

The Time of the Goldenrod.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn;
Red glows the ivy, like ghostlight ember;
Shrouded in mist breaks the slow coming dawn;
Sunlighted vistas the woodland disclose,
Sleeping in shade the willow lake reposes,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling,
Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day long;
In the dim starlight the katydid's calling,
Hush into slumber the brook and its song,
Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,
Gone are the gleaners and finished the reaping,
Blossom and bee with the song bird are sleeping—
Harvest is ended and summer is gone.

THE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

CO-OPERATIVE DREAMS.

A little girl had her first dream and was expatiating upon the new-found experience and telling it out, when her mother said: "Jennie, tell mamma your dream!" "O! pshaw, mamma, you were lying right by me and you ought to know."

INFANT TERRIBLE.

Minister (dining with the family)—"You never go fishing on Sunday, do you, Bobby?" Bobby—"Oh, no, sir." Minister—"That's right, Bobby. Now, can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?" Bobby—"Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me."

THE EVENT OF EVENTS.

Sunday school teacher—"Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Annie, you may tell us what it is." Annie—"We've all got our fall hats."

SPELL-BOUND.

Principal (severely)—"You have been reported to me by your teacher for insubordination. She says that she asked you to spell 'Ichthyophagus' and that you sulked and refused to say a word. Have you any excuse?" Scholar (nervously)—"I—I guess I must have been spell-bound."

REFORMED SPELLING.

A little boy at a village school had written the word "psalm" in his copybook and accidentally blotted out the initial "p" with his sleeve. His little sister sitting at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed: "What if I did leave him out? He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him?"

TENDER DIGNITY.

The small girl had a request to prefer to her mother. She wanted to be permitted to go to the grocery for something that was needed. She was only 7. Her mother said: "Well, you can go. But mind, you must not stop on the street and talk to the boys." "Mamma," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, "Mamma, you insult me!"

HEK GAME ORDER.

A little East Boston girl whose mother had entertained her the other day with the enumeration of table delicacies, particularly mentioning quail on toast as one of the most desirable of dishes, was surprised by the little one a day or two after, when the child, in response to the query what she would like for dinner, promptly replied: "Oh, mamma, I want some whale on toast."

A LIBERAL AUDITOR.

We heard the other day of a young minister who was "taken down" very handsomely by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday school, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question: "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" "A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations held up her hand, and in a shrill voice asked: "What do you know?"

Some Curious Fires.

Cotton in bales was always supposed to be free from spontaneous combustion until lately, when a case was discovered in a storehouse in northern New Jersey. A number of bales of Sea Island cotton stored there were found to be on fire, and when extinguished in one spot it would break out in another. A careful examination of the cotton and its condition showed that it was roller-gin cotton—that is, cotton which had not been run through a set of saws, but the lint had been drawn away from the seed by a pair of rolls, set at just the proper distance to prevent the seeds from passing through, while the fiber passes on and is into a bag. It was found in this lot of cotton that some of the seeds had passed into the rolls and been cracked, which caused the oil to exude, saturating the fiber, which, by the time it arrived in the North, was thus in a proper condition for spontaneous combustion.

Another curious and inexplicable fire was one which occurred in a boiler room in a central New Jersey town. The room was 72 x 80 ft., with masonry wall 18 ft. high, covered by a roof of 1 inch plank, slated, and supported by wooden trusses. The boilers were set in batteries, with clear spaces all around them. They were 8 ft. from the trusses and 16 ft. from the roof. One Sunday morning, on his way to church, the mill superintendent visited the boiler room, and found there only the fireman, who was engaged in setting in new gauge glasses. There had been no fire under the boilers since 11 p. m. Saturday, and the fireman had thoroughly inspected the premises. The superintendent did likewise. Both left at the same time, and got about a 1,000 feet away when they saw flames break through the roof, which was damaged so much that a new roof was necessary. This case was thoroughly investigated, but no satisfactory explanation of the fire, which had taken place under such apparently impossible conditions, has been made.

And a third peculiar instance was a fire started by some cotton waste, which, in clearing up a mill, the engineer put in front of a boiler, where it would be convenient for the fireman to burn in the morning. During the night, the waste caught on fire from spontaneous combustion, setting the kindling on fire, and succeeded in generating sufficient steam to cause the boiler to blow off. Still another curious fire was that caused in the picker room of a jute mill, by a man driving a nail in the ceiling. The nail glanced off and was struck by the rapidly working beaters, and the sparks caused thereby resulted in a serious fire.

HOUSEHOLD.

FILLING WOOD AND REMOVING OIL PAINT.

To remove varnish from a panel after it has pitted, and has stood so long that it is too hard and dry for turpentine to soften it, but too wet for the stone to rub it, a good way is to run over it lightly with spirits of ammonia. Do not let the ammonia remain too long on the varnish before you use the scraper on it, as it will be likely to eat through and affect the under coats. The object to be gained is only to take off the pitted coat. After removal, wash off with castile soap and water. Let stand an hour or two to enable the under coat to get hardened. Again rub down with rag and pumice stone lightly, and then revarnish. It would be better, if the time will warrant it, to coat over again with a light wash of rubbing varnish, to guard against a possible repetition of the pitting.

To stop the grain in polished wood with simple ingredients take a small quantity of white beeswax, melt it down, and, while liquid, mix with whiting. As it gets thick, keep adding boiled oil until you have it as you wish it. When using it, sheet the wood over solid. Let stand until the next day, when you can remove the surplus by using No. 3 sandpaper. It is cheaper and easier than the shellac, and can be leveled sooner, leaving nothing but the pores or grain of the wood filled, which is better than having your wood all stained up with the shellac.

RESTORING OLD FURNITURE.

A correspondent in the *London Mechanic* recommends sandust or raspings of hard and soft wood for filling the cracks and worm holes in old furniture. I learned their value, he says, in my young days, from the Oriental carpenters. You should sift them through wire gauze. Put each separately in a box with a label, and you are always ready for a sudden job. I have another box for bits of every kind of wood. For a crack, a worm-eaten hole, or a deep flaw, prepare the proper dust, or the admixture of brickdust in flour (also kept ready), or whiting, or ocher, or any required tint. Then take well-cooked glue, and on a house plate stir it in slowly while hot, with sufficient powder for your work. Dab the ocher or crack with your glue brush, then with a putty knife stir about the mixture on the plate, taking care you have the right color. When sure on this point, take some of the cement on the end of the knife and insert it in the desired place. Then use as much pressure as you possibly can with the blade, and keep smoothing it at. Sprinkle a little of the dry powder on the spot. When thoroughly dry, sandpaper the surface with an old used piece, so as not to abrade the joint. You can then varnish the mending. Where weevil and wood worms have devoured the furniture, cautiously cut out the part till a sound place be reached. Poison the wood with a solution of sulphate of copper injected into the hollow. Let it dry. Cut an angular piece of same wood from your board, and with a sharp chisel make a suitable aperture for its reception. Fix it with glue. When thoroughly dry, work with carving tools or rasp and glass, scraping till the new bit of work exactly matches the old.

WHAT SALT IS GOOD FOR.

When you give your cellaritis spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up and down.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

For stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water.

For weeds in pavement or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water; put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too.

If a chimney or flue catches on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

The very simple remedy of common salt has cured many cases of fever and ague. A teaspoonful taken in water, and a teaspoonful deposited in each stocking, next to the foot, as the chill is coming on. This comprises the whole of the treatment.

A Bad Man.

There was a man in the sleeping car whom we all picked out as a gambler or worse. He had a face on him which seemed to express nothing but vice, and his voice would have frightened a baby into a crying spell. Some of the passengers went so far as to say that he would probably try to rob us in the night, and the porter was cautioned to keep an eye on him. As we were turning in one after another, an old rustic who had been dosing in his seat for the last fifty miles got up with a yawn and said to the gambler: "Say, naybur, I've got \$200 with me, and they say these cars ain't safe. I wish you'd take charge of the money until morning."

"Very well," was the quiet reply. We were thunderstruck. The old man was winked into the wash-room and told of our suspicions, and advised to give his money to the conductor, but he sturdily replied: "Why that fellow is as honest as my yoke of cattle, and I shall let him keep the money."

We went to bed believing the old man was a victim, and that he deserved to be. The stranger would get off at some station during the night, of course, and there'd be a pretty row in the morning. But when morning came he was there. He was also the first one up. When the old rustic got up his money was handed to him without a word.

"Well," said one as we were washing up, "this beats all my record." "Oh! I knowed he was all right," smiled the old man. "But how did you know it?" "Why, he's my own brother!"

Co-operation in England.

Geo. J. Holyoake says:—Though but one force among many, co-operation has at least put an end to the apprehension that the working classes cannot accumulate capital, and it has extinguished among great numbers the foolish terror of capital and the ignorant defamation of it. Co-operators know that capital is the nursing mother of all enterprise, and that no store can be commenced without it. If nobody had ever saved, nobody would possess anything. When savage tribes first took to pastoral life they had very little capital, but they must have had some. It probably consisted of pickled junks of their enemies slain in battle; but without provision of some kind they could not have subsisted while they grew their first crops.

When co-operation began, the working classes had no capital—nobody believed in the possibility of their having any. They certainly had no belief in themselves. Now there are many societies which pass resolutions rejoining their members to take ten, twenty, or thirty thousand pounds out of the hands of the society to invest elsewhere, as the societies pay five per cent. interest, and their security is so good that they can borrow of bankers at four per cent. But if they continue to hold the savings of the members is diminishes the amount that might be paid to them in dividend; and it is part of the policy of a well-conducted store to pay the profits made in the palpable form of dividend. It not only attracts new members by its concrete amount, but renders clear to the member what he is gaining. Of course it is the same thing to the member whether he has his profit in dividend and interest, or has it all in the form of dividend; but this mental operation is sometimes beyond the capacity of the member, who cannot or does not combine the two forms of profit in his mind. Besides, the members ought to look out for other investments which would yield them the same interest as the store gives, and then the increase of dividend is larger gain. Nobody expected that the day would come when members of the working class would have more money than they knew what to do with. As many as fifty-six societies have taken £80,000 of shares in the Manchester Ship Canal Company. The idea of working men having the public spirit or the means of investing £80,000 in an undertaking of this description would have been deemed a few years ago not only Utopian but absurd.

The question people frequently ask is, Will co-operation stand? For more than forty years it has not only stood but extended itself, and is still extending. The stores of Lancashire and Yorkshire stood the cotton famine. Halifax stood under the loss of all its accumulated capital. Like many wisers and more experienced men the directors invested in Honduras bonds and other foreign securities, which promised a high rate of interest. Not regarding the maximum large interest means large risk, they found one morning that they had lost £70,000. No panic occurred in the store when this came to be known. They had invested like gentlemen, and they bore the consequences like gentlemen. They shrugged their shoulders as far as possible without producing discomfort—wrote off their loss, and resolved to invest more prudently in the future. It was no case of fraud, but an error of judgment. The directors had invested in the hope of making a large profit. Had the profit come, the members would have condoned the unwisdom of the investment for the sake of the advantage; and as in that case they would not have blamed the risk, they had the good sense not to blame the loss, and in due time they became rich again. Co-operative workshops have made as yet comparatively small progress. Even now there are few in England entitled to that name, in which capital being fully and fairly paid according to its risk, the whole profit made is divided among all concerned in producing it, according to the money value of their services. There are festivals of distributive societies held every year all over England, but only one festival of a productive society—that of Mr. Gimson's workmen in Leicester, a few years ago—has yet been held. Mr. George Thompson, of Huddersfield, an employer of energy and generous enthusiasm, has, however, converted his works into a real industrial partnership, and it seems likely that the movement will extend. When profit-sharing workshops come to prevail as stores do now, co-operation will sensibly determine the future of the working class by superseding hired labor, and terminating the precariousness of competitive remuneration. Trades-unions are beginning to consider the policy of advising their members, wherever they have a choice of employment to give the preference to firms which concede a participation of profit to workmen. Capital will then have assured security. The employers will be freed from anxieties which now wear out many of them, and will be able to show their workmen well housed, well dressed, and gladsome from the hope of competence, with as much pride as they now show their stately factories and splendid machinery.

When productive industry passes into the hands of the people, the distribution of wealth will be under their control. There will not be equality, but there will be equity in its distribution, and none who produce wealth will be without their fair share of it. Were this state of things to pass it would not protect workmen from the reduction of profit through foreign competition. But in that case all would suffer equally from the depression. It would not be as now, when a few get rich by the vicissitudes of the many, whose misfortune is embittered by the pernicious contrast.

All the stores in the Co-operative Union are pledged to give genuine articles and just measure, and if they know anything against any article sold which the purchaser ought to be aware of, they are bound to acquaint him with it. Were this rule followed by tradesmen generally, it would close ninety-ninth of the shops now open. So co-operation does something for commercial morality. Each of the twelve hundred stores will one day be pledged to establish at least one co-operative workshop in its vicinity which shall produce honest work. But to sell pure goods and honest workmanship there must be customers educated to buy them, and to think not of price so much as of excellence. Cheap work means scamping, fraud, and the demoralization of the worker, just as lying in daily life robs the mind of the power of measuring truth. Cheap prices mean more or less low wages to workers. The underpaid workman or workwoman must live in squalor. That means sullenness, hopelessness, precariousness, pallor, and often fever and consumption.

The stain of death lies upon most cheap things. It is of the nature of a crime to buy a thing unless you know, or endeavor to know, at what human cost it was produced. The only surety is to provide co-operative workshops where no mean work is done, and no mean wages paid to the producers. Prices should be determined by honesty in work and the reasonable welfare of the workers. This means that there is much to be done; but co-operation has it in its heart to do it.

The Abolition of Poverty.

At present poverty is correlated with ignorance, vice, and misfortune. The slow and tedious processes which we have hitherto been invited to employ and trust, have aimed to abolish poverty by working against ignorance, vice and misfortune. The philanthropizing which goes on about these things is one of the marks of the literature of our time. Most of it is as idle as it would be to write essays about the misery caused by mosquitoes, or the hardships of summer board, or the distress of summer heat. When all is said, the only rational question is, "What can we do about it?" The world will not turn backward, because some think that its going forward does not inure to the equal advantage of all; nor even because its going forward is attended by revolutions of industry which are harmful to very many of us. It is plain, however, upon a moment's reflection, that poverty and wealth are only relative terms, like heat and cold. If there were no difference in the command we have over the material comforts of life, there would be no poverty and no wealth. As we go down in the scale of civilization, we find the contrast less and less. So on the contrary, as we go up in civilization, we find the contrast greater. There is every reason to suppose that this distinction will become more and more marked at every step of advance. At every step of civilization, the rewards of right living, and the penalties of wrong living, both become far heavier. Every chance for accomplishing something better brings with it a chance of equivalent loss by neglect or incapacity. An American Indian who had a bow and arrow was far superior in wealth to one who was destitute of those things, but one who has a breech-loading rifle is separated from one who has not by a far wider interval. The men among whom there is the least social problem are those who are in the lowest stages of barbarism, among whom no one has such superiority over the others, in his emancipation from misery as to make them, by contrast, feel the stress of their situation. There is a sense in which it may be said that it is easy to provide a precept for the abolition of poverty. Let every man be sober, industrious, prudent and wise, and bring up his children to be so likewise, and poverty will be abolished in a few generations. If it is answered that men, with the best intentions, cannot fulfil this precept because they make innocent mistakes, and fall into errors of judgment, then the demand is changed, and we are not asked for a means of abolishing human error. If it be objected, again, that sober, industrious and prudent men meet with misfortune, then the demand is for a means of abolishing misfortune.

In Russian Prisons.

Prince Kropotkin's new book with the above title, gives many accounts and statistics which seem too horrible to be true. The following may serve as a sample:

Nothing—not even the feeling of a mother—is respected. If a mother has a new-born child—a little creature born in the darkness of a casement—the baby will be taken away from her, and retained as long as the mother refuses to be "more sincere," that is, refuses to betray her friends. She must refuse food for several days, or attempt suicide, to have her baby back. * * * When such horrible deeds can be perpetrated, what is the use of speaking of minor tortures? And still, the worst is reserved for those who are abroad at liberty—for those who are guilty of loving their imprisoned daughter, their brother, or their sister! The basest kinds of intimidation—the most refined and cruel—are used with regard to them by the hirelings of the Autocracy, and I must confess that the educated procurers in the service of the State Police used to be much worse in this matter than the officers of the gendarmierie or of the Third Section. Of course, attempts at suicide—sometimes by means of a piece of glass taken from a broken window, sometimes by means of matches carefully concealed for whole months, or sometimes by means of strangulation with a towel, are the necessary consequences of such a system. Out of the hundred and ninety-three, nine went mad, eleven attempted suicide. I knew one of them after his release. He has made, he said to me, at least half-a-dozen such attempts; he is now dying in a French hospital.

From 19,000 to 20,000 exiles are sent every year to Siberia, the greater number being confessedly those against whom no evidence could be adduced in a judicial trial. The causes of exile are always the same; students and girls suspected of subversive ideas; writers imbued with "a dangerous spirit;" workmen who have spoken "against the authorities;" persons who have been "irreverent" to some official; Radicals suspected of "dangerous tendencies;" and so on.

Society makes a great blunder when it endeavors to cure moral evils by prisons, and the supposed double influence of prisons—detering from crime, and reclaiming criminals—exists only in the imagination of lawyers.

LET THE BARNIES PLAY.

And never try to set a head,
We'll auld ace crim and grey,
Upon a wee saft snawy neck—
No! let the barnies play!
For, oh there's many a weary night
And many a weafal day
Before them, if God spare their lives—
Sae let the barnies play.

Sluggards generally are averse to that old proverb "go the ant, consider her ways and be wise," but they make up for it by the acuity with which they go to the uncle.

"What was Nero's greatest act of cruelty?" asked the teacher of the class in history.

"Playin' the fiddle," was the prompt response; and the teacher let it go at that.

He—"Do you want a little puppy, Miss Edith?"

She—"Am I to consider that as a proposal?"

He—"Not at all; good-bye."

STORIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

BABY ELEPHANTS.

How theyoung elephants in the large herds escape from being crushed, is something of a mystery, as they are almost continually in motion; but when a herd is alarmed, the young almost immediately disappear. A close observer would see that each baby was trotting along directly beneath its mother, sometimes between her fore legs.

On the march, when a little elephant is born in a herd, they stay a day or two to allow it time to exercise its little limbs and gain strength, and then they press on, the mothers and babies in front, the old tuskers following in the rear, but ready to rush forward at the first alarm. When rocky or hilly places are reached, the little ones are helped up by the mothers, who push them from behind and in various ways; but when a river has to be forded or swum, a comical sight ensues.

The stream may be very rapid and rough, as the Indian rivers often are after rain, and at such a place the babies would hardly be able to keep up with the rest; so the mothers and fathers help them. At first all plunge boldly in—both young and old—and when the old elephants reach deep water, where they have to swim, the young scramble upon their backs and sit astride, sometimes two being seen in this position. But the very young elephants often require a little more care and attention, so they are held either upon the tusks of the father or grasped in the trunk of the mother, and held over or just at the surface of the water; such a sight is a curious one, to say the least—the great elephant almost hidden beneath the water, here and there a young one seemingly walking on the water resting upon a submerged back, or held aloft while the dark waters roar below.—[St. Nicholas.

MILITARY DOGS.

The canine service which has been introduced by way of experiment in the maneuvers of the Ninth French Army Corps proves to have exceeded the most sanguine expectations entertained of its utility. During the separate operations of the 32nd Line Regiment, the animals were placed under the control of Lieut. Jupin, with a party of four privates, and after three days' training they were fit for service. Upon vedette duty, and in company with single sentries, it was found that the keen scent and watchfulness of the "dachhunds" and poodles, which had been selected haphazard for the trial, enabled them to give notice by growl or importunity to their human companions of any movement or the approach of strangers within three hundred yards of their posts at night time. Sentries were reassured by the society of the dog, and pickets could repose in all confidence after the fatigues of the day. The communications between the main guard, or headquarters, and the posts were in the meanwhile efficiently maintained, and not a single dispatch or report entrusted to the animals for conveyance in the leathern wallet at their necks was either miscarried or delayed in transmission. The carriage of papers, especially, was performed with more celerity and greater dispatch than by horsemen, and one quality of the four-footed orderlies, not unimportant in its way, was the instinct that naturally guided them in the search and discovery of potable water when the troops, as it frequently occurred, were athirst, and needed the refreshment.

MONKEY OPIUM SMOKERS.

Dr. Jammes, in a memoir sent to the Academie des Sciences, states that monkeys, unlike other animals, unless it is the human animal, readily acquire the habit of taking morphia. When monkeys live with opium-smokers, as they do in eastern countries, where the habit is more prevalent than elsewhere, and become accustomed to the medicated atmosphere, they acquire a taste for the pipe. One particular monkey, it is said, would wait for his master to lay down his pipe, and would then take it up and smoke what remained. If not allowed to do so for several days, it would fall into a state of depression and inactivity, which would disappear as soon as it was allowed to "bit the pipe."

A GRATEFUL PUG.

A gentleman who lives at the head of Maquoit Bay owns a fine dog, a cross between a collie and Newfoundland. The animal inherits enough of the shepherd dog to serve as tender to care for the cows and to drive them up from pasture; he is also an excellent watch-dog. For the present there is at the farm-house a pure-blooded English pug, a bright little fellow, but having a horror of water. A brook runs through the meadow near the house. Not long since the pug and "Tiger" were on the meadow, and the latter crossed the brook. The pug came to the brink, but refused to take to the water. Old "Tige" took in the situation in a moment, returned and persuaded the little fellow to get upon his back, and then began to wade across: the pug slid off into the water and yelled with fright, but he got out all right. After this occurrence, the "pug" was fed most bountifully. Eating only a portion of what was given to him, he hunted up "Tige," who was on the meadow, and brought him to the house, sat down, and complacently watched the big dog eat up the rest of his dinner. Do dogs converse?

The Czar Disobeyed in Safety.

An amusing anecdote comes from Fredensborg, in Denmark, the temporary residence of the Russian Imperial family. Two of the Czar's children, who are laid up with measles, refused to take the physic prescribed for them. The attendants insisted in vain. The young people were not to be persuaded. At last the Czar was sent for, and, finding that kind words were of no avail, he began to scold. Even that did not succeed, so, turning to the nurse, the Czar said, "I can do no more; and yet just think that millions of subjects obey me, while these striplings set me at defiance!"

A poet sings: "A little farther on I shall find rest." Keep him moving.

A remarkably rich vein of natural gas has been struck on a farm near Courtright, Ont., while drilling for water.

"Young man," he asked, "what is your ambition in life?"

"To get rich, sir," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Not a very high aim. But while you are trying to get rich aren't you spending a good deal of money?"

"Oh, I don't mind the expense, sir. I'm willing to get rich regardless of cost."