Unrest.

Here in the years wherein I stand
I gaze across the fallow land;
Across the conquest and its cost;
Beyond the sought for and the lost;
And look into thy eyes of joy,
Thou brown-faced, tunicked country boy!

Just thou and thine, with naught between,
Make up that sweetest olden scene.
O tender scene and sight and sound!
The farmhouse, with its lilacs 'round;
The poppy bed, the locust trees,
The stillicidic hum of bees;

The well, with sturdy oaken sweep
The morning glories half asleep;
The swallows gossiping; the croon
Of doves above the barn; the noon
When kine, breast deep, stand in the stream;
And thy world pauses in a pleasant dream!

Beyond the uplands; then the hills,
Where, interlacing, creep the rills;
Here forests, sentinels of peace;
There fields, with opulent increase;
Beyond the valley, stretching far
And dim to the horizon's bar.

My brown-faced lad, I look again
From out the lairs and lives of men.
I see the longing in thy face
To grow beyond the commonplace;
I know the lands that 'tween us lie,
And pity thee! For thou wert—I.

—*Edgar L. Wakeman.*

PEARL.

"Listen, Pearl, and mind all I say."

"Yes, papa."

"Can you take care of mother all day?"

"Of course I can, papa. Are you going away?"

"Yes, Sam and I have to go after those yearlings. But let everything else go for mother, dear. Always remember that. If she's the least bit nervous toward night, don't leave her a moment, my bird, but let the animals take care of themselves."

Pearl lived on the shores of the great Mississippi, far down, where Jack Frost never gets a very tight grip on things, and lets go very early, as Madam Spring comes smiling about. Her father was getting poorer and poorer year by year, as his worn-out land grew less productive with every season of slack tillage, until he found it hard to wring from it a living for his small family. The stock dwindled down to a few poor ill-kept creatures which looked as if forlornly wondering within themselves whether it were really worth while to live or not. Pearl's father had something of the same look himself, which increased as his wife grew weakly, and suddenly sank into the condition of a gentle invalid, content to be waited upon, without, perhaps, ever pausing to ask whether she really stood in need of it.

You may think Pearl must have had a very sad childhood. But she had never known any other place nor any other children, and was so happy in her own bright, unselfish little nature as never to have suspected anything depressing in her surroundings. Pearl throve as nothing else on the place throve, even under the burden of care which came to her too young—showering back upon her mother so many caresses and such loving care that it would be hard to say which looked most upon the other as a child.

"I'll get your breakfast, pet. Wait till you see what I've got for you."

Pearl skipped about in great glee at being left in charge all day, and, after the usual amount of small fussing, carried in the tray with a face full of anticipation of her mother's delight.

"The first branch of crape myrtle. I found it peeping out in the sunny corner of the old pasture. You dear little mamma"—a dozen kisses on her thin hands—"if you could only go with me to see all the beautiful things! But I'll bring you every one. Papa thought that he had found the first magnolia bud the other day, but I won't take a single taste of egg. There isn't enough for you."

"Just a taste, litle one."

"Not one bit. See what a great strong thing I am! You must have the good things to make you well."

The lassie set her foot down, and mamma never dreamed that there was something almost heroic in the refusal of the tempting morsel, the little girl having just turned away from her own uninviting breakfast of bacon and corn bread.

"The river looks curious, mamma, dear," she said, chatting over the wild-flowers she was arranging on the table as she spread their feast. "I went out into the boat to play, and, when I wanted to get out the water was between it and the shore, so I had to jump."

"Why, Pearl, are you sure?"

"Yes, mamma; and I was afraid I couldn' get it in again; so I untied it and held the rope till it floated to the little buoy, and then I pulled it in and tied it. It was hard work, too."

"Can the river be rising? I wish they were not away, daughter."

The helpless woman looked out of the window with a troubled face. The floods of the year before had done but little injury in their neighborhood, the land lying much above the river level. But she knew that this was due to the strength of the levees many miles above, and remembering having heard people say that they never would stand another pressure of high water. The river was not yet as high as she had seen it, but she observed with some uneasiness that it had advanced upon them perceptibly during the last few hours.

"I don't believe the levee will break through," she said, trying to encourage herself and Pearl.

Their dinner was eaten rather more soberly than quite suited the little girl; but after everthing was cleared away, she had taken another look outside, both felt better at perceiving that the waters seemed at a stand-still.

"Bring me the brush for your pretty hair, Pearl."

It was one of the few things she still had energy to do, this brushing and fondling of the child's hair. No one, seeing its beautiful luxuriance, could wonder at her loving admiration. Pearl took innocent pleasure in it as one of the things which made her sweet to father and mother, and laughed as mamma loosened the soft braids and held up the wavy mass to catch the sunshine.

"Papa says it's my golden flag," she said.

"When I was out hunting old Snow last week, he knew it was me when I was a mile away."

"Then you must hang out your flag whenever you want him to find you. I wish auntie were here to help you to-day, my pet."

But the hand which held the long golden braid suddenly dropped.

"Look there, Pearl!"

Pearl sprang up, and saw trees not far away from their door standing in water, where water had never been before. In one moment's glance she marked how the river was broadening and swelling. There was no sudden rush or roar as would have been the case with a narrower stream, or one with high banks; but there was still something mysterious and terrible in the low sound, half-hissing, half-murmuring, with which the pitiless flood was half creeping upon them. She turned with one thought in her brave little heart—of caring for her mother as she had promised.

"Mamma darling, don't be frightened. You must get to the boat—you can, I know, when I 'most carry you."

But the poor woman cried and trembled.

"Oh, why did you leave us! The levee has broken. We shall be drowned, Pearl, all alone here."

Pearl had rushed out to the boat. Most fortunately the bank to which she had towed and secured it was high. Drawing it now much nearer the house, she came and hurriedly prepared her mother, cooing to her all the while endearing words of encouragement, never letting her guess how her own face grew pale and her heart stood still at the sight of the danger which gathered faster and faster so near them. Again she ran to the boat, and this time, with dripping feet, moored it the door.

"Now, mamma—quick!" Pearl could never tell how she got her in. When it was accomplished, she brought a few of the more valuable articles in the house and placed them beside her.

Before all this was done she perceived with increased alarm the violence with which the long-imprisoned waters bore down upon them. They beat angrily against the house, and redoubled her anxiety to get away from it. But at the last moment she observed how the boat rocked and tossed, and the idea suddenly flashed upon her that her mother would be safer if she herself remained behind.

"Mamma, I'm going to stay here while you go in the boat. When you get below the bend they will see you and get you. Tell papa to come for me. Tell him I took care of you; and don't be frightened, you dear, dear mamma!" She gave her one long embrace, untied and threw in the rope, and carefully stepped back to the upper step of the door. Her mother had not guessed her intention till the current was carrying them far apart. She half arose with a scream of dismay.

"Oh, Pearl! my Pearl! come to me! I shall die without you! And what will become of you?" She caught one glimpse of the brave little white face smiling at her, as the child called cheerily after her:—

"Don't be frightened, darling. I'll come to you just as soon as I can. God will take care of you." And then the rushing waters shut out every other sound.

In her alarm and despair the mother could have flung herself from the boat. How tender the little face was, and how small the childish figure, as it stood there for the last word of encouragement to her! Pearl's face grew paler as the timbers of the old house groaned and creaked. Her little white kitten came mewing piteously to her feet, and she took it in her arms, while she hastily took a bundle of papers from her father's desk. Then she walked through water ankle-deep to reach the stairs to the half-story above, and she climbed them wondering if the water would come to her there before papa came. He had gone some distance inland, but she knew he would come for her as soon as he could. What a wild waste of waters she looked out upon! She saw barns, sheds, sometimes a house, sweeping down the river. She saw their own barn swing out into the current and float away. She could hear the water rushing through the doors and windows below, and wondered how soon the house would break away, and follow those she had seen going down the stream.

"I must hang out my golden flag, so papa will see me." Pearl unbraided her bright hair, and looked wistfully out.

But the weary afternoon wore away, and night came with its gloom and its chill. Poor little Pearl's courage almost failed in the darkness. She sobbed pitifully for papa—everything seemed so much more terrible than when it was light—then knelt down and said her prayers, asking first that mamma might be cared for, then herself, and, feeling comforted in the full faith that God would remember them both, resolutely set herself to keep awake until papa should come. But her head dropped on the window-sill, and she soon slept quietly. The winged messengers who wait on the prayers of a child surely guarded her rest with gentlest care, for when at last the strained timbers gave way, and the old house bade adieu to the foundations on which it had stood for many a long year, she never knew it, but slept on.

"I saw your shining flag, Pearl, my blessing."

Pearl opened her sleepy eyes to see the morning sun beaming upon her. All the trees upon the bank were running past her in a most confusing manner. Papa was lifting her from the window into a boat held by two other men close to the house, which still rocked and heaved as it settled deeper and deeper into the water.

"Papa, where is mamma?"

"Safe, dear. Some steamboat men brought her inshore, and I found her late last night."

"Oh-h-h! Well, then, papa, get my kitty and poor old Biddy. Oh dear! my neck and my shoulders hurt."

As she neared the shore she opened her eyes in amazement, almost in fright.

"That's mamma!" she cried. "Standing up! Oh, mamma, you'll hurt yourself!"

But mamma met Pearl at the very edge of the water, and led her to the house whose friendly doors had been opened to them. Doctors have talked learnedly of such cases—about will power, nerve force, and other things hard to understand. All I can tell about it is that the great excitement and some very serious thinking had worked a wonderful change in Pearl's mother.

She now looked out at the house, and saw the water pouring in at the window from which the idol of her heart had just been rescued. With arms tight about her, she said:

"He has taken care of us, Pearl, better than we could have dreamed."—*Harper's Young People.*

The Waste of Animal Food.

The flesh of domestic animals fit for food is almost a waste substance in many countries, since it can not be locally consumed nor profitably preserved. In the river Plate republics alone there are 80,000,000 sheep and 25,000,000 cattle to a population of 2,500,000. For years sheep were only valued there for their wool, and, when flayed, carcasses were left to rot, or, when dried in the sun, piled up in stacks for fuel, while later on they were boiled down for their tallow. Sheep get very fat in the province of Buenos Ayres, and those of three and four years will give frequently from eighteen to twenty-five pounds of tallow. Countless numbers of sheep are boiled down every year in the so-called "graserias" only for the tallow, which forms one of the staple articles of export. The mutton is thrown away, or used in a dry state as fuel. In the five years ending with 1850, more than 1,500,000 sheep and 200,000 horned cattle were boiled down simply for their tallow, in the colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. We English are great meat-eaters, and, as our home supply is quite insufficient, we have to import more than 600,000 tons every year. With the growth of our population, and the decreasing number of live-stock at home, the imports of meat from abroad have prodigiously increased in the last quarter of a century.

On a Railway Train in Japan.

A traveler gives this account of what he saw in a Japanese railroad train: Our fellow passengers are well worth studying. First come in the men of business going to Yokohama, as is their daily custom. These men are dressed in foreign clothes, and many of them understand foreign language, English or German. They are mostly an intelligent looking group of men. Besides these somewhat foreignized nativesa, we have the real, genuine native article, with nothing foreign about him excepting his hat. Hats are very generally worn, unless it is a rainy day, when they are left at home and the wearer goes barcheaded. The Japs are peculiar. On a cold, rainy day they go about with their dress skirts caught up to their waists, and the water all streaming down their bare legs. Their dress must be saved, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. In the car we can see this native dress; a loose robe with no buttons, but folded over the breast and fastened with a sash. This is the dress of the men as well as of the women. Some of the dresses are very rich indeed, being made of beautiful silk. One-half is longer than the other, which allows for being pulled up above the sash, and then hanging down in front, making a pouch. This is the pocket where nearly everything is carried. At the bottoms of the large, square sleeves there are pockets also. Suspended from the sash is a little box and a leather wallet. Sometimes these articles are exquisite and very costly. The box contains the tobacco pipe and the wallet the tobacco. The box is frequently made of ivory or bronze, finely worked. Japanese tobacco is very mild. The average American would disdain to use it. Mild as it is, but little is consumed at one time. The whole amount of tobacco imbibed would not be equal to a puff of a strong cigar. But the almost universal practice here is to draw all the smoke up, expelling it from the nostrils instead of from the lips. Women smoke as well as men.

Why the Boy Came Back.

A small boy, with an intelligent face went into a fruit dealer's store and depositing a box of grapes on the counter, stood looking down.

"I don't want the grapes, my little fellow," said the dealer. "I've got as many grapes now as I can sell. Take them away."

"They are yours," the boy said, looking up.

"Mine?"

"Yes sir. Yesterday evening I came along here and took this box of grapes from the stand at the door. I knowed it was stealin', an' my mother always told me not to take anything that did not belong to me, but I couldn't help it. Just before I left home my little sister that was sick said, 'Oh, if I had some grapes like them I saw down town I could eat 'em.' We didn't have no money, and nobody knowed us, 'cause we had just moved into the house. Mother washed clothes, but when sister got sick she had to quit. When I took the clothes home the lady told me to come next day for the money, but when I went there the house was shut up and the people was gone, so we didn't have any money to get grapes with. Mother said 'never mind, we would get some money after a while.' I saw her go into the other room, an' when I watched her she had her face buried in a pillow an' was prayin'. I come away down town an' stood aroun' a long time waitin' to git a chance, an' after a while, when you wasn't lookin', I took a box an' ran away with it."

"But why did you bring it back?" the dealer asked.

"Because," replied the little boy, choking down a sob, "when I got home the little girl was dead."

Artistic Stoves.

The Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire clay walls into several upright chambers or flues, usually six in number. Some dry firewood is lighted in a suitable fireplace and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes fairly through the fuel. The products of combustion being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated and in this state pass up compartment No. 1. They are then deflected and pass down No. 2, up No. 3, down through No. 4, again up No. 5, and down No. 6. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty-four heat-absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls. Then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its works, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove is radiated into the apartments.

The Egg Machine.

The hen is literally an egg machine, her chief purpose being the production of eggs. Like any other kind of machine, she must have the raw material with which to manufacture her products, and unless her wants in that respect are fully supplied she will be valuable only according to the degree with which she is used. She has also a limit to her capacity, and should not be expected to perform service beyond her ability, but should, however, be kept in constant running order so long as she is needed by her owner. The material upon which she should work must vary according to the requirements of the manufactured article, and, as her instinct teaches her how to select, all that is necessary is to place within her reach that which she desires, and everything will be well.

To produce an egg the hen must have a certain kind of food for the yelk or fat portion, known as carbonaceous, and for the white she needs food rich in nitrogen, from which she makes albumen. For the shell she needs lime, while many other substances enter into the composition which it is unnecessary to detail, the omission of any of them being detrimental to good work on her part. Thus, while we may feed a hen liberally, apparently, by omitting that which is needed to complete the process, she may remain idle for want of a single substance, though fully supplied with everything else. She often gives indications of her wants, for the "soft-shelled eggs," occasionally noticed, admonish the breeder that lime in some shape is needed. The change of color in their comb and wattles, the drooping of the wings and the anxious, nervous appearance are all signs that something is radically wrong, for when the productive organs are not healthy the vigor of the fowl is likewise affected by such derangement.

How important it is, then, to endeavor to keep different kinds of raw material within reach of the hen in order to realize from her all that she can do as an egg machine. She is specially adapted for that purpose, and her health is better when she is in good laying condition than at any other time. Every machine sooner or later wear out, and in order to keep them in working order they are oiled and carefully watched, but the hen attends to her own details if supplied with material, as she is a living factory for egg production. If she wears out she supplies her place with her descendants, and is ever ready to act well her part if her owner will do likewise.

New Method of Treating Milk.

A new method of treating milk has been introduced in some of the Vermont dairies, which is attracting considerable attention. The milk is put into several horizontal cylinders of iron, around which steam is turned until the milk is raised to a temperature of 105 degrees. The steam is then turned off, and cold water is introduced, which brings the milk down to a temperature of forty degrees, which requires about four hours' time, at which point the milk will have decreased in volume eight-and-a-half gallons to every thousand pounds of milk. At the same time the cooling process is begun air-pumps, connected with the milk cylinders, are set in motion, exhausting the air till the guage shows a pressure of thirteen pounds, when the operation ceases, and the milk rests in the vacuum the remaining part of the twenty-four hours. The benefit claimed to be derived from the vacuum is the freeing of the milk from offensive odors and destructive germs, and the securing of a more rapid and perfect separation of the cream by the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere. At the end of twenty-four hours the milk is drawn away from the cream into a vat for making cheese, and is treated as in the ordinary "acid process." Meantime the cream is churned sweet and the buttermilk added to the skimmed milk for the cheese. The cream is churned at fifty-eight degrees, salted an ounce to the pound, stands twenty-four hours, and is then reworked and packed. The butter is colored, the butter maker remarking that "the cream being raised in the dark made coloring necessary." By this method they secure from the same 100 pounds of milk, four and one-half pounds of butter and nine and one-half pounds of cheese. Some analysis of Professor Sabin, of the University of Vermont and Agricultural College, show a remarkable separation of cream, only one and a half per cent of fat remaining in the skim milk.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A Colorado rough proudly wears a ring through a hole which was made in his ear by the bullet of a barroom adversary's pistol.

The word "worsted" applied to woolen yarn, is derived from the town of Worsted in Norfolk. "Worsted" stands for Worth-stead, from Worth, an estate, and "stead" a place.

The first Chinese child ever born in the city of Washington is the daughter of the Chinese minister. She is named Mi Ju. Mi means America, and is given in honor of this country.

Hunters in Panther Creek swamp, in Mississippi, shot a deer that had a human skull impaled on one of the prongs of its right horn. The prong had entered the eye, and grown up around the skull bone.

Besides the four quarter-days once in use in England, Christmas, Lady Day, Midsummer and Michaelmas, four "cross quarter-days" were once in use: Candlemas, Whitsuntide, Lammas and Martinmas, and even now some English rents are payable on those days, and in Scotland these quarter-days are in common use.

There is a young man in Michigan who would be apt to raise very considerably the fire risk on any house where he resided. He has only to take a handkerchief, hold it to his mouth, rub it with his hands while he breathes through it, and it bursts instantly into flames. In the same way he can light a fire without the aid of matches.

An old Louisiana fisherman, speaking of the millions of porpoises in the gulf, says: "The porpoise is looked upon kindly, as one looks upon a Poland China hog, an enemy to nobody, a peaceable and good-natured fish. Fisherman and others have for him a kindly feeling as the enemy and master of the shark, which he is said to handle as roughly as a wild boar handles a yard dog.

The "woolsack," as the lord chancellor's seat in the house of lords is called, is actually a large square bag of wool, without either back or arms, covered with plain red cloth. It is said to have been introduced in Queen Elizabeth's time as a memento of the passing of an act prohibiting the exportation of wool; but Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lords Chancellors" finds its origin in "the rude simplicity of early times, when a sack of wool was frequently used as a sofa—when the judges sat on a hard wooden bench, and the advocates stood behind a rough wooden rail, called the bar."

Savings for Old Age.

No one denies that it is wise to make provision for old age, but we are not all agreed as to the kind of provision it is best to lay in. Certainly we shall want a little money, for a destitute old man is indeed a sorry sight; yes, save money by all means. But an old man needs just that particular kind of strength which young men are most apt to waste. Many a young man will throw away on a holiday a certain amount of nervous energy which he will never feel the want of until he is seventy, and then how much he will want it! It is curious, but true, that a bottle of champagne at twenty will intensify the rheumatism of three-score. It is a fact that overtasking the eyes at fourteen may necessitate the use of spectacles at forty instead of sixty. We advise young readers to be saving of health for their old age, for the maxim holds in regard to health as to money: "Waste not, want not." It is the greatest mistake to suppose that violation of laws of health can escape its penalty. Nature forgives no sin, no error; she lets off the offender for fifty years sometimes, but she catches him at last, and inflicts the punishment just when, just where, and just how he feels it most. Save up for old age, but save knowledge; save the recollection of good and noble deeds innocent pleasures and pure thoughts save friends, save love. Save rich stores of that kind of wealth which time cannot diminish nor death take away.

Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

Very few people who cry "Hip, hip, hurrah!" with such gusto, know anything about the origin of the words.

During the times of the crusades the chivalry of Europe was aroused to arms by the inflammatory appeals of Peter the Hermit, who always displayed a banner emblazoned with the following letters, "H. E. P.," the initials of the Latin words Hierosolyma est perdita, or Jerusalem is destroyed.

The people who were not acquainted with Latin pronounced the letters as a word—hep: and whenever they chanced to meet a poor Jew they raised the cry, "Hep, hep, hurrah!" and the chances were greatly in favor of the Jew's feeling the point of their swords.