

Meditations of a Hindu Prince.

All the world over, I wonder in lands that I never have trod,
Are all the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God?
Westward across the ocean, and northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystical symbol, or the figures of ancient kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For the Destiny drives us together like deer in a pass of the hills;
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of the shot that kills;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the starlight falling afar on the mountain crest—
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side,
Forever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitudes rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the warfield, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the fore-time, they are spirits who guard our race;
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark, unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the Silence? Hath ever a whisper come
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

Shall I list to the words of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is nought but the world-wide story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was a man.

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathom'd the depths we float on, or measured the unknown main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass like a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurl'd,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep?
—Sir Alfred Lyall.

A Woman's Work.

A year book published in Northfield, Vt., has the following rhyme on the cover:

"Men work from morn till set of sun,"
They do.
"But a woman's work is never done."
Quite true.
For when one task she's finished some-thing's found
Awaiting a beginning all year round.
Whether it be
To draw the tea,
Or bake the bread,
Or make the bed,
Or ply the broom,
Or dust the room,
Or floor to scrub,
Or knives to rub,
Or table set,
Or meals to get,
Or shelves to scan,
Or fruit to can,
Or seeds to sow,
Or plants to grow,
Or linens bleach,
Or lessons teach,
Or butter churn,
Or jackets turn,
Or polish glass,
Or plate or brass,
Or clothes to mend,
Or children tend,
Or notes indite,

But I must stop, for really if I should
Name all the orts, take me a day it would.
—New York Sun.

Paying for the Auto.

"We must have a car," declared mother,
"Those upstart De Peysters have one.
We'll pay for it some way or other,
As every one seems to have done."
Poor father demurred, but quite vainly,
For mother was hot on his trail,
So pa bought the motor, a big yellow bloater,
That looked like the Overland Mail.
Then ma and the girls started touring,
While pa gave his trousers a yank,
And hustled like crazy securing
Extension of time from the bank.
He mortgaged the farm and the horses,
He mortgaged the oats and the hay,
The chickens he'd wake up and give them
a shake-up
To make them lay twice in one day.

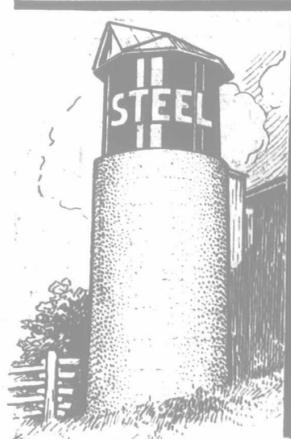
He took brother Jim out of college,
And set him to work with a flail,
For money is worth more than knowledge
When debts must be met without fail.
Poor pa slaved from Monday to Monday,
And got up each morn with the sun,
To pay for the motor ma wanted to tote
her,
Because the De Peysters had one.
—William Wallace Whitelock, in New York Times.

Home and Homemaking.

I WILL.
I will start anew this morning, with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's creed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze;
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread;
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine—
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.
—S. E. Kiser.

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday School teacher. "Have you?"
"I did," said Johnny, promptly.
"That's nice. And what did you do?"
"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

Save Money On Your Cement Silo



IT IS mighty hard work and an expensive proposition to place the last eight or twelve feet of concrete on a cement silo.

To give the best results a silo should be at least thirty feet high. The last ten feet—handling the heavy concrete at a considerable height and under unfavorable conditions—requires skilled labor. It will cost you more in time and trouble than the rest of the job put together.

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The steel plate comes to you all ready for erecting. It is light, can be readily handled, is rolled, punched and marked for quick assembling. You and your own help can put it up. It doesn't need a boiler-maker or a contractor to put the plates together. All you need do is to follow the marks and know how to swing a hammer.

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