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Select Poetry.

RIPENED WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its smiles of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat
Clasped close to the silent breast.

We know not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night—
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the field of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some gathered grains of good
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go,
Not only with blossoms sweet;
Not bent with doubt and burdened with fears,
And the dead dry husks of wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

Select Story.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

A Delightful Story from the German About Two Great Painters.

The fact that one of the portraits which Rembrandt painted of himself has recently made its way to our shores, and will, if it remains here, become one of the art treasures of this country, gives interest to the following story from the German:

Almost every picture by Rembrandt seems in origin as well as in the wonderful reality of its production to have been a living being. He talked, smoked and drank with the subjects of his paintings. He sat in the chimney-corner with those ever Dutch figures; was nearest them in the smoky ale houses; bargained and haggled with them in the yearly fairs; and listened himself to the quaint music of his "Fiddler" and "Bagpipe."

Though it is often drolly exaggerated, the thoughtful observer can still discover what the original must have been out of which the composition arose. Without such a motive Rembrandt seldom painted. It seems to have been necessary to him, and when it did not present itself he sought after it.

The picture of himself and his young wife, whose smiling faces greet one upon entering the Dresden Gallery, especially points, by the positions and realistic naturalness of the life-like figures, and the amused expressions they wear, to some actual incident as a reason for its existence. Paul Rembrandt had only recently returned with his young wife to the Haag, and taken a little house in the neighborhood of the Cathedral in a narrow but busy street.

Scarcely had the passers-by espied his immortal works displayed behind the little round window panes than they regularly besieged the house from early morning until late at night. In consequence he succeeded in a short time in informing the city that it harbored him within its walls.

At the same time he avoided the necessity of presenting himself to the dilettanti and patrons of art among the nobility, for they, too, crowded into his small but exquisite studio; and in spite of the monopoly in their art, hitherto exercised by that prince of Dutch painters, Peter Paul Rubens, and his great pupils, Van Dyke, Van Hoed Teniers and others, the young artist soon found himself overwhelmed by flattering and lucrative commissions. Being as proud as he was opposed to all coercion, Rembrandt had not allowed himself to be seen by his rivals. He felt that, although he stood isolated in opposition to their school, he was strong enough to make his way alone, without, as was commonly the case, courting Master Rubens, or indeed, like most of his scholars, working under his directions, after his designs, and for his pay. On that account Rembrandt was for a long time persistently ignored by those artists, then at the height of their glory. He therefore avoided the most aristocratic assemblies, where he might meet his rivals, and frequented instead the taverns, beer houses and gypsy haunts, which are the paradise of the Dutch poor.

In one of the suburbs of the city was a half-tumbled-down old blacksmith's shop. Once in one of his summer evening wanderings, he had discovered this picturesque old place, with its still more picturesque workmen within. As often, however, as he had gone there to sketch the shop and the Cyclops inside, the circumstances had been unfavorable.

One spring evening, the young master came home, threw down his pallet and brush, laid off his fur cap and mantle, and seated himself in an easy chair to await the return of his pretty little wife, who had gone into another part of the city.

When she appeared she complained of the bad weather, which had detained her longer than usual.

"Does it rain?" asked Rembrandt.

"It is a fine misty drizzle. I am so glad you are not going out to-night, but will spend the evening with me."

"Ah! my dear, don't be too hasty. Is it quite dark outside?"

"Very dark."

"Did you notice how the large lanterns in the street looked?"

"They flickered very much and looked red."

"Capital! It is not yet 9 o'clock; they are still working, and I must hurry if I am not to lose my opportunity again to night."

"Why, what do you intend to do?" asked the pretty Janet, anxiously.

"Hand me my cap and portfolio. I'm going out to the old shop. In two days my picture will be finished and my Janet shall have several more gulden in her purse."

He had not been mistaken. As he came toward the forge a cry of delight burst from his lips. The intense darkness without, the huge smith at his work before the blazing red chimney—he stopped in the doorway and began to sketch with sparkling eyes. He tossed a gold piece to the workmen and made the great muscular fellows stand in the positions he needed.

At length he snapped his portfolio together and stood leaning against the door, with the eyes of a connoisseur critically and silently studying the group.

"Well sir, will you permit an intrusion for a few moments?" said a genial voice, and he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

Two bearded young men stood behind him, and Rembrandt instantly recognized the aristocratic features of Van Dyke and the severe countenance of Van Schutz.

He stepped laughingly aside, and murmured to himself:

"So you are going to paint that too, eh? it is too bad that Paul Rembrandt should have seen it first."

Van Dyke and Van Schutz began to sketch together, and Rembrandt remained quietly by their side and saw their work completed and then gave a short grunt of disapproval.

"Ah! sir, my picture does not suit you?" asked Van Dyke, with a side glance.

"Humph! No wonder! Go on, till you have finished it, and it will suit you quite as little," was the reply as he went out.

"Do you know that fellow?" asked Schutz of his friend.

"No, I don't know him; but his broad head understands something of the thing, and when I secure another such design I must get a different light effect."

Three days later, Van Dyke and Schutz stood before Rembrandt's dwelling, and the "Forge" hung at the window.

"What do you say to that, my friend?" asked Van Dyke. "This man paints a chiaroscuro as it is understood by Rubens or Correggio, but he exceeds them by far in force and audacity. This gloomy picture is a masterpiece without equal! Come, Schutz, let us see the painter, and if he be too proud to seek us, he shall at least know that Van Dyke is artist enough to doff his hat before genius."

"Why, compare this and my 'Smith!' I must own this, if I exchange my best work for it."

Schutz, however, went on; but Van Dyke entered Rembrandt's house.

"I am Van Dyke," said that handsome youth, extending his hand to the fat little Rembrandt, "I desire to greet you and to learn something from you. My 'Smith' is a failure, and I wish to own yours, and will give you any one of my pictures for it. Come to my studio and choose for yourself."

So urged, Rembrandt could not withstand his cordial frankness. He showed him his pictures, defended his own school with its aims toward exact truth; and at last took Van Dyke's arm and they sauntered together to the latter's studio. Rembrandt passed stoically by those subjects where the graces and goddesses were depicted with all the celestial loveliness of Raphael—on the beautiful ideal conceptions of his companion he bestowed only a little praise here and there for successful technique; but coming before an unfinished picture still on the easel, he shouted:

"Give me this for my 'Forge' and I shall be satisfied."

It was a genre painting called the "Harvesters," in which he found something congenial.

"No, no," said Van Dyke, "choose another; this is about the poorest of my works."

"Say rather the best," answered Rembrandt, "for in this you approach reality."

"I believe in artistic creatures, and not in servile imitation," retorted Van Dyke.

"Ha! You need not try to surpass nature, she only is the mother of all true art; she can create, man—never. He may from her single features form a combination that you call fantastic painting, but it must always remain insignificant. You cannot originate anything. Only what you copy from nature is genuine, living truth. Look at these harvest women, they are actual Dutch girls, whom one might kiss; they could laugh, frolic, love, or box an impertinent lover's ears. But what are you going to make of this principal figure in the foreground?"

"Why, that is to be the queen of the harvesters. She is to be the embodiment of fidelity in the picture to invest the common every-day scene with an artistic significance."

"Hump! so you are determined to drag that nonsense into this too? Then I don't want it."

"It is to be a purely ideal conception, Master Rembrandt, but the idea has not developed itself sufficiently in my mind as yet to put it on canvass."

"Then don't! Go and look for your queen; find such a girl as you need, portray her, and then give me your 'Harvesters.'"

"What is the use of a hopeless quest? The portrait of a living woman would not suffice for the ideal."

"O boaster! Take care that you do not find a maiden some day who will shame your brush and before whom you must confess: 'Compared with this reality my art is dead.'"

Van Dyke drew himself up with haughty incredulity, but with another laughing admonition to search for a model for his harvesters' queen, Rembrandt left him.

Arrived at his home he asked his wife:

"Do you know Van Dyke?"

"I have seen his portrait," answered Janet.

"Do you know the gilded pew next to that of the nobility in the cathedral?"

"O yes! it is the burgomaster's."

"Good, now dress yourself and go straight to church. The burgomaster and Van Dyke will not fail to be there. Sit down opposite them and take pains that my lord Van Dyke sees my pretty wife as much as possible. Do you understand?"

"No; what does it all mean?"

"Well, he needs a model, which he cannot find in God's world but in his own brains, but if he sees you, *par-*

[redacted]

them. Van Dyke, who in spite of his love for Fraulein Maleder, was none the less susceptible, became greatly interested, and the artful Janet took care to heighten that interest. As she was leaving the church the handsome cavalier stepped to her side and raising his plumed chapeau, begged permission to carry her prayer book. Janet blushingly consented, and to avoid receiving him at her residence, went to the house of a relative.

In a few days another meeting occurred and Van Dyke really began to be quite in love with the pensive little creature. Janet then prudently told him of her intention of leaving the city, but Van Dyke swore he could not be separated from her until he possessed her portrait. She consented, and, sure enough, he painted her as the queen of his "Harvesters."

When the picture was nearly finished Rembrandt sent him an invitation to breakfast with him, and, as he was impatient to possess the "Schnitters," to bring the picture with him, finished or not.

Van Dyke looked sadly at the picture of his beautiful unknown, but, according to agreement, resigned himself to parting with it.

It was late when he arrived at Paul Rembrandt's and, entering an elegant little breakfast-room, threw back his cloak and disclosed his cherished picture.

His rollicking host was in grand costume with his plumed velvet hat on one side of his head, and holding on his knees a graceful feminine figure dressed in the latest fashion of the time, whose head was persistently turned away toward the table, where in the midst of an elaborate breakfast, a gorgeous peacock was paraded with outspread tail.

Rembrandt glanced at the painting. "The queen of the Schnitters is superb," shouted he to the serious Van Dyke. "It is well, sir, that you have produced a portrait instead of an ideal."

"This is however an ideal, simply my ideal," protested Van Dyke.

"As well as mine," returned, Rembrandt, "but you, as usual, have it only in imagination, while I possess the beautiful, tangible reality. Turn around, my Janet, and greet our guest."

The young woman turned her pretty head and smiled roguishly at the astonished Van Dyke.

"Long live Janet Rym, the harvest queen of Van Dyke," cried Rembrandt, raising his brimming goblet. "Long live true nature and all who follow in her footsteps; and perish all fantasies and ideals!"

"This time you are certainly right," said Van Dyke, and recovering himself, with returning gayety he deferentially kissed Janet's hand and clinked glasses with her jovial host.

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Tuolumne grove, situated seven miles beyond "Crocker's" and seventeen miles from Yosemite valley. This group of trees is about 5,300 feet above the sea level, and contains 50 and 75 individuals of the "big tree" type, some of which are most noble specimens of the genus. It is very strangely diversified between sound and perfect specimens and others almost completely destroyed by some long past and tremendous forest conflagration. Fortunately some of the largest and oldest members of this family group were entirely overlooked by the flames and they remain, as far as fire is concerned, perfect trees. One, the "Living Giant," is especially worthy of mention. This tree is about 310 feet high, of which at least 225 feet of its massive trunk is without a branch and scarcely with an excresence to mar its symmetrical beauty. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and is the most completely faultless specimen of the old and giant sepuoia that I have ever seen. "Old Sequoia," the biggest tree in the state, lies about 200 yards down a sloping hill to the southwest of this tree, the "Living Giant." The Yosemite stage road here passes directly under the high up and overhanging branches of the "Living Giant." The local and distinguishing name of this stage turnpike from the others leading into Yosemite is the "Big Oak Flat Road," so named from having its early initial point at Oak Flat, famous at first as a very rich placer mining camp and forever now as Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp."

A TREE 5,000 YEARS OLD.

The history of the rise and fall of this veritable monarch of sequoiadom is as plainly written upon its remains and its surroundings as though it had been commemorated upon an everlasting tablet. Of course its age is only conjectural. If reliance can be placed upon the consecutive yearly ring theory, there must have been enough of them about the greatest girth of this vegetable behemoth to have made it some 5,000 years old. To judge by the exceeding symmetry of the best preserved members remaining of this Tuolumne grove, "Old Sequoia" must have been a wonderfully beautiful tree, considering its immense size. It also may have been close on to 500 feet high.

I say may have been, because the sequoia is very disappointing regarding altitude, it being the rule for the species to grow to an average altitude of 200 feet, or some over in the larger specimens, without putting forth any large branches, thus preserving a comparative evenness of diameter and bulk for that distance, then to suddenly put out a multitude of large boughs, which rapidly diminish the balance of the shaft, which then tapers suddenly to a point resembling nothing so much as a freshly sharpened lead pencil, excepting for its branches.

These causes might have made "Old Sequoia" but little taller than his neighbors, say 350 feet. The violence of the winter storms is also greatly liable to break off the brittle and attenuated tops, with their great weight of foliage, if they reach up much above the general level of the surrounding forest. Still the wood here is altogether so dense, and the entire grove occupies so sheltered a position, that it is possible this tree may have enjoyed an altitude commensurate with its enormous bulk.

HOW THE GIANT LOOKS.

The tree "Old Sequoia" is but a blackened and charred stump on two of its sides, and when within 100 feet of its roots one feels vexed within himself for having been foolish enough to tramp out on his way for such a disappointing result. Still, curiosity will impel him to keep on until he is within a few feet of the remains of this once greatest of all sequoia monsters. At a distance of some 30 feet from its roots the remaining immensity of this tree begins to force itself upon the perceptions of the beholder, and when one has reached its very base and partly circled it, curiosity is changed to wonder, and, upon beholding the burnt cavity within its roots, wonder to awe.

The tree is best approached from the east. One crosses a little brook and immediately stands upon a shattered and partially burned mass from the great tree itself. This piece is some 12 feet wide, 30 feet long and 7 feet thick, and is distant from the remaining main body of the free fully 300 feet.

Great fragments of charred wood still extend into the undergrowth behind us, upon the east side of the brook, to the west bank of which we have just crossed. Fragments which fell from the tree during the conflagration, of immense size, lie piled upon each other in a solid mass, extending from the piece upon which we stand to almost the very base of the remaining portion. Of this remaining part, directly in front of us, is a living mass, appearing from our standpoint like a stub broken off at about midway its height. The piece is, measuring from its extreme edges at about 6 inches above the ground, 40 feet in diameter. The whole remaining circuit of the tree is 121 feet. The largest remaining portion at which we are gazing is then 41 feet in diameter and about 165 feet high. Its bark is as fresh and glistening in the sun as that of any of its uninjured and living neighbors.

The vitality of this remaining portion of this tree is attested by the presence within some 20 feet of its shattered top of one living branch of four feet or more in diameter, bearing a thick mass of brilliantly vivid green foliage. No other branches living are left upon it, and only two or three charred remnants of branches have been spared by the fire.

The Gila Monster.

The gila monster (*Heloderma horridum*), which lives in the valleys and sandy plains of Arizona and Sonora, is called by the natives (Mexicans) "escupion" (spitter), from the Spanish verb *escupir*, to spit. It has at all times given rise to many improbable stories and excited considerable curiosity, so it may not be amiss to take a closer look at the mysterious object in the light of recently developed facts and an experience of many years spent in the regions of this animal's habitat. The lizard—for such it evidently is—varies in length from fifteen to thirty inches, and has a heavy, rounded body, which touches the ground when the animal creeps along, unless enraged, when it assumes a more erect position and moves quicker. Its coloring is like that of a rattlesnake, black figuring on yellow, the entire body being apparently scaly, though in reality the whole skin is composed of small particles closely joined together like an embroidery work of beads. It is the only one of the lizard family that is extremely venomous.

My personal experience with the saurian, which covers a period of over twenty-two years, may be condensed into the following facts: In 1867, while in the employ of the United States Quartermaster Department, I was stationed at Fort Walin, Arizona Territory (since abandoned), on the Upper San Pedro River, and having considerable leisure time I occupied myself frequently in collecting tarantulas, centipedes, snakes, campamochas, &c., and studying their habits.

One day during the summer our mail rider from Tucson reported to me that he had met on his home trip—in fact, that very same morning—with a most horrible animal, at sight of which his horse shied precipitately, almost unseating him. He quieted the horse, which, although trembling in every limb, came to a stand. Before the rider had time to pull his pistol and take aim the animal disappeared among the rocks which line both sides of the road at that place. He described the animal as about four feet long, and not unlike a young cayman, or crocodile. (The rider was a native of Louisiana.) We had at the fort several Mexicans employed as adobe makers and herders, and upon their hearing his imperfect description they came unanimously to the conclusion that he had seen an "escupion;" only they shook their heads at its alleged size, all stating that they had never seen one exceeding a *vara* (thirty-three inches) in length.

In the evening I called these men to the office and offered them $5 for a live specimen, and $2.50 for a dead one, not mutilated to any great extent. On the following Sunday two of them started out, and toward evening brought in a gila monster which they had lassoed while it was asleep, or apparently so, on the sunny surface of a large rock, which allowed them to crawl up from behind, unperceived, and throw the noose over its head. They were carrying it between them, hanging on a sahuaro pole, the ends of which rested on their shoulders, leaving between the dangling animal and its carriers a distance of at least six feet. Still they appeared to me to be uncomfortable, and as soon as I approached (in my ignorance and eagerness) somewhat close to the reptile, they both burst out with: "*Per Dios, senor, cuidado!*" (For God's sake, sir, take care!)

There being an empty grain room about the place, I lodged the saurian in it, attached to a rawhide rope fastened to an iron picket pin, giving him about four feet play room. This I did with the help of my two Mexican friends, armed with long blacksmith's tongs, while they continually cautioned me to look out for my fingers and keep out of reach of the animal's spittle.

After paying the men, I sent for something from the sutler to compose their nerves, in order to ascertain from them the cause of their abject fear. As their stories mainly coincide with those of the other Mexicans whom I have interrogated upon the subject since, they may be given in bulk, as it were, as hearsay evidence, although I would state that these reports may be accepted as facts.

A woodcutter who had lain down in complete health to sleep, wrapped up in his blanket, failed to arise in the morning when his co-laborers called him. Upon uncovering him they found him stone-dead, and near his body a gila monster, which, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, escaped. The body of the man bore no mark of a bite or other wound whatsoever.

A young miner, while prospecting, was bitten just above the shoe. Although previously in the best of health, he at once began to lose flesh and spirits, and died after a few months in the manner of those who succumb to what in Germany is called the galloping consumption.

If space would allow I could enumerate many more similar cases, more or less authenticated, but suffice it to say that among the natives the universal belief is that the spittle, or saliva, and even the breath of the animal is deadly poison.

Since then I have experimented with many specimens; in fact, I buy a few every summer, either for that purpose or for stuffing. One I kept for over three months; it appeared to be quite old, and although I placed in its prison—a large dry goods box—rats, mice, lizards, and birds with clipped wings, it remained altogether inoffensive. The above-named animals, however, when placed in the box, would at once retire into the furthest corner, and remain there with evident signs of abject fear.

Finally I resolved to stuff it, and now became acquainted with a new feature of this animal's nature—a feature so extraordinary, so altogether incredible, that I almost hesitate to relate it, although I can produce today several eyewitnesses to the performance. In order to preserve the skin without the least mutilation, I thought that the best way to kill the animal with the least possible suffering was to drown it. I therefore attached a heavy stone to the end of a wire which held the animal fast around the shoulders, and immersed it in a barrel full of water, keeping the lizard completely under its surface, anchored, as it were. But when I found, after twelve hours of immersion, that the saurian was as alive as ever, I bethought me of another manner of execution. I procured a thin copper wire, made a loop in its middle part, and with the help of another man, each pulling on one end of the wire, tried to strangle the animal by the neck; it was evidently suffering by this process, as the contortions of its body and limbs sufficiently proved. As we became soon tired of maintaining the strain on the wire, I attached one end to a fixed spike and to the other end I fastened a heavy stone; but two full hours of this strangulation failed to produce death. In order to end this torture and still save the skin intact, I now heated a poker to a red heat and forced it down the animal's throat to the length of fully ten inches, but it would not die; at least, it was alive after three hours, when my brother-in-law arrived at the house. I related to him my perplexity, and he (a native of Sonora) killed the animal in one second, by giving it with a poker a moderate, short, dry knock at the back part of the skull, where the latter joins the vertebræ, telling me that the gila monster had a soft spot there, which, indeed, I found to be the case.

In direct contrast with the last mentioned peacefully inclined specimen were several which I had at different times. They would pounce upon anything that came in an aggressive manner within their reach, and I do not remember any small animal or bird that lived longer than from ten to thirty minutes after being bitten, with one exception. Small animals, like mice and pullets, would die almost immediately. The exception was in the case of a good-sized three-year-old barnyard cock which I put into a box, 4x4 feet, with an unusually vicious gila monster. The cock's wings, being clipped, he could not fly out, although such was his intention when he became aware of the presence of the lizard. At once his comb began to swell and his collar to stand out horizontally, and in spite of his evident fear he prepared for the onset, when the lizard made a dash at the rooster's legs, and bit himself fast in the left leg just above the spur. From this moment on the motions could not be distinctly followed; it was a commotion of lizard, legs and feathers, and the unearthly cries of the cock, dragging the saurian about, were appalling. The latter, however, held fast, and when the bird, after about ten minutes' fighting, gave up the battle, completely exhausted, we had to break the lizard's jaws apart by main force. We bathed the valiant cock, and he survived the battle for several years, although remaining lame.

But where is this deadly venom located? When I dissected the first *Heloderma*, I found, to my great surprise, that, notwithstanding the evident outer resemblance of its head to that of a rattlesnake, there were no fangs, no venom, and, furthermore, that, whereas the jaws of venomous snakes are simply held in position by a number of elastic skins, which allow their throats to stretch to a great extent and enable them to swallow bodies of a much greater circumference than themselves, the jaws of the *Heloderma* are well locked or hinged, like those of the quadrupeds.

I have never yet seen a gila monster eat or drink, although I had several that became tame enough. What little they did eat or drink was made away with either at night or when nobody was present. I generally gave them chopped meat or angleworms; but am positive that quite frequently, especially after being recently captured, they would go without food or drink for a week or more.

The *Heloderma horridum* apparently hibernates during about five months of the cool and cold season, for it has never been seen before April nor after September. Its habitat is in dry river beds, sandy and rocky bottom lands, and its food I suppose to consist of small insects, worms and larvæ.

A Tree That Emits Smoke.

Newton, a vigorous mountain town, west of Charlotte, N. C., has a curiosity that beats by a large majority the rain tree which gained such notoriety in Charlotte in 1886. It is a smoking tree, and baffles all efforts at explanation. It is a white mulberry tree, and stands on the sidewalk in front of the residence of Mr. Levi Yoder.

It was brought from Illinois a year or two ago, and is now about twelve feet high, with a bushy top and many lateral branches. Sunday one of the family noticed a puff of smoke proceed from one of the limbs, and by watching it closely, puffs identical in appearance to cigarette smoke were seen starting every now and then from all over the tree; sometimes from the the leaves, sometimes from the bloom, sometimes from the bark of the limbs or trunk of the tree. The puffs are at irregular intervals; sometimes two or three at once from various parts of the tree, and sometimes they are several seconds or a half minute apart. They just seem to come at haphazard, from any part of the tree, and, as they ascend in the air, look exactly like the smoke from a cigarette.

Since the curiosity first became generally known, large crowds, both of town and country people, can be seen there at any time in the day. All doubting Thomases are soon convinced on the first visit that the tree "do smoke." Among the white people it is only looked upon as a curiosity, and many of course make explanations of the phenomenon, which, perhaps, are plausible enough to their authors, but which carry very little in conviction to the minds of others.

But the negroes don't like the thing at all. One negro woman, after intently watching the puffs a few minutes, started off on a run, saying: "I wouldn't lib dar fur nothin'; people better go to doin' better 'bout dis town." A negro man said: "I'm gwine stay way from dat thing. I can smell de brimstone clear down to de libery stable."

We help reform others when we walk upright ourselves.

A Bad Practice.

It is the custom with most farmers to run their farms to their fullest capacity and sell the crops in the raw state, thus reducing the soil from whence all this material comes. If the farmer could realize that he is a manufacturer and the farm his factory, and to sell the crops off the farm is selling the raw material which always brings the lowest price, that he is thus losing more than half the profit he should obtain from the farm, there would be less poor run-down farms; less run-out fields; less heard of hard times; less poor bankrupt farmers; and that farming is after all, a vain delusion and does not pay.

The farmer should consider that the farm is not only a factory, but it also produces its own raw material from which to manufacture articles of sale. Thus he has the advantage of most every other manufacturer. The soil and air are the sources from which the farmer draws his supplies of raw material, and the plant and animal life are the machines by which he works up this raw material into useful manufactured articles, such as milk, butter, cheese, pork, beef, mutton, wool and cotton. Instead of the farm being adapted to a single occupation, it is really a combination of a great many pursuits. The implements and machinery are varied, and the products are not limited to any particular article.

Let us look at some of the farmers' machines and see what advantages he has over other manufacturers. The cow, which is the machine for converting the farm crops into milk, butter or cheese, is unlike other machines, is self-sustaining and self-repairing. Now the farmer finds a great deal of matter produced on the farm which has cost him something to make, that there is no sale for and would be lost, but by the assistance of the cow he is enabled to manufacture it into a form for which he can find ready sale; while at the same time he returns a portion of the original cost in the shape of manure for the purpose of assisting to further increase the amount of raw material.

The ewe, another farm machine, comes to help the farmer dispose of his crops at a good profit by manufacturing them into a greater variety of salable products in the shape of wool, mutton, lambs and manure, besides, keeping down briars and other pests of the farm. Notwithstanding the great advantage this valuable machinery is to the farmer, there are many farms now without a head of sheep upon them, who buy their family supplies of wool and mutton, and dig up the briars and sassafras bushes with elbow grease, while much of the production of the farm that is not salable in its present form could be eaten by the sheep.

The sow, another valuable machine, enables the farmer to cultivate crops that are rarely salable except at low prices, and manufacture them into pork and valuable progeny that mature quickly and reach a market in a short time, and thus makes the farmer more independent and farming more profitable.

Then comes the mare, that gives us the power with which to perform the work required, and adds her offspring to the revenue. There are but few farmers, if any, who do not keep horses to work their farms, but how many avail themselves of this advantage of keeping a mare as a machine and working her to her fullest capacity? If the farmer will give the mare a chance she will take much of the farm crops that do not sell at prices much above cost of production, and manufacture it into the shape of colts that will make him independent of the market and fill his pockets with money.

Then comes the hen; though but a small part of the whole, she is an effective and capable machine to pick up all the wasted seeds of every crop and manufacture them into ready-selling carcasses and eggs.

Thus we see the farmer ought not to sell his crops in their crude or raw state, but feed them to the various farm animals and birds which act as so many machines, preforming their work by different methods, manufacturing the crops of the farms into a variety of manufactured products which are salable at all times and seasons of the year. Farmers consider yourselves manufacturers, your farms your factories, and work them to their fullest capacity. Sell nothing off of the farm until it has been utilized by the farm machines, unless wisdom points out that the most profit would be in selling the raw material.

Galvanized iron is ordinary iron which has been dropped in molten zinc, and retains a surface coating of the zinc when removed.

For the rest of the night—beds.

Little Birds at Sea.

Every day we see playing around the ship, and skimming up and down the wave hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the air have not by any means followed us from the land, living as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up to see whether we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business.

Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who "lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary it is but to settle quietly on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky flying foam and the broken sealace which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvass to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

Marvelously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea swallow back to his roost!

The Decline of the Earring.

There is a certain pleasure in watching the decline and fall of the earring. If I had written "Looking Backward" I should have inserted somewhere a reminiscence of the last woman who bored holes in her flesh to permit the fastening of an ornament. The attempt to revive the Creole or hanging earrings has utterly failed. The faintest suggestion of weight attached to the ear now displeases most well-bred women. Occasionally you see a face of such a shape that hanging earrings are temptingly becoming. Netty Hooper, the pretty daughter of Lucy Hooper, the Paris correspondent, wore large Creole earrings set with small pears at a recent reception, and they accented her piquancy, but the hanging earring, as a rule, is an abomination. Even the stud earring is less worn. Fine jewels are less often set in earrings, and many which have thus been used are going back to the jewellers to be reset as pendants or in brooches. It is not a usual thing now to see a debutante whose ears have been pierced, and matrons often use various little articles to conceal the traces of the needle.

Java Coffee Growing Scarce.

Do you know that within a few years you will drink the last cup of Java coffee? The public does not generally know that the coffee plantations in Ceylon have been stricken with a blight the last three or four years, which has been progressing through the east, extending through the islands of Java, Sumatra and others, to the extent that it threatens the total extinction of coffee culture, especially in Java. The estimated crop in Java in 1889 was 190,000 piculs. A picul weighs 133 pounds. Five years ago this crop yielded 1,200,000 piculs. So you can imagine that if no material change for the better sets in it will be but a short time when the world will find Java coffee but a reminiscence.

A very useful invention, tending to lessen the possibility of accidents in factories, is now being extensively adopted in England. The breaking of glass, which is adjusted against the wall of every room in the mill, will at once stop the engine, an electric current being established between the room and the throttle valve of the engine, shutting off the steam in an instant. By this means the engine was stopped at one of the mills recently in a few seconds, and a young girl whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft was released uninjured.

A Christian, for the sweet fruit he bears to God and men, is compared to the vine. Now, as the most generous vine, if it be not pruned, runs out into many superfluous stems, and grows at last weak and fruitless; so doth the best man, if he be not cut short of his desires, and pruned with afflictions. If it be painful to bleed, it is worse to wither. Let me be pruned that I may grow, rather than be cut up to burn.

A new industry in Germany is the utilization of the young leaves of the strawberry plant as a beverage. Having been carefully dried, they are used instead of Chinese tea, which they closely approach in taste.

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