

The Lord Hath Need of Thee.

Come, rouse thee up, the time is short,
Work while it is to-day;
The Master needs thee for awhile,
He giveth thee with a loving smile,
And bids thee watch and pray.
Come, rouse thee up, obey His voice,
Brood not o'er pleasures gone;
The fields are white, the laborers few,
And there is work for all to do;
Leave not thy part undone.
Come, rouse thee up, put self aside,
And serve thy God with care;
It may be little thou canst do,
In some small corner, hid from view,
Yet He is with thee there.
Come, rouse thee up, wouldest thou be blest,
Give, and then shall'st receive;
Go share some lonely widow's heart,
And bid the orphans' tears depart,
Their pressing wants relieve.
Come, rouse thee up, the day declines,
And this is not thy rest;
Press forward, keep thy garments clean,
And still on thy beloved lean:
He knows this way is best.

R. A. W.

THAT VOICE.

A day in June, 1868, and one of the loveliest summer days the world ever beheld—a cloudless sky, golden-bright sunshine, soft fragrant air, joyously sweet songs of birds, faint musical murmur of brooks and plashing of fountains, delicately green grass, lingering violet and budding roses.

On the lawn in front of the elegant mansion of Leon Fishback, Esq., a party of young people are playing "Follow-follow-me"—game somewhat resembling (so their mothers and grandmothers tell them) an old game called "push in the corner," played a quarter of a century or more ago, only in "follow-follow" the players, instead of beckoning to each other, beckon to a group of metallic balls, around which they stand in a circle, and he or she who proves to have most magnetic force the balls follow with a rush, while the remainder of the players rush as wildly in their efforts to secure the place left vacant by the flying one.

At this moment the balls are rolling pell-mell, helter-skelter, knocking against each other with a pleasant ringing sound, after a pretty, fair-haired maiden, whose little feet, clad in slippers, all gleaming with silver and gold, dash in the sunshine beneath her blue skin Turkish trousers as she springs lightly over the green award amid the exquisitely modulated laughter—no one shouts loudly in this refined twentieth century—of her merry companions.

In the back garden, on a green clover-sweet grass-plot, stands a broad, deep basket of snowy washed, snowy white linen, and a hanging-out machine, planted firmly in the middle of the plot, is industriously raising and lowering its wooden arms, grasping the various pieces in its wonderfully constructed hands, and hanging them upon the stout no-clothes-pins line, which is slowly revolving around it, and to which they adhere without further trouble.

In the dairy the rosy-cheeked dairy-maid is reading a love-poem while the automatic milker is milking the beautiful white cow that stands just outside the door; in the kitchen the cook is indolently rocking to and fro in a low rocking chair, watching the "magic rolling-pin" roll out the paste for her pies, ready to stop its pendulum-like movement the moment the crust is smooth and thin enough; and a small servant boy, with his hands in his pockets, lounges against the wall in one corner near a tall stool, whistling softly to himself as he waits until the pair of shoes the electric blacking-brush is polishing theron attain to the proper degree of brilliancy and mirror-like ness.

This is a prosperous place, this domain of Leon Fishback, Esq., and Leon Fishback himself is a tall, handsome, energetic, positive man of one and thirty—a bachelor who gives a home to his widowed sister and her four half-phanned children, and in return is taken care of by her, with the assistance of the old housekeeper—as well as any brother was ever taken care of by any sister.

Still, people, as people will—especially people with grown-up single daughters—wondered that he had never married. It was not for want of opportunity he had not done so; oh, no indeed! for a dozen lovely girls, half a dozen more or less charming widows, and several ladies of neither class, had, since his coming into the property of his uncle and godfather Leon Fishback, Sen., (whose ashes in a solid gold casket stood in a sort of shrine, made of a hundred rare woods in the south drawing-room), intimated to him, in every way that the shrinking sensitiveness of womanhood would allow, their perfect willingness—nay, anxiety—to assume the role of mistress of the Fishback mansion.

But Leon had walked calmly among them, dispensing hospitality, kind words, and gracious smiles with the strictest impartiality, distinguishing none by the slightest preference, until a few weeks before this beautiful June day when his young guests merrily called, Follow-follow-me, to their highly polished admirers on the closely shaved lawn.

Then came to visit his sister an old school friend, Laura Beardaley by name, who had been residing in a far distant state, but with whom the sister had kept up a warm correspondence ever since they parted at the college door the day on which each was publicly hailed with loud acclamations as "Mistress of Arts."

Laura Beardaley is a lovely woman of eight-and-twenty summers, looking about five summers less, with an exceptionally sweet voice, and exceptionally bright smile, an exceptionally graceful figure, and exceptionally winning ways. And to this bewitching woman has Leon Fishback, the hitherto apparently unapproachable bachelor devoted himself the moment he took her slender hand in his and bade her welcome

to his home. And it is by her side he loiters, untempted by the merriment without, in the deep, pleasant, vine-enwreathed bay window of the library as the fair-haired girl comes flying across the garden, pursued by the tinkling balls.

Laura starts from her seat with a blush, and, leaning from the window, exclaims, "Coax them away Bella, dear. They are dancing on the flower bed. And as the girl obediently turns and speeds in the opposite direction, she draws back her pretty hand, and, looking at her companion, says, "How much Bella is like her sister Teresa—that is, when Teresa was only sixteen."

"Is she?" asks Mr. Fishback.
"Why, don't you remember?" says the lady.

"I do not," replies Mr. Fishback, with emphasis.

Mrs. Laura makes two interrogations points of her silken eyebrows, opens her mouth to speak, thinks better of it, closes her red lips firmly, and turns to the window again as the Follow-follow-me-ers stop playing and gather in a group, with their eyes fixed upon a small aerial car, gayly decorated with flags, which is gently swaying between heaven and earth, as it slowly descends toward the lawn. In a few moments it touches the ground, and a handsome young fellow leaps out, and is greeted with many exclamations of pleasure and surprise.

"Your brother Reginald," says Miss Beardaley. "So soon returned from London? Why, he only started a few days ago."

"Yes; flying ship American Eagle—fastest of the Air Line. I heard of her arrival just after breakfast this morning, when it was shouted by the telephone at the station below."

"Thirty miles away!"
"Oh! that's nothing. We expect to be able to hear news from a hundred miles away before many years are past."

"May I not be in the immediate vicinity when that news is shouted?" says the lady, with an involuntary movement of her pretty white hands toward her pretty rose-tipped ears, "for I should expect to be deaf forever more."

"Never fear, my dear—I mean Miss Beardaley. Such a misfortune as that shall never occur, even though you should chance to be at the very side of the shouter. Edison is at this moment perfecting an instrument that begins to deliver its messages in a moderately loud voice, which increases in volume as it is carried forward, until it reaches the most distant point it is intended to reach, thus maintaining an even tone all along the route. How glorious all these Edisonian inventions are!" he continues, with a glow of enthusiasm, "and what humdrum times our ancestors must have had without them! Why, they are the very life of the age. There's the phonograph, for instance—but I beg pardon: You are looking bored. I can not expect you to take as much interest in these scientific subjects as I do. Is not Reginald coming this way?"

"He is not," answers Mrs. Laura, deprecatingly; "he is still holding Bella's hand, and totally ignoring all the other welcoming hands extended to him."

"Ahl the old, old story that is ever new!" quotes Mr. Fishback, as he peeps over the shoulder of his fair guest at the new arrival; and then, suddenly rising and confronting her, he exclaims:

"You must have heard that story very, very often, Laura—forgive my calling you so, but you used to permit it in the days we went blackberrying together some ten years ago; and, forgive me again, but, upon my word, I cannot help asking you, impelled as I am by some mysterious power. Why have you never married?"

A blush rises to her cheek, but she looks up in his face calmly, and replies: "I don't remember the blackberry episodes, and I have remained unmarried because I vowed when a young girl never to marry unless convinced that I was the first and only love of the man whose wife I became."

"Laura, I have never loved another."

"Mr. Fishback, you forget my old friend Terese, the sister of the girl whom your brother Reginald is now making love on the lawn."

"Good heavens! Laura, how mistakes you are!"

"Twas with her you looked for blackberries. I never knew you to find any—not with me, sir."

"Laura, how blind you were! I sought her society only to be near you. I declare, upon my word and honor, I lingered by her side for hours and hours in the hope that you would join us for a moment or two during the time, and when you did, in that moment or two was concentrated the joy of the whole day. You were so proud, so cold, so reserved, I did not dare to approach you save through your friend; and—"

"And you did not bury yourself in seclusion for two years after she jilted you and married Frank Huntington?"

"Great heavens! how preposterous! Laura, I swear!"

But, as he is about to swear, enters a procession of small nephews and nieces and attendant friends, the leader of which carries an odd-looking box.

"See, uncle!" the bright-eyed little fellow calls out as he approaches. "I found this old phonograph on the top shelf of your closet, where I was looking for your fish line to play horse with, and it talks like everything."

With this he begins to turn the metal crank, and a voice—a somewhat shrill young voice, the voice of Terese, sister to Bella whom friend of Laura Beardaley—begins to speak:

"Yes, Leon, my own, I will grant your impasseioned prayer, and breathe the words you long to hear into this magical casket, and then, when you are lonely or inclined to doubt me, jealous one, you can call them forth to bring back the smile to your dear face, and joy to your dear heart. I do return the love you so ardently avow, and I will marry you when mamma gives her consent."

Until then no lips shall touch the lips made sacred by your kiss, no hand shall clasp the hand that wears your lovely diamond ring. But, oh, Leon dear, try to like Laura a little for my sake. I know she is all that you say she is—affected, cold-hearted, haughty and disagreeable (I am just naughty enough to be pleased when you tell me her beauty, so much admired by others, particularly Frank Huntington, fades

into utter insignificance beside that of your own little Terese)—but, my Leon, try, oh! try, to tolerate her, for strange as it may appear to you, disliking her as you do, I am quite fond of her. Good night, beloved. Dream of your Terese."

"That"—something or other—"photograph!" said Mr. Fishback: "I thought I destroyed it long ago," as he angrily snatched it from the hands of the small discoverer.

"What did our humdrum ancestors do without these glorious inventions?" murmured Miss Laura, as she quietly fainted away for the first and only time in her life.

"If ever you go prowling around my room again," continued Mr. Fishback—addressing his unfortunate nephew, and supporting Miss Beardaley with one hand, while he flung the tail-tale out of the window, where it broke into a dozen pieces as it touched the ground with a shrill ear-splitting shriek—"I'll apply the double back-action self-acting spanking machine until you roar for mercy."

The procession considerably demoralized, started on the double-quick for the door, and Mr. Fishback looking upon the inanimate form he held in his arms, cried out, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand, "She will never, never look at me again!"

But she did, and what's more, she married him a month after. And—oh, the marvelous progress toward perfect womanhood in this twentieth century!—although they have been man and wife for some twenty years, she has never once said to him, "That voice!"

The Jury System.

In his address before the State Bar Association at its recent session in Des Moines, Judge Dillon spoke as follows in regard to juries:

"I consider the trial by jury an essential part of our judicial system. It is a cherished tradition. It is protected from legislative violation by the national and all of the State constitutions. It belongs to our free institutions. It springs out of them, and tends to support and perpetuate them. In criminal cases there is no substitute that would be acceptable to the profession or endured by the people. But civil controversies, especially in modern times, are much more complicated than criminal trials, and the verdict of juries are much less satisfactory. This is largely owing to obvious causes. Juries ought always to be, but frequently are not, composed of the best citizens in respect of intelligence, moral character and business experience. Judges have been deprived in many of the States of some of the powers necessary to secure a true verdict, and fail to exercise in such States and elsewhere the power to correct the mistakes of juries by an unrestrained and free exercise of the right to grant new trials. In some States statutes have been passed which degrade the judge, as the presiding and guiding intelligence at the trial, into an officer whose functions rather resemble those of a moderator than those of judge. He is forbidden to charge upon the facts to sum up the case upon the evidence, to express any opinion upon the value of the testimony, and is required to confine his charge or instructions to a barren and often unintelligible statement of the law of the case, and is sometimes required to give or refuse instructions asked in the precise form in which they are adroitly framed by counsel."

All such legislation implies a distrust of either the capacity or the integrity of the judges. This is an unfair implication. It does not express the deliberate or general judgement of the community. Such statutes are based upon a wrong principle, and produce bad results. Let the blame for such legislation be placed where it belongs. This legislation has originated, I believe, in every case, not with the people, but with some lawyer who has been disappointed by the full discharge on the part of some independent judge of his duty.

Under this name we give the following account of one of the curious family which are sometimes known as "Air Plants." The locality alluded to is in Louisiana and near Lake Ponchartrain:

"Here too, is found that botanical novelty, the 'Love Vine,' which derives its name from a tradition to the effect that if when thrown over the shoulder behind a lover, desiring to know the feeling with which he is regarded by his charmer, and it lives and thrives where it falls, he may know that his suit will thrive also. On the other hand, should the vine fall to live and prosper, the suitor may make up his mind to sure disappointment. It is said to be an Indian legend, that tradition to which we refer, but the Creole girls and boys in the vicinity of Chifunette river, near Covington, religiously believe in the vine and its significance. The most remarkable thing about the Love Vine, however, is the fact that it has no roots, but grows spontaneously on vines, bushes, shrubbery, and the like. It has been known to flourish on a bed of shavings where a certain amount of moisture exists beneath, and without any contact whatever with the ground, thus living on atmospheric air alone. It has the flexibility of smilax, and in the color of its leaves resembles it. It is said to bear a little faint blue flower, but we never chanced to see one of these vines in bloom. The region referred to above is rich in delicate ferns of rare beauty and infinite variety. Flora seems to be a jealous mistress, where she reigns in rank luxuriance, and regal state; wild and free, she does not welcome trespassers; human life fades and wilts away where her subjects thrive in gaudy splendor."—American Cultivator.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Raising Sheep and Dogs.

It may be regarded as a settled maxim, says *Farm and Fireside*, that a good crop of both dogs and sheep can not be raised in the same neighborhood at the same time. Dog husbandry requires but little skill, and having the advantage of the law, they multiply with a rapidity that would astonish the lightest calculator himself.

Comparatively recent investigation shows that there are over one hundred thousand dogs in Georgia, which annually destroy nearly thirty thousand sheep, valued at \$80,000. At this time there were only thirty-one dogs to every sheep. It is estimated that while only six per cent are destroyed by disease, fifteen per cent are annually killed by dogs. It is further estimated, that the dogs require as food, in addition to the thirty thousand sheep, an amount of food, which, if fed to hogs, would produce bacon enough to afford an annual supply sufficient to feed 50,000 laboring men. Kansas thought one among the largest and best adapted States for wool-growing, has 74,640 dogs. And so it is in nearly every State in the Union. Hardly a week passes that we do not see an account of sheep being killed by dogs. The aggregate number thus slaughtered exceeds over one million head. There are, in the United States, about 32,000,000 sheep and 8,000,000 dogs, or about one dog to every five persons. It is estimated that these dogs eat enough, aside from the sheep they kill, to feed and fatten 5,000,000 hogs, each worth twelve, or sixty thousand dollars.

To the average farmer, sheep-raising

is more profitable than dog-raising, in spite of the combined opposing influences of dogs and their allies, political wire-workers. In the cotton States it has been demonstrated that it costs no more to raise a pound of wool than one of cotton, and the market value of the wool clip in the United States is valued at fifty million dollars.

There must be a more persistent and united effort made by wool-growers to properly protect their interests. Will they make the necessary effort?

The Love Vine.

Under this name we give the following account of one of the curious family which are sometimes known as "Air Plants." The locality alluded to is in Louisiana and near Lake Ponchartrain:

"Here too, is found that botanical novelty, the 'Love Vine,' which derives its name from a tradition to the effect that if when thrown over the shoulder behind a lover, desiring to know the feeling with which he is regarded by his charmer, and it lives and thrives where it falls, he may know that his suit will thrive also. On the other hand, should the vine fall to live and prosper, the suitor may make up his mind to sure disappointment. It is said to be an Indian legend, that tradition to which we refer, but the Creole girls and boys in the vicinity of Chifunette river, near Covington, religiously believe in the vine and its significance. The most remarkable thing about the Love Vine, however, is the fact that it has no roots, but grows spontaneously on vines, bushes, shrubbery, and the like. It has been known to flourish on a bed of shavings where a certain amount of moisture exists beneath, and without any contact whatever with the ground, thus living on atmospheric air alone. It has the flexibility of smilax, and in the color of its leaves resembles it. It is said to bear a little faint blue flower, but we never chanced to see one of these vines in bloom. The region referred to above is rich in delicate ferns of rare beauty and infinite variety. Flora seems to be a jealous mistress, where she reigns in rank luxuriance, and regal state; wild and free, she does not welcome trespassers; human life fades and wilts away where her subjects thrive in gaudy splendor."—American Cultivator.

Transplanting Vegetables.

A very experienced market gardener gives the following to the Massachusetts *Ploughman*:

This is one of the most important operations in gardening, and to accomplish it with certainty of making the plants thrive and receive as little check as possible in their thrifty growth requires the exercise of considerable skill on the part of the gardener. That they will receive some slight check is unavoidable and to be expected, and where the seed can as well not be sown where it is to remain, there is no advantage in transplanting. The cases, however, in which this can be done are much less common than where the plants can be moved once or twice before they reach the spot where they are to complete their growth.

The advantages to be gained by transplanting are many—the gain in time is one of the most important—considerations in the highly manured and expensive gardens near the city markets.

Most plants make a slow growth at first and require considerable care, which can be bestowed upon them with the greatest economy in a seed-bed, or in a plant-bed, where large numbers of small plants can easily be tended and watered in a small space. Another advantage to be gained by transplanting is the hastening of the maturity of the plant, which is effected by the check given to its roots. It is customary for gardeners to transplant tomatoes three, and even four times, for the sake of hastening the maturity, among other considerations.

It must not be forgotten, however, that a recently transplanted plant is in a delicate and unnatural condition, the roots being disturbed cannot for the time supply the necessary sap, and if the weather should prove both dry and windy there will be danger of wilting. There are several ways of avoiding this danger. In the first place, the soil should be carefully prepared and made as fine as possible, so as to prevent the rapid drying of the surface; then the roots can be dipped in water, as the plants are set, and the earth firmly pressed around them. And if the leaves of the plant are very large and soft, it will be well to shorten them to avoid excessive evaporation. In transplanting under glass, the conditions of light, air and moisture are so completely under control that there will be no need of waiting, with proper care given to watering and shading. In the open

air we are much at the mercy of the weather, but by properly preparing the ground, and planting in damp weather, if possible, there will generally be no great trouble.

Celery plants transplanted in very hot, dry weather, sometimes need to be watered once or twice after being set out. When this has to be done, do it thoroughly, using water enough to wet down the ground to the roots of the plant, or little advantage will result.

Cows Holding Up Milk.

A correspondent of the *Queenslander* summarizes the physiological peculiarities of the mammary glands of the cow in the following manner, thus explaining why cows can "hold up their milk."

The bag or udder is divided into four parts, entirely distinct from each other, except as they are held together by membranous ligaments. The milk is each held in confluent tubes, which, like the roots of a tree, are all contracted into one, just above the teat—the milk entering that funnel-shaped organ by a single channel. Just at the upper end of the teat the walls of this channel are contracted, and the contraction is surrounded by a band of muscular fibres.

The will of the cow can operate on this band, contracting