

## JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see,  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar brought from some well-worn field  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight  
May be taken that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling  
grace.

The fall thou darest to despise,  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand,  
Or, trusting less to earthly things  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see  
With hopeful pity, not disdain,  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days.

## A MAN THAT SUCCEEDED.

"My only daughter, sir," said Colonel Monteaule. "And, as I venture to hope, accomplished in the way. We are not much in the way of schools or academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician, and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly assorted pair—the silver-haired, shabbily attired old gentleman, with his bald forehead, eagle eye and delicately white hands; and the dark-browed, sullen-looking girl, with a gipsy skin, untidy frock and patched boots. "Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under some circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possesses no sweet, feminine graces now."

"How old are you, Miss Monteaule?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Mary Monteaule answered in words, "seventeen," while her looks replied plainly, "None of your business."

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his old friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpets were moth-eaten, furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteaule, who had been a beauty once, and had her portrait engraved in a "Gallery of American Rosebuds," was sitting in state in a battered boudoir in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver sprinkled hair, and still preserving the girlish attitude in which the engraver's pencil had immortalized her, oddly contrasting with the sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way the old couple lived, in the dead past as it were, Colonel Monteaule starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time stood still since the days in which she had been counted worthy to be one of the "American Rosebuds."

Mrs. Monteaule sweetly welcomed her guest, and touched the little hand bell at her side.

"We will dine, Sarepta," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly uttered that young person, "there ain't nothin' for dinner. We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and—"

"That will do, Sarepta," said Mrs. Monteaule, with a red spot mounting to each of her cheek bones. "I said—we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk. The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there was no cold beef, neither were there oysters. Fruit, a thin, watery soup of herbs and parsley, tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteaule, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself.

"But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of the sunset, I presume," the lady answered airily. "The poor child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules."

The colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner, Mrs. Monteaule and her painted fair withdrew themselves into the boudoir, and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteaule manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below. As he stood there a rustling sounded in the bushes and the dark-browed gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"Ah!" said Mary Monteaule, "you don't know it all. You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of howling wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears. How should you? How should you be aware that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coals that cook our dinner? Papa smokes his cigars and talks about the Mexican war; and mamma poses in the great chair and dreams of embroidery work and tapestry stitch; and I—I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and ignore our wretched poverty. But I can't! Who could?"

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly at the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale, excited face.

"I am sorry to hear this," said he. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Miss Monteaule brusquely, "Something can be done—and I am doing it, in so far as I can. But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it. I am—learning a trade."

"You!" he echoed. "A trade!"

"There's a factory near by here," she said, calmly. "The country girls earn a little pocket money there sewing on shirts. I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it. I go every evening while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to farmer Pelham's whose wife teaches me the use of the machine. I am learning house work, too. I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread. Our servant can do nothing of the sort. But it would kill mamma to think that I had stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary, hastily. "Because, living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it, when—"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary. "Yes, I know that. But until then, I would fain spare them the pang. I am to have a dollar a day, Mrs. Helham says, if I operate the machine skillfully. And a dollar a day will buy mamma many a little luxury, and go toward paying the grocer and baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton, warmly; and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteaule was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about, the reflection of orange sunset deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, far away sparkle of her eyes half veiled beneath the long lashes.

And if I could be of any assistance to you in this task—"

"You can," said the girl, abruptly, "you can stay here and amuse papa so that he shall not suspect what occupies my time. You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic and all these mysteries."

And for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteaule laughed—a mellow, birdlike laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton, heartily. And so the compact was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with old Colonel Monteaule, the sojourn was extended to three. At the end of that period he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who has conquered fate; "and then, only think of it, Mr. Crofton, I shall earn a dollar a day!"

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you. You tell me this farmer's wife has made a first-class housekeeper of you."

"I baked nice pies yesterday!" said Mary, exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt and made soft soap, within the week!"

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton.

"Suppose now, by way of variety, you were to—marry me?"

"But you are not in love with me!" said Mary, opening her bright black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity. I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And although I don't profess to be a rich man I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it. That is the business-like view of the question. Now to the more personal one. Don't you think, Mary, that you could love me? Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I—I don't know," whispered Mary. "I might try."

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteaule's daughter went to the fair Floridian plantation on the shores of the river St. John, and astonished every one with her thorough knowledge of house-keeping in all its details. And the two old people, with their burden of insolvency and care lifted off their lives, dwelt quietly on, in the ancient tower-like house, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Colonel Monteaule, with dignity. "A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and proficient in Latin and Greek. I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteaule, honest man, never dreamed that it was a sewing machine and soft soap, the mayonnaise dressing, and vehement struggle to get free from debt, which conquered Mr.

Crofton's heart. There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world; but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?

## Your Height and Weight.

**Buffalo Commercial.**  
You ask a very practical question: "How much should a person of given height weigh? Is there a standard between height and weight? A healthy child, male or female, grows in length by more than one-half its size during the first two years; it increases from 50 per cent (19.685 inches) to about 79 per cent (31.10 inches). It triples or quadruples its weight; that is to say, it weighs 3 to 4 kil. at birth (equals 7½ to 10 pounds); 10 kil. (25 pounds) in the first year; 12 kil. (30 pounds) in the second. On the average, a child (from 6 months to 8 years) grows in length about 6 per cent each year (equal 2.4622 inches); the weight of the body goes on increasing to the 8th year, rising in boys to 20 kil. (50 pounds) and in girls to 19 kil. (47½ pounds). From this age (8 years) until puberty boys increase in height 55 per cent (2.165 feet) each year, reaching at the age of 12 years a height of 138 per cent (over 4.52 feet) and girls 135 per cent (4.421 feet) on an average. Boys gain about 2 kil. (5 pounds) in weight per year, girls a little more, so that in the 12 year children of both sexes weigh, on an average, about 30 kil. (75 pounds). From 13 to 20 years youths grow some 30 per cent (11.8), girls 20 per cent (1.8 inches). The increase of weight is even more rapid than before, reaching 28 kil. (145 pounds) in boys 18 years old, and in girls of the same age 51 kil. (127½ pounds). In the 25th year the man is 168 cent. (over 5 1-2 feet in height), and weighs 53 kil. (157 1-2 pounds), while the woman is 157 cent. (5.15 feet in height), and weighs 54 kil. (127 1-2 pounds). Man in the 40th year attains his maximum weight, 63.6 kil. (159 pounds), and then begins to lose flesh. Women continue to grow heavier, reaching about 56 kil. (140 pounds), until the 50th year. Between 45 and 60 men become more corpulent and women rapidly grow older; in both the size of the body diminishes."—Wagner.

It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering in health or otherwise, to know as near as possible what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing alone 2,600 men of various ages. There is, indeed, an obvious relation between the height and weight so particularly weighed and measured. Starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight was as nearly as possible five pounds for every inch in height beyond sixty-one inches.

The following figures show the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upward:

Height	Weight, lbs.
Five feet one inch should be.....	120
Five feet two inches should be.....	126
Five feet three inches should be.....	133
Five feet four inches should be.....	136
Five feet five inches should be.....	142
Five feet six inches should be.....	145
Five feet seven inches should be.....	148
Five feet eight inches should be.....	153
Five feet nine inches should be.....	162
Five feet ten inches should be.....	169
Five feet eleven inches should be.....	174
Six feet should be.....	178

## Congressman Belford.

**Washington Letter.**  
The best of the Belford stories is current this week. Belford is the red-headed, red-bearded, red-nosed congressman who has represented the great state of Colorado all alone for years in the lower house of congress. He is a rough-and-ready wit of the wild western variety with a high-toned voice, a large and varied vocabulary and some very remarkable gestures. Like every congressman, he thirsts for fame. He knows good mines, good farms and good liquor when he sees them, holds his own at the bar, and in politics represents his state with commendable fidelity. He tells a good anecdote and a bad story occasionally, and reads Latin and Greek like an old-time professor. He was once counsel for the defendant in a Denver case in which Secretary Teller's brother was counsel for the plaintiff. The case was an interesting one, and both were excited. Belford was rather personal in his reply to Teller's opening speech. He made the jury and the audience laugh at some of Teller's little peculiarities. Teller said nothing. When he came to close, however, he devoted a few minutes specially to Belford. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "my brother here, Mr. Belford, has been seriously concerned recently on the subject of religion. It has cost him many wakeful nights. He has thought of it. The other day he carried his fears and hopes to an old Baptist minister, his life-long friend. After a long conversation his friend said to him that he seemed to be in a very hopeful state. So well advanced was he that the good old man thought him worthy of baptism. 'That is the first ceremony upon admission to your church, is it not?' asked Belford. 'Yes,' said the venerable clergyman. 'And how will it be administered?' asked Belford. 'As is usual in our church,' said his friend, 'by immersion.' 'Then,' said Belford, very sorrowfully, 'I must stay outside; I could not consent to disappear so long from public view.'" Belford had to join in the loudest laugh of the day.

A New York peach grower finds that by removing a portion of the crop when young the remainder will be larger, measure more and bring a higher price.

This is a good opportunity for packing butter for winter use, and good, clean stone jars are the best for the purpose.

## THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away in silence  
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
That came from the soul of the organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,  
It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

## FARM AND HOME.

### Farmers Should Know the Breeds.

**Farm, Field and Fireplace.**  
Farmers who have not familiarized themselves with the breeds of sheep should bear in mind that they are behind the buyers, who can tell at a few moments' examination exactly what kind of sheep from which the wool was sheared, and it is desired. The buyers know the breeds, the kind of wool peculiar to each breed, and all about them, for it is "business." A farmer would sneer at a carpenter who professed to be a carpenter and yet who could not do a piece of work in that line; and yet we venture to say there are hundreds of farmers who profess to be farmers, who would be insulted if their knowledge of their business were questioned, but who, at the same time, cannot tell as much about the products of the farm as many of those who know nothing of farm life. There are hundreds of farmers who are not able to distinguish breeds of sheep, and who do not know the particular purposes for which a breed is most suitable, and still they pride themselves on their calling as a business which they intend to make profitable. If such farmers could be brought to a realization of the fact that they are really deficient in knowledge, it would be to their interests to do so. Every year we witness the shipment of the products of the farm to market where the buyer fixes the grade, although he has had no experience on the farm. Farmers as a class are not business-like, for they rely too much upon the judgment of others. It is not intended to imply that they should not seek the advice of others, but when the farmer surrenders everything to hard work, we insist that he should begin to educate himself in every possible way in order to improve his chances.

**The Great Pasture Grass.**  
A correspondent of the County Gentleman proclaims rye the great pasture grass. He says: Rye can be grazed for years all the season as a permanent pasture grass. In a two or three days visit near Adrian, Mich., the fact came to my knowledge that rye had, in that country, been regularly grazed as a pasture grass for three years in succession, affording good pasture to the end of that period. Rye is very hardy, deep rooting and vigorous grass, and grows freely and vigorously on almost any soil; even when it is very different to grow the finer ordinary pasture grasses in dry seasons, and since it takes several years to establish a good compact grazing soil with the best grasses, why is it not preferable to plant the hardy rye, which can be grazed for five or six seasons as readily as for two or three, when it is not allowed to become an annual by forming seeds heads? Rye gives early spring feed and late fall grazing, if the land be in a moderately good condition. For ewes and lambs no grass will supply earlier feed.

**A Good Chicken Fence.**  
Mr. F. E. Bishop, in Poultry Messenger, gives the following plan for constructing a poultry fence: "Take common fence-boards, rip them in two; then take three short pieces, three feet long, and nail one to each end of the two pieces and one in the middle; it is then a panel of the length desired; now nail on lath three inches apart. The way I fasten is by a wire around the post and the end of the panel. Where there is not much wind a post at each end will do, but one in the middle may be necessary. The panel fence can be moved very readily. I also make a fence by setting posts thirty feet apart, then stretching plain fence wire from one post to the other. One wire is six inches from the ground and the other thirty inches higher. Then I stretch a small wire (binding wire) parallel with the other two, and one between the large wires. Laths are then wove in as close as may be desired. The large wire must be made fast to the post with staples, and the small ones left loose till the laths are in place, when the wire should be drawn tight."

**The Compost Heap.**  
The Massachusetts Ploughman, among other things, talks suggestively about the compost heap, saying that it is a good plan to have one for the benefit of the farm. The compost heap

may be made of road scrapings, the scourgings of ditches, the cleanings of ponds, clippings from banks and hedge-rows, scrapings and sweepings of farm-yards, garden refuse, house refuse, and indeed all sorts of rubbish may be added to a compost heap. Even weeds will decay and then help to swell the material for enriching the land. The heap should occasionally be covered over with a layer of lime, and a layer of salt now and then is also a good addition. These materials are beneficial in themselves, and keep weeds from seeding on the top of the heap. The compost should be turned over from time to time, and when well mixed the land may be dressed with it either in spring or autumn.

### Glanders.

**Toronto Globe.**  
Glanders in horse is marked by a peculiar deposit, with sores on the membrane of the nose, and in the lungs and elsewhere. The acute form results from inoculation, or in weak, worn-out animals. Exhausting diseases, bad air and overwork are among the causes favorable for its production. The symptoms of the acute form are languor, loss of appetite, red watery eyes, dry staring coat, quick pulse and breath, colored patches in the nose, watery discharges from that organ, and sometimes dropsical swellings in the limbs and joints.

**Destroy the Germs.**  
The New York Times suggests that farmers steep their seed wheat in some caustic solution that will destroy the germs or rust and smut. These substances destroy the spores or seeds of the minute plants that produce the diseases. Smut is rapidly increasing, and precautions should be taken to prevent it.

**Frosted Corn.**  
Says the American Cultivator: "The anxiety about frosted corn may be partially relieved by the fact that when untimely frost comes the grain robs the stalk to perfect itself. Hence there will be more and better grain than is now expected, but the fodder will possess less feeding value."

**The Household.**  
**CUCUMBER CATSUP.**—Pare one dozen large, ripe cucumbers; take out the seeds and grate the cucumbers; make a bag of thin muslin; put them in it and hang them up to drain over night; chop two or three onions, two or three green peppers, and a tablespoonful of salt and the thin substance left in the bag; one quart of the best vinegar is needed.

**A NICE PICKLE.**—Slice some green tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, let stand over night, then drain off the juice. Add to the tomatoes a few onions, some horseradish, and chop fine. Boil a little bag of spices in vinegar, add white mustard seed, and pour over the mixture. Good cabbage and cucumbers, chopped with the tomatoes and onions, some think an improvement.

**TOMATO CATSUP.**—A bushel of ripe tomatoes cut up and cooked thoroughly; strain through a sieve when cold; add three quarts vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, three ounces each of whole cloves and allspice, three ounces white and black pepper, one and a half ounces cayenne pepper, twelve onions boiled whole in it for several hours; watching and stirring for fear of burning. It need not boil hard, but simmer steadily. When cool, bottle, after removing the onions when they have well flavored the mixture; keep in a cool, dry place.

**BAKED TOMATOES.**—Cut a thin slice from the stem end of ripe tomatoes, then with a pointed knife cut out the green fibre from the centre, and fill the orifice with a mixture of equal parts of finely chopped onion, breadcrumbs and butter, well seasoned with pepper and salt; cover this with breadcrumbs or cracker dust, and upon each one lay a small pat of butter; place them in a baking pan in about a gill of water; bake in a moderate oven for about an hour, then remove with an egg slicer; place on a hot dish; pour whatever juice remains in the pan over them, and serve hot.

A good way to prevent dust when sweeping a room is to cover the broom with a cloth slightly dampened. The dust will be easily removed by this means, and not dispersed about the room. Moreover, it will be found that the colors of the carpet will be brightened by this means far more than by ordinary sweeping; and after a good broom has been used in the usual way it will be found an excellent plan that the servant go over the carpet again with a damp cloth. The colors of a faded carpet can be restored by washing it over with ammonia water or bullock's gall. In rooms where the woodwork is painted it is always well to have an inch or two of the floor painted also, so that if, in changing carpets, they do not fit exactly it will not be so noticeable as if a white hue were shown.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine. If vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.—[Quailes.]

A fruit-grower who has tried the use of a solution of Paris green for killing rose bugs on grapes, states that it put an end to the depredations of insects, but ruined the grape blossom, grape and leaf.

Of all the actions of a man's life this marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other people.—[Selden.]

What is most productive of mal-aria? A sneaky-voiced soprano.—[The Judge.]