

GRAINS OF GOLD.

It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.

There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.

The secret of happiness is to know your energies to stagnate.

Do not judge of men's merits by the way they make of them.

Do not judge of happiness like those of light, are only when broken.

Do not judge of everything but doing, as if it were a body on a fire.

Do not judge of another's patience, as if it were his own.

Do not judge of a man's majesty, as if it were the quality of his.

Do not judge of a man's growth, as if it were the result of his own.

Do not judge of a man's life, as if it were the result of his own.

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Bombay Street Scenes.

Bombay is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkerchief in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening danger from cholera and other prevalent

Here is a little boy, Chinaman, who only I have seen before. He is a stepping stone to the great future.

There is a group of my countrymen, U. S. S. Trenton, and then the bands, and also from their blue sailor suits. They are

and I have never doubt as to the nature of their business, and the nature of the British ships in conduct, that I do not rebuke them

as I pass by. Here are some bootblacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by

the hotel porter, or the steamer porter, or the boarding house porter in these parts, so that the business of the street urchin is

sadly injured. I do not hear the familiar American cry, "Shine yer boots?" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York

and see how it is done.

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look also, but see nothing. I move on further until I

come in sight of the seashore, when I discover thousands and thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the black cloudless sky. I ferret out a Parsee (the Parsees are

most always speak English) and he explains it all to me. This is the first day of the Hindoo New Year, and it is a great national

custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever

seen.

The streets are thronged with men, women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever

seen elsewhere in the world.

A series of terrific shrieks now rise above the babel of street cries. I elbow my way

through a crowd of operations and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of

his daughters, aged perhaps ten years. This is, of course, a part of every Hindoo's education, but it is a thing that is not appreciated in the taking. The means

adopted, for performing this operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held

by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage

of the nostril.

A Modern Prophet.

The test of a science is its ability to predict. We believe the astronomer, because

he is able to foretell within the fraction of a second when an eclipse will begin and when it will end. We put faith in the chemist,

also, for we find by experience that, when he puts diverse atoms of matter together, a certain result is sure to follow. Water,

for instance, is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Spiritualism is dis-

credited because its prophets and mediums cannot foretell. Some of the sciences are so

far imperfect that its professors cannot predict with confidence. We know a great

deal about the weather for instance, but the Washington Weather Bureau is often mis-

taken in its forecasts. Much has been said as to the possibility of founding a science of

society; but it is conceded that, as yet, the sociologists have not dared to claim they

could read the future. All this is apropos of a person who has appeared in Ohio, who

makes a claim that he has discovered the law which shows the variations in the prices

of commodities. His name is Samuel Ben-

ner. He published a book in 1875, in which he made a forecast of the prices of iron, grain,

hogs and cotton, up to the year 1891. It must be confessed that he has so far proved

remarkably accurate. He said the price of iron would be lowest in 1877—that it would

advance and be at its maximum in 1881—and that it would then shrink in value until

1887 or '88. This forecast has not been proved false up to date.

Why He Brought Them Back.

A small boy with an intelligent face went into a fruit dealer's store, and depositing a

box of grapes on the counter, stood looking down. "I don't want the grapes, my little

fellow," said the dealer; "I've got as many now as I can sell. Take them away."

"They are yours," the boy said, looking up at the dealer. "Yesterday evening I

came along here and took this box of grapes from the stand at the door. I knew it was

stealin', an' my mother always told me not to take anything that did not belong to me,

but I couldn't help it. Just before I left home my little sister that was sick said:

"Oh, if I had some grapes like them I saw down town, I could eat 'em." We didn't

have no money, an' nobody knowed us, 'cause we had just moved into the house.

Mother washed clothes, but when sister got sick she had to quit. When I took the

clothes home the lady told me to come next day for the money, but when I went there

the house was shut up and the people was gone, so we didn't have any money to

get grapes with. Mother said, "Never mind, we will get some money after while."

I saw her go into the other room, an' when I watched her she had her face buried

in a pillow, an' was prayin'. I came away down town an' stood aroun' a long time

waitin' to get a chance, an' after awhile, when you wasn't lookin', I took a box an'

VOYAGING ON THE RED SEA.

The Thermometer at 150 Degrees—Glorious Sunset—A Ship on Fire.

Sea brought the steamer to Aden, near the southern extremity of the great Arabian

peninsula. For two days, before we had sighted in the dim distance the rocky, sterile coast line; and Aden proved to be no more

inviting—in fact, one of the dreariest, most desolate places conceivable. We be to the

ship that had come to the Arabian coast. Though the natives may not make business

of you, and dance in real savage style around your "bleeding" bones, they are apt to take

every stitch of clothing you have on, torture you, and ultimately starve you. Sad, indeed, was the recent fate of some men on

board the steamer Area and Knight of the East, which went ashore some ways out of

Aden.

I feel warranted in saying that the days are hot. There is only one portable thermometer abroad, and I experiment some

with that. First, I find the coolest place in the ship: a passage-way leading out of the

main saloon, where a register brings up a (relatively) cool draught from the lower

region of the ship. The midway register for the passage varies from 88 degrees Fahrenheit to 89 degrees. In the cabins the temperature is very much higher. The garments

of those who sweat profusely are wringing wet with perspiration, whilst the hands and

faces of those who do not are so clammy that you would think they had been smeared

with grease. Unfortunately, the thermometer in question only registers as high as

150 degrees. I put it out on the hatchway in the sun one day. The mercury frosts

right up to 150 degrees in no time, and I hasten to bring the instrument in, lest it

should explode.

And yet they tell me this is literally cool in comparison with the condition of things

that will prevail a month or two hence. Every one on the ship says so. I wonder

how high the temperature would raise a thermometer in the sun?

It is indeed hot, but, one becomes in a measure inured to it after a day or two, and

frequent salt water baths serves to make life more tolerable. In the hot months there are

always a number of passengers and laborers, especially stokers, who perish from excessive

heat. Even our hens and ducks are unable to endure the warmth, and several of the

panting creatures expire, despite the frequent drenchings with fresh water which

the steward gives them by means of a sprinkling pot.

The sunsets are glorious and the moon rises even more so. Indeed, the evenings

are pleasant and we are tempted to sleep out on the deck instead of in our stuffy cabins.

This, however, the captain forbids, on account of the peculiar influences of the moon

in this climate. The rays of a tropical moon poisons meat, and our supplies are

tested with a piece of silver in the boiling waters. Any discoloration of the silver

indicates that the meat has been exposed to the moonshine. Ode indiscreet sailor sleeps

on deck, and in the morning his face is

wrenched out of shape. After this we are careful, and sit under the awning while we

spin our sea yarns. The dew at night are very heavy and leave a thick saline deposit

on the ship's rigging. Occasionally a mirage furnishes us with diversion. The

phosphorescent displays of the Arabian and Red Seas are not what I had expected after

reading and hearing so much of them; but perhaps this is owing to the supernatural brilliance

of the moon. The phosphorescence is however, sui generis so far as I have seen. It

floats about in apparent "chunks," which attach themselves to the sides of the vessel

and are impelled forward for a time, only to become detached at length, and quickly disappear

astern.

Here on the Red Sea, for the first time in my seventy-five days and nights of sea voy-

aging, I have a taste of what a fire on ship-board implies. One hot, breathless day the

chief officer is having a large kettle of a resinous liquid boiled, up forward on a deck

stove. It is left alone for a moment, boils over in the fire, and in a moment more the

whole mass is ablaze. The liquid flows over deck, and almost before we can take the fact

in great sheets of flame are leaping half way up to the square sails. The alarm is

sounded, the sailors rush to the sand-barrels, and by the time each man has thrown a paifal

of sand upon the deck there is nothing left burning but the kettle. Over this a con-

spicuous fellow throws a piece of sail-cloth, and two other men lift it to the deck. In

the meantime the captain has ordered the donkey engine to work, and there is an im-

mediate stream ready to play upon the deck, were such a measure necessary.

I confess that my heart is thumping away wildly, but none of the officers or men seem

any more concerned than if such a scene were of daily occurrence on shipboard.

A few men have been wounded or burned in the operation, while some others have

lost part of their clothing. I suppose no more dangerous form of fire could break out, and yet it is handled with perfect ease

FARM AND GARDEN.

Dry earth makes good bedding for cattle in midsummer.

Thirty years before they are valuable for anything, except to rot, and to beches

the horse of England, it is claimed, has better feet, better nose, better hearing, and more constitution than any other draught

horse, a Libba and saward.

Machines for planting potatoes have been invented in Scotland, and where exhibited

in Inverness last year. The machine plants two drills at once.

Every garden should have a small bed of sage, thyme, savory, parsley and marjoram. In fact no garden is complete without them.

They can be grown from seed, and once obtained remain for a long time.

In Northern Dakota, lately, a traction engine drew eight ploughs, turning a sod

four inches thick as evenly and well as could be done by horse power, and at a rate of

over twenty-five acres a day.

An expert in strawberry culture asserts that in transplanting the strawberry the

runners should be left on to the length of six inches. The end of the runners are then

to be bent down and buried with the roots, and not as a matter to draw nourishment to

the plant until new roots are formed.

Some poultrymen affirm that fowls cannot be fed too much that liberal feeding is es-

sential to large egg production. It depends somewhat on the way fowls are fed, and the

breed. The Asiatic varieties need to be excited to exercise, and unless they get it

in securing their food they will become too lazy and fat to lay eggs. The non-sitting

varieties can hardly be fed too much for profit, especially if wheat may go in the

market, it is always worth a dollar or more per bushel to feed to laying hens.

Benefits of draining.—Among the other benefits which draining secures to land, the

prevention of excessive evaporation, by means of which wet land is continually kept

at a low temperature, is not the smallest. And this evaporation is most active in hot

weather so that the land is deprived of the warmth which is indispensable to vegetation

at the very time when that warmth would be of the greatest service and when it is

most available. The only way by which stagnant water can escape from land is by

evaporation, or, in other words, by exhalation into vapour, and, though perhaps not

equally well known, it is equally true that heat is dispersed or becomes latent by the

conversion of water into vapour. It is in obedience to this law that human beings

catch cold when their clothes are wet through and they expose themselves to the air;

evaporation immediately commences, the system is chilled, and a cold is the result;

and precisely the same evil play on a wet soil which is exposed to sun and wind. The

cooling effect is well illustrated by swathing a bottle of water in wet flannel and placing

it out in the sun; if the flannel is kept moist, the more will be the evaporation, and the

color will be the water inside the bottle. To reduce the effect of evaporation to tangi-

ble figures, it may be stated that in the process of carrying off a gallon of water by

evaporation the soil is deprived of as much heat—heat, remember, that is indispensable

to vegetation—as would raise 5½ gallons of water from freezing to boiling point; it is

not surprising, therefore, that everywhere wet land is known to be cold land. Heat,

again, will pass only a very short distance downwards in water, because water is a bad

heat-conductor, and if a soil is saturated with water the warmth of the atmosphere cannot

penetrate it.

Canals.

Some out-of-the-way data respecting the great canals of the world are published.

The Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1681 was completed

the greatest undertaking of the kind on the European Continent, the Canal of Langue-

doc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is

148 miles, it has more than 100 locks and about fifty aqueducts, and its highest part is

navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great

North Holland Canal, completed in 1825—125 feet wide at the water surface, thirty-

one-foot wide at the bottom, and which has had a depth of twenty feet; it extends from

Amsterdam to the Helder, fifty-one miles. The Caledonia Canal, in Scotland, has a

total length of sixty miles, including three locks. The Suez Canal is eighty-eight miles

long, of which sixty-six miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350½ miles long;

the Ohio Canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami & Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo,

291; the Wabash & Erie, Evansville, to the Ohio line, 374.

Wanted Information.

"Man does not conceive the magnitude of a billion," remarked the lecturer; "why, a

billion sheets of paper placed one on top