

The Heavy Cross.

Robert Hope and Samuel Hullins had lived side by side for more than twelve years. Probably there would not have been the slightest disagreement between these neighbors if Samuel, who had served under Lord Nelson, had not entitled himself to a small pension by the loss of one of his legs at Trafalgar. The missing leg and the pension that supplied its place were a continual source of jealousy to Robert. He accused fate of maliciously leaving him both feet, and complained bitterly of Providence that it had not enabled him, as he said, to sell his legs at the same price as Hullins. Every time he went to pay his rent he repeated, grumbling, that his neighbor was very lucky; that he had no difficulty with his payments since the king allowed him a pension; while he, poor wretch, could hardly make both ends meet without leaving his creditors in the lurch. Robert at first was satisfied in keeping his reproaches and complaints to himself; but little by little he came to express his discontent more openly until it became the habitual and favorite theme of his conversation. One week when he was obliged to leave his rent in arrears, and was going sadly to Mr. Taylor's house to make excuses for the delay, he met his neighbor Hullins, who was as regular as a clock with his rent, and had just paid it. The mere sight of Samuel affected Robert like an illness, so when he bowed his head in reply to Hullins' salutation, his expression was singularly like that of a bull who shakes his horns at a dog. On reaching his landlord's house he did not escape reproaches. The example of his neighbor was cited, who always paid regularly and to the last penny. 'Yes, yes,' murmured Robert, 'some people are born with money in their mouths. Hullins is very lucky, and I am not surprised that a person with such a pension as his pays regularly.'

'Heaven! Mr. Hope,' she cried, gath'ring up her apron in her hands, 'your back is horrible.' Robert turning round to bid her let him alone, the blacksmith saw the mark that Mr. Taylor had made. 'Thunder! look!' cried he, laughing; 'you might serve as a signboard for the White Cross Inn.' 'I suppose,' added the butcher, 'that his wife put that mark on his shoulder for fear of losing him.' Hope felt that there was only one way to escape at once from Peggy's apron and the witticisms of the butler and blacksmith; so he did not hesitate to leave. On his way down the street he passed by the schoolhouse. He had hardly passed the door when a loud cry of ridicule arose, and at least fifty scholars began to chase him, pointing their fingers at him, and throwing caps and bonnets in the air. 'See! see!' cried one, 'he looks like a sheep marked by the butcher.'

finely, but you find that here and there a vine has collapsed; the next day more vines give out; you dig down and find a rat, white grub, which like what the strawberry producer below ground quite as well as you do that which it bears above. The majority of the strawberries may fall, but there are the runners, which set so full and are already ripening. Look at your early ripened currants, and they will be found to be still small, and have only turned red because the bearer has taken the life out of the stem. Rose-bugs will eat up the grape-blossoms; curculion sting the plums, and if there are any pears and apples this year, it will be because there were no enough of the meddling moth and its allies to go around. Take the ornamental parts of the grounds. Upon about one half of the shrubs there will be some kind of an aphid to curl up and partly kill the leaves. You are fond of roses, and precious few do you get. You fight the early green fly with tobacco water; the later slug is dosed with whale-oil or carbolic soap, and when these are in a measure vanquished, and buds of promise come, you go out one morning, and find six or seven rosebugs at every opening rose, and those which cannot get a chance at the opening ones are discounting the matter by gnawing the buds. If you believe anything will trouble these fellows, just try it. As I do not expect to live anything like half a century longer, I can worry along, and take the few vegetables, fruits and flowers, these winged scourges and their larvae leave me, but my trouble is, as this destruction increases yearly, to guess what will be the state of affairs in years to come, unless something is done to arrest this devastation. Unless united action can be had, individual effort is useless. The Apaches, who make their raids upon the borders of northern Mexico, steal a few horses here and a few cattle there, but never break up the settlement, as that would be, so to speak, destroying the nest-egg. Our insects seem to have some such instinct, and they do not, as the grasshoppers of the West, make a clean sweep, but leave us just enough to encourage us to go on and provide food for their progeny of next year. One person can do nothing; my neighbor on one side says: "My man tells me that the worms are eating up his cabbages." My neighbor on the other side says: "Well, I never did see anything like it." But neither do the first thing to kill the pest. What good does it do me to dust and squirt all the remedies I can hear of—and I do kill some—while on each side of me there is ample provision for next year's insects. If a state has right to legislate against Canada thistles, have they not the same right to make laws to prevent the increase of the squash-bug, the rose-bug, the codling moth, or any other controllable insect, that now takes the largest share of our vegetables and fruits, I say nothing of our flowers. I did not intend to make so long a "preach" about insects, but I am well persuaded that it is the duty of every state to look to this matter, as well as wild weeds, stray animals or horse thieves. Missouri has set a grand example to the older States. She has a State Entomologist, a competent man, to tell the people which insects are injurious, and how they may be fought. I hope that after a proper time for this knowledge to be disseminated, she will set a still better example and make it a penal offence for any one to harbor and allow to multiply any preventable insect.—News from the Pines, Amer. Agr.

When taken, the ostrich may defend itself by kicking out sideways, and is able to give quite a dangerous blow to any one within its reach. Dr. Livingstone found that it could run at the astonishing speed of twenty-six miles an hour. When running at this speed, the feet and legs of the bird could no more be seen than the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. The length of its stride or step is then from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet. There are nine passages in the Bible which are believed to refer to the ostrich. In six or seven of them the Hebrew words are translated "owls" in our English version, though the correct reading (ostrich) is given in the margin (with references), in most of these cases. The ostrich is one of the tallest of birds, being seven or eight feet high. Each of its wings with its feathers is about three feet long. The long feathers are generally white. These are counted very valuable, and are much worn and highly prized, as many of our young readers know. The young people among the Egyptians in the days of Moses liked to wear an ostrich feather, quite as well as the American girls. It was a part of the head-dress of one of their gods, and was a sign of truth or justice. The feathers were also worn by Egyptian soldiers and by priests at religious festivals; When Arabs wish to call any one very dull, they say, "Stupid as an ostrich." They say it is stupid because when hunted it sticks its head into a bush and thinks the hunter does not see it, and because it will swallow hair, wood, cords, stones, nails and other substances with great voracity. Date stones are a favorite food. Dr. Shaw saw one swallow some bullets, hot from the mould, and another traveler lost his pocket-knife and a big buckle in the same manner.—The Universalist.

Scientific and Useful. Intsu moss has been suggested as a substitute for flax-seed meal in poultices. It is said to make a superior poultice, which keeps moist about eighteen hours, does not slip, is inodorous, and neither forms nor easily nor scalls the bed clothes or linen of the patient. CHARCOAL VS. PHOSPHORUS. Animal charcoal, or bone-black, is an excellent antidote to the poisonous effects of phosphorus. A number of experiments warrant the belief that it is far more efficacious than the oil of turpentine, which, although valuable for the purpose, frequently produces severe headaches. The bone-black is administered in the form of pills made with gum tragacanth or other mucilaginous substance. TRY THIS FOR YOUR LAMPS. A very adhesive cement, and one particularly useful for fastening the brass mountings on glass lamps, as it is unaffected by petroleum, may be prepared by boiling three parts of rosin with one part of caustic soda and five parts of water, then making a kind of soap, which is mixed with one-half its weight of plaster of Paris. Zinc white, white lead, or precipitated chalk may be used instead of the plaster, but when they are used the cement will be longer in hardening. QUININE. Precisely how quinine effects a cure in febrile diseases has never been thoroughly understood. Some have supposed that it acts as a poison to animalcules, and arrests disease by arresting putrefaction. This theory proceeds on the assumption that miasmatic fevers are due to the existence of animalcules in the blood, which is not yet established. Another theory is that it acts somewhat on the principle of a counter-irritant, curing fever by setting up a fever of a different kind. One thing seems to be sufficiently settled, and that is that it lessens the heat of the body and the frequency of the pulse, diminishing animal oxidation. OLD IRON. A wedge or plate of iron has been found imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid in Egypt, the indication being that it must have been wrought in the age of Cheops, placed by some authorities as far back as 5400 years ago. This makes the use of iron about 2500 years more ancient than it is supposed to be, and affords opportunity for explaining the cutting of the sharp and well defined hieroglyphics on porphyry, granite, and other hard stones employed in the construction of Egyptian pyramids, temples, and tombs. How these could have been cut before the age of iron has been a puzzling question to many. Further investigation may show iron to have been in use 6000 years ago. BEES CAN DISTINGUISH COLORS. To test the faculty possessed by bees of distinguishing between colors, Sir John Lubbock brought a bee to some honey, which he placed on blue paper, and about three feet off he placed a similar quantity of honey on orange paper. After the bee had returned twice, he transposed the papers, but the bee returned to the honey on the blue paper. After she had made three more visits, always to the blue paper, he transposed them again, and she again followed the color, though the honey was left in the same place. The papers having been again transposed, the bee returned to the former site of the blue; but when just about to alight, she noticed the change of color, and without a moment's hesitation dashed off to the blue. No one, says he who saw her at that moment could have entertained the slightest doubt of her perceiving the difference between the two colors. HOW TO EASE A COUGH. The London Lancet, which ought to be a good authority, says: "Anodynes, narcotics, cough mixtures and lozenges, are practically of no good, and too often increase the debility and hasten the fatal end. The best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the accumulation of phlegm becomes greater; then there is something to cough against, and it comes up very much easier, and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking and hemming and coughing on the part of invalids is nervous, purely nervous, or from the force of habit, as is shown by the frequency when thinking about it, and the comparative rarity when the person is so much engaged that there is no time to think about it, and the attention is compelled in another direction." A TEST FOR EGGS. Among the minor troubles of city life is the difficulty of procuring a regular supply of fresh eggs. When we can not remove our woe, the next best thing is to try to understand them. So we devote this paragraph to what will interest all out of hearting of the cheerful sounds of the barnyard. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in winter, summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may be easily seen by holding it towards a candle or the sun; and when shaken a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; if three days, it will sink in the middle; if more than five days, it will come to the surface, and project above the surface in proportion to its increased age.

Horticulture in a War with Insects.

This is no figure of speech. Go into the vegetable garden; would you asparagus? beetle; would you radish?—maggots, early cabbages and cauliflowers?—green worms and lea above ground, and the club-root below. Would you cucumbers? the "flea" and striped bug have something to say on that. If you like peas, you must also like *Burchus pisae*. If you would—as all reasonable people should—make your pumpkin pie out of squash, your chance for the delicious Marrow-Hubbard of Marblehead is small, if you do not pick off that solemn and odoriferous bug, *Coretus trisus*, so as to leave the vines in good condition, for the borer goes near the root of the matter, and the six or eight feet of vine that your care has preserved goes in a night. Tomatoes and egg-plant you feed to a fat fellow, as big as your finger; and so all through the catalogue, from the time the first asparagus shoot comes through the ground, until the last parsnip is dug. Nor is it any better in the fruit garden. You have grown your strawberries in hills for two years and now look for a grand crop; they were white with flowers, the fruit set

The Ostrich.

The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. It is the largest of living birds, and probably the swiftest of all running animals. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can only be captured by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit with the swiftest horses. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts off with outspread wings, against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense is so keen that it can detect a person at a great distance, long before one can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in a company. When discovered, part of the hunters mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right

Fanaticism.

A converted Hindoo Brahmin once told me that he had seen his sister, amid the heat of India, stand in tantalizing sight of a fountain of cooling water, bubbling up in the court of the house, with a goblet in her hand for days, refusing to drink till she fell to the pavement through faintness, and then continue for hours on the hot stones, with parched tongue and bleeding lips. All of this torture was resolutely endured to depress and crush the natural appetite of the physical nature, to enthroned the soul upon its ruins. Very early in the history of the church this pagan notion was incorporated into Christianity, that all the life of soul comes from its connection with matter. Hence the body must be treated as the enemy of the Christian's soul. This is the origin of the monstrous system of penances which has disgraced the papal church—the rigorous fastings, the hair shirts, the self-flagellations, the ceasing on the bare knees or sharp stones, midnight

A Noble Wife.

During the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill-fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. Of those who had been most eager for the liberty of Poland, and most bitter in the enmity against Russia and Prussia, was Michael Sobieski, whose ancestor had been a king a hundred and fifty years before. Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of these who persisted in what the Russians had been pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads. The Archduke Constantine was eager to apprehend Michael Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at home in Cracow, and he waited upon her. "Madam," he said, speaking politely, for the lady was beautiful and queenly, "I think you know where your husband and sons are hiding?" "I know, sir."

Anecdote of Sir Walter Scott.

An English Archdeacon—John Sinclair—has just published a volume of "Sketches of Old Times," in which he tells this story of the great Scotch novelist. "Before Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself to be the author of the 'Waverley Novels,' my sister Catharine said to him: 'If you tell me which of these novels you prefer, I shall tell you in return which of them has the preference given it by Edgeworth.' Sir Walter agreed, and she told him that Miss Edgeworth had said: 'There is a freshness of originality about the first no., which, in my opinion, gives it a decided superiority over all the rest.' 'Well,' Miss Sinclair, said Sir Walter, 'I, for my part, enjoy the Antiquary more than any other. There are touches of pathos in it which much affected me; and I had many a hearty laugh at the expense of the Antiquary himself.' 'Yes,' rejoined my sister, 'the ant of these novels, whoever he may be, is always laughing at somebody, and in the case of the Antiquary, the person he is laughing at is evidently himself.'"

By-and-By.

There's a little mischief-maker That is stealing half our bliss, Sketching pictures in a dreamland, That are never seen in this, Dashing form the lips the pleasures Of the present while we sigh; You may know that mischief-maker, For his name is By-and-by. He is sitting by your hearthstone, With his sly, bewitching glance, Whistling of the coming morrow As the social hours advance; Loitering 'mid our calm reflections, Hiding forms of beauty nigh; He's a smooth, deceitful fellow, This enchanter By-and-by. You may know him by his winking, By his careless, sportive air; By his sly, obtrusive presence, That is straying ever where, By the trophies that he gathers Where his sombre victims lie; For a bold, determined fellow Is this conqueror, By-and-by. When the calls of duty haunt us, And the present seems to be All the time that ever mortals Snatch from dark eternity, Then a fairy hand seems painting Pictures on a painted sky; For a cunning little artist Is this fairy, By-and-by. "By-and-by," the wind is sighing, "By-and-by," the heart replies; But the phantom just above it E'er we grasp it ever flies. List not to the idle charm, Scorn the very specious lie— Do not you believe or trust in That deceiver, By-and-by.