

Our Riches. BY L. HERMAN SMITH. We are so rich—my heart and I—We have our heart, the soft and true, The various faculties and faculties, In which we hold perpetual share. Our happy fortune is begun Each hour, when comes the gracious sun, Forgetting such golden largess round, Earth seems to us an enchanted ground. Then all the splendors of the night Are ours, by long-established right, From silver moon and star-gemmed sky, For years on years, my heart and I Have had our share of light. That thoughtless blindness or destroy. Then, too, we have the world of flowers, The songs of birds in woodland bowers, The summer winds that, soft and low, Breathe secrets we delight to know; And sunset clouds, and waving trees, And misty-crowns and blue and grey, These make our fortune all the more, This bounty smiling everywhere; The varied wealth of earth and sky, We freely claim—my heart and I. Then we have riches greater still, Than all our day-dreams could fulfill, Accents that cheer and smiles that bless, And glances full of tenderness, And gentle words from lips we love, And thoughts of life and love and care, And God-like nature still above, Here, on this sin-compromised earth, And we have memories—oh, how dear! That grow more precious year by year—Memories of love and joy and pain, Of days and nights and days and nights, And gentle smiles that we must share, The lips and words that we must share, As misty clouds and blue and grey, These make our fortune all the more, This bounty smiling everywhere; The varied wealth of earth and sky, We freely claim—my heart and I. Yet, though so rich—my heart and I—We're poor in words to testify, Our thanks to that beneficent Power, Who grants us such a glorious gift, As yet all words are poor and weak, Our grateful, reverent love to speak; But as the loveliest flower that blooms Gives what it has—its soft perfume—To the breeze that wafts it to the air, So we—my heart and I—As they, To the love of God and man, Though poor in words, we try, To speak our gladness to the world.

Home Journal.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Successful Farmer.

To become eminently successful in any profession, two things are absolutely indispensable. First, persistent energy; second, a thorough knowledge of the business in all its details, and a fixed determination to keep up with the times. All men engaged in mercantile pursuits, even on a small scale, know well the necessity of keeping themselves posted in everything pertaining to their trade, and all, with scarcely an exception, take and carefully read one or more journals devoted exclusively to their branch of business. They would not do without one, well knowing that their more enterprising neighbor would be benefited by sudden changes in market values, of which they could have no knowledge. Every physician has his medical journals, lawyers have their periodicals, and watch carefully the latest decisions of the courts and the enactments of the legislatures. In fact, every profession has its periodicals supported by nearly every member of the class which it represents. By merchants and professional men these periodicals devoted to their interests are considered as indispensable. But with many farmers the case is quite otherwise. Though from the very nature of things farmers generally require a more thorough and extended knowledge of their surroundings than almost any other profession in order to arrive at the maximum of success, yet very many, indeed, take no pains whatever to familiarize themselves with the nature and habits of their most valuable animals and plants, or of their most destructive and tormenting enemies, and utterly refuse to patronize periodicals devoted solely to their interests, and intended to throw light upon the dark sides of every farmer's life. Many do not even attempt to familiarize themselves with the most ordinary forms of business, or the most common rules of law—and what is the result? Is it much to be wondered at that many complain of the unprofitableness of their profession, or that some are victimized by cheats and sharpers? Why is it that the butcher of one day can always bring two shillings and five cents per pound more than that of his neighbor? In the house of one you may find dime novels, comic almanacs, and police gazettes; in the other carefully read agricultural papers and dairymen's books. Why is it one man always happens to receive the very highest market price for his grain and produce, while his unfortunate neighbor can scarcely receive enough to pay expenses? Some say "one is lucky," etc. In the language of a well known college President, we say, "Pluck is a hero, luck is a fool."

Wool Growing.

A most important matter is either overlooked or not understood in wool growing, and that is the necessity for a continued evenness in the treatment and care of sheep. It requires no argument to demonstrate this, when it becomes known that the regularity of the wool fiber depends upon uniform treatment. It is a disappointment, and very annoying to the farmer when marketing his crop of wool, to have the purchaser detect the fact that his care of his flock has been indifferent, even approaching neglect, the result being the lowering of the standard of his flock and material depreciation in the price of his stock. The all-important requirement in wool is that each individual fiber of it shall be of uniform thickness; when it varies from this it becomes uncertain in strength and produces uneven texture that is not acceptable to the manufacturers and compels a lower price in market, instead of being an idle whim of the buyer, as is frequently believed by the seller. It cannot be charged, either, that the quality of the product of certain sheep is hereditary and the grade always the same, as experience has demonstrated that what was imagined the peculiarity of one animal is the condition of all that have been in the same flock and subject to

the same treatment and care.

When sheep are allowed to get into low condition, are neglected, unfed or not provided with proper shelter, the quality of the wool deteriorates, as the skin will become contracted, the pores closed, and the wool that comes out necessarily finer and not in quality like that which was grown when the sheep were in prime condition. The real fact is, that the wool has a weak place that reduces its value, and expert judges can detect it. It is not that sheep do not require much water, but that they will long and continued absence, or get along with very little; but it will leave its mark on the wool, as the fibre, during the time of neglect, will become lighter and weaker and reduced in value. It is the humane thing to keep a constant supply of water for the flock, and as a matter of business it is very essential that care should be bestowed, that the fleece may be even in quality in all its parts, besides giving the fibre an evenness in thickness that secures the best price.—*Factory and Farm.*

Money People.

The belief that peculiar individuals are endowed with good fortune which makes them successful associates in any enterprise of business success exists not only among those who take part in political and military projects, but influences all joint action of commerce and affairs, and a corresponding assurance in the individuals so distinguished meets and justifies the expectation of others by a boundless self-trust. "I have a lucky hand, sir," said Napoleon to his hesitating Chancellor; "those on whom I lay it are fit for anything." This faith is familiar in one form—that often a certain abdication of prudence and foresight is an element of success; that children and young persons come off safe from casualties that would have proved dangerous to wiser people. We do not think the young will be forsaken but he is fast approaching the age when the sublimity of external protection and leading are withdrawn, and he is committed to his own care. The young man takes a leap in the dark and alights safe. As he comes into manhood he remembers passages and persons that seem, as he looks at them now, to have been supernaturally deprived of injurious influence on him. His eyes were hidden that he could not see. But he learns that such risks are but no longer run. He observes with pain not that he incurs mishaps here and there, but that his genius, whose invisible benevolence was tower and shield to him, is no longer present and active. In the popular belief ghosts are a selecting tribe, avoiding millions, speaking to one. In our traditions, fairies, aneels and saints show the like favoritism; so do the agents and the means of magic, as sorcerers and amulets. This faith in a dotting power, so easily sliding into the current belief everywhere, and is the particular of lucky days and fortunate persons as frequent in America to-day as the faith in incantations and philtres was in old Rome, or the wholesome potency of the signs of the cross in modern Rome—this supposed power runs athwart the recognized agencies natural and moral, which science and religion explore. Heeded though it be in many actions and partnerships, it is not the power to which we build churches, or make liturgies and prayers, or which we regard in passing laws, or fund college professorships to expand. It would be easy in the political history of every time to furnish examples of this irregular success, men having a force which, without shining talent, yet makes them prevailing. No equal appears in the field against them. A power goes out from them which draws all men and events to favor them. The crimes they commit, the exposures which follow, and which would ruin any other man, are strangely overlooked, or do more strangely these things as I find them, but, however poetic these twilights of thought, I like daylight, and I find that, somewhat willful, some play at blindness but when men as wise as Goethe talk mysteriously of the demoniacal. The intuition is, that the known eternal laws of morals and of master are sometimes corrupted or evaded by this gipsy principle, which chooses favorites, and works in the dark for their behoof, as if the laws of the Father of the universe were sometimes balked and eluded by a meddlesome aunt of the universe for her pets. You will observe that this extends the popular idea of success to the very gods; that they foster a success to you which is not a success to all; that fortunate men, fortunate youths exist, whose good is not in virtue or the public good, but a private good, robbed from the rest. It is a midsummer madness, corrupting all who hold the tenet. The monologic is only a fine name for egotism, an exaggeration, namely, of the individual, whom it is nature's settled purpose to postpone. The race never dies, the individual is never spared. "There is one world common to all who are awake, but each sleeper betakes himself to one of his own." Dreams retain the infirmities of our character. The good genius may be there or not; our evil genius is sure to stay. The *Ego* partial makes the dream; the *Ego* total the interpretation. Life is also a dream on the same terms.—*R. W. Emerson, North American Review.*

NERVES THAT QUIVER.

Heads that ache, stomachs that inflict dizziness, muscles and joints racked with the rheumatism, are infallibly restored to health by the celebrated elixir, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine prescribed by physicians, possessing infinite power, and which no one takes in vain who is afflicted with any of the numerous complaints to which it is adapted. It frequently happens that so-called remedies fail to produce a permanent effect. This is because they are merely palliatives, and therefore do not remove the cause of the malady, whose symptoms they after a time cease to ameliorate. This is notably the case with opiate and sedative drugs. It is not so, however, with Hostetter's Bitters, which is a searching specific that conquers the disease as well as banishes its effects.

A Verdict from the Drug Trade.

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Ancient and Modern Knowledge.

A newspaper correspondent who has visited Florence, Italy, seems overcome with wonder, because he found there, in the Laurentian Library, a map of the world, drawn in 1410, which shows clearly the course of the Nile, its division into two streams, and its connection with the two great lakes. He does not understand how it was possible, 467 years ago, for a European map-maker to have an accurate knowledge of the river Nile and its contents. This is knowledge which the royal geographical societies, and the African explorers, of modern times, have sought for years; and, even now, they are only beginning to design accurate maps of the Nile. Nevertheless, there, in a library in Florence, he found proof that the ancients had an accurate knowledge of the Nile, and the construction of such maps, nearly 500 years ago. Probably this writer is one of those who have been taught to believe that the knowledge of mankind was not of much account previous to our time. This is one of those delusions of modern egotism which have done more than anything else to obstruct intelligent and successful study of ancient history, whether in the study of the books or in the revelations of archaeology.

Five hundred and four hundred years ago, the people of Europe had no knowledge of Central and Southern Africa, except what they could get from Ptolemy's geography and from reports of the Arabians. They had some knowledge of Lower Egypt, and of the so-called Barbary States. Beyond this they knew nothing from their own observation. In constructing maps of the Nile and of the southern coast of Africa, they followed Ptolemy; but his work was a reproduction of the geography of Marinus of Tyre; that is to say, it was a revised edition of an old geography of the Pencilians, who had an accurate knowledge of Central and Southern Africa, including the river Nile and its sources. Their geographical descriptions and named the "Mountains of the Moon," which the geographers of modern Europe are not yet able to locate with certainty. Modern travelers tell us that the region around the great lakes is still called "Moonland" by the natives. Speke says: "Umuamezi, or the Country of the Moon, must have been one of the largest kingdoms of Africa." The same ancient knowledge of Central Africa is found in some of the old Sanskrit Puranas, which describe this "Moonland," and give an accurate account of the sources and flow of the Nile. They say the Nile rises in the "Lakes of the Gods," and give a particular account of its course, until it reaches the Mediterranean.

This ancient knowledge of Africa and the Nile, preserved in Ptolemy's geography, made it possible in Europe, five hundred years ago, to construct such maps of the Nile as that found in the Laurentian Library, at Florence. Long before Vasco da Gama sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, there were, in the laboratories of Italy, accurate maps of this cape, and the southern portion of Africa, drawn from geographical knowledge derived from the Arabians. Humboldt mentions and describes several of these maps. One of them appears in the "planisphere of the Sanuto," which was made in 1300. Another, constructed by a Genoese, was made in 1321. The "Planisphere de la Palatina," made at Florence, in 1417, presents one of these maps.

The largest, most particular, and most complete of them, perhaps, appears in Fra Mauro's famous "Map of the World," which was constructed in the years of 1457 and 1459. No more accurate map of the southern cape and coasts of Africa can be drawn now. What we call the Cape of Good Hope, was called "Cape Diah," by the Arabians. In the Italian map it is called "Cape Diab." Pedrore Covilha, having visited India, and Sofala in Africa, wrote to King John of Portugal, in 1487, that he had learned from the Arabians that the Portuguese could sail round Africa to India; and he gave specific directions for a voyage from Portugal to Madagascar. A few years after this letter was written, Da Gama sailed round Africa, reached Sofala, and went to India.

Much is lost, and our study of the past is seriously obstructed, by that egotistical assumption of the moderns, which denies the knowledge of the ancients, or greatly undervalues it. Capacity to acquire knowledge, disposition to investigate, genius for invention, and ingenuity to contrive appliances of civilization, did not wait until our time, to make their first appearance in the world. It should not be difficult for us to believe, that the great manufacturing, commercial and colonizing people of antiquity, acquired accurate and extensive geographical knowledge of the countries with which they had fixed and long continued relations. If the moderns could have had faith enough in the geography of Marinus, as revised by Ptolemy, to use it as a trustworthy guide, their progress in knowledge of Africa would have been vastly more rapid, the sources of the Nile would have been shown accurately in our maps, years ago, and the pursuit of this knowledge would not have cost so many lives, so much suffering, nor so much money.—*Worcester Spy.*

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