

### Half-Way!

Have you forgotten where we stood  
Between the lights, that night of Spring,  
The river rolling to the flood,  
So sad the birds, they dared not sing?  
No love was ever dream'd like this,  
Beneath the shadows of the park,  
Between a whisper and a kiss,  
Between the daylight and the dark!  
There had been trouble—this was rest;  
There had been passion—this was peace:  
The sunset dying in the west  
Made Nature sigh and whisper cease.  
I only felt what I had found,  
You only knew what I would say;  
But nothing broke the peace profound  
Between the darkness and the day!  
How will it end? I cannot tell;  
I asked it many months ago,  
Before the leaves of Autumn fell,  
And chang'd to Winter's waste of snow.  
Yet we stand watching at the gate  
Of summer-time for promise—hark!  
No love, 'tis nothing! we must wait  
Between the daylight and the dark!

—Clement Scott.

### A BITTER CUP.

Mr. Martin had just come in to tea. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when the leaves hang stirringly on the trees, and the dull electric fires blaze along the east, foreboding of storm.

It had been very hot all day, the farm-hands had lagged at their work on the lowland meadow, and all the world's wheels seemed to revolve as if they were weighted. Mr. Martin was very tired, and, withal, a little cross.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin was tired, too. She, poor soul, had been up since four o'clock in the morning. She had washed, taken care of four cows' milk, prepared three meals for the hungry farm hands, been up in the quarry woods to search for a family of adventurous young turkey-chicks, soothed the sorrows of a teething baby, and mended up the suit of clothes which Betsey Blim, the tailoress, had declared "not worth a needleful of thread!" because Thomas, her husband, had said that "willful waste was woful want," and that there was a deal of wear in the suit yet, if only there was a stitch taken here and there.

But her cheek was pink and her eyes sparkling when Thomas came in, for all the heaviness in her heart and the dull pain in her back, for little Esther had come home from boarding-school.

Esther, the youngest sister of all, the darling of the family circle from which Mrs. Martin came—the pet for whom they all had scraped and pinched so that she, at least, might have a "Boston education."

And Esther sat in the window-seat, grown into a blooming young woman, with bronze-brown hair lying in fluffy masses over her fair forehead, porcelain blue eyes, and a dress all trimmed with ribbon bows.

"Look, Thomas!" cried Mrs. Martin, excitedly: "it's Essie! Essie come home two days before we expected her!"

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Martin, in the cold, measured tones which always dampened his wife's enthusiasm like so many drops of freezing water. "How do you do, Esther? Ruth, what are you putting cold chicken on the table for? Corned-beef is plenty, I am sure. You had a great deal better save the chicken for the men's breakfast. Working folks have hearty appetites."

"Esther is fond of cold chicken," whispered Mrs. Martin. "And—"

"No one need want anything better than good corned-beef," judiciously pronounced Mr. Martin. "Put the chicken back into the pantry, and the apple jelly with it. Good stewed gooseberries are relish enough for anybody. We must economize in little things as well as large ones, if we don't want to end our days in the poorhouse."

And Mrs. Martin sorrowfully obeyed, while Esther watched her brother-in-law with large, grave eyes, betokening inward surprise.

At the end of a week, Mr. Martin addressed his sister-in-law with serious purpose.

"Well, Esther," said he, "you've been here a week now."

"Yes," said Essie, "I've been here a week."

"A week is a good long visit," remarked Mr. Martin.

"It's long enough for some things," said Essie.

"Mrs. Martin thinks she would like to have you stay," went on Mr. Martin, after a puzzled glance at the blue, shining eyes. "And although, of course, every one adds to the expense in a family like this, I've no objections to giving you a home, provided you are willing to earn it by hard work. And—"

"Stop!" cried Essie, jumping up. "I haven't asked you for a home yet. And I don't mean to. And you are only making me the offer because Doctor Dorian says Ruth will break down unless she has a strong maid-servant to help her with the housework. But there is no money that

would hire me to make myself such a drudge as poor Ruth is."

"Hoity-toity!" said Mr. Martin. "Young woman, you don't consider who you are talking to."

"Yes, I do," said Essie, with emphasis. "To a Bluebeard, to a stock, to a stone, a man who is grinding his wife's life out on the pitiless wheel of money-making. No, I wouldn't live as Ruth does, not if you would put me in a palace!"

Mr. Martin grew green and saffron by turns. "Humph!" said he. "Fine ideas you have got at this fashionable boarding-school of yours. Well, if you don't like my offer, you're not obliged to accept it. Be a fine lady, if you please, and see where it will land you."

By way of answer, Essie marched out of the room with all the dignity of a royal princess. She only stopped in the kitchen long enough to kiss Ruth, who was in the midst of a baking. "Poor darling," said she, "How I wish I could carry you off with me. For stay, I won't!"

"Life is hard work, Essie," said Mrs. Martin, beginning to cry, in spite of herself; "and it's a woman's duty to help her husband."

"And I mean to help mine—when I have one," said Essie, blushing brightly. "But not by wearing myself out."

Mr. Martin shook his head.

"If Stephen Smith is foolish enough to marry that saucy gipsy, she'll lead him a pretty life," said he. "I wonder if she expects to sit on a satin sofa all her days, with a rose in her hand, and her hair frizzled, in that preposterous fashion, all over her eyes? But I warn 'em, they need never come to me for help! Esther has treated me with too much insolence for me ever to receive her again."

"I am sure she did not mean anything," said Mrs. Martin, apologetically. "Well, then, her words belied her meaning," remarked Thomas Martin, grimly compressing his lips.

But Stephen Smith was apparently undaunted by the possibilities of ruin predicted by Farmer Martin, for he married Esther and went to the city to live, within three months.

"I give 'em just a year to come back here and eat humble pie!" said Martin, vindictively.

"Oh, Thomas; don't talk so!" said his wife. "One would think you would be glad to have some evil befall them!"

"And so I should," said Martin, viciously grinding his teeth together. "That girl needs a lot of humbling, and I hope she'll get it."

Three years afterward there came one of those terrible droughts that undo a farmer's life-work in a season, and sweep away his prospects as an autumn wind sweeps away a sere forest. The cattle died, a pestilence broke out among the flock of sheep, which Thomas Martin had just bought; a high wind blew his best barn over, and disaster stared him in the face on every side.

"It's no use talking," said he. "I cannot meet this year's interest on the mortgage. The place will have to go."

"Oh, Thomas!" groaned Mrs. Martin, who, poor soul, now lay all day on a hard wooden lounge, and groaned to see how wofully she was needed at the helm.

"I can't help it," said Martin. "Everything is against me."

"It's only five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Martin. "You might borrow it."

"Who'd lend to me, I'd like to know?" said Martin, remembering with a sigh how he had hardened his own face against every humble suppliant in the golden days of his prosperity.

"There's Esther's husband," suggested Ruth. "I've heard that he's doing well in Boston. And, after all, Esther's my own sister."

Mr. Martin's features contracted into a hideous grimace. Of all the bitter cups which circumstances had held to his lips of late this was the bitterest.

But it had to be swallowed. There was no help for it.

"I didn't suppose Smith's folks lived as genteel as this," said he to himself, as a neat maid led him across an octagonal vestibule, floored with black and red marble, and fragrant with flowers, under the golden fringe of an antique portiere, into a large, tastefully-furnished room, where the singing birds, the open piano, the low satin sofa all betokened no lack of money.

Yes—Mr. Smith was at home. He had not yet gone to the store, and presently he came in, waving welcomes to the man who had married Essie's sister.

"Lend you a thousand dollars?" said he. "Of course we can lend you a thousand dollars. What is money for if not to help each other with. Oh, yes. We've a snug little sum laid up in the bank, and we live very comfortably. My business? Yes, it's tolerable, but it never got us all these things," glancing at the soft arabesques of the carpet, the graceful folds of the crimson silk curtains, and the easel filled

with proof engravings. "That is my wife's doing."

"Eh?" said Mr. Martin, staring around him.

"Yes," said Smith, with a certain, quiet satisfaction. "Essie is an artist, you know—a designer. She invents patterns for the paper-hangers and upholsterers. They are glad to pay her fifty dollars a week."

"Fifty dollars a week!" exclaimed Thomas Martin. "Why that's more—fifty dollars is, I mean—than poor Ruth made by all her poultry for a year. Well, I never!"

In all his life he had never respected Essie as he respected her now.

"She has money laid up," said Stephen Smith. "And if she's the girl I think she is, she won't grudge it to help her sister's husband in a pinch."

Gall and bitterness—gall and bitterness! But, thought poor Martin, with a sigh, how was Stephen to know all that was come and gone?

Essie's light step, on the passageway, sounded at this instant; and she came in, dressed in a picturesque brown linen blouse; her hair still shading her forehead, like a fringe of floss silk, after the old, graceful fashion.

"Yes," she said brightly, when her brother-in-law's errand was stated to her; "Of course you shall have it. I owe you as much as that, I think, Thomas, were it only to erase from your memory that last scene of our parting. How defiant and insolent it was, to-be-sure!" and she laughed the sweetest of mellow laughter. "But I insist upon it still, that my theory was correct; a woman can work, without becoming a drudge."

"Perhaps she can," slowly and unwillingly admitted Thomas Martin—"perhaps she can! But it didn't use to be so, in my mother's days."

And he sighed to think of poor Ruth, broken down in the meridian of her days, by the cruel necessities that drive the wife of an American farmer to her doom. Was it his own fault? Perhaps it was.

Essie's thousand loan was the straw which saved him from figurative drowning. He paid the interest, bought a new flock of merino sheep, and weathered the storm.

And the next year when Essie came to the farm to assist her sister, for the first time she found Ruth sitting on the piazza, and watching the little pambly play in the sunshine with listless, heavy eyes.

"Yes," said Ruth, "I can't work any more. But Thomas is very kind. He don't grudge the hired girl's wages, and he is always saying he wished he had taken more care of me in the old times. But it's too late now. You were right, Essie, when you said you wouldn't stay on here, and help with the housework."

"Yes," said Essie, fondling the thin hand, which lay on the arm of the rocking-chair, "I think I was right."—*Helen Forest Graves.*

### The Viceroy and the Baby.

A characteristic anecdote is related of the late Lord Lawrence, when as the new Viceroy of India, he was returning to the country in which his best years had been passed. He was in bad spirits, partly from sea-sickness; partly from the lack of friends and congenial natures around him, partly from the feeling of the heavy responsibilities which he had assumed in comparatively weak health. A lady was returning to India with her infant child, which she utterly neglected, and the baby took its revenge upon the passengers generally by squalling day and night alike. They complained in no measured language to the authorities. "Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was the cry which came from many a tempest-tossed and sleepless berth. But the nuisance continued unabated. At last the new viceroy, perhaps he saw in the child, half-unconsciously, a slight resemblance to his lost Bertie, gave it a large share of his attention, and would take it for hours together on his knee, showing it his watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to him, as he to it; and to the great relief of the passengers was always quiet in his presence. "Why do you take such notice of that child?" Asked one of them. "Why, to tell you the truth," said the viceroy, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me, and so I take pleasure in its society." How much of the kindness and simplicity of a great nature is revealed by this simple story.

### Aerial Trips.

Two successful aerial trips have been made by M. Pompeiu with an elongated balloon, and on the second ascent a change in the course of the air-ship was obtained by simply moving a rudder with which it had been provided.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

An organization under the name of the National Horse Show association of America proposes to hold a preliminary exhibition in New York city, during the fall. At this exhibition representatives of all classes of horses are expected to be present. The association claims for its object the improvement and exhibition of horses in America.

The female population of Kurdistan are a rather a plucky set. A Constantinople correspondent says that the census officers were recently ordered to make an enumeration of women of the district. But the women would not be enumerated, and when soldiers were sent to assist the census men some five hundred Kurdish women assembled, attacked the soldiers, probably with hair-pins, and put them to flight. The census operations had to be suspended pending the arrival of military reinforcements.

It would be a most curious calculation which would establish, even approximately, the difference between the population of New York city during the day and the night. It must be somewhere in the hundreds of thousands, and it is quite possible that it will reach half, or even three-quarters of a million. It is doubtful if in any other city in the world so many workers by day leave the hive to sleep in other cities. Brooklyn alone, if ferry statistics can be taken as the bias of an estimate, must accommodate at least 100,000 persons at night who swell the metropolitan total during the day.

According to our best knowledge, the laborers who built the great Pyramid received a sum per day equal to the purchasing power of two cents of our money. The laborers employed in building the East River bridge received an average of \$2.50 per day. This contrast is the best illustration of modern progress; it has made workmen 125 times better off than they were when the great Pyramids were built. This does not mean that they are now too well off, or not well enough off; it simply shows where progress most improves the material condition of mankind, and that is in the field, the forge, the shop, the mill.

The Prince of Montenegro is a practical reformer of the heroic style. Some time ago he closed all the cafes and drinking shops in his dominion, regarding them as schools of effeminacy, extravagance and corruption. Then he abolished all titles, so that while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an "Excellency," now even the ministers have to be contented with plain "Mr." And now the prince has issued an interdiction against all "luxurious wearing apparel," including cravats, gloves, walking sticks, parasols and umbrellas. And no one dares complain, because the prince himself lives up to the strictest letter of his laws.

The supremacy of the silk-worm is seriously threatened if the report of the discovery of a new textile fibre-yielding plant in Mexico is authentic. Mexican newspapers declare that this plant, which is of the vine species, yields a brilliant, fine, strong fibre, that takes dyes readily and is extremely pliant and durable. There are said to be no difficulties in the way of its preparation and manufacture, and the fabric made from it closely resembles silk. If correctly described, this new vegetable in addition to the list of textiles will add largely to the already abundant natural resources of Mexico. There is hardly a doubt, however, but that the plant will flourish in other lands of like latitude and temperature if transplanted.

A movement in behalf of rational dress for women has been instituted in England, which may or may not result in practical reform. The Rational Dress association have invited artists in dress to send whatever they regard as more rational attire than at present adopted, and especially to compete for a prize of \$250, for a dress which shall fulfill the following conditions: Freedom of movement; absence of pressure upon any part of the body; no more weight than what is necessary for warmth; weight and warmth evenly distributed; beauty and grace combined with comfort and convenience; not too conspicuous a departure from woman's ordinary dress. Of course, getting the rational dress is one thing, securing its adoption is quite another.

Mrs. Carrie Burnham Kilgore has been admitted to practice in the orphan's court in Philadelphia. She is the first woman admitted to practice in any court in that city. She is a graduate of the University of Pennsyl-

vania. She was rejected when, in 1874, she presented herself to the board of legal examiners, for examination, the board taking the ground that there was no precedent in this country for the admission of a woman to the bar. Application was made to court for a rule upon the examiners to show cause why she should not be heard, but the courts declined to grant the rule. A suit for damages was brought against the board, but was not passed. A bill to admit women to practice in the court was introduced in the Legislature in 1861, and Mrs. Kilgore (then Miss Burnham) appeared before the House of Representatives in favor of the measure. The bill, however, was defeated.

Earthquakes and volcanic outbursts in Central and South America continue to occur with unusual frequency. Within the last six months the disturbances of this nature along the chain of the Andes have been remarkable. Last winter there were many earthquake shocks in Central America, and during one of them a small island sank out of sight. About the same time news came that Lake Titicaca was drying up in a surprising and alarming manner. Other earthquake shocks followed, destroying villages and doing other damage. Next the volcano of Ometepe, in Lake Nicaragua, suddenly burst into eruption for the first time since the discovery of America. Recently there has been a violent earthquake in Ecuador, and the great volcano of Cotopaxi has begun to hurl forth smoke, ashes and melted rock.

The court of common pleas at Pittsburgh has decided that the Pullman and other sleeping car companies are responsible for money and valuables stolen from travelers at night. The company's defense in part was that valuables should be placed in the safe provided for that purpose. The assistant superintendent acknowledged on the stand that, owing to the manner in which the cars are now arranged, a professional thief could reach through and rob a passenger in an adjoining berth without detection. The judge said he did not consider the company responsible as a hotel-keeper, or a common carrier, but when the company sold a ticket for \$2, in addition to the regular rates for passage, and offered the facilities for sleeping as an inducement to pay the extra money, it bound itself to protect its patrons while they were asleep and for the time being helpless. The jury brought in a verdict for the full claim, with interest. An appeal will be taken to the supreme court and the matter finally decided.

### Lifetime of Various Animals.

Camels live from forty to fifty years, horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fifteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about 300 years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived 130 years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when he perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and the swan having been known to live one hundred years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live 200 years, common river trout fifty years; and the pike, ninety years; while Gesner—a Swiss naturalist—relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 267 years before. Insects are very short-lived, usually completing the term of their existence in a few weeks or months. Some even perish within a few hours after emerging from a grub state, and die upon the very day of entering upon their new life. As a general rule not to be applied too closely, larger types of animals live longer than smaller.

### After the Fruit.

Baby is very exacting at table. Her mother has, in consequence, been obliged to forbid her to ask for anything. One day there was a dish of magnificent strawberries upon the table. Baby coveted them with longing eyes. She threw a supplicating glance at her mother and another at her father, but this characteristic mimicry was unsuccessful.

Baby was disconsolate. She uttered a deep sigh, and, leaning over to her father's side in a way to be well heard, she said:

"Pa, tell ma that I have not asked for any strawberries!"

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Jupiter's spot, on which the earth would only make a small patch, is growing fainter.

In France wonderful results are being obtained in the work of vaccinating live stock against disease.

M. de Lesseps states that the evaporating power of the sun is less on the site of the proposed island sea of the Sahara than on the Red Sea, and he does not anticipate that the waters will dry up.

M. Tacchini has succeeded in observing the solar prominences upon the very disk of the sun. By enlarging the opening of his spectroscope he has been able a few times to recognize on the edge of the spots these grand eruptions of hydrogen and the unknown substance helium.

The camphor tree has recently been introduced into California and promises well. It resembles the laurel somewhat. It grows well all along the coast, and one tree at Sacramento has already attained a height of thirty feet. It is easily propagated from seed or cuttings. Besides producing the well-known drug, the tree is valuable as timber.

A non-conductor of electricity has yet to be found, for all substances hitherto discovered are conductors of the force under certain known conditions, but those which offer a great resistance to it serve the purpose of non-conductors in practice, although they may all be either classed as good or bad conductors. The best conductor known as yet is silver. The worst conductor is paraffine.

### A Boy's Sermon that Staid By.

It was the first effort he had ever made to speak in public. It was in a union praise meeting following a great revival in a college town. The boy, blushing and agitated, yet, wishing to add his word of advice and thanksgiving, began abruptly:

"My dear brothers and sisters, I hope you will all take hold; and when you get hold, keep hold."

The youth was so confused, that he repeated the same words over and over, apparently unable to stop, or to catch a new sentence. Some of the young people, who had religion, but were not old enough to have pity or consideration, began to laugh, when a big hearted man (none other than Brother Ben Bristow, of Covington), struck out with the always appropriate ejaculation, "Thank God!" and then, with that great melodious voice of his, began the hymn—"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

Pending this inquiry the youthful disciple sank, red and perspiring, into his seat.

I am uncertain whether any honest effort is fruitless. That poor lad thought, no doubt, that that was a failure. I have often wondered whether he ever tried it again—whether he did "keep hold." The talk of the college professors and the ministers of the evangelical churches assembled in that union meeting have faded from my remembrance entirely, but the poor boy's wretched exhortation remains at least in one heart.

The flowers of rhetoric may decorate the Gospel fabric, but add nothing to its strength, nor can golden gilt of man's aesthetic upholstery make more grateful the shadows of the great rock in a weary land.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

### Selecting a Horse.

The *Turf, Field and Farm*, than which there is no better authority on the subject says: In buying a horse, first look at his head and eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and intensify them. The head is the indicator of disposition. A square muzzle, with large nostrils, evidences an ample breathing apparatus and lung power. Next, see that he is well under the jaw, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throat. Breadth and fullness between ears and eyes are always desirable. The eyes should be full and hazel in color, ears small and thin and thrown well forward. The horse that turns his ears back every now and then is not to be trusted. He is either a biter or a kicker, and is sure to be vicious in other respects, and, being naturally vicious, can never be trained to do anything well, and so a horse with a rounding nose, tapering forehead, and a broad, full face below the eyes is always treacherous and not to be depended on. Avoid the long-legged, stilted animal—always choosing one with a short, straight back and rump, withers high and shoulders sloping, well set back, and with a good depth of chest, fore legs short, hind legs straight, with low down hock, short pastern joints, and a round mulish-shaped foot.