THEY NEITHER TOIL NOR SPIN.

They neither toil nor spin; they wear
Their loveliness without a care;

As pure as when the Master's feet
Were set amid their perfume sweet.

The summer hills rejoice to see
Their carven censers swinging free.

They wait within the gates of dawn
Till all the watching stars are gone,

Then open cups of honey-dew,
To greet the morn's returning hue.

O fair, white virgins, clothed in white;
O Lilies, fresh from looms of light,

I dearly love you, for the word
That stars you, noted of the Lord.

I love you when, in gold and red,
The sunset colors o'er you spread;

Or when, like fairy sails of snow,
The river rocks you too and fro.

You are the Master's flowers to me;
His smile upon your grace I see.

My transient discontents I hush,
If but my garment's hem ye brush.

And everywhere your fragrance brings
This message from the King of Kings.

"We neither toil nor spin, and ye
Who spin so long and wearily,

"Who toil amid earth's grime and dust,
Behold—a hallowed arc of trust.

"Oh, pause and hear the Father say
His angels are your guides to-day!

"While worlds in matchless order move,
Ye shall not slip from sovereign love,

"For He who bids the planets sweep,
Cares for the tiniest babe asleep."

—[Margaret E. Sangster.

A CLOD OF THE VALLEY.

How sad the hills were in the sunset! Ruth Allen always thought so, and yet she loved to stand and look at them, as poets love pain and musicians love minor chords in music. She had little time even for this sorrowful pleasure, for she was the hard-working wife of a New England farmer; and if she knew the hills well, it was not from sitting before them with camp-stool and easel and trying to make their portraits, as a more fortunate woman with just her soul might have done, but from the chance glimpses that she caught of them at all hours.

She knew them well, for instance, at 4 o'clock in the morning. She was up then, beginning to get breakfast, and she saw the sun kiss the hill-tops and the day break forth into joy, and she heard the birds say good morning to each other. But the morning gladness seldom found much answer in her heart. Morning meant little to her except getting up before she was half rested, and beginning another hard day's work.

Sometimes on Sundays, when her day of comparative leisure came, her faith seemed kindled by the morning light, and she felt in some vague way which she could not have put into words, that on these hill-tops an unclothed soul might poise itself a moment for a last look at this old, familiar earth, full of plowed fields and mown meadows, and toiling men and women—a last look and then fly, fly, fly, on, up, away, into what glories she hardly dared to think, only the dim vision of them quickened her tired pulses and made her draw a long breath, as if the freedom and the flight were begun already.

But these visions were only born on Sunday mornings; and at night she never saw anything in the hills but a place for graves. Perhaps she loved them best in that aspect. She had, by the time the hard day was done, no wings wherewith to fly, even in thought—no energy of desire to carry her soul upward. She longed only that some deep place of rest should open to her, and infold her, and let her sleep, sleep, sleep, and no cock should ever crow, and somebody else, not she, should get the early breakfast for the farm hands, who were always so hungry.

This very day she had given them five meals—their breakfast at 5 o'clock in the morning, a luncheon to carry into the fields with them for the middle of the long forenoon, a noonday dinner, a mid-afternoon luncheon, and now, at last, she had set out their hearty cold supper in the long low kitchen, and she might stand while they ate it, she thought, and see the last ray of the sunset fade and die behind those western hills, and breathe for a few minutes freely. But just exactly then came her husband's voice:

"Ruth, I wish you'd come and make me a cup of tea."

For a moment she thought she hated him. She will never forget that one moment of mad rebellion. What had she ever married him for, she wondered. Great, strong lumbering man, who never cared to look at sunsets and didn't know what it was to be tired. A clod of the valley—yes, a clod. She had caught the words from somewhere, and she said them over with much satisfaction. And yet she had loved him, if she would but have sent her thoughts backward.

He had been young and strong and handsome, with a good farm of his own, which his grandfather had left him; and Ruth, lonely orphan as she was, had been proud enough when he chose her out from among the other girls and asked her to be his wife. She seldom thought now of the young romance that clothed those far off days. Ten hard working years since had put romance effectually to flight. They say a time comes at the end of life when we remember all things, and the far off seems the near. Perhaps in that twilight time, when the soul is gathering up its possessions and getting ready to depart, Ruth would remember, and walk again in the fields of memory, where she had been joyously wooed and gladly won. They seemed far off enough behind her now—those fields. She returned reluctantly toward the house. There was no grave, as yet, ready for her among the hills, and, until she should find one, evidently there was no rest.

Tea, indeed! Was not the cold supper good enough this hot night, and with quarts of milk to drink if they wanted it? She went to the back door, and Tom stood there leaning against it. Perhaps he was not quite so dull as she had been thinking him. He perceived the weary reluctance with which she came, and he said, kindly: "It's too bad, Ruth! I did hate to ask you to make up a fire again; but I can't eat and the shakes have got hold of me. I've been working down in the marsh meadow, and I suppose I have got a chill."

Perhaps Ruth's heart was not quite dead within her, after all. She sprang to his side, and she could feel how he was trembling. His teeth chattered, and yet his hands seemed to burn her when she touched them. Her nature was one quick to take alarm. She was intensely frightened.

"I am afraid your very sick," she said; but he managed to laugh and say: "No, he had got a bad chill, but her good tea would set him up, and he should be all right in the morning."

Ruth made the tea. Hot and strong it was, but it did not warm away that terrible internal chill. She watched all night beside him; and strangely enough, the one thought that kept her company and would not be got rid of was that she had called him, to herself, a clod of the valley. What if that was a prophecy, and if he would never be her strong Tom again, but only a clod among clods, and next year's grass would spring rank above him! She kept saying to herself, by way of comfort, that she had been a good wife to him. It was only that lately she had had to work so hard that she had forgotten to love him. Surely she could forgive herself for that? And yet, deep down underneath all her thoughts, she knew that she could not forgive herself, and that, if Tom died, her sin would be hateful in her sight forever.

He grew worse through the night. Toward morning he began to mutter disconnected words. Sometimes he would groan wearily and say something that would show to listening Ruth that, if her life had been hard, so also had his. He had been working beyond his strength, just as she had beyond her weakness, to bring plentiful tribute to that deity of thrift and saving before which the New England farmer so often bows down and worships, though he calls his god by another name when he says his prayers.

With the early morning Ruth sent for the village doctor. The good old man looked grave. Tom had been working too hard, and the malaria in the marsh meadow had soaked into him, when he was tired and could not resist it, and he was in for a run of typhus.

"Will he die?" Ruth asked.

Dr. Holt looked at her and saw how white her lips were. He held a bottle up to the light, shook it and dropped some drops from it into a spoonful of water, and made her take them before he answered her. Then he said: "You must see that he doesn't die. I shan't send a nurse for him, for no one else will take such care of him as you will. But you must give all your time to him. I'll send Matilda Fosdick to do your work. She is stronger than you are, and she'll be glad of a place, for I happen to know she is out of one just now, and she hasn't a drop of lazy blood in her veins."

"But, doctor, she wants high wages. I can't afford"—

The doctor cut her short. "You can afford anything, I take it, better than that Tom should die, and it's your business to keep him alive, and to think about that and nothing else."

Dr. Holt had his way—he usually did—and before noon Matilda Fosdick was quietly getting the men's dinner, and Ruth was watching beside her husband, in their cool, shadowy chamber, where she had slept so many short nights through beside him, to waken tired and self-pitiful at the crowing of the morning cock, and begin her work again.

She never remembered now whether she was tired or not. She had only one thought—would Tom live, or would he go to that wide-armed infinite rest of which she used to dream, and leave her to be that loneliest of God's poor creatures, a childless widow! Tom did not know her at all in those long watches. Sometimes he would call her, and then he would say, wearily, "She can't come; she's always busy. Poor Ruth!"

Perhaps he has been sorry for her, through it all, Ruth thought, though she had never been sorry for him. Surely he had not meant to be unkind, only it was the custom of the farmers' wives to do their own work, when they were young and well, and to toil indoors even more steadily than their husbands did in plow field or hay field. Only, in Ruth's case she had been a kind of mistake. She should have been born in another world, where people made poems, and pictures, and music, and she would have found some part for herself to take there; for, surely, she had not been suited—she, with her light figure, and her haunting black eyes and her low voice, like the voices that speak to us in dreams—for a life of toil and moil, beginning at 4 o'clock in the morning and ending only at bedtime—a life of cooking and washing, and making butter, and scouring kitchen floors. And yet she loved Tom. She had forgotten that she loved him when he was busy and strong, and she was busy and tired; but she remembered it well enough now, when he lay there burned up with fever, and more likely than not never to speak to her again.

Once she went away from his bedside, at midnight, and looked out of the window at the hills she loved. The moon was in the west and it hung low over the hilltops, full and bright and revealing—as moonlight can be revealed—not with the pitiless mocking glare of a day that seems to say: "Look and see all things; there is nothing hidden that I do not make known;" but with that subtler revelation that leads the soul on into unconjectured spaces and new worlds.

Ruth's heart beat fast, and a sudden rush of tears filled her eyes. Tom had been ill two weeks then. What would the end be? Was he going out, by and by, into this moonlit, unknown world, and would she lose him thus forever, and never find him again in the whole of long eternity, because she had not loved him enough? Just then his voice reached her ear, and it sounded like the voice that had wooed her in summer twilights of long ago.

"Pretty little Ruth," it said. "Come, Ruth."

Was he, then, sane at last, and did he know her? She went to the bed, and the light of the night lamp shown upon her face. Tom glanced at her eagerly, and then an impatient look came into his eyes.

"I wanted Ruth," he said, "my little Ruth; but she is always too busy to come, always"—and then he began to murmer vaguely, and she saw that his mind was again whirling, whirling, in that whirlpool of delirium which had caught and held it, and seemed as if it would never let it go.

And four weeks more went on and brought no comfort. Dr. Holt's face grew graver with every visit. Ruth's very soul seemed failing within her. She had no father or mother or child—she had only Tom. A shadow of great darkness grew round her. She shrank from the desolation to come, as one shrinks from a cold, sleet-laden wind. If only Tom could come back from this city of dreadful night where he was wandering, would she think any task too hard?

Again the moon was full. The summer had gone by, and it was the harvest moon which hung low in the western sky. Dr. Holt was asleep up stairs. In his evening visit he had said that the fever would turn before morning, and they should know whether the end would be life or death. He would stay so as to be within instant reach of any call. He was no longer young and he needed rest, so he would go to sleep until he was wanted. Ruth alone was wakeful as usual. Tom was sleeping, as he had been for many hours. When he came out of that sleep they would know what was to be his fate.

Again Ruth leaned from the window and watched the hills clothed with the splendor of the moonlight. And the moon revealed farther and farther depths of worlds beyond worlds. These hills it blessed and shone on were no places of graves to-night. They were, indeed, as she had thought on Sunday mornings, coignes of vantage, whence the soul might sigh farewell, and take its far, glad flight. But not yet—oh, God grant not yet! And as she watched, Tom's voice came to her, weak and faint, but his own natural voice.

"Ruth, little woman, your tea did me good. Have you been waiting here all night, poor, tired Ruth!"

All night! Aye, what a night—six weeks of night! And now was the morning come? She stole trembling to the bedside and looked into Tom's honest eyes, quite free now from the flame of fever which had burned in them so long. Was he safe after all?

"Oh Tom!" she cried, and then her long-tried strength gave way, and she sank on her knees and began to sob wildly.

"Heigh! Heigh! this will never do!" said Dr. Holt's voice. No one had called him, but he had a true doctor's knack of awaking just at the right time. "This won't do! You have saved my patient's life, and now I can't have you kill him."

"Have I been very sick, then?" asked wondering Tom.

"Well, rather. You haven't known a human creature for six weeks, and that little woman there has just watched you night and day like an angel; no, I mean like a woman; and you owe it to her, if you ever get off this bed."

"Get off this bed! Of—course—I'll"—but Tom was sound asleep again, and did not say what he would do. But I do know what he did do afterward. He found out during his long convalescence that Ruth had qualities of her own besides a pretty face and a good temper; and that she was worth far more as a companion than she could be as a housemaid; and, before his wife had even guessed at his intention, he had hired Matilda Fosdick to stay on, indefinitely, and do the hard, heavy housework, which had been sadly too much for poor little Ruth. He settled it all quietly, and told of it afterward.

"But, Tom!" said Ruth.

"But, Ruth," answered Tom, "I know what is right. We have money enough to be comfortable, and why should we not be so? Plenty of women can make butter and scour floors, but no one else can be Ruth; and I want Ruth to have a fair chance to be herself, and to make flowers grow instead of potatoes."

And do you know, I don't think Tom has ever been a clod in the valley after all, but only a thrifty New England farmer, to whom it had not once occurred to think that one woman had different needs and different powers from another—that, as to money, enough is as good as a feast—and that he himself could possibly lead a somewhat different life from that of his fathers before him.—[Louise Chandler Moulton.

Adventure With a Panther.

A Bombay shikaree narrates how he once actually fell into the claws of a panther, and lived to tell the tale. After describing the incidents of the hunt up to the time when the beast broke cover, he says:

"I had to wait until the panther was within a few feet of me, and then I put my rifle down to his head, expecting to roll him over like a rabbit (as I had succeeded in doing on other occasions), and then place my second bullet pretty much where I pleased. To my horror, there was no report when the hammer fell! The next moment the panther, with an angry roar, sprang on me. Hanging on with the claws of one fore paw driven into my right shoulder and the other round me, he tried to get at my head and neck, but I fortunately prevented this by raising my left arm, which he instantly seized in his huge mouth. I shall never forget his sharp, angry roar, the wicked look of the greenish-yellow eyes, within six inches of mine, the turned-back ears, his fetid breath upon my cheek, and the feeling of his huge fangs closing to the bone through my arm above the elbow. I endeavored, by giving him my knee in the stomach, to make him let go. Those who have ever kicked a cat can imagine what little effect this had. It was more like using one's knees to a football than anything else. The panther, with a roar, gave a tremendous wrench to my arm, hurled me some five paces down the side of the hill prone on my face, bringing my head in contact with a tree. Stunned and insensible, I lay some seconds on the grounds, and the brute, thinking me dead, fortunately did not worry me, but, passing over me, went for the retreating police constable who had brought me into the difficulty. I remember, when I came to, raising my head from the ground, leaning my forehead against the tree, and smiling with a certain feeling of grim satisfaction when my eye caught the retreating form of the constable and the pursuing panther down the hill, and I thought the policeman's turn had come. The civil surgeon of the station probed the teeth wounds in the arm, and found that at the back of the arm ran right to the bone, and was an inch and a half deep. The two wounds on the inner side, in or close to the biceps, were one an inch and a quarter and the other an inch deep. The claw-wounds on the right shoulder were not serious, and had fortunately just missed the large artery near the collar-bone, injury to which whould have resulted in my bleeding to death in a very few minutes."

Shot Down by a Cannon Ball.

M. Boutibouse, the French savant, served in Napoleon's army and was present at many engagements. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was in the heat of the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, completely severing them, for he suddenly sunk down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backward on the ground, and the man's senses were paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay, motionless, among the wounded and dead all night, not daring to move when consciousness partially returned, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. That he felt no pain he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock on his nervous system, and he was still mentally too numbed to be able to reason as to why he had not bled to death. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff, who came round to help the wounded. "What's the matter with you, my good fellow?" said the surgeon. "Ah, touch me tenderly, doctor," replied M. Boutibouse; "a cannon ball has carried off my legs!" The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then giving him a good shake, said, with a laugh, "Get up with you, there's nothing the matter with your legs!" M. Boutibouse sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. "I felt more thankful," said he, "than I had ever felt in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball, but instead of passing through my legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had plowed a hole in the earth beneath at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs."—[London Family Herald.

A Nice Place for Bachelors.

On Friday morning I looked out of my cabin window to find that we were tied up at the most yellow wharf that I ever saw, and in front of a large, barn-like building. I did not dream that we were at Asuncion, but going on deck found that the barn was the Custom-house for Paraguay, and that when we went ashore we were in the city of the *republica incognita*. A very nice little city we found it to be. Not that it is pretty or pretentious, or worth visiting—but it is an enterprising, republican, go-ahead place. Most of the houses are small and old, and are built without any regard to being on the street. You cannot imagine a more irregular assemblage of houses, but the symmetry with which the public buildings are built offsets this. The President's house, Government-house, arsenal, barracks and Custom-house stand on wide boulevards and, with the exception of the latter, are as well built as the similar buildings in any American city of the same rank. The word "asuncion," you know, is not Spanish for "ascension," as we used to believe when school boys, but for assumption, and in the case of the Paraguayan city is well bestowed, for it is not often in South America that there can be found a city that is more assuming politically, socially and generally. Appropriations are voted by Congress, and that body also fixes the salary of the officials. The President receives $6,000; the Vice-President, $3,000; the Ministry, $1,500; Congressmen, $500, and Judges of the Supreme Court, $150. The population is about 300,000; and what is strange about it is that there are only about 30,000 men and 270,000 women. Of course the females are the farmers, producers and laborers. They work slavishly and are very poor. While the men sit at home and drink and smoke, they indefatigably toil and support the families.—[Correspondent Springfield Republican.

A boy who was recently bathing in the river Medlock, in Manchester, Eng., got out of his depth and swallowed some of the water, which was particularly filthy. Though immediately rescued by another lad, he expired shortly afterward. Death, it is stated, resulted not from drowning, but from poisoning.

SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

Science in sounding phrase can tell
Just how we live, and why:
But never yet hath soaring Science told
How 'tis we die.

How mind to matter is resolved;
How light to darkness fades;
How mental chaos over wisdom mounts,
Amid death's shades.

How vital force that rules the world
In mid career is checked;
How storm out-riding barks and waveless seas
At last are wrecked.

At questions such, proud Science halts
Her ineffectual breath:
But Faith cuts through the Gordian knot, and cries,
"There is no death."

—[Boston Transcript.

I do not undertake to say
That literal answers come from heaven;
But I knew this, that when I pray
A comfort, a support, is given,
That helps me rise o'er earthly things
As birds soar up on airy wings.

In vain the wise philopher
Points out to me my fabric's flaw;
In vain the scientists aver
That all things are controlled by law.
My life hath taught me, day by day,
That it availeth much to pray.

—[Ella Wheeler.

Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate, the unpardonable sin!
Who preaches otherwise than this,
Betrays his Master with a kiss!

—[Christus—First Interlude.

Improve the morals of the time. It can be done. It must be done now. Fortunately, enough good men see the need of it to make a practicable betterment possible. The way to proceed is through the churches, and it is the duty and the part of wisdom for the entire newspaper press, with its measureless power for good, to point the way to the masses of the people. The Church is the mother of the art preservative—the arrangement of movable types. This noble scion of the Church may now not only return the obligation which it owes, but likewise protect its own character and good name from the dangers of the future. On the outbreak of the war, every group of militiamen became the framework of a formidable body of soldiers. Now even the non-religious man of integrity sees the need of an aggressive campaign against the invading spirit of vice, insincerity and thriftlessness. An era of decency is at hand. The church has patiently and faithfully trained its little group of militiamen, although the Man of Integrity has looked on almost with hostile eye. But now even he himself is perplexed with the situation. He had supposed that his neighbor, who enjoyed his own little joke at the expense of the Church, would see the serious side of that embezzlement last week in the counting-room of the Man of Integrity. But now the Man of Integrity wakes to his own remissness. Under a state of things to which he has given an open support he finds Conscience vanquished, captured—so little feared as to be released on parole. He has allowed the churches to stand like hospitals—with this difference, that the masses have been ill, and the healthy isolated as though they were groups of lepers. It is indeed high time for him to act. Let him give the Church his prompt and effectual support, even though he may not subscribe to its creed. The Church is animated by a desire to make the growing generation honest and worthy. The Church teaches that a man may not barter away his soul for money. The Church teaches generosity. The Church teaches humanity. All of these ideas are losing place as axioms guiding men in their business relations. As restraurant life has a tendency to encourage selfishness and vitiate good table-manners, so the refusal of the citizen to ally himself with a strong, moral society of his fellow-mortals breaks down a part of the structure of society. It is all built on the Church, and why expect the superstructure to remain firm if the foundations are to be undermined?—[Chicago Current.

The continuous, undiminished responsibility of every man for his own actions must be insisted on at every step of his career. He may destroy himself, but he can never destroy or impair his responsibility for his actions. He may bring himself, by his unbridled indulgence, into bondage never so galling and pitiless; he is responsible not only for getting into it, but for staying in it a single day. I would never dare abate one jot or tittle from the full measure of this responsibility. Pity the slaves of appetite we may and should; encourage, and incite and entreat them to break—not stretch—their fetters, it is our duty and should be our untiring effort to do. Extended hands and cries of help, yes; but excuse them and say they can't help it? No; never, never! Will you say that by long sinning a man may annihilate his responsibility and come at last to the point where he may do evil, and that continually, without blame? Such a doctrine only needs to be stated in order to show how monstrous it is. In truth, the deeper a man's bondage to his appetite the greater the guilt, which accumulates every hour he continues in it, and the more tremendously urgent his duty of immediately "breaking off his sins by righteousness." I would encourage all who are in bondage to the appetite for strong drink to hope and strive for full and speedy deliverance. I would encourage none to expect mercy on the plea that they cannot help yielding to temptation. It is a false plea. Old Zeno's slave, crying out in excuse and justification of his crime: "It was fated for me to steal," is the typical wrong-doer of every age and clime. But there is always some avenging Nemesis to say with Zeno himself to every such self-justifying sinner: "it is fated for you to be punished, too."—[Rev. G. C. Noyes, D. D.

When Luther was in the hall, about to be ushered into the presence of the assembly, a veteran knight, George Freundsborg, touched him on the shoulder, and said kindly, "My poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like of in our worst campaigns. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward, in God's name, and fear nothing! He will not forsake thee!" A noble tribute from a brave soldier to the courage of the soul!

God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very things that chasten us shall present beauty and fruit.—[Exchange.

Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, a secure comfort.

Pleasure is necessarily reciprocal; no one feels who does not at the same time give it. To be pleased one must please. What pleases you in others will in general please them in you.

The sweetest word in our language is love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is now. The three make our greatest and sweetest duties.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—[Chesterfield.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and in willing service.—[Longfellow.

I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

When alone, guard your thoughts; in the family, guard your temper; in company, guard your words.

Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

The sun is photographed daily at several astronomical observatories.

Teach the Boys to do Housework.

The following suggestions are given by a writer in the *New England Farmer:* I have often wondered why mothers do not more generally teach their boys to do housework, and thus in many cases, secure the best of help. One of the saddest of the many sad sights in this world is that of a poor, wearied, over-worked mother, slaving herself to death to wait upon her boys, who are sitting around in her way or learning the ways of evil on the street, when they might and should be her efficient helpers. The larger the family, the more help she ought to have. Even in families where there are girls, the domestic education of the boys should not be omitted, unless, as is the case in most farmers' homes, there is plenty of outside work to do. Many mothers neglect the household training, even of their daughters, thinking it less trouble to do all the work themselves than to teach their children. This is a great mistake, one that works evil in all directions. Of course it would be easier for a teacher to do all the reading and spelling, and examples in arithmetic for her scholars, than to teach them to do the work themselves; but it might not be best for them. It requires a great deal of time and patience to train a colt for the various duties which will devolve upon him in the course of his life; but it would hardly be considered good management to let him grow up without such training. To be sure, the over-willingness of the little ones to help is sometimes rather trying, especially when one is in a hurry; but let them do what they can, praise them when they do well, encourage them to do better, correct their mistakes patiently and see if the result is not satisfactory. The burdens of life should be more equally borne. Parents should allow themselves, as well as their children, time for reading, writing, music, etc. The scarcity of good help is one of the standing complaints of civilized life. If the children—boys as well as girls—were systematically trained to do housework, as they should be, this difficulty would soon be obviated. Besides the present help, such training would be of the greatest advantage to them when they have homes of their own. I do not believe that any one ever had reason to regret the possession of a thorough knowledge of housework.

Sunken Cities.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin, and are believed by the superstitious people. Thus, the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its King still resides in one of the caverns which borders the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake—a performance which he is to continue until the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his History of Ireland: "In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth whenever a well, which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water would issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old bedlam coming to fetch water heard her child cry, upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help, and at length she, her child and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day." Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining."

How Wooden Spools are Made.

The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spool at the rate of one per second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums and polish themselves. For some purposes they are dyed yellow, red or black. They are made into thousands of shapes and sizes. When one sees a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards" these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread. When a silk or linen or a cotton firm wants a spool made it sends a pattern to the spool maker. The pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel and of the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the spool will hold. One factory turns out 100,000 gross of spools per day, and consumes 2,500 cords of birch annually. Thirty-five hands are employed in the mill. During the winter 250 wood-choppers are sometimes employed.

SWELLED RIFLE BARRELS.—A Board of Officers, with Captain Greer as President, has tested a lot of rifles at the Springfield armory to determine the cause of the bulging of the barrels, which occasionally occurs in practice. They find it due to the fact that the muzzle has been stopped by sand, caused by resting the muzzle in wet sand, or in dry sand after the gun has become foul from firing. This arrests the passage of the ball, so that the pressure is increased at the point of swelling. It is curious that sand produced this result where wooden plugs, driven in tightly and swelled by steam, failed to do so.

INTERESTING RELICS.—Mr. Petrie, excavating at San, has been examining very carefully some houses belonging to late Egyptian, Greek and Roman inhabitants built over the ancient remains for which he began to dig. The contents of each house are kept separate, and afford a very curious study of household interiors. Friable articles were photographed on the spot. Portrait statuettes of pet dogs and cats, as well as of members of the family have been found in some cases. The tombs have yielded woven mummy cloth with a pattern like Turkey carpets retaining its colors, especially the red, and many fine glass mosaics more or less broken.

A student of the colors of flowers, Mons. Schnetzler, contends that only one coloring substance exists in plants, and that the various colors of flowers are due simply to the modifications made in this substance by the acids or alkalies contained in the plants themselves.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Sure cure for Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of 20 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after using William's Indian Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays itching, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts; nothing else. Sold by druggists, and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1. For sale by KIRK, GEABY & CO.
o11-1yTuThS

GENERAL NOTICES.

Dr. La Mars' Seminal Pills cure all cases of Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Loss of Mental and Physical Vigor, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions and all disorders caused by Over-indulgence, Indiscretion and Abuse. Dr. La Mars' Pills are no mere Temporary Stimulant, but a completely Restorative Tonic. They build up the whole system, strengthen and restore the sexual organs, and give a new lease of life—with power to enjoy it—to all who experience the blessed benefits of their potent power. Price, $2 50 per bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of price, or by Express, C. O. D. Address all orders, A. McBOYLE & CO., Druggists, San Francisco, P. O. Box 1952. n5-1m

E. Lamet, French Bakery, J street, between 12th and 13th. All kinds of Bread, Pies and Cakes. The only genuine French bread. o9-6m

Go to Golden Eagle Oyster & Chop House, 616 K st., for Steaks, Chops, Large Eastern Oysters. Open day and night. ADAM DAMM, Prop. m14-1m

Lundborg's Perfume, Edna.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.
mrs-1y

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac THOMPSON'S EYE WATER. Druggists sell it at 25 cents. o11-1yS

Fur and Sealskin Garments.—C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailers' profits. Fashion Book mailed free. s13-13t1awS

Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic.—"My patients derive marked and decided benefit from it," says Professor J. M. CARNOCHAN, M. D., Professor Surgery, New York Medical College. For bad taste in the mouth, bad breath, heartburn, pain in stomach and bowels, flatulency, constipation (symptoms of dyspepsia and broken-down digestion), it is invaluable. Also, in biliousness, malaria, debility, liver complaints, sick headache. n19-1mWS

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. d15-1yMWS

Redding's Russia Salve has wonderful healing power over all flesh wounds, scalds, sore joints, etc. o11-1yTuThS

Burnett's Cocoaine softens the hair when harsh and dry; soothes the irritated scalp; affords the richest luster; prevents the hair from falling off; promotes its healthy, vigorous growth. d2-1mTuThS

E'en though the face be not so fair,
And beauty may be all but flown,
Dear ladies, you need not despair,
If SOZODONT you make your own;
And brush your teeth and mouth with skill,
You'll fascinate and conquer still.
je26 1yTuThS

Come, and be cured—the Lame, Deaf and Blind, by the Great Magnetic Healer, MRS. DR. WILLIAMS, at the Oxygen Depot, 627 J street. Treatment free to the poor from 9 to 10 A. M. n29 1m*

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

PACIFIC MARKET,
C. L. CHRISTIANSON, 725 J STREET,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF VEGetables, Fruit, Poultry and Game. Also, Eastern Oysters. n18-1m

D. DeBERNARDI & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND SHIPPERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Fruits, Vegetables and General Produce.
Careful attention given to the Selection and Packing of Choice Fruits for distant markets.
Nos. 308 and 310 K street, Sacramento, Cal.
je10-1plm

W. R. STRONG & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS in
SEEDS, FRUITS & GENERAL PRODUCE
Proprietors CAPITAL NURSERIES, Sacramento, Cal. Seed and Tree Catalogues sent free on application. Nos. 6, 8 and 10 J street, Sacramento. s71*

SACRAMENTO BRANCH
PACIFIC FRUIT COMPANY,
J. F. FARNSWORTH, Agent.
1006, 1008 and 1010 Second st., Sacramento
WHOLESALE AND COMMISSION DEALERS in California Green and Dried Fruits, Nuts, Raisins, Honey, Oranges, Produce, etc. Particular attention paid to the filling of orders for and shipments of all kinds of Fruits in their season. Principal office, 408 and 410 Davis street, San Francisco. je8-1plm

A. MOOSER. S. GERSON.
S. GERSON & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND Dealers in
Imported and Domestic Fruits, Vegetables, Nuts, etc.,
NO. 220 J STREET,
Between Second and Third, Sacramento. [Jy2-1m

LYON & CURTIS,
(Successors to LYON & BARNES),
COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS in
Produce, Vegetables and Fruits,
POTATOES, BEANS, BUTTER, EGGS, HONEY, POULTRY, ETC.,
Nos. 117 to 123 J Street. je23-1ptf

EUGENE J. GREGORY. C. C. BARNES. FRANK GREGORY
GREGORY, BARNES & CO.,
(Successors to Gregory & Co.),
Nos. 126 and 128 J Street.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN PRODUCE AND Fruit. Full stocks of Potatoes, Vegetables, Green and Dried Fruits, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. Orders filled at lowest rates. je12-tf

COLLARS 25c. EACH. SOLID LINEN TRADE MARK CUFFS 40c. PAIR
COLLARS AND CUFFS
BEARING THIS MARK ARE THE FINEST GOODS EVER MADE, BEING All Linen, BOTH Linings AND Exteriors. Ask for them.
au23-1yTuThS

DR. HENLEY'S EXTRACT OF CELERY BEEF AND IRON. DELICIOUS & NUTRITIOUS.
THE BEST TONIC AND NERVINE KNOWN. CONQUERS DYSPEPSIA GIVES REFRESHING SLEEP. MAKES THE WEAK STRONG AND THE Despondent HOPEFUL. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

J. F. HILL,
Nos. 1301 to 1333 J street, Sacramento.
MANUFACTURER OF Carriages, Buggies, Express, Thoroughbrace and Quartz Wagons. Dealer in Oak, Ash and Hickory Lumber; Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, Bows, Rims, Shafts and Poles. Manufacturer of the "LIGHTNING" HAY PRESS. Send for Catalogues. m23-1ptf

NEUBOURG & LAGES,
Star Mills and Malt House.
HOPS, MALT, PRODUCE, GRAIN, FEED and Brewers' Supplies.
1016, 1018, 1020 Fifth st., Sacramento.
Exchange Sold on all the Principal Cities of Europe. m1-1ptf

ANHEUSER ST. LOUIS
BEER,
ON DRAUGHT, AT
GRUHLER'S SALOON,
No. 522 J street, [je30-1plm] Sacramento

WANTED—LOST—FOUND.

SITUATION WANTED—TO RUN A RANCH, by a good reliable man, who understands stock thoroughly and all kinds of farming. Address J. STOUT, Sacramento. d5-3t*

LOST—SEALSKIN PURSE IN GOING FROM Second and J along L street to Seventh; the same contained a small sum of money. The finder will please leave the same at J. C. SEPULVEDA, drug store, northeast corner Second and K streets, and be rewarded. d5-2t*

WANTED—A RESPECTABLE YOUNG woman to help to do housework; reference required. Inquire over D. O. MILLS' Bank. d4-3t*

WANTED—A POSITION IN A PRIVATE family, to do all kinds of sewing, by a middle-aged widow lady; no objection to the country. Address Box 247, Sacramento, Cal. d3-1w*

AGENTS WANTED—FROM $3 TO $5 A DAY made by canvassers selling our goods; no household complete without them. Call or address CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 803 K street, upstairs, Room 35, Sacramento. d3-1w*

NOTICE TO SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AND Butchers: Wanted HAIR from C