JUDGE NOT.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?
How do we know?
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within,
Many outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure, we think not so.
And near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?
How can we tell?
We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the great and true,
More do they need our help and pity too—
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day—
God help us all!
We cannot walk alone the perfect way,
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

The Ring s Victory.

BY Q. K. UNDERWOOD,
Author "Black John," Etc.

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It was only a speckled shote, but the cream-colored pony thought it was a bear or something even more dreadful. He was a city-trained pony and was without fear of steam engines, electric cars and other urban nerve wreckers, but he had never had any experience with the bogies of plantation life. So when the speckled shote darted across the path with a terrifying "hough! hough!" the cream-colored pony shied, and threw the girl who was riding him, then tore off down the narrow road through the cotton field at top speed.

Being a robust young person with a good deal of pluck and a sense of humor, however, she laughed almost as soon as the first tears started down the sides of her nose, and satisfying herself that no bones were broken she shook the dust from her riding habit, and gave her hat a touch with her gloved fingers to make it sit straight on her brown locks.

The big white mansion where she lived was a mile and a half away. The sun was behind a bank of black clouds in the west, and the rich purple of the cotton blooms, which were a pearly white in the morning, and a delicate pink at noon, bore evidence that the day was dying all too fast for the quiet of a maid with a weary hour of walking ahead of her.

"I went down the new-cut road,
She went down the lane,
And she promised to meet me,
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane."

The sound of this classic, sung in a melodious, though untrained voice, and accompanied by the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs on the sunbaked road, caused the girl to draw to one side and look back. It was the voice of a white man and welcome, for the girl did not relish the long walk home through the lonely plantation.

The man on the gray horse eyed the girl curiously and respectfully. He was sunburned and stalwart, and sat in his saddle as one at home. He would have passed without speaking as is the custom in the home of King Cotton, but for the evidence of the girl's apparel that she should be on horseback.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, raising his hat. "Can I do anything to assist you?"

"You are Mr. Bradley, are you not?" said the girl.

"Yes'm."

"I am Jane Apperson."

The young man said he would be pleased to be of service to Miss Apperson.

"My pony threw me and ran away," said the girl.

"Do you think you could ride my horse?" said Bradley, who had dismounted.

"I couldn't think of depriving you. Maybe the pony has stopped. Would you mind riding ahead and looking for him?"

"Certainly not," and Bradley galloped away on the gray horse.

Old Mr. Apperson was the richest person in that section of the state, and probably the most unpopular. Why a man of his temperament and prejudices ever essayed to make his home on an Arkansas plantation was a local mystery. His political faith was a grievous offense to his neighbors and his cold, hard insistence that all men should live within their incomes and abjure light pleasures was regarded with deep disapproval by the hospitable, sport-loving planters. He lived aloof and his only child, the brown-eyed, brown-haired Jane, knew none of her neighbors. Occasionally the Appersons would be visited by severe-looking women and men of clerical aspect from the East, but these never fraternized with the community.

Ben Bradley wasn't a bad fellow. Some dare-devil feats of his youth had given him a reputation for recklessness that he had not quite lived down, but the worst that could be truthfully said of him now was that he kept fighting cocks and evinced a more intelligent interest in a dog or a horse or a gun than he did in improved farm machinery, or experiments in the line of introducing white labor in the South.

Ben Bradley came back to her without the cream-colored pony. "I'm afraid there's nothing for it but for you to ride my horse," he said. "Do you think you can manage him?"

"He looks rather wild," said the girl, with a doubtful glance at the high-headed, spirited gray gelding. "I am not much of a horsewoman."

"He's not the easiest brute in the world to handle," admitted Bradley, deprecatingly. "I might lead him, though," he added.

The sky which had become overcast was suddenly rent by a zig-zag streak of fire, and a crash of thunder shook the earth. Big drops of rain pattered on the road and the horse frightened by the thunder tried to break away from Bradley.

"It's going to be a hard storm," said the planter, soothing the horse, "and you must get home at once. There is only one way. You must ride behind me."

"But Mr. Bradley——"

"Pardon me, Miss Apperson. It is the only way."

Jane Apperson felt that she was doing something desperately unconventional, but, obeying Bradley, she mounted a convenient stump and then sprang on the gray's crupper.

"Hold tight," said Bradley, with grave courtesy. "Now we're off." The gray bounded forward and by the time the rain began to fall in earnest was galloping swiftly. It was a new sensation for Miss Apperson, this feeling a powerful, running horse beneath her and holding fast to a man—one of those reckless roysterers her father disapproved of so sternly. She was a good deal troubled about what her father would say, still the situation had its charm.

There was a commotion when they reached the house. The cream-colored pony had come home without a rider and servants were being sent out to find Jane. Slipping to the ground before Bradley could assist her, the girl ran to her father and hurriedly told him of her adventure.

The old man eyed Bradley coldly and said: "My daughter tells me you were of service to her. At any time I can reciprocate you may command me."

"Don't mention it," said the young planter. "It was a pleasure to me."

"Won't you come in and wait until the rain is over?"

"No, thanks; the rain won't hurt me."

Ben Bradley called several times at

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

the Apperson place and was received with the frosty politeness that was Mr. Apperson's nearest approach to friendliness, but he never managed to see Miss Apperson alone. She always spoke cordially to him but there was a reserve in her manner. Bradley felt that she regarded him as a wicked person.

"The little Puritan!" said he, after one of these visits. "She thinks I have horns and hoofs. I'll keep away from her."

But he didn't. He took to hunting the roads about the Apperson place for the mere chance of seeing her as she rode, attended by a pale young man who acted as secretary to her father. Sometimes he managed to find an excuse to ride a short distance at her side. The presence of the pale young man was a bar to confidential discourse, but when a man and a maid are so minded they can come to a fairly good understanding without plain speech, and Bradley began to hope that "the little Puritan" did not think so badly of him after all.

"What's the use, though," he thought, "I don't want to marry her father's daughter, and her father wouldn't let her marry me. But she's a bonny little Puritan."

And the next time he rode at her side he so managed that the gray gelding and the cream-colored pony crowded the pale young man's horse out of the road and then they set off at a pace that the pale young man's steed could not keep.

"Don't pull up," said Bradley, as Miss Apperson started to check the pony. "I must say it. Give me two minutes. I love you, and if you will marry me I will join the church and try to be good."

"Aren't you good now?" said the "little Puritan," with a demure smile.

"You know I ain't. Please give me a chance."

"What would father say?"

"May I ask him?"

"Yes. Now we must wait for Mr. Hawkins."

Before they parted Bradley found an opportunity to slip a curiously carved old ring from his little finger and give it to Miss Apperson.

He found Mr. Apperson next morning looking colder than ever and very thoughtful. The old man opened the conversation. "You gave my daughter a ring yesterday," he said.

"Yes, sir, and I asked her to marry me. Now I have come to ask——"

"Is this the ring?"

Bradley's heart was cold as the old man held up the ring he had given Jane Apperson.

"Yes. How did you get it?"

"From whom did you get it?"

"From my mother. But I did not come here to be catechized, sir. It is my ring and I hoped that your daughter would wear it as my first love token."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Jane Beauchamp. Why?"

"Of Kentucky?"

"Yes; but why?"

"Mr. Bradley, I gave your mother that ring before she was married. When we parted, because her parents would not suffer her to wed a Yankee abolitionist, I asked her to keep it till she died."

"She told me never to part with it except to the woman I gave my first love to," said Bradley musingly.

"Mr. Bradley," said the old man, "it was my hope that my daughter should wed a man more in sympathy with my views than you are, but the ring is your advocate. Be good to her."

Then Jane Apperson came into the room and Ben Bradley kissed her, and the pale-faced secretary, who wasn't a bad fellow at all, peeped in and told Mr. Apperson that he would like to consult with him about the account of one of the tenants.

FLOWERS IN ENGLAND.

The Average Englishwoman Is Not Artistic.

This is without doubt the month of flowers in England and this year they seem more abundant than ever. The observer knows this by the flowers he sees for sale in the shops and streets. Those who are fortunate enough to possess gardens of their own and always have a profusion of flowers will scarcely notice the more than usually gorgeous display in the florists' and the baskets of the flower girls. But, notwithstanding the fact that flowers are now almost universally in vogue for decoration and that of late years people have made great strides in the direction of the more skillful arrangement and blending of colors, they have yet a great deal to learn.

The average Englishwoman is not artistic and she is apt to rely too much upon the efforts of her florist to achieve anything at all striking or perfectly satisfactory in the way of decoration. The florist is, as a rule, a painstaking person, possessed of a few good decorative schemes, but originality seldom, if ever. Wherever you go in London you see the same "arrangements" and can almost tell at a glance to which of the various establishments in Bond street or Regent street the hostess has handed over the floral dressing of her dinner table or ballroom. In Japan, where the arranging of flowers is undertaken in the most serious manner and considered an indispensable branch of art, they could teach westerners many things in the direction of greater simplicity and observation of nature's methods. Flower arrangement is taught there just as cookery is in England and some wonderful and beautiful books are published on the subjects, illustrated by a famous Japanese artist, setting forth the different methods, the appropriate kind of vase for each arrangement being specified. This book is published in England and is a revelation of the possibilities of flowers as a decorative medium.—Chicago News.

Islands on the Gulf.

The Galveston disaster ought to serve as a warning that the sand islands fringing our gulf coast, from Florida to the Rio Grande, are not safe in their present condition for human habitation, and in great and constant danger from the violent hurricanes which arise, from time to time, in the West Indies. Some better protection must be assured before these islands can be settled without great risk of life. What that protection should be it will be for the engineers to say, whether breakwaters, raising the grade of the islands, or whether some other better means of protection can be found. There have been so many disasters, too great a loss of life and property, to continue the risk, as we have done for years.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Municipal Savings Banks.

For some time the corporation of Glasgow has taken comparatively small sums of money on deposit, and the experiment has worked well. Emboldened by this success the progressive element of the city council proposed that banking should be added to the municipal undertakings.

Wine Dealers' Barrels Returned.

It is generally stipulated in France when wine is sold that the purchaser shall return the barrel at his own expense, and the cry, "send back my barrels," is going out from every wine dealer's house. It is calculated that one barrel will serve seven years if properly cared for.

Poets' Moments of Superiority.

All poets have signalized their consciousness of rare moments when they were superior to themselves—when a light, a freedom, a power came to them, which lifted them to performances far better than they could reach at other times.—Inspiration.

Paradise for Poor Fishermen.

Ireland is the paradise for fishermen who are not millionaires. Tickets for fishing cost less than half what they do in England. Hotel expenses are cheaper.

Little Small Feet.

(Chinese Nursery Rhymes.)

The small-footed girl
With the sweet little smile,
She loves to eat sugar
And sweets all the while.

Her money's all gone,
And, because she can't buy,
She holds her small feet
While she sits down to cry.

Elsie's Ocean Voyage.

England is a long way from the United States—more than 3,000 miles, and six days on one of the immense ocean steamers is considered a quick trip from Liverpool to New York. Some fortunate people have taken this ocean trip so often, that it has become quite an old story to them, but to others it is an important event in their lives. So it was with Elsie Thornton. She was a little English girl, just past her thirteenth birthday, and had lived in a little town near Liverpool all her life.

Elsie's mother had been dead since she was a wee girl—she could scarcely remember her—and six weeks before this story opens her father was laid in his grave, leaving this forlorn little girl almost alone in the world. Not quite alone, however, though the Atlantic ocean was between them, for in New York city lived the dear Aunt Elsie for whom she was named, and who, every Christmas, had sent her such pretty presents. There were some little cousins, too, and Elsie's curiosity was very great concerning them. When Aunt Elsie had learned of her only brother's death she wrote several letters to Elsie and to her guardian, Mr. Benson, expressing her wish to have her niece come and live with her. This had been partly arranged before Mr. Thornton died, so it was not an entirely new idea to Elsie. But America! What a distance it seemed!

The train whirled along toward Liverpool, and Elsie looked up rather frightened at the man beside her as she thought of it. He was an old friend of her father's, and had been very good to her; indeed she had been staying several weeks in his family, where her little black gown and big sad eyes made everyone most kind to her.

"You're not getting frightened, are you, little girl," said her guardian, kindly.

"No-oo, but I was wishing I might go right to bed on the steamer and be there when I wake up, the way we do when we cross the channel to Calais, you know."

"Now I lay a wager you'll dread to see land, and when the trip is ended you'll be awfully sorry. I hope it will put some color into those cheeks, anyway. Have you everything you need for the journey?" asked Mr. Benson, laying aside his papers and putting away his glasses, for they were nearing the big city of Liverpool.

"Yes, I think so," said the girl, "only I would be so happy if I might have Yorick with me just a little while every day. He'll die, away off among the luggage. He will, indeed, with his heart most broken anyway for poor papa."

At the sound of his name a beautiful Irish setter lifted his head from the opposite seat in the compartment and looked wistfuly at his young mistress.

"It can't be permitted, dear," answered Mr. Benson, "and don't you worry about him. I have made arrangements for him to be well cared for, and the stewardess will take you down below every day to see him."

After that, every moment was occupied in getting their traps together and in attending to some final business. Elsie kept up very bravely, until she espied her governess among some other friends on the wharf. Then she broke down and sobbed in the woman's arms.

"Why can't you come, too, Barnes?" she asked. "You would if you loved me."

"But I can't, Miss Elsie. Your aunt thinks your too big for me now, and ought to go into school, though, goodness knows, that isn't the way our little gentry is brought up."

The parting with everyone was finally over, and Mr. Benson, Elsie and Yorick were watching the crowd on the wharf grow smaller as the important little tender steamed away. There wasn't much time for tears, though, for they were soon alongside the big ocean steamship, "Lucania," and as Elsie looked from one end of it to the other it seemed half a mile long.

"It grieves me very much that I am unable to make this trip with you, Elsie," said Mr. Benson, as they went up the little ladder at the side of the steamer. "But you will be brave and contented, will you not? Mrs. Elton, under whose care I am putting you, is a very sweet woman, and you can remember that she was a friend of your mother's. It is most fortunate that you are able to sail with her."

It would have been hard to have found a more pathetic figure than Elsie by the railing, straining her eyes in the dusk for a last glimpse of the sie's a few hours later. She was standland that was home to her—where she had been so happy with her father and all her friends. Even Yorick had been taken from her, and she knew that that was his bark in the distance.

Mrs. Elton was, indeed, very nice, but she was a severe English woman, and little used to children. But a girl of thirteen cannot be always sad, and Elsie's interest was soon keenly diverted by the people and affairs about her. The first morning "out," some kind people took her on a tour of the ship, and it was luncheon time when she was brought back to Mrs. Elton, who smiled and told her that she was already improved in looks. So the days went by, each one full of new interests. Everything was so queer. Even the army of waiters in the big dining saloon was a wonder to her. They did everything in unison, and dinner was quite a ceremony, with the women in beautiful evening gowns and the lights so brilliant. Seven days passed when early one morning they were awakened by the fog horn blowing and people hurrying up on deck. Elsie thought something dreadful must have happened, and when she was dressed she, too, rushed out into the passage.

"Land! land in sight!" was the cry.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"Why, yes," laughed someone, "isn't that enough after seven days out on this briny deep?"

Elsie turned away and went into her stateroom and cried a little. Perhaps it was because she had had such a good time, and perhaps it was because she dreaded to see all those new relatives. No one else seemed to feel that way, though—everyone was happy and gay, watching eagerly the faint strip of land in the distance, and guessing what the number would be on the first little pilot boat that should hail them. Elsie was soon as eager as the rest, and when two little white sailboats came bounding over the waves toward them she had even guessed the right number on one. On they plowed, past Fire Island and Sandy Hook, up to the beautiful harbor of New York.

Aunt Elsie and Uncle Ben and two little cousins were among the crowd waiting on the dock, and before Elsie knew it she was being hugged and kissed and taken to a carriage. They drove off for home, leaving Uncle Ben to secure Yorick and the baggage. That night in her own little room Elsie looked at her smiling face and bright eyes with surprise.

"I couldn't have believed America was so nice," she said, as she threw a kiss at her reflection and got into bed.—Katrina Klausen.

Boys and Girls in Far Korea.

As a little lass the Korean girl is taught all about domestic work, and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothes. If too young to paste she can at least hold over the stove the long iron rod to be used in pressing seams. The heating of this rod is the first thing taught a little girl. Later she learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them. Now, this use of paste instead of thread is a custom, so far as I know, practiced only by the Koreans. It is done on account of their mode of ironing. To accomplish this difficult feat they rip their garments to pieces before putting them in water. After the washing, garments are laid on a smooth block of wood or stone, and are beaten with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club, and each ironer uses two. Girls and boys wear their hair hanging in two plaits until engaged to be married, after which the boy fastens his on top of his head and the girl twists hers at the nape of the neck. Koreans hold marriage in high regard, and show a married man profound respect, while a bachelor is treated by them with marked contempt. I have seen men greet a slip of a boy wearing a topknot with ceremonious deference, saying to each other: "He is a man; he is about to be married;" while of a much older man, and possibly a richer, who wears his two plaits, they remark that "He is a pig. He cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy."

In the choice of his first bride the Korean leaves everything to the "go-between." But all other wives—and a Korean may have ten—the man makes his own selection. Women are well treated, and, as a rule, live happy, contented lives. They are gentle, attractive little bodies, and devoted to their homes.

Light Patronage of Canal.

It is said that the Canadian Soo canal may be closed because of lack of patronage. Vesselmen say that this would be a bad move, for in case of accident in the American canal there would be a blockade. They say that they will use the Canadian passage more in future that it may be maintained.

Railroads Doing Well in India.

In spite of famine and plague the Indian railways continue to prove more and more a financial success. The mileage is now 26,700, of which 23,763 were worked for traffic last official year, ending March 31.

Professor Brander Matthews has opened a new course of lectures on the history and methods of English comedy at Columbia University.

We forgive too little; forget too much.—Mad. Swetchine.

Oyster Shell Back Louse.

The scientific name is Mytilaspis Pomonum. In our illustration "a" is a female scale from beneath, filled with eggs; "b", the same from above; "c", twig infested by female scales; "d", male scale and a twig infested therewith. The insect is so named because of the resemblance that the scale bears to a long, rather narrow oyster, and this renders it easily recognizable. The cast skins of the larvae are at the narrow end of the scale and form its head. The females come to maturity during the latter part of August, fertilization having taken place in the earlier portion of the same month, and egg-laying continues into September, when the entire space below the scale will be found filled with minute, pale yellow eggs; something over one hundred in some cases, though often much less. These eggs remain during the winter protected by the scales, and from them hatch the crawling larvae in early June.

Growth is slow: there is only one brood, and, when not excessively abundant, the insect does not do much injury. As a matter of fact, however, it does often become excessively abundant, and lilacs, for instance, may become so covered that no portion of the bark can be seen between the scales. The male scales are about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and the females about double that length.

Walnut and butternut trees are very susceptible to the attacks of this species, and are sometimes killed even when of considerable size. Among fruit trees apples are the most susceptible and branches are occasionally destroyed. Young trees may be killed in some instances, but old trees are rarely much harmed. Of the shade trees willow and maple are sometimes severely injured.

The remedy is to spray with kerosene emulsion when the larvae are hatching, at which time they are killed by even a weak solution.

Some Fertilizer Facts.

If a mineral fertilizer be needed, general experience teaches that acid phosphate is by far the more profitable. This can be still better understood when we have explained some principles of acid phosphate manufacture. The finely ground lime phosphate rock is treated with about an equal weight of strong sulphuric acid. Chemical changes take place, so that a part of the phosphoric acid becomes soluble in water. Another part, though less soluble, is made readily available to growing crops; while a small amount still retains its insoluble and unavailable character. One other important change has taken place. The sulphuric acid has combined with the lime, making lime sulphate, commonly called gypsum or land plaster, so that it forms nearly one-half of the total weight of the acid phosphate. It is now well established that this plaster frees large amounts of insoluble soil potash, and so makes the fertilizer element which is so much the most abundant in our soils available for plant use. Hence, acid phosphate supplies phosphoric acid directly and potash indirectly. The two or three per cent of potash in the average mixture of acid phosphate and potash is perfectly justifiable, as a small amount of this element may give the crop a better start and may even be a necessity. Since only a part of the available phosphoric acid is used during the first year of its application, it has been found best to apply considerably more than the crop will remove. Three hundred pounds for a soil in good condition would not be excessive for general farm crops.

Something should now be said in favor of the ammoniated fertilizer. For example, it is often used with profit on strong lands when one exhausting crop follows another, as wheat after corn. A little easily available nitrogen is furnished, so that the wheat gets a better start, after which it can forage more vigorously for itself.

In conclusion, rely first of all on cowpeas and stable manure. Try mineral fertilizers, acid phosphate in particular, as valuable helps. Buy acid phosphate, muriate of potash, and cotton-seed meal by themselves, so that you can make your own experiments and mix your own goods to suit your crop and soil.—Charles A. Mooers, Chemist, Tennessee Agricultural College.

Weeds Legally Defined.

A legal opinion was had in Washington the other day, from one of the city attorneys, as to what constituted weeds in the law. In interpreting an act of congress he said weeds were "rank growth, of whatever nature, which should be so high as to be offensive or objectionable to sight and injurious to health."

A syndicate has been formed at Oschenfurt, Bavaria, to apply electricity in agriculture.

The orchard is generally the most neglected part of the farm.

Defective P