

WHAT IS WANTED.

Not long prayers, but ardent zeal,—
This is what is wanted more:
To put the shoulder to the wheel,
And bread unto the hungry deal
From the store.

Not high-sounding notes of praise
Ringing through the vaulted dome,
But that we the fallen raise,
Bring the poor from life's highways
To the home.

Worship God by doing good;
Help the suffering in their needs.
He who loves God as he should
Makes his heart's love understood
By his deeds.

TEN YEARS LATER.

"So he has come again!"
And pretty Nettie Devereaux trem-
bled from hand to foot as she glanced
at his card.
"Tell him," she said to the servant,
"that I will be down in ten minutes—
for," said Nettie to herself, "I cannot
go down like this—I must calm myself
down to ordinary coolness."

Woman-like, she first went to the
mirror, and, in spite of her agitation,
noticed that she looked unusually well.
Then, with her hands clasped tightly
before her, paced rapidly up and down
the room a number of times.
Nettie was by no means a vain
woman, although she was a remark-
ably pretty one, and the half-anxious
glance she had given her reflection in
the mirror was rather of inquiry than
vanity.

It was ten years, at least, since she
had met the gentleman now awaiting
her below, and at that time he was
her accepted lover; so Nettie, with all
a woman's consciousness that beauty
carries its weight, had first of all asked
herself the very feminine but natural
question:

"Will he think me changed?"
The mirror told her, as he did, ten
minutes later, that she had not. So
there was but one thing to be done,
and that was to still the tumultuous
beating of her foolish little heart, and
go down.

Poor, pretty Nettie! She loved him
still, although she had not seen him
in all these years, and he, as well as
herself, had married—another!
Self-control, ever one of her charac-
teristics, soon came back, and in less
than the prescribed ten minutes her
face was steadily set into an expres-
sion of friendship, and she was de-
scending the stairs.

But, alas for human efforts and hu-
man resolves, they often melt away
before other instincts more deeply hu-
man! And the pleasant greeting rest-
ing so firmly on her lips, and the mod-
ified phrase so carefully planned on his,
vanished into thin air when they met.

"Harry!"
"Nettie!"
And the two, so long parted, gazed
with happy freedom into each other's
eye.

A hundred questions they asked and
answered. The dead, the married and
gone were all talked over, and old
scenes and old occurrences recalled.

Then a thought came to Nettie, bear-
ing with it a sickening dread, a miser-
able, crushed feeling about her heart.

Harry was, after all, not the Harry
of old, though, heaven help her! she
loved him as tenderly as ever.

The question on his part—"Nettie,
will you now tell me about yourself?"
—had awakened her from the delicious
dream. As in the darting light of a
single flash of lightning innumerable
objects can be clearly discerned, so in
that one painful instant the hopeles-
ness, the unfathomable depth, the very
sinfulness of his love came before her.
The sight of his dear face had chased
away every other feeling, but she could,
she would, crush it now, now and for-
ever.

Her face grew a shade paler, and the
curves of her delicate mouth grew
stern, as she answered the man who
had been the one love of her life, and
who she knew had seen that she loved
him still.

"You ask me, Harry," said she, "to
tell you about myself. Shall I begin
where we left off ten years ago?"

"If you will," he answered, in a
troubled voice, avoiding her eye.

"I will be brief, then," she replied,
but a touch of passion trembled on
the would-be tones of ice. "You re-
member the night we parted, ten years
ago last July—yes? Then, of course,
you remember the rest—how you said
unkind words to me and that stung
me to the quick. I bade you go, and
forever. I knew not what else to say,
or how else to punish you. But you,
Harry, never returned! When I said
what I did that night, my heart was
breaking, and when I saw your mar-
riage two months later in the papers it
laid me at death's door. For many,
many weeks my life hung on a thread,
and never since have I for a single day
been my old self again."

"Nettie, Nettie," he interrupted,
"you know I tried several times to see
you and to explain, but I always mis-
sed you."

"Yes, I knew, and avoided you. How
could you explain or I listen, and you
married to another woman?"

"But you, too, married, and were
happy, were you not?"

"I married—what else could I do? I
was unhappy at home—you worse
than dead to me. But I was never
happy. Arthur Devereaux loved me
dearly, but your image was ever be-
fore me, haunting my thoughts by day
and my dreams by night. Happy!"
she continued, bitterly, "happy when

I broke my husband's heart!"—for,
I talked of you in my sleep, and so he
got to know my secret, and, as I tell
you, it broke his heart—it killed him!"
"I did not know it," she continued,
"until he was on his death-bed. Then
he told me how I used to cry in my
sleep and call him Harry. Ah! I would
have called him back to life then, and
loved him, too, if it could have been,
but it was too late!"

And the tears chased each other
down her cheeks as she spoke.

"But," continued she, "however
much I may have wronged him by thus
loving you, I have been more than
punished for the crime. The ample
fortune he left me was swept away,
and I, the proud Nettie, am only a
governess, glad of the paltry salary to
maintain his child and mine. And
now you have all that I can tell you,
except, perhaps, that your coming to-
night has made me more wretched than
I have ever been before. Harry!
Harry! why did you come?"

"Nettie, darling, I have come to ask
you to forget and forgive."

And Henry Rainsford held out his
arms.
Indignant and hurt, she turned, with-
out a word, to leave the room, but,
quickly catching and retaining her
hand, he murmured sadly:

"Nettie, if you could only know how
I, too, have suffered—how I was
inveigled into that wretched marriage
—you would never turn from me like
that."

"I have no doubt you have suffered,"
she returned; and that your married
life is an unhappy one; but so long as it
exists you must bear it alone; and,
Harry," she added, wildly, "never—
never seek me again."

"Why, do you not know?—did you
not hear?" and he looked rather stran-
gly.

"Hear what, Harry?" a faint dawn-
ing light creeping over her face.

"That she, my wife, died in a mad-
house more than a year ago."

It was well he was near to catch her
in his strong, loving arms, for she
would have fallen to the floor in the
sudden reaction from hopeless
grief to exquisite joy.

Bearing her to the sofa, he whispered,
gladly:

"You are mine, all mine, now."
A smile more expressive than words
was her response.

INDIA'S NARCOTICS.

Ganja and its Fearful Power of Making
Murderers of its Victims.
London Telegraph.

Opium and ganja are the two nar-
cotics best known in the East. In the
West, fortunately, we have but little
experience of either. The former steals
away, albeit with consummate fascina-
tion, a man's intellectual energies,
and in consequence, therefore, his phys-
ical energies, too. The latter makes

a mad, wild beast of him, works him
up suddenly into a frenzy of malignant
purpose, reckless of his own life or the
life of others. The Indian Govern-
ment, therefore, draws a wide distinc-
tion between the two. Without
actually encouraging, as it has been
accused of doing, the consumption of
the poppy juice in the empire, it is con-
tent to restrict its use by limitations
on the sale. In the case of ganja, how-
ever, it has positively forbidden the
drug, and the sale or purchase of it is
penal by law. Nor is this distinction
without some justification. The opium
eater is an innocuous and harmless
person. He injures no one but him-
self; he sins, perhaps, by omission, but
not by commission. The ganja eater,
on the other hand, is invariably a law
breaker. He becomes at once a crim-
inal. The villainous decoction seems
to have the strange power of bringing
to the surface all that is bad in its
most violent forms. Of such men
murderers and assassins are
made. In the Ghazi villages it
is "ganja" or "bang," as the different
preparations of hemp are called, which
is used for the stimulation of the fan-
tatics who are then sent out into the
world to "run-a-muck" and to kill and
to be killed "for the faith."

"Hash-
heesh" is another product of the same
terrific plant, and is itself the root of
the word "assassin." Drugged with
this awful paste, the slaves of the Old
Man of the Mountain went forth into
camp and city, palace and cottage, to
take the lives proscribed by the tyrant
in the Vulture's Nest on the peaks of
Alumet. In Eastern warfare captains
have fortified their men, when courage
seemed faltering or the undertaking
desperate, with this maddening juice,
and during the Indian mutiny in 1857
and 1858 the rebel sepoys often met
our troops when intoxicated and fren-
zied with "bang."

A case illustrating the power of
electricity to stimulate the action of
the heart, says the St. Albans (Vt.)
Messenger, occurred here on Monday.
A three-year-old child was by mistake
given a dose of morphine, and was so
affected by it as to be apparently be-
yond help. Dr. Sherwood was called
but to all appearance the child was
dead, except that there was an al-
most imperceptible beat of the heart.
An application of electricity was made
and continued four hours, at the end
of which time resuscitation was com-
plete, and the child lives. During the
process of restoration, if the poles of
the battery were withdrawn the ac-
tivity of the heart would subside, and
it is very evident that but for the use
of electricity death would have en-
sued.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Agricultural Items.

Complaints having been received at
the Department of Agriculture that the
sorghum seed distributed this year
failed to grow, samples of it were tested
in the gardens of the department, and
it was found that only about 10 per
cent. of it would sprout.

A. H. Rose, Oakland, California,
farmer, has assigned. Liabilities \$800,
000, assets nominal. As he lives in
Oakland, a city, he is no doubt a
"gentleman farmer." The Richest man
in Portland, or all Oregon, is one Ladd,
a banker, &c., who plays at farming;
has a fine farm, and a splendid mansion
of a barn, in view of the city. He went
into Jerseys, and after fixing up, he
estimates that his first pound of but-
ter cost him \$1,800. But the paralytic
said grimly: "It was d—d
good butter, though."—Barrell.

Fifty representatives from an many
barb wire manufacturers, being three-
fourths of all such institutions in the
United States, held a secret meeting in
Chicago, at which they virtually de-
cided to form a pool and advance
prices 15 per cent. The different mem-
bers contended that the present sell-
ing price, \$3.36 per 100 pounds, was
10 cents below the actual cost of pro-
duction. They asserted also that the
combination between the Vanderbilt
and Pennsylvania Central systems of
railroads would result in raising
freight rates.

With moderate care and good usage
a horse's life may be prolonged to 25,
35 or 40 years. An English gentle-
man had three horses, which severally
died in his possession at the age of 35,
37 and 39 years. The oldest was in
a carriage the very day he died,
strong and vigorous, but was carried
off by a spasmodic colic to which
he was subject. A horse in use at a
riding school in Woolwich lived to be
40 years old, and a barge horse of the
Mersey and Irwell Navigation Com-
pany is declared to have been in his
sixty-second year when he died.

Although salt is not generally a fer-
tilizer, it produces similar effects by
rendering soluble latent fertility in the
soil. Its use to promote the growth
of crops is increasing, and for a time
on tolerably rich soil may take the
place of real manures when the price
of crops is too low to allow large pur-
chases of the latter. It is a mistake
to suppose that refuse salt, consisting
of coarse, hard lumps mixed with dirt
and gypsum, is cheaper than fine salt.
The opening of new salt wells has made
salt very cheap, and fine salt at a dol-
lar or little more per barrel is enough
better for the land to give it the prefer-
ence.

Fifty years ago it took the price of
the best fatted steer to buy eighty
yards of calico; now the farmer with the
price of such a steer can get 1,800 yards
of calico. Then it took three steers
to buy two plows; now with one steer
he can buy five plows. Then with one
steer he could get two and one-half
kegs of nails; now he can sell the same
kind of a steer and with its price he
can buy thirty or forty kegs of nails.
Farmers should be shown the advan-
tages that a diversified industry gives
them in affording them a ready and
good market. It is not here a question
as to how this affects daily wages, but
how it affects the price of hogs and
beef cattle. Fifty years ago nearly all
the people of this country were farm-
ers, all trying to sell the same thing,
with no purchasers. Now a diversity
of employment gives a good market
for the product of the labor of all.—G.
H. Orton.

All farm operations are to be judged
and practiced according to circum-
stances. In regard to the culture of
corn flat cultivation or hilling may do
well on one kind of land and not upon
another. Flat cultivation is suitable for
light and dry soils, where ridging or
hilling would be injurious as raising
the roots above the surface where the
soil would be too dry. On the other
hand, on heavy wet land flat culture
would not do so well, because it would
keep the roots too wet and cold, and
ridging and hilling is required for the
purpose of drainage, and keeping the
roots out of the water in a wet season.
Again, heavy land requires deep work-
ing between the rows to open the soil
and prevent it from drying out, as well
as to enable the roots to penetrate,
while light soil is always porous enough
for this. In all farm work it is neces-
sary to understand the principles at
the bottom of it, and to apply these
principles according to the circum-
stances.

An Enterprising Lady.

During a trip through California,
this Summer, we stopped at a neat
farm-house, where there was every
comfort and luxury of a home.
Among the members of the family
was a daughter 18 or 19 years old.
In the morning we were invited to see
the work in which the young lady was
engaged. We found a complete and
successful fowl-raising establishment.
A number of small inclosures with a
capacity of 40 fowls each, had been
made. There was a little house in the
center of each inclosure. The whole
cost of the inclosures and houses could
not have been more than \$200. With
this investment she was raising 1,000

chickens, and a perfect swarm of ducks
and turkeys, all in perfect health.

A breeder of fancy fowls had sent out
200 of his choice chicks to be reared,
for which this young lady is to receive
\$1.50 apiece, or \$300. Without any
unforeseen accident this little estab-
lishment will net its brave owner from
\$750 to \$1,000 this season. This is
better than competing with a China-
man in a hot kitchen over burning bac-
con and cabbage. It is better than to
struggle with the needle for a fashion-
able living in a field already overfull,
and it is a thousand times better than
idleness in shabby gentility. What
this energetic young lady is doing, thou-
sands of others can do. A beginning
can be made in a small way, and addi-
tions can be made to buildings and in-
closures as the profits will pay for
them. Here is a pleasant and profit-
able business for hundreds of idle peo-
ple who are wishing for something to
do. A little energy, enterprise, and
courage is the principal capital required
for a start. With industry success will
result.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

The Future of Grazing.

Upon this question Mr. Theodore
McMinn, in an elaborate statement
prepared for the Treasury Department
in regard to the range and ranch cattle
business of the United States, gives
valuable information. The following
summary will contain matter for
thought not only to those engaged in
range interests but also in relation to
future profits by every breeder and
feeder in the west as showing that the
future of grazing is full of problems
and possibilities:

In the United States the annual con-
sumption of meat is about 120 pounds
per capita; in England, 105 pounds;
in France, 74 pounds; and in Ger-
many, 69 pounds per capita.

In 1864 the beefs imported into
England sold for \$65 each; in 1883 the
price had gone up to \$95 each.

In Prussia, the increase since 1873
was a fraction over 1 per cent., while
the increase in the population was
over 8 per cent.

Ten years ago stock cattle in Texas
cost \$4 per head, now they cost from
\$15 to \$18 per head.

The grazing area is becoming circums-
scribed; the people, the meat con-
sumers, are rapidly increasing in num-
bers. Populous countries do not raise
enough meat for their own consump-
tion. State and National legislation
in this country favors the small holder,
and thus a population ultimately for
which it will become impossible for the
lands divided and subdivided into
small holdings to furnish an adequate
meat supply. Mexico in course of time
seems likely to become the breeding
ground in place of Texas. The old
Spanish land grants which have come
down for hundreds of years unim-
paired offer unbroken tracks in large
areas suitable for breeding and feed-
ing, and already American capitalists
are inspecting and buying the best
grounds.

If that country becomes a new Texas
the trail and transportation will be-
come even more important problems
than now, and quarantine, as now, an
incident.

In any event meat must gradually
advance, whether rapidly or not de-
pends upon the wisdom of the legisla-
tion.

Notes For the Fair Sex.

The proposed university for women
at Baltimore, under the auspices of the
Methodist Episcopal Church, will
doubtless be established, as \$135,000
of the \$200,000 requisite, is already
subscribed.

The Indiana State Board of Agricul-
ture has increased the amount of
premiums for the woman's department
from \$900, as offered last year, to
\$1,000. The increase is for the pur-
pose of securing exhibits representing
the business interests of women. By
vote of the State and Delegate Board
of Agriculture, the entire management
of the upper floor of the exposition
building has been tendered to the
Woman's State Fair Association. This
is certainly a high tribute to the
judgment and executive ability of
women.

Are there not women who fill our
vase with wine and roses to the brim,
so that the wine runs over and fills the
house with perfume; who inspire us
with courtesy; who unloose our
tongues and we speak; who anoint our
eyes and we see? We say things we
never thought to have said; for once,
our walls of habitual reserve vanished,
and left us at large; we were children
playing with children in a wide field
of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these in-
fluences, for days, for weeks, and we
shall be sunny poets, and will write out
in many-colored words the romance
that you are—Emerson.

It is becoming a serious question all
over the world what occupation to put
the young women at who, for any
cause, fail to enter the marriage state.
To our notion, there is no calling so
admirably adapted to the feminine
genius as that of dairying—perhaps
not in its broadest sense, as including
farming and stock-raising, but certain-
ly in the way of making cheese and but-
ter. If we had a bright young girl left
to our care with the understanding
that we were to find an occupation for
her, and she had no personal objection
to the occupation, we would certainly
advise her to make a first-class cheese
or butter-maker of herself—not that
she need do the work with her own

hands, for a knowledge of how to teach
others is far more valuable than the
single work of any individual can be.—
Canadian Farmer.

How to Manage Children.

Anna Howard in Household.
Esther, in the May Household, asks
how she shall manage restless child-
ren, saying she finds it more difficult
to govern three of her own than she
formerly found it to govern thirty in
a school room.

One great secret in managing young
children is, keep them busy, and so
happy. The difficulty is in finding
for them a constant succession of in-
nocent and healthful employments.
To be always saying "don't" to a
young child is enough to ruin its tem-
per. Repression long continued is in-
jurious to a grown person, much more
to a child.

Education (educio) is a drawing out
—developing of all the good that is in
one, not the dwarfing, cramping, fet-
tering system that we often see, and
which produces such miserable results.

In taking a walk the other day, my
attention was attracted by hearing
peevish, restless cries from two young
children who were playing in a door-
yard not far from me. A little girl
about five years old was pushing a
child younger in a carriage. Every
time she gave the carriage a push and
rolled it a step or two her mother or
nurse pulled her hand off from the
carriage rather rudely, saying "I tell
you to let the carriage alone." And
then followed her cry, and in a minute
the child's hand was on the car-
riage again trying to push it. This
was repeated two or three times, and
then the children were carried scream-
ing into the house, with some sharp
words on the part of the attendant on
learning to mind.

Now I do not approve of disobedi-
ence, but in this case my sympathies
were with the children. There was no
object of interest before them but
the carriage, and to an active,
energetic child the temptation was
very great, and should have
been avoided by presenting to the chil-
dren other objects of interest, (if it was
decided that the carriage must not be
touched.) If we pray, "lead us not
into temptation," what must be
thought of those who using this prayer,
deliberately place temptation in oth-
ers' way, and especially in the way of
a young child for whose moral conduct
we are to a great degree responsible.

Walking on a few steps, I saw, up
the other side of the street, sitting
upon the front door steps, four or five
young children, looking the very pic-
ture of health and happiness. Two of
them were engaged in blowing soap
bubbles, and the others were variously
occupied with what to them seemed
extremely interesting experiments, and
all were as busy and happy as possible.
I could not help being struck with the
contrast. That mother, I thought to
myself, has found a secret worth know-
ing.

The Salvation Army in England.

Rev. Dr. Theodore Culer is venting a
little of his nervous activity in an
English tour and, by way of relax-
ation, preaching for Newman Hall and
Spurgeon in London. He also attended
a recent meeting of the Salvation
Army and thus records his impressions
in a letter to the New York Evangelist:
Having a great desire to see Gen. Booth
—the Napoleon of the slums—and his
gifted wife, I gladly accepted a ticket,
and was kindly shown to a seat on the
platform close to the president's chair.
The main body of the hall was packed
with a most respectable class of people;
the large platform (rising nearly to the
ceiling) was packed with the leading
officers, members, and "Hallelujah
lassies" of the Salvation Army. Many
of these latter were not coarse girls
from the street, but bright, intelligent-
looking young ladies. One of them
who sat talking to a member of Par-
liament had one of the handsomest
faces I have ever seen in England. Clo-
se behind me sat the "Converted Burglar"
in a good suit of clothes, and
joined in the singing with great en-
thusiasm. It was evident that I was
seeing the Salvation Army at its very
best. Presently, amid a great round
of applause, Gen. Booth and his wife
mounted the platform. The general is
apparently a man of 60, tall and
slender, and looks more like a Ken-
tuckian than a Britisher; his profile
resembles Stonewall Jackson's. Mrs.
Booth, who is the brain power of this
wonderful movement, has a fine in-
tellectual countenance with a superb
eye. Her speech was keen, logical, and
often truly eloquent, and would have
done credit to a member of Parliament.
The meeting opened with singing one of
the Salvationist hymns, to the ac-
companiment of a stupendous brass-
band of nearly 100 pieces. The audi-
ence joined in the chorus with a tre-
mendous effect. It reminded me of one
of our earlier "War meetings," and the
rousing roar of the hymns, with brass
instruments and drums, surpassed any-
thing I ever heard at Mr. Moody's
mass-meetings. Gen. Booth gave a run-
ning exposition of the hymn between
the verses; he has ready tact and a fine
control of an audience. He called on
young uninformed soldier of
"Army" to pray, and he offered
prayer of remarkable fervor and o-
nality, addressing the Almighty
"You" and not as "Thou," but with
no seeming irreverence. Then came
solo hymn by a "Hallelujah lassie"
with an immense volume of vocal in-
strumental choruses. The music was
enough to raise the roof.