

PASSING AWAY.

BY MISS F. O. TYLER.

Passing away, so whispers the wind, As it treads in its trackless course; And passing away, both the bright light ray, As it leaps from the crystal sphere.

Passing away, mark the wrinkled brow, And the head with the silvery hair, And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak That they're bearing a world of care.

Passing away, even beauty's flower Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power, And fair and frail, to their bed of clay, Adown in the tomb are passing away.

Passing away, shrinks the ocean's wave, As it breaks on the beaten shore; And the tortured tide is left to chide The cliffs with a hollow roar.

Passing away, even time himself Bends under his load of years, His limbs are frail and his cheek grows pale With the furrows of sorrowing tears.

Passing away, all but God's bright throne, And His servants' home above, And His grace divine and the boundless mine Of His eternal love.

TRUE TO HIS OATH.

One morning about ten years ago the Parisian public were made aware of the fact that the confidential clerk of Monsieur Laurin, a well-known banker, had absconded with the sum of nearly 1,000,000 francs.

When arrested, he seemed horrified at the charge against him, and earnestly protested his innocence. This was but natural under the circumstances, and did not have the least impression upon the officers; but one thing that did puzzle them was the fact that no trace of the money he had stolen could be found.

At his trial the evidence against him was too strong to admit of any doubt of his guilt. The banker swore that on the previous day he had given the clerk several orders upon the treasury, amounting in all to between 900,000 and 1,000,000 francs, with instructions, after getting them cashed, to return to the bank, and deposit the money in the vault, of which he alone, beside the banker himself, knew the combination.

Evidence was forthcoming from the Treasury Department that he had received the money, but the evidence of the other employees was definite that he had not returned to the bank during business hours, while the janitor was confident he had not done so afterward. This, taken together, and added to the fact of his sudden flight, seemed conclusive to the Judges that he was guilty.

The prisoner's defense took the form of an accusation against his employer. He acknowledged having received the orders, and also getting them cashed, but denied that he had been told to deposit the amount in the bank vault. Instead he averred the banker had told him to retain the money in his possession until evening, when he was to admit himself by a key the banker gave him to his house, and deliver the money into his own hands.

The officers testified to having found the envelope upon him, directed as he had stated; but, on opening it, the inclosure was found to be nothing more than several sheets of blank paper. His story though told with the earnestness of truth and conscious innocence, seemed so wildly far-fetched and improbable that it only influenced the Judges still more strongly in the belief of his guilt. To be sure, the main proof against him was the banker's word, but the whole chain of circumstances also favored his assertions. Where or how the clerk had hidden the money was certainly an unexplained mystery, but the supposition was natural that he had laid his plans well beforehand, and made arrangements so that it would still be secure in case he was arrested before he could make good his escape.

Favarge—the clerk, who, to further your own grasping aims, you consigned to a fate worse than death, and who swore to be revenged. The time has come. I will restore your daughter to you, but it is upon one condition, and one alone. If you refuse, you and she both die!

He waved his hand as he spoke, and, before they were aware of it, a man stood, one on each side of the banker and the detective, with a pistol leveled at their heads.

"You see you are in my power," said the other. "The condition that I require of you is that you confess you fabricated the story that sent me to the galleys, that you might secure the money yourself."

An agony of irresolution was visible on the banker's face, but he was silent. "If you do not decide before I have counted three you die."

"I have none," the other answered, "but you shall have your wish." He drew aside the dingy curtain as he spoke, and the banker saw a pallid form lying upon a narrow pallet, but so wasted and attenuated that in the features he could hardly recognize those of his daughter.

"My God," she wailed, "she is dead." "Yes, she is dead," the other answered, in the same fiendishly dispassionate tone. "Would you know how she met her death? Upon your soul is the sin, for it was you who made me the fiend I am. She starved to death."

The unhappy father sank upon the floor as if struck by a bullet. "Let your revenge be complete, and kill me also," he wailed.

"No," the other answered with a fiendish laugh; "it is I who die. My vengeance would not be complete if you did not live. Officer," he added, turning to the detective, "this man is by his own confession your prisoner; arrest him. My hand know of my resolve, and I have arranged it all. My mission on earth is accomplished now, and life is unendurable to me."

As he spoke he placed the muzzle of a pistol to his forehead, and, pressing the trigger, fell to the floor a corpse. The detective turned to arrest the banker, but started back with an exclamation of horrified surprise. The muscles of the banker's face were twitching in a convulsive sort of way, until suddenly he burst into a peal of terrible, joyless laughter. He had become a raving maniac, and the convict's terrible vengeance was, indeed, complete.

On the night of Tuesday, June 15, a remarkable epidemic fell upon several towns in Western Massachusetts, the town of Adams suffering most severely. Out of a population of 6,000, several hundred—variously estimated from 600 to over 1,000—were prostrated by a disease resembling cholera morbus.

The symptoms were first dizziness, then great nausea, followed by vomiting and prolonged purging, and, in some cases, delirium. A belt of country two or three miles in width and several miles long was thus afflicted, beginning at the west, the whole number of victims being estimated at from 1,200 to 1,500. No deaths are reported.

OUR JUVENILES. What the Owl Knows. Nobody knows the world but me; When they're all in bed I sit up to see; I'm a better student than students all, For I never read till the darkness fall; And I never read without my glasses, And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now who can do that? I see the dreams that he has in his hat; I see him scuffling them out as he goes— Out at his window all trumpet-rose. Ten thousand things that you couldn't think, I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit. Who else can watch the lady-moon sit? Hatching the beats and the long-legged fowl, On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl? When the oysters gape to sing to you, She crams a pearl down each staple throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat; Whether round and lofty, or square and flat, You can never do better than trust to me; You may shut your eyes as long as I see. While you live I will lead you, and then—'Tis the owl—I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.

A Tiger's Plaything. "Well, my boy, if you want a tiger you've come to the right place, for this and the bit round Fort Perovski are almost the only spots on the whole river where there are any left; indeed, I might say the only spots in all Central Asia, except the great jungle of the Ili, two days' journey north of this."

So spoke Col. Petroff (the Russian commandant of the little outpost of Tchinas, on the Upper Syr-Daria), to his excited junior officer, Lieut. Galkin, who had made up his mind that the first duty of every right-minded officer was to shoot a tiger single-handed, and that life would be a blank to him till he had done so.

"And what's the best way to get at them?" asked the younger man, with a flash of excitement on his handsome face. "Well, if you're so anxious to make their acquaintance," said the veteran, smiling at the lad's eagerness, "there are several ways of doing it. First and foremost, you can just follow the beast's trail till you come upon him, and then shoot him down; but that's rather dangerous, and not very certain either, for the trail's apt to get blurred in among those big reeds."

"Well?" "Well, secondly, you can drift along the bank in a boat, and fire at 'em as they come down to drink; but that's not always certain, because, if there's a moon, they see you and run away, and if there's not, you can't see them at all. Thirdly, there's the cage."

"The cage?" "Yes; you shut yourself up in an iron cage among the reeds, with a big bit of horse-flesh beside it by way of bait, and when the tiger scents the meat, and comes after it, you fire at him."

"Capital!" shouted Galkin, with a loud laugh; "that's quite a new idea. The cage be it by all means." "Well, I wouldn't begin with that, if I were you, my boy," said the Colonel, gravely, "for it's a risky business at best. A tiger-hunt's very good fun so long as it's you who are hunting the tiger; but when the tiger takes to hunting you, it alters the case a good deal."

However, Galkin was not to be moved, and daybreak next morning found him in his cage among the huge reeds (tall enough to overtop a six-foot grenadier with his cap on), through which, as they swayed in the morning breeze, he caught a passing glimpse, every now and then, of the broad, shining river, and the little tumble-down mud hovels and clustering trees on the opposite shore.

PROVERBS FOR LOVERS. Love me little, love me long. Ami moi un peu, mais continue— Love me a little, but keep it up. Love one that does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race.

Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost. Love rules his kingdom without a sword. Love subdues everything except the felon's heart. Love teaches asses to dance. Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators. Love, thieves and fear make ghosts. Love without return is like a question without an answer.

In the mere matter of treasure the war of the rebellion was a costly enterprise to the North, while in all material resources it was well-nigh destruction to the Southern section. In response to the request of the Senate the Secretary of War has been figuring out the grand cost, which is so enormous that mere figures do not furnish an adequate idea of its immensity to the mind.

The grand total was \$6,796,792,569, figures so large as to be almost meaningless. Taken in detail, the statement becomes more intelligible. There are charged up as war expenses: Interest on the public debt, \$1,764,256,198; pay of two and three years' volunteers, \$1,040,102,702; subsistence of the army, \$987,417,548; clothing of the army, \$345,543,880; army transportation, \$336,793,885; purchase of horses, \$126,672,423; other Quartermaster expenditures (in round numbers), \$320,000,000; army pensions, \$407,429,193; bounties (including additional bounties under act of 1866), \$140,281,178, and, in round numbers, the following refunded to States for war expenses, \$41,000,000; purchase of arms for volunteers and regulars, \$76,000,000; ordinance supplies, \$56,000,000; expenses of assessing and collecting internal revenue, \$113,000,000; expenses of national loans and currency, \$51,523,000; premiums, \$59,738,000. The war expenditures for the navy (including about \$74,500,000 for pay and \$6,500,000 for navy pensions) aggregate about \$412,000,000. Among the other detailed items of expenditures growing out of the war are \$5,243,034 for national cemeteries, \$54,185 for support of National Homes for Disabled Volunteers, and \$88,000 for the purchase of Ford's Theater, the scene of President Lincoln's assassination.

kin's that the poor Lieutenant almost felt the hot, rank breath. Suppose the bars were to give way! But what did happen was almost as bad. Overbalanced by the beast's weight, the cage rolled over, and the unlucky officer along with it; while the tiger, delighted with the sport, and evidently thinking the whole affair a toy meant for his own special amusement, patted it about with his huge paws like a cat playing with a mouse, tumbling it over once or twice, and bumping poor Galkin against the bars till he was pretty well bruised. All at once there came a tremendous crash, as a thick clump of reeds gave way, and splash down into the river went Galkin and all!

Fortunately for our hero, there was a mud-bank close to the shore, so that the water only came up to his belt; but, even so, to sit waist-deep in a cold river for an indefinite time, with a tiger mounting guard over him, was anything, but a pleasant prospect. Moreover, the tiger, which was standing on the bank above, with a face of great disgust at the loss of its toy, seemed strongly inclined to leap down after it; in which case the sportsman would be rolled over in deep water, and drowned at once.

Just at that moment came the sharp crack of a rifle. The tiger fell headlong into the river, while Galkin, looking up, saw a boat coming toward him, pulled by two Tartars, behind whom appeared the grinning face of his friend, the Colonel.

"I hope you like your day's sport, my boy," chuckled the old soldier, as he opened the cage and pulled out his half-drowned comrade. "I was up stream, looking to see if I could find any game worth firing at, when I heard the crack of your piece, and I came along to see what had happened; and, on the whole, I think it's just as well I did."

Man was put into the world to work, and cannot find true happiness in remaining idle. So long as a man has vitality to spare upon work it must be used or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a tendency toward something. An aimless life cannot be happy or for a long period healthy. Even if a man has achieved wealth sufficient for his needs, he frequently makes an error in retiring from business. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits, he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind.

The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies or settled into a sluggish pool and he begins to die. When the fund of vitality sinks so low that he can follow no labor without such a draught upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them, then it will be soon enough to stop work.

GARDENS OF CHINA. Around Shanghai lie 50,000 square miles, which are called the Garden of China, and which have been tilled for countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined; it is all meadow land, raised a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals, a complete network of water communication; the land is under the highest cultivation; three crops a year are gathered; population so dense that wherever you look you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some muster or fair coming off, and all hands turned out for a holiday. No one can deny that the Chinese are an industrious people.

ATTORNEY GENERAL DEVENS, in answer to questions proposed by the Treasury Department, gives it as his opinion that compensation due for transportation service rendered to the Quartermaster Department by the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, and other Pacific Railroad Companies, indebted to the United States for the money used in the construction of any part of these roads, can be retained by the Treasury Department as part payment of the indebtedness of these roads.

FARM WORK. The days are getting long, but somehow there isn't time enough to do what has to be done. I map out so much work for the day, and when night comes I haven't done it. I've got behind, and can't catch up. That's bad. Ben Franklin said a man ought to drive his work and not let his work drive him. The wet weather has got us farmers all in a stew. There hasn't been but two days in two weeks that we could plow. My corn is not all planted; my garden is in the grass; potato slips are waiting for the patch; the clover is nearly ready for the scythe. If it was only the big things that were pressing I could soon catch up, but there's so many little ones to mix in it takes about half the time to tend to 'em. I received orders the other day from headquarters to have all the palings whitewashed. Then again the flowers have all to be taken out of the pit, and benches fixed up for 'em, and so I had to go to the saw-mill for a few planks. The grape arbor had to be latched and the vines tied up, so I had to go to the creek for canes. It was gently suggested that a large watermelon patch was a great necessity, and it took a whole day to prepare the ground and dig the holes and haul the fertile, as Cole calls it. Mr. Theodore Smith related to Mrs. Arp as how he pulled twenty-two melons from one vine, and the smallest one weighed eighteen pounds, and so I've planted 100 hills, which will make 200 vines, and 4,620 melons, weighing about 120,000 pounds. That's the hopeful way I figured it all up for her, but I've seen women who had more faith in her husband's work than she had. She was working a button-hole, and remarked that if I raised fifty she would be agreeably disappointed. In laying out work, these sort of jobs are never counted. Then again, there's many an hour lost in waiting on the children, the little chaps. They are always hanging around for something. Everything I do they want to do. They have got little gardens, and everything I plant they must plant. I have to tie up their big toes every day and get splinters out of their fingers and pick 'em up when they fall down, and be sorry a great deal and comfort 'em. They've got to wading in the spring branch, and the maternal ancestor thinks a snake has bit 'em every time they holler. When they get out of sight she imagines some baby-thief has come along and stole 'em like they did Charley Ross, and so I have to drop everything and hunt 'em up. But they are a world of pleasure, and it does look like the more I do for 'em the more I love 'em. They tag around after me most all the time, and drive away the blues with their hope and trust and childish philosophy—their innocent unconcern about the future, about trouble and want and suffering, about politics and pestilence and miracles and suicides. I reckon that a good little child is about the best of all created things, and don't wonder that the scriptures tell us we must be like 'em before we get to heaven. I'm a right good family barber, and was slinging one of their little heads today, when somebody came running in and hollered, "The bees are swarming—the bees are swarming; come quick; ring the bell; they are going off." I had been looking out for this every day for a week. Last fall I bought five stands and came home and told my wife I had bought 50,000 head of live stock, which would have made a sensation, but she didn't believe me, as usual, and went on with her sewing. Well, I had the hive all ready, but the trouble was about getting them down from the tree, for they were about thirty feet up and hanging down from a swinging limb. I used to be a regular squirrel to climb trees, but somehow I've lost the lick, and so my 12-year-old boy undertook the perilous job. He tied a net over his head and went up like a cat, then tied the rope to the limb as I threw the other end higher up over another limb and dropped it down to us, and then we sent him up the saw and he cut off the limb and it came down easy and slow on the table and we sprinkled 'em with sweetened water and brushed them off to the mouth of the hive, and just had no trouble at all hardly in getting them housed. Well, I did get popped on the upper rim of my left ear, and in a few minutes it looked like the end of a cow's tongue and hurt like the mischief, but I made no sign. I am always brave about a thing like that.

FARM NOTES. It is not a bad idea to go over the pastures with a little plaster, after planting, and if there are any ashes left over these should be mixed with the plaster. It will help along the food amazingly if it has not already had such treatment. Mole are without exception insect and worm-eating animals, and whatever destruction they cause to the crops is caused not by their eating the seeds and roots, but by their disturbing them in their passage underground in search of other food, consisting of vermin much more harmful than the moles themselves. It has been thought by some that there was nothing in a name, as far as asparagus was concerned; and that all kinds were equally good, if given equal care and attention. But it has been satisfactorily proved that the new giant or colossal asparagus is much superior to the old kinds in size as well as earliness.

The Charleston News says that in South Carolina farming is being done more extensively, more industriously, and more intelligently than ever before known by the oldest inhabitants. Men are working with all their might and with cheerfulness, thereby raising agriculture from the previous status of an isolated and plodding calling to that of a live, hopeful business, in which an enlightened and economical consideration is given to surroundings and their bearings. It often happens, especially in sandy or gravelly soil, that a plow-point becomes so much worn that the plow, to be kept in the ground, has to be held on its nose, which makes hard work for the team and for the one holding the plow. A temporary relief can be given till a new nose can be obtained by carefully breaking off the point of the plow, from one to two inches as the case may be, with a hammer, holding something under the point while it is being done to steady it.

The second crop of clover is the one for seed. This should be cut when the majority of the heads have turned brown and before they begin to shed off the little seed pods. While the quantity of seed depends much upon the weather, the crop is largely increased by moving or feeding off the first, or hay crop, early as possible. The harvesting of the seed crop may be effected with a machine for the purpose which simply removes the heads, or the cutting can be done the same as it is with the grass crop. When thoroughly cured the crop should be taken to the threshing floor or barn and the seeds beaten out with light flails, or, better still, with a threshing-machine, especially a clover huller and separator.

Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in a late address said that cane sugar is two and one-half times as sweet as grape sugar, closely allied to it, and differs so little from it that some persons cannot distinguish it. By cooking, the cane sugar may be changed to grape sugar, and thus lose its sweetening power. Some women put the sugar in with a mass of acid fruit to be cooked, and keep cooking, and adding sugar while it keeps on growing sourer, until at last they use two and one-half times as much sugar as they need to secure the desired result. The cane sugar has been changed to grape sugar. Now if the sugar had been added after the fruit was cooked, much less would have been required, and the result would have been far more satisfactory.

In rearing calves, after a fortnight old, skim-milk may be gradually substituted for new milk, by adding a table-spoonful of flaxseed, well boiled, to their allowance mornings and nights. If flaxseed is not to be had, then substitute oil meal. Steep one-quarter of a pound of this in boiling water, and add to each gallon of skim-milk fed to the calf. As the animal increases in size, gradually increase the quantity of flaxseed or oil meal. Take special care that the milk be sweet, and feed it blood-warm. After a while, oat meal or fine middlings may be added to the milk, and, as the calf gets to be two or three months old, Indian meal and wheat bran, mixed half and half, may be used instead of oat meal and middlings; but the flaxseed or oil meal should be kept up, and the calf carefully watched to see that this change does not sour it, and if so, go back to the oat meal and middlings again. Let the calf run in good grass pasture if convenient, and after a proper time it will take gradually to grass as a part of its rations.

APHORISMS. Great thoughts stand up like church-spires 'mid village coots.—Battley's "Festus." Thought is the poetry of those only who can entertain it.—Emerson. Ideas make their way in silence like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountain in which they rest.—D'Aubigne. The beautiful are never desolate; Some one always loves them—God or man. If man abandons, God takes them.—Battley's "Festus." Accompany your own flag throughout the world under the protection of your own cannon.—Daniel Webster. The crying up a single tear has more Of honest weal than shodding seas of grief.—Byron. Eloquence does not require mellifluous words and long sentences. It is often found in rough, uncut garb, just as the lightning often gleams from rugged thunder clouds.—Gough. Style is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world.—Bancroft. An old lady in Yorkville, with several unmarried daughters, feeds them on fish, diet because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing for making matches.

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