THE INDEX.

E. W. PAYNE, Proprietor.

MEDICINE LODGE, BARBOUR CO., KANS.

THE SHOP-GIRL'S SUNDAY REST.

SCENE—A small attic containing a narrow cot, a chair, a table, and a few articles of necessity. TIME—Near midnight. Enter a girl poorly clad, wan and staggering with fatigue.

At last I'm home, and oh! so tired, tired, tired
to very death!
It's work, work, work, till one has neither
strength nor even breath.
But this is Saturday, and here's my little peaceful nest,
Where I can have, all by myself, a good long
Sunday rest.

All through the week I've counted, counted on
this precious hour;
That thought alone has kept me up, alone gave
me the power
To finish all the weary work, to live through
days oppressed,
So tired, so tired, and longing, praying for a
Sunday rest.

Here is my candle; there's my little bed, so
sweet and nice—
You're dear to me, you little cot, just now
above all price:
And once when I'm in bed I'll sleep, and sleep
with happy zest,
For I am tired, so tired, and want a long, long
Sunday rest.

I ought to eat, no doubt, but I'm not hungry
in the least,
And couldn't eat if I were seated at a rich
man's feast;
But let me make a cup of tea—that may perhaps be best—
And yet I only care for rest, for one long Sunday rest.

All day I'll sleep; to-morrow's sun shall never
make me rise;
I'll peep at him between the shades as he ascends the skies;
But here I'll creep and dream as he goes on
from east to west,
For I have wept, and wept, for one long, quiet
Sunday rest.

I'll light my spirit-lamp and heat the water for
some tea;
Here's sugar and a little milk. How very nice
'twill be!
I do declare that, after all, I'm very, very
blest,
For shall I not be happy when I have my Sunday rest?

Make haste and heat, good water. Waiting is
my bed;
I sleep almost while you are heating, so heavy
is my head;
Yes, good is tea, and good are many things;
but best—Oh, best
Of all the world for me's a long, delightful
Sunday rest.

The light is out, and here am I upon my
pillow.
How sweet it is! Ah me! what made my head
then flutter so?
I'm weak; but I'll be strong on Monday, when
I'm up and dressed.
For then I shall have had my precious, precious
Sunday rest.

* * * * * * *

And is it morn? Ah, yes, for there's the sun
far up the sky.
And oh! it makes my heart so glad that I'm
allowed to lie;
For it is Sunday, Sunday true, and I have got
my guest—
Here I can stay, and have my long, delicious
Sunday rest.

I dreamed I was a child again, and at the dear
old farm,
So sweet, so calm, where wickedness came not,
nor any harm;
Oh, mother! mother! let me lie once more
upon your breast,
For there alone my heart can find a perfect
Sunday rest.

I wonder what they're doing now, dear mother,
father, Jack,
I must give up the shop, and, soon as I am
strong, go back,
For there, though we were poor, in peace and
love we yet were blest,
And all our days were like a blissful Sunday
rest.

I can not well make out—there's such a ringing in my ear!
How faint I am! Those sounds, those pleasant
sounds! Is no.so one near?
Oh no: I only dream. In attics no one comes
as guest.
I'm quite alone. No friend or foe will break
my Sunday rest.

I hear my little sister Betsie's voice—but she
is dead!
Yes, yes, I see her now; she smooths my pillow, soothes my head.
I can not breathe. What is it weighs so heavy
on my breast?
Oh, come, dear Betsie, lie with me, and take
your Sunday rest.

How strange it is! How dark and cold! Ah
me! I am so weak.
Oh, where is mother, where is Betsie? Some
one—some one speak!
Oh yes, I will be up—oh, speak—on Monday—
up and dressed—
I can't—I do not see—who calls?—I come—my
—Sunday—rest!

A moan, a quickened breath, and there, upon
the pillow hished,
She lay, so wan, and yet so fair, but like a
flower crushed;
And on her bosom lay her thin white hands,
together pressed
And marble cold. She'd found an everlasting
Sunday rest.

—*O. B. Bunce, in Harper's Bazar.*

UNA AND THE LION.

In the season when yellow fogs prevail, London is a dreary abode for artists; so, at least, thought Cecil Anstruther as he looked at his unfinished pictures, and feared to touch them lest his brush should carry into them somewhat of the surrounding gloom. He was feeling very depressed when there came a note from Lady Eleanor Carstairs, the wife of one of his kindest patrons, asking him to escort her to a concert in St. James' Hall. "I can't use my eyes to any advantage, so I will try to receive consolation through my ears," he said, and accordingly went to the concert.

For half an hour, carried away by the music, he forgot, not merely his pictures and his troubles, but everything around him, too, and only knew that his ear was being satisfied with almost perfect harmony of sound. Suddenly something made him look at the left-hand side of the third row in the orchestra, and instantly the artist's eye was attracted by two faces of singular beauty, absolutely alike in feature and expression, although one was that of a young man, the other that of a girl. Each had wavy light-brown hair, a broad white forehead, dark eyes, a finely molded nose and chin, and a mouth that told of firmness and decision. Both were leaning slightly forward in the self-same attitude, and appeared to be entirely entranced by the music.

It ceased at length, and Cecil withdrew his eyes for a moment as he joined in the applause. When he looked back again he could scarcely believe that those were the same two faces he had been gazing upon before, so changed were they now, so utterly unlike each other in expression. The fixed look of rapt attention, which had made them almost seem as though carved in stone, had passed from both faces. Over the girl's countenance, as she turned to speak to her brother, played a bright and tender smile, softening and irradiating a beauty which before had seemed somewhat stern and cold. But the stern lines about the young man's mouth had deepened, and there were others now visible upon his brow that told of sorrow, suffering and care. Evidently, the habitual gloom of his expression had only been chased away for a few moments by the charm of the music.

One of Beethoven's symphonies again struck the same chord of feeling in the two souls, and the two faces grew strangely alike again; when it ceased they changed once more.

Who could they be? What was the life-story that had so marked the man's face? Cecil found himself wondering. Hitherto he had been too much self-centered; never had his interest been so deeply stirred before.

Lady Eleanor thought him rather absent as he took her to the carriage and drove back with her; she feared that her plan for distracting his mind from his work had not succeeded, little dreaming that by means of it had been granted to him an inspiration that was to raise and purify his whole future life.

He went home to make vain endeavors to put on canvas the two faces that had so much attracted him; and when Saturday came round he took his seat betimes in the orchestra of St. James' Hall, hoping to catch another glimpse of the lovely maiden and her melancholy brother. Nor was he disappointed; there they were below him, where he could gaze upon them comfortably, without attracting their attention. It was well for him that he was so placed, for if the brother chanced to notice that any one was staring at his sister he rewarded the attention with a wrathful look that was almost enough to terrify the offender. Cecil did not fail to notice this and in his mind named the pair "Una and the Lion."

On the next Saturday he went before the orchestra door was opened, waited until they came, and, determined to brave "the Lion's" wrath, took the seat next to him. He then bought one of the sixpenny books of the music, and finding that his neighbor did not do so, ventured to ask if he would like to see it before the concert began.

"The Lion" was on the point of gruffly rejecting the civility, when "fair Una" leaned forward, and said pleasantly: "Oh, thank you, I should like to see it very much;" and her surly guardian was forced to take the book.

While she was looking at it he cast sidelong glances at the presumptuous mortal who had ventured to address him. The inspection proved satisfactory, for Cecil Anstruther, though poor, came of a good old family, and in look and bearing he was every inch a gentleman. This the other could not help seeing, and, repenting of his rudeness, he condescended, as he handed back the book, to make some remarks upon the music.

During the intervals between the pieces Cecil followed up his advantage, and when the concert was over and they left the hall the three were engaged in so interesting a conversation that, as their homeward road went for some time in the same direction, it was a good while before they separated. By this time Cecil, always frank and open, had told his new acquaintances that he was a painter, and at parting he gave the young man his card, and begged that he would pay him a visit if ever he were in the same neighborhood of his studio; he had also heard that the Christian name of the other was Geoffrey, but his surname he did not discover, nor "Una's" real Christian name, nor the place of their abode. Much astonished was he, therefore, when on Monday afternoon a card, bearing the inscription "Mr. Geoffrey Carew," was brought in to him. He had the presence of mind hastily to cover the portrait of Mr. Geoffrey Carew's sister, on which he had been feasting his eyes, before his friend of Saturday walked in.

Of course Cecil was delighted to see him. They talked at first on general subjects, then Mr. Carew inspected the pictures that surrounded him, and Cecil felt that he had seldom had a critic more keen to appreciate both the merits and defects of his painting; but all the while he was in agony lest he should raise the cover of the easel that stood in the middle of the room. Luckily, however, Mr. Carew did not even ask the subject of the picture, supposing that it was some unfinished thing which the artist did not wish to exhibit.

At last, as he was leaving, with an effort which bespoke him unused to asking favors, he said: "Mr. Anstruther, you mentioned Saturday that you had a number of acquaintances in musical circles in London, and one of my reasons for coming here to-day was to ask if you thought it possible that you could help me to get a situation as organist in some church where I should only be wanted on Sundays and week-day evenings; my days, as I told you, are occupied."

Cecil felt a great pity for his visitor as he saw the proud, hot blood mount to his forehead, and guessed that it was a new thing for Geoffrey Carew to have to think of working so hard to earn his daily bread. He promised to do his utmost to help him, and with a hearty grasp of the hands the young men separated.

Cecil made many inquiries about the organist's situation, but without hearing of any thing that would suit; and at last, two or three Sundays after, he thought that instead of writing to report his ill success, he would go himself to the address which Mr. Carew had given him. He found his way to a dull street in an unfashionable quarter of the town, but somehow the house that bore the number he was looking for seemed much the least dingy in the row.

The servant that opened the door said that Mr. Carew was very ill, but that her mistress was within, and showed Cecil into a poorly-furnished sitting-room. In a few minutes Mrs. Carew entered, greeted her visitor with stately courtesy, and said that her son would like to see him if he did not mind coming up-stairs. By the way, she told him that the doctor said it would be a long time before his patient got well again, that he had lost his situation, and was in low spirits.

Cecil was shocked to find him looking years older than he had done before. He was too weak to bear a long visit, though he seemed pleased to see Cecil, who, after chatting pleasantly to him for ten minutes, took his leave, promising to call again soon.

It was not long before he paid a second visit, and finding himself made welcome, he went whenever his time permitted him. Little by little he learned something of the Carew's history.

Geoffrey's father had inherited a fine old property, which had belonged to his family for many generations, but owing to his youthful extravagance had been obliged to mortgage the land heavily. He had never been fond of business, and finding his involved affairs difficult to manage, had gradually intrusted them to an agent, on whom he relied completely. This agent proved dishonest, and while making his own fortune ruined his employer completely; then he disappeared from the scene, leaving the old man to his fate.

Not until the crash came, and the mortgages were foreclosed, had Geoffrey, who was then at Oxford, the faintest idea that anything was amiss. He hastened home, and three days after old Mr. Carew died suddenly.

When his affairs were settled, his widow and children found that all the land must go, except one small farm that brought in a rental of £200 a year. Geoffrey obtained a clerk's situation, and his salary added £100 a year to their income. They had managed to pass the first year of their poverty without getting into debt. Now, however, Cecil saw that they were growing anxious. Geoffrey could not work, and the doctor would have to be paid.

The invalid gained a little physical strength, perhaps, but now that he was laid up and had nothing to divert his mind from his troubles, grief at the privations which his mother and two sisters had to suffer preyed upon him, and the bitterness of his wrath against the man who had ruined his father grew even more fierce and deep, until sometimes it almost amounted to madness.

On these days nobody had power to soothe him excepting his sister Lorina (for that was the name of Cecil's "Una"); the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice, calmed him in the midst of his ravings, and cheered him in his worst fits of despondency. She, too, it was who kept up the spirits of her mother and young sister by always making the best of things, however bad they might be.

Cecil grew more deeply in love with her every time he saw her. He often spoke to Lady Eleanor about the Carews, and together they tried to devise some means of helping them; but they well knew it would be a delicate matter to avoid hurting the sensitive pride that shrank from receiving assistance.

At last one day, when Cecil was leaving Geoffrey's room, Lorina asked him to come into the dining-room, and without further preamble said: "I am going to give music lessons. Can you tell me how to get some pupils?"

Delighted with the chance of introducing his own good genius upon the scene, Cecil promised to consult a lady friend, and went off to Lady Eleanor, who called on Mrs. Carew the next day and broached the subject of the music lessons. She said that she happened to want a lady to teach her own girls music, and would very much like Miss Carew to undertake the charge. As the walk would be rather a long one, it would be pleasanter for her not to come alone, so Lady Eleanor hoped she would bring her sister with her; and she added that if the little girl would join in the children's French lessons it would really be a great thing for them, as they needed more competition to make them work better.

Mrs. Carew colored and winced even at Lady Eleanor's gentle touch, but she was too true a lady not to appreciate the kindness of the offer made to her; so when Lorina came in the whole plan was agreed to, and three times a week the sisters passed the morning in Grosvenor Square. When Geoffrey heard of it he raged and stormed, and declared that something dreadful would happen to his beloved Lorina if she went all that way without his protection; and when he found that he could not prevent it he lapsed into a settled melancholy very grievous to see, from which he was seldom roused.

His sister told Lady Eleanor of this new trouble, and asked if she could suggest anything that would do him good.

"He is devoted to music, is he not?" said Lady Eleanor. "Take him to that church near you, where they have such sweet devotional music. I think his cure may come through his favorite art."

The next time that the invalid was taking a turn with his sister on the sunny side of the street she persuaded him to rest in the church porch, just when the afternoon service was beginning. He would not go inside, but sat there for full half an hour listening to the music. It did not seem to rouse him, he said not a word about it, but when they rose to go Lorina thought that his expression was a shade less dejected than before.

Again and again they sat in the church porch on those fair spring afternoons, and as Geoffrey's step grew stronger his eye grew brighter, too. At length, on an April Sunday morning, he let his sister lead him inside the church, and they sat down on one of the back benches.

"The words of the anthem are taken from the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the thirty-first and thirty-second verses," announced one of the officiating clergymen: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," sang the choir.

Geoffrey shook and trembled as the musical words went through him—through his brain and soul and heart, stirring and awakening him, and convicting him of the sinfulness, of the passionate hatred which he had been nursing in his bosom against the man who had wronged him. The voice of God through the sound of the music had spoken to his inmost being, and when it ceased he sunk upon his knees, and, with a fervent "Good Lord, deliver me," echoed the petition for preservation from pride, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And Lorina knew as she walked home with him that her brother was a different man.

He did not attempt to get another clerkship, but found a situation as organist where his services were required frequently. Here, in the enjoyment of his glorious art, his mind entirely recovered its tone—here, with the wonderful sounds of his organ, he softened and soothed and strengthed the hard, the weary, and the heavy-laden. Not in vain for the world had Geoffrey Carew been through the furnace of trouble.

Cecil Anstruther rejoiced at the change which he saw had come over his friend, and rejoiced too at Lorina's happiness. It was astonishing how much time he had spent at the Carews', considering that he had told them he was busy finishing a picture for the Royal Academy, but he always declared that a visit to them helped him very much in his work.

The picture was accepted, and with great interest they looked for the first newspaper critique.

In the very opening column stood the name: "Una and the Lion"—Cecil Anstruther," described as "the most beautiful and striking picture in the whole exhibition, and one that would raise to the rank of a first-rate figure painter the young artist who had earned some fame already as a painter of animals. The lion," continued the critic, "he doubtless met in his recent travels in the East, but the lady Una is a good and true and lovely English maiden."

"Come and be congratulated by me and my family," wrote Geoffrey; and Cecil obeyed the summons.

"You must take us yourself to see your picture," said Lorina.

"Would you like me to do so?" "Then come with Geoffrey on Tuesday at nine o'clock, before the rooms are crowded, and I will meet you there."

So they went, and at the door met the young artist. He led them on until they came to his room, as they called it, and—"There it is!" he said.

Lorina looked, and before her saw a perfect portrait of herself, with her golden-brown hair rolling away over her shoulders, standing in white-robed purity, with her hand on the lion's head.

She knew that he had painted her because he loved her, and in her mingled joy and trouble put out her hand to steady herself by her brother's arm, but some how Cecil was there instead.

He held her hand tightly, and bent down, and— "My fair Una," he said, "may I be your Red Crosse Knight for ever?"

The suddenness of it all had made her dumb, and he got no answer then from his lady's lips, but he read it in her eyes notwithstanding, and it made him very happy.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

An Arizona Reptile About Which the Wildest Tales Are Told.

The lizard family attains great perfection in the Southwest, climaxing in the horrible creature called the Gila monster of Arizona. This is a big black lizard from a foot to four feet in length. He has a pair of villainous, bead-like black eyes in his head, beneath a couple of horny eyebrows that give his face an uncommonly ferocious expression. Around his neck is a broad band of beautiful yellow, and I am convinced that should a recently imported Irishman run afoul of one of these vermin he would consider himself in the presence of the devil himself, wearing the colors of the Prince of Orange.

The Arizona prospectors tell the wildest tales about the poisonous qualities of the Gila monster, some even claiming that the reptile kills its prey by breathing on it. Its poison is contained in minute cells at the base of a number of saw-like teeth. Though naturally a sluggish brute it at times exhibits the most frightful quickness, darting like a flash upon its prey and seizing the same between its jaws, which it shuts and keeps closed with the strength and tenacity of a snapping turtle. Meanwhile the poison slowly exudes and penetrates the wounds made by the teeth, and if the victim be an animal of lesser degree than a man faintness and death speedily ensue. The poison differs from that of every known venomous snake in being an alkali, while that of serpents is acid. It acts directly on the heart and brain without local effects of a serious nature.—*Santa Fe (N. M.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Ducks should have separate houses from other fowls. They should have troughs, as they do not like to pick and hunt on the ground like chickens.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—An old-fashioned pudding sauce that can be made in an instant is simply milk sweetened and flavored with grated nutmeg. This is really palatable with corn starch blanc-mange.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is estimated that the value of the garden products of Massachusetts, exclusive of potatoes and beans raised on the farms, equaled $5,000,000 last year. It was ten times as great as that in 1860.

—Increase of bees early in the spring, when judiciously conducted, is attended with great good. The best stimulant in the spring is salty water, placed in a trough where the bees can have access to it. Do not get the water too salty; a teaspoonful to a pail of water is enough. —*Exchange.*

—Possess a good wheel-barrow. No implement equals it in utility about the garden, or on the farm for that matter. They are not expensive. Select one with reference to lightness and strength, as the boys are often delegated to use them. The common dirt barrow is the best.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is doubtful if a team could be employed to better advantage at this season than in hauling sand for putting on the garden where the soil is clayey and heavy. It will not only make it much easier to work but will also put the soil in condition to more readily yield up its elements of fertility.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The *Textile Record* gives a formula for a solution by which cloth can be made waterproof, if immersed in it and then thoroughly dried. It is composed of gelatine five parts, soap five, alum seven and water one hundred and seventy parts. It is said that this causes the fibers of the cloth to repel drops of water as do feathers.

—*Hall's Journal of Health* recommends common baking soda as the best application for eruptions caused by poison ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects. In cases of scalds and burns it may be used on the surface of the burned places either dry or wet. When applied promptly the sense of the relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain and the healing process soon commences.

—Every farmer should possess a stencil-plate with his name and residence cut in it, so that he may plainly mark all bags, blankets, robes and boxes with it; also a brand with which he can burn his name into the handles of hoes, shovels and other tools. Then if he is blessed with a borrowing neighbor the sight of the name may remind the borrower to return the tool before he has worn it out. At least there will be less danger of his thinking he owns it because he has had it so long that he has forgotten how he came by it.—*New England Farmer.*

Testing the Vitality of Seeds.

When it is such an easy matter to test the seeds one proposes to plant, it is generally best to take the time to do it. This work may be done any time now, and then the planter will be in readiness with the advent of spring. It is always best to procure seeds which are to be purchased, or in any way gotten from others, early in the season. Upon their arrival let the first leisure time be employed in determining their vitality.

On this subject Prof. G. E. Morrow, of the Illinois Industrial University, writes the *Prairie Farmer* as follows:

"It is probable there is even less good seed corn in the great corn-producing regions of the West than was to be found last spring. It is especially important that farmers should be sure of the vitality of the seed to be used, whether that grown by themselves or that purchased. An experienced farmer can form a pretty accurate opinion by carefully examining the germ. Often a look at the cob or kernels is sufficient to enable one to decide against the sample.

"But actual test, by sprouting, is by far the safest method. This need not be especially troublesome. It is desirable to select kernels from a considerable number of ears, and from near the middle of the ears, as sometimes kernels from tips or butts will germinate when those near the middle will not.

"These kernels may be placed in earth in any pan or dish, the earth being kept moist and at moderate temperature, by being kept in a warm room. A still more convenient method is to place the kernels between layers of moist cotton or almost any kind of cloth. If the cloth is kept moist and the temperature somewhere near sixty degrees, two or three days' time will show whether the corn can be depended on for seed. It is safe to make some discount from the percentage which germinates, as the conditions in early planting may be less favorable.

"If the ears are selected from bins or cribs, care should be taken to try those near the center, at least in part. Most farmers will admit the desirability of some mode of testing seed corn, and yet a large majority fail to make any sufficient test."

A correspondent of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* recommends a test which he has used for many years with complete success. It is that of *fire*. Take at random a number of seeds from the bag, say, eight. Put some live coals on a shovel, and deposit each of the seeds successively thereon. Blow the coal, and watch how the seed behaves. If the combustion is slow, merely giving off some smoke, you may conclude that the seed had a damaged germ; if, on the other hand, the seed leaps and turns about on the coal, producing a dry sound (tac) proportional to the size, it may be inferred to have good germinative qualities. In this way the proportion of good and bad seeds may be ascertained. As for the larger seeds, such as acorns and chestnuts, it is sufficient to throw them into a fire, and keep them in view. If the quality is good, this will be indicated ere long by the detonation of the seed.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Cod Liver Oil.

It is surprising, if not *nauseating*, to know how much of this filthy grease is taken as medicine. One way to get the oil is to put the livers in a cask on the seashore, when taken from the cod, and let them *rot*, throwing off an offensive odor as all know who are familiar with fishing. By many it is now believed that it really has no special medicinal value, and that it is never superior to fresh butter nor as good as vegetable oils.

As a "heater" it is certainly highly objectionable in lung diseases when feverishness and inflammation exist, as they often, if not generally do, of course aggravating the symptoms. In cases in which improvement has been observed, of a *suppressed* improvement, this has resulted from an increase of *fat*, a natural result, which, in excess, is never an evidence of health.

The emaciation so soon noticed in decided pulmonary diseases points to *nutrition*, not fattening, as the true remedial treatment, or as one very important means of arresting the disease. With this unnatural destruction of the tissues and waste in lung diseases, good food, that which will *nourish* the body in the best manner, afford strength, real stamina, vital force with which to effect permanent recuperation is far better than a mere fattening process, since nature calls for *aid*, not poison.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

Fashion Notes.

The coffee-colored Venetian laces used the past season as a garniture for rich brown fabrics will be employed the coming summer to decorate the plaitings, tunics and bodices of pale-colored silks and muslins. Some of the most elaborate patterns have the designs outlined with heavy gold threads.

A stylish bonnet of modified poke shape, brought out for early spring, is of russet-brown straw, trimmed with a great deal of broad Van Dyck red satin ribbon. The brim is pliant and unwired, and is faced inside with dark red velvet, under plaitings of bronze-hued Spanish lace. On the left side of the hat is perched a large brown bird, holding in its bill a spray of wintergeen berries and leaves.

Among a number of very elegant dresses from Paris, designed for a prospective bride in this city, is a dinner toilet of royal blue corded silk of magnificent quality, cut with broad vest, close basque, and paniers, over a striped under-dress of gold satin and royal blue velvet alternating. The bodice has a high Medici collar of blue velvet lined with gold color, and finished inside with a fraise of gold lace. The corsage laces half way up the front over the full vest of gold satin.

A charming tint of blue, neither light nor dark, and with a good dash of gray in it, called "Lenten" blue, has appeared in fine plain Vicugna cloths and limousiness, and is introduced in plain and figured materials in combination with fawn, russet, maroon, ecru and bronze. Redfern has just completed a very telling gown of this color, adorning with a delicate embroidery of gold, toned down with a cunning admixture of black. The dress was ordered for a famous star actress in a celebrated play.

Among the forthcoming dresses for early spring wear are those of russet Vigogne, checked with broad, uncertain lines of dark blue and crimson, the loose skirt drawn up into two deep "bouillonnes" by means of blue and crimson ribbons, and a full apron tunic treated in the same way. Dresses for the summer, of cream white veiling or damask gauze, would look well so arranged, with runners of broad cream satin ribbon to match, knotted in long loops and flowing ends on the left side. Muslins will be made in the same manner, and are often, to suit the taste for deep coloring, made up over crimson or ruby foundations or slips of shot-surah; for instance, a princesse of moss-green, shot with gold, is made up with an over-dress of ecru muslin, brocaded with Watteau designs. The dress fits like a jersey, and has paniers of the muslin edged with ruffles of ecru Renaissance lace, with deep flowers to match upon the skirt, which is demi-trained.

It is only in accessories to the toilet, and in simple variations of existing modes, that we find any change to chronicle. For the next six weeks the display of fashion will be at a standstill. As regards colors, taste is at present a bit radical; gray and a new lovely shade of Neapolitan violet lead in popularity. The last is a shade most universally trying; the tint is exquisite, but few who study what is becoming dare venture to adopt it. A costume lately worn—most beautiful in itself, though by no means complimentary to the wearer—was of heavy Ottoman silk of this shade, with panels and waistcoat of a deeper shade of violet velvet. The Langtry bonnet, composed of deep-hued Neapolitan violets, had a velvet lining and violet velvet strings. A small sable shoulder-cape was the only extra covering worn over the Louis XIV. coat, which was made of the Ottoman silk with its velvet *gilet*.

To smarten a dress in wholesale fashion for a quiet Easter afternoon tea, when the elaborate tea-gown is considered too ambitious and too frivolous, nothing equals in *chic* a pretty apron, and of these there is verily no end. The Wattean muslins and flowered organdies brought out last summer make very dressy aprons when plentifully trimmed with lace. Then there is a charm about a pure white embroidered India muslin, with lace-edged fan plaits half covering the apron, and the bib plaited to match with lace-edged fan reversed. Coffee-colored lace is much used, the strong contrast of color being considered very stylish. There are also aprons of buttercup satin cut in turrets at the edge and frilled with black lace. Entire aprons are made of black or white lace made up on net foundations. The lace is set on as a series of flounces with bright ribbons to trim.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

What the Standard Oil Company Is.

The Standard Oil Company, which is so much talked about and so little understood, has its headquarters in this city, and its executive board is said to hold a meeting on every business day in the year. The capital of the company is not very large, perhaps three or four million dollars, but the capital of the Trust Company, which manages the fiscal affairs of the Standard, is said to be as high as seventy millions. Whatever be the capital, it pays six per cent. and the stocks sell in the neighborhood of par. The men considered in the oil regions to be the master spirits of this company are both very young, Mr. Rockafeller and Mr. Archibald; the latter is hardly thirty years of age. He is the son of a Methodist preacher in the oil regions, and developed a genius for commerce and executive work when a mere lad in a country bank, and his employer gave him the capital to start an oil refinery. He attends to the details of this huge company, which has hardly a parallel on the globe for breadth of conception and infinitude of particulars. If this were an English company it would rank always with the East India Company of the time of Warren Hastings. It is to be observed that the chief operators against it are themselves speculators. Mr. James Keene was one of the leading spirits in the rival pipe-line. The Standard's pipe is a separate corporation known as the National Transit Company, and its pipes lie buried side by side, and are six inches in diameter, and it is said that the right of way was acquired for about $500 a mile. Their telegraph is an enormous concern also. The flow of oil is about 60,000 barrels a day, I understand, and this company keeps in its tanks or pipes or refineries from 30,000,000 to 36,000,000 barrels at a time. Its profits are derived from storing and forwarding the oil, which pays fifteen cents a barrel per annum for storage and twenty cents a barrel for transportation to the seaboard. They are also the greatest exporters in the United States, and often send out a ship full of lamps to teach some heathen people how to burn American oil. It is said that they are content with a profit of half a cent a gallon on the oil. Several of the young men in this company are free-hearted, generous men, and it is well known in the oil regions that Mr. Arcnibald provides for his former employer, who was unfortunate in business.—*Lounger, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Tanner's record in fasting has been greatly surpassed by a Newburg spider that lived two hundred and four days without food or water. That specimen ought to be stuffed and mounted for permanent preservation with the record of his extraordinary fast. California spiders stuffed are in great demand for collections at fifty cents apiece. This Tanner spider ought to fetch a large price for a museum.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—It was found necessary to prove the marriage of an old lady in Maine the other day, and after a little search three credible witnesses were produced who testified that they were present at her wedding sixty-three years ago.

Fair Morals.

The discussions that just now occupy so much space in the agricultural journals relative to the reforms needed in the management of fairs are very timely, and in every way worthy the attention of intelligent men, and it is to be hoped that they may result in practical benefits in the directions proposed. That the reforms are needed; that the moral tone of these annual exhibitions has been greatly lowered by the concomitants to which special attention has been called, there can be no question; but while these are being so strictly considered there are other sins which, if not so heinous, are a source of much loss to those immediately interested, both in a pecuniary way and in the direction of the principal objects for which these exhibitions were organized. The sins to which reference is made are those of omission rather than of commission, and they are prevalent in all countries and sections alike.

In a report of one of the State Boards of Agriculture the list of premiums shows an excellent classification of the objects of the exhibition represented, and an evidence that there must have been a reasonable number of exhibits in each class. But this is about all that may be learned from the open page. It may tell that Mr. K—— was awarded a first premium for the best cow of a given breed and age; but the record furnishes no information as to the really practical reasons for such an award. It may be said that she had all the points of excellence, causing her to surpass in her way other animals of like character exhibited; but what was the standard attained and how was it reached? Did she mature early? If so, where is the evidence of the fact in this record? Did she give more milk, or better milk, more or better butter, than her competitor during the period of a year or more? If so, the record does not show it, and is therefore wofully lacking to that extent. In some cases statements may be found of the size and dimensions of fat animals, but the reader may learn nothing of the means employed to develop these dimensions.

These fairs were established for a twofold object: First, to stimulate endeavor in the production of the best of every kind in which agriculturalists may have an interest; and, second, to give farmers an opportunity to compare their products, and to confer as to the means to be employed to secure them. For the first object generous premiums are offered and paid; the fortunate exhibitor is glorified to that extent, and the money or prize becomes a premium that should encourage him to withold the means for promoting the second object of the fair, all description of the methods employed, and the cost involved in securing the product for which the prize is given. In this way are the worthier objects completely defeated, and the greatest benefits that are possible and should be expected are wholly lost.

What should be impressed upon the attention of fair authorities and of all intelligent agriculturalists interested in the progress of the branches in which they are severally engaged is this: Each farmer in this country, in whatever line he may be working, is largely governed by his own views, and he follows to no slight extent methods of his own devising. Different methods prevail upon different farms. Animals are bred differently, fed differently, treated differently; and, though these methods may be more or less empirical, they lead to favorable results as the splendid show rings so common in autumn make strikingly manifest. Grains are grown, and when exhibited present a fine appearance, are attractive to the eye, and are as valuable as they are attractive. But the methods of production, though largely in the same trend, differ in important particulars upon which the differences that may be noted in the products undoubtedly depend. Such differences should be made prominent upon the exhibitor's card if the farmer's are to be educated by the object lessons thus presented, and they should be accounted important elements in the determination of the recipients of the prizes. Furthermore, they should form important features in the reports of the awarding committees, so that by comparison and by careful consideration the progressive farmers may be able to improve upon past experiences, remedy past deficiencies, and see through them encouragement for the future.

It may be urged, even by writers of some prominence in the agricultural press, that the American farmers are not prepared for such details; that they care nothing for the facts that would thus be elicited from year to year, and if they did care could not fully understand or appreciate them. But it may be doubted if the farmers of the great corn and wheat belts will appreciate the compliment; on the other hand, they would highly appreciate and are ready to support any effort such as has been suggested above looking to the improvement of their methods and progress in their results. If managers of fairs, both county and State, consider these points carefully, they will see in them the changes needed to stimulate interest in the exhibitions, and to drive out by their influence the evils that have aroused the discussions referred to in the beginning of these remarks.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Care of Harnesses.

There are few things on the farm that are treated with more neglect than the harness, yet there are few things that are so sure to be injured, if not well cared for. When a new harness is purchased, it is usually kept clean for a short time, but as soon as its newness is worn off, it is usually entirely neglected, and left to hang in the barn or stable exposed to the dust and the gases, both of which destroy the looks as well as the strength of the leather. Every carriage house should be provided with a tight closet in which to hang the harnesses, and it is always best to have two carriage harnesses, one to use in pleasant weather and the other in rainy weather. The new harness should be frequently cleaned, using for the purpose a sponge moistened with harness soap and water; by rubbing this over the harness it very much improves its appearance and condition, and requires but a few moments time to do it. Whenever the leather shows any signs of dryness, the harness should be all taken apart and thoroughly washed in soap and water; after being dried it should be well oiled with good neatsfoot oil, always rubbing it well into the leather with a woolen cloth, using all the oil that will dry; after laying one day, all the parts of the harness should be wiped clean and put together. A harness that is thus cared for will last more than twice as long as one that is neglected, and as it is work that can be easily done by the farmer during leisure hours, it ought not to be neglected.

Besides the saving in dollars and cents, the harness that is well cared for always looks well, and what is of still more importance is not as likely to break when the horse becomes frightened. A neglected harness often becomes rotten where it is not noticed until it breaks. It is not safe to have such a harness, especially on a horse that is nervous. A harness that is occasionally taken apart and cleaned discloses weak places; besides, when kept oiled, the water does not penetrate to destroy the strength of the leather. A good harness well cared for, and properly used, will last many years of constant use, but the best of harnesses, if not well cared for, will last but a few years.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

—The largest city in Japan is Osaka, which contains 1,585,695 inhabitants.

Religious Reading.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

Matthew xiv. 25-27.

Low in the moonless night,
In the rough wind's despite,
They ply the oar.
Keen gusts smite in their teeth;
The hoarse waves chafe beneath
The muffled roar.

Numb fingers, failing force,
Scarce serve to hold the course,
Hard worn, half-way,
When o'er the tossing tide,
Pallid and heavy-eyed,
Scowls the dim day.

And now in the wan light,
Walking the waters white,
A shape draws near.
Each soul, in troubled wise,
Staring with starting eyes,
Cries out for fear.

Each grasps his neighbor tight,
In helpless, huddled fright,
Shaken and swayed.
And lo! the Master, nigh,
Speaks softly: "It is I;
Be not afraid."

E'en so to us that strain
Over life's moaning main
Thou drawest near.
And, knowing not Thy guise,
We gaze with troubled eyes,
And cry for fear.

A strange voice whispers low:
"This joy thou must forego,
Thy first and best."
A shrouded phantom stands
Crossing the best loved hands
For churchyard rest.

Then, soft as is the fall
Of that white gleaming pall,
By snowflakes made,
Stilling each startled cry,
Thou speakest: "It is I;
Be not afraid."

—*Good Words.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

FIRST QUARTER—1884.

Mch. 23—Christian Diligence...2 Thess. 3: 1-18
Mch. 30—Review; or Missionary, Temperance, or other lesson selected by the school.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 6—Paul's Third Missionary Journey.....Acts. 18: 23-28 & 19: 1-7
April 13—Paul at Ephesus.....Acts 19: 8-22
April 20—Paul's Preaching.....1 Cor. 1: 17-31
April 27— Abstinence for the Sake of Others.....1 Cor. 8: 1-13
May 4—Christian Love.....1 Cor. 13: 1-13
May 11—Victory over Death...1 Cor. 15: 50-58
May 18—The Uproar at Ephesus.Acts 19: 23-41 & 20: 1-2
May 25—Liberal Giving.....2 Cor. 9: 1-15
June 1—Christian Liberty.....Gal. 4: 1-16
June 8—Justification by Faith.Rom. 3: 19-31
June 15—The Blessedness of Believers.....Rom. 8: 29-39
June 22—Obedience to Law.....Rom. 13: 1-10
June 29—Review; or Missionary, Temperance, or other Lesson selected by the school.

THE DIVIDED BIBLE.

"Take it and read!" said the voice to Augustine, as he lay in the garden with a roll of the Gospels by his side. He obeyed, and the dissipated skeptic became a Christian preacher.

The best way to acquire faith in the Bible is to read it. The book is its own evidence.

A few years ago, a Bible distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures—so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity.

The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out her week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation, he offered her a neatly-bound Bible.

With a smile which said "Thank you!" she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it.

A few pleasant words followed, in which the man spoke of the need of the mind of Divine direction, and of the adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then, her husband came from behind the house with an ax on his shoulder.

Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand, he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor: "What do you want, sir, with my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so far softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility. But stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying:

"We have always had everything in common, and we'll have this, too."

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he c