sea would have a very hard time of it. The winds become transformed to furies in this roaring abode of chaos.
Long before a storm has really arisen, the most terrific turmoil is raging inside the Head, and through an opening in the rock above—a little crevice no wider than a man's two fingers, and no longer than his arm—there rushes a torrent of tempestuous wind, with a noise like the blowing of a furnace. This noisy monitor utters the warning of an approaching storm. Science has dubbed it the Rhossilly Barometer (Rhossilly is the weather-beaten little village hard by); the people call it simply the Blow-Hole; and if ever snake's head should attain such dimensions as this Head of Worm, its hiss would perhaps be as loud as the noise of this Head's blow-hole. The cause of the noise is of course simple, and needs no explanation; it has abundant parallels at many points on the coast. The Head is haunted by many a wild legend—of a great door in the depths of the cave, studded with mighty nails, and which is heard to bang and slam noisily in storms; of terrible shipwrecks, centuries ago, of proud Spanish galleons, which went down laden heavily with treasure, sowing the sands with golden coins, which men still dig up from time to time; of the ghost of the lord of the manor, who was stabbed on the shore, with his hands full of Spanish gold, and who haunts the Head of Worms in a phantom chariot drawn by four black horses.—Harper.

The Co-operative Principle.
The failure of the Co-operative Dress Association of New York has given rise to many unfavorable comments by the daily papers upon co-operation as an industrial principle. In one or two leading dailies it is asserted as fact needing no proof that all co-operative ventures in this country have been failures. The truth is, there are many flourishing co-operative manufacturing establishments in the United States. One of them is the largest manufactory of wood-working machinery in the world, selling its products to every civilized country. Quite a number of co-operative stove foundries, both East and West, are running successfully, one (in Troy, N. Y.) having been in operation about fifteen years, and steadily increasing during the whole period. Co-operative furniture manufactories are also running, both East, West and South, with excellent success. Hardware and cutlery, boots and shoes, and a variety of miscellaneous goods, are now being made in co-operative establishments in different States of the Union.—American Machinist.

Canada has twenty-one cotton mills; two years ago it had but seven.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
Fashion Notes.
The coiffure remains close and low. Small jet buckles fasten many cor-sages.
Heavy repped ottoman velvet ribbons are much in use.
Walking suits of velveteen are rivaling plush costumes in popular favor. Black velvet bonnets garnished with white are unpretending and pleasing. Angora cloth, trimmed in applique velvet, makes a rich and admirable suit.
The large bonnets are worn higher than ever, but remain reasonable in width.
Black velveteen is the favorite walking suit of the dressy New York woman.
The newest linen collars are standing clerical bands with a finely embroidered edge.
It takes an artist to place a bird or bird's crest effectively on a lady's hat or bonnet.
Shirts, when made of velvet or cloth, plush or velveteen, need not be trimmed at the bottom.
Mahogany continues a good shade, and the color of blush roses combines prettily with it.
For rustic dresses the skirt must be plain, kilt-pleated, and reach only to the ankles.
Leather straps passing through buckles of the same, are fastening many woolen walking suits.
Gold, silver, and chenille cords are braided in with the camel's hair bands of the new bonnets for Paris.
Fawn-colored silk stockings, worn with slippers of dark red kid or velvet, are the affectation of the moment in New York.
Prim ruffs are much worn. They are very high and are fastened behind. The upper one is high enough for the dimpled chin to rest upon.
Inside frills for the neck and wrist, of dresses are three narrow rows of white crepe lisse in sharpened scallops overcast on the edges in button-hole stitches.
Handsome redingotes are left open from the waist all the way down the front and back. The sleeves of these garments are perfectly plain, and are tight-fitting without cuffs.
Light silks of pale sea-green, delicate pink and lilac are combined, for evening wear, with dark garnet, dark blue, brown and royal purple velvets, with admirable effect.
The elegant simplicity of street costumes becomes more noticeable each day, elaborations in dress garnitures being left for home wear and full-dress occasions.
There is, unfortunately, no happy medium in the fashionable fan. It is either extremely large or extremely small. In the latter case, it is usually of tortoise-shell, point lace or amber.
Buttons are quite an important feature of cheap and effective home decorations. Ordinary pearl buttons are those employed, and when sewn upon rich-colored velvets or plush, in fancy or geometrical designs, the result is very good.
Plush is now very much used with everything to combine with other materials for costumes, and even for pelisses and demi-pelisses, as well as for Watteau garments, fringed with chenille.

News and Notes for Women.
A girl employed as a spinner in a Lowell mill has taken the first prize offered by the Boston Musical Society for the best criticism of vocal and instrumental music.
Miss M. C. Thomas, of Baltimore, Md., has won at the University of Zurich the degree of doctor of philosophy, "summa cum laude," the highest honor ever granted there.
A woman's mutual insurance and accident company is one of the latest institutions in New York. It is designed to benefit sewing women and servant girls.
In Como district, Nevada, there is a mining claim which was located several months ago by the Ely sisters, aged sixteen and fourteen, and named the Woodbine and Daffodil. These young ladies, who are personally very attractive, are at work developing their claim, in the value of which they have great confidence.
The total amount annually received or expended on Queen Victoria and the other members of the royal family is \$893,382. In this is included maintenance of palaces, expenditure in connection with royal yachts (\$35,382); households of deceased sovereigns (\$6,475), and many other such items. It is estimated that about \$50,000 per annum would have to be expended were there no royal family to provide for.

Bewitched by His Future Bride.
More than one woman has worked in the mines for her living in this country as in the English pits. The Philadelphia Press recently mentioned Mrs. Rigninary, of Locust Gap, who

hauls coal with a two-horse team to customers. She formerly worked at Excelsior colliery with her husband, and it is related that she could load wagons as quickly and well as her husband. Another notable example of this kind is current among the miners Reliance colliery. Thomas East, now deceased, used for awhile to bring his fourteen-year-old daughter to the mines to help him. She did the best she could until the boss put a stop to it by sending her home. East had a family of girls and proposed to make them useful in the most convenient way to himself. One morning, before the foreman's interference, a miner saw the lass at work. He had not heard of her before, and thinking himself bewitched or the beholder of a vision, he fainted from fright. He lived to regard her presence with less terror, for within a year she walked to the altar with him and became his bride.

She Accepted.
He had a new silk umbrella over his head as he walked up Woodward avenue. It was snowing, and all at once his heart gave a bound as he discovered a female ahead of him without any protection from the storm. "Ah—ah—excuse me, ah!" he stammered as he reached her side, "but would you accept my umbrella and save your hat?"
"You bet!" she replied as she reached out and took it. "This hat cost \$3.50, and as I am out of a place I don't know when I can afford another! Thank ye! I'll consider it a birthday present."
—Detroit Free Press.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.
Try glycerine in place of sugar in your tea or coffee when troubled with flatulent (wind) dyspepsia.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.
We give the recipe of a celebrated Paris physician for the cure of small pox: "I herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the small pox though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small pox, it passed unheeded. It is as un-failing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever, here is the recipe as I have used it and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure small pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis), one grain; half a tablespoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this there would be no need of pest houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."
Many persons troubled with sore throat find relief in a gargle of pine-tar water.

Great Indians.
The best blood of Mexico does not flow through Spanish channels a writer says. The best man Mexico has had was Benito Juarez, who was a pure-blooded Indian—one of the common people, but a great man. Altamirano, the leading orator in the Mexican Congress, is a pure-blooded Indian; Romero, the present minister to Washington, a statesman who has done much for his country, is an Indian; General Trevino is, I think, more Indian than Spanish, and I am sure this is true of the greatest living man in Mexico, Don Porfirio Diaz, to whom more than to any other man Mexico owes the final ending of civil war and the establishment of a peaceful, orderly and permanent government.
In one of the anti-vaccination tracts written by H. D. Dudgeon, we read that Jenner, the originator of vaccination, practiced the art upon his own son, first with swine-pox when he was a year and a half old, and later with other viruses. The son was always delicate in health, had a defective understanding, and died when about twenty-one years old with pulmonary consumption. It is also stated that King George III and the Commons granted Jenner £30,000 after he had given them the positive assurance that all who subjected themselves to vaccination should be perfectly secure from death by small-pox.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

The Rev. L. J. Knapp, of Paterson, N. J., has a silver coin of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, who died A. D. 37. It was under him that Christ was put to death. He was the second emperor of Rome. This is the "penny" of which Christ said: "Show me a penny!"

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
It has been observed that workers in copper who absorb a considerable amount of dust from the metal, enjoy a quite general immunity from cholera, typhoid fever, and like complaints, while copper salts protect various materials from parasites.
Where the air is charged with sulphur fumes the tints of foliage in the fall, so noticeable elsewhere, are not produced. The leaves simply blacken, shrivel up and fall to the ground.
The remains of a forest at least three acres in extent have been found ten feet below the surface of the ground at Crowland, near Peterborough, England. Some of the trees are very large and in a good state of preservation, especially the firs.
Dr. Virchow, of Berlin, has some ancient skulls found in the Caucasian district. They are believed to afford proof of the existence of the race called Makrokephali, described by Hippocrates. The heads are large and extremely long or high in form, an effect believed to be due to bandaging in early infancy.
Archaeological researches have shown that the ancient Egyptians were familiar with dental processes which are commonly regarded as modern innovations. The tombs of this people, Belzoni and others have found artificial teeth of ivory or wood, some of them fastened upon gold plates. Teeth of mummies filled with gold have also been found, it is stated.
An automatic electric mechanism, that is designed to announce the approach of railroad trains, has been tried on what is called the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean line. It consists of a box filled with mercury placed under this rail at the required distance from a bell. When a train passes over the box the mercury is so agitated as to form contact with the wire communicating with the bell and thus makes it ring. Herr Fuchs divides the animals of the sea into fauna of light and fauna of darkness. The former are found at a depth of little more than thirty fathoms, and the latter at fifty fathoms. Where the light-limit is higher the deep-sea fauna ascend; and when the light penetrates farther as fresh water, the fauna of light go down.
An "Ocean Carrier."
A good deal of interest is felt in nautical circles in regard to experiments recently made with what is called an "ocean carrier." It is a hollow ball of red india rubber, about two and a half feet in diameter, made very light, and so constructed that dispatches or messages can be inclosed in it. It is intended to be thrown overboard from a ship at sea in case of disaster or want of assistance. Its large size in proportion to weight, which is only seven pounds, keeps it upon the top of the water, and it is rapidly carried by the prevailing winds to the nearest shore. It has a great advantage over casks and bottles, as it is easily seen, and likely to attract attention of passing ships, not easily injured even by extreme violence, and at the same time moves more rapidly than a current-borne float. One of these carriers traveled 200 nautical miles in five days, and another one an equal distance in even less time. Casks and bottles are notoriously slow, and months usually elapse before one is picked up; besides, they are also frequently broken up and their contents lost or at least so it is supposed, as many of them are never found. The experiments that have been made with the carrier have been unusually successful, and the invention promises to be a most valuable one.
Solar Cannon of the Paris Royal.
Strangers in Paris who have happened to be in the garden of Palais Royal at noon on a fair day will have noticed groups of persons watching intently at a not very conspicuous object in the garden, but all eyes seemed turned toward it. The object which attracts their attention is a small cannon of antique pattern, which is automatically fired at midday by the arrangement of a sun-glass so adjusted as to concentrate the sun's rays upon the priming powder, and produce an explosion at exact noon. Referring to the little cannon L'Astronomie says it dates from a greater antiquity than is generally known. It thundered during the commune, under the empire, during the days of '48, under Louis Philippe, under the Restoration, during the wars of the grande armee, during the guillotines of the reign of terror, on the day when Camille Desmoulins hanged the people, Louis XVI., under Louis XV.—Scientific American.

While the United States produce about 67,000 barrels of crude oil daily its daily consumption is about 35,000 barrels, and the remainder is exported or goes into stock.