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Comrades.

One stood I know of common clay,
And one my lot than regal:
By day I lagged all saddle-bags,
He stood the upon Eagle;
A wee rough girl, to field, to mill,
Through sleet in patient patter,
While from the far-off heights
I drank my bugle-comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
While his comrade gleaming
Bright flashes along the purple hills,
A gallant dream streaming;
Through storm, now the sparks of fire
Are gayest, leaping from it,
Across the snow from the track of Alborak
Was proudly carried Mahomet.

And now a few short years, will rest
Each where he grows or lies,
Then shall we, comrades centuries hence
Be mingled and dreamless and peaceful,
And old battlefields are mine to day,
Where we, I and the mortal;
Where the dewdrop of eve of earth,
Sinks softly in its grassy portal.

—Rose Agnes Bissel in Century.

Max Dwight's Reward.

BY MRS. M. SHELLEY-PETERS.

Max Dwight was ready for his early morning fish upland lake where, as he [illegible] to glean out-cropping [illegible] to the manufacture of [illegible] he had been promising to make for his wife.

Mistress Janet accompanied him to the porch of their cottage, carrying baby, who in her pink and white pretti[illegible] to the wood, was as like the young mother as the wild rose's bud is like the wild rose.

"The rain must have been heavy above there," remarked Mistress Dwight, noting the aspect of the creek in the distance.

The stream, ordinarily tangled like a silver wire among the bowlders and rocky hollows at the base of the ridge, [illegible] by the flood, the acceleration [illegible] current betrayed by a muffled roar.

"Yes, when the Otter's boosting along like that, the jury is that the mill stands still, and the hands are idle," complained Dwight.

"Don't fret, Max. I'll not get my head-ache for the mill-machinery being out of gear."

He laughed, kissed her and Tottie, and a moment later was striding down the path to the bridge, whose arches [illegible] the jutting ridge on which he stood with the further side of the Otter. The stream, lower down, fed the work [illegible] of mills, turning the wheels [illegible] factories, in which hundreds of bread-winners daily toiled. Villa-like homes, cultivated farms, village hamlets of peace and plenty, and [illegible] of prosperity [illegible] Dwight when he had crossed the bridge and turned into the path leading upward to the lake plateau.

Away-servant, he noticed that the creek was steadily rising.

"The rain must have flushed the lake tremendously," he thought, stopping to inspect a tangled mat of drift [illegible] "Bless me! if that isn't a log-path from the lake's bed. However anything but a hurricane—" He stopped short.

A horrifying fear had throttled him [illegible] path. The morning was [illegible] with joyousness. To the ear came the gentle symphonies of nature; to the eye long harmonies of light, color, movement. Overhead were flockings of [illegible] cloud white as fresh washed sheep browsing in a sportive pasturage of the sycamore bloom.

Where was the menace of evil?

Wrestling with the Shape in the way, as Christian wrestled with Apollyon, Dwight saw, drifting by, another clump [illegible] tangled with a vine full of [illegible] and budding fruit.

"It's a branch of the wild-grape that [illegible] the sycamore near the lake's [illegible]," said to him with the force of assurance, and casting aside his axe, he sped up the ascent he had been leisurely climbing.

Reaching the plateau, in the midst of whose picturesqueness was embowered [illegible] like, overlooking the dells like a [illegible] garden he saw, almost to [illegible] acres, its hundreds of millions of [illegible] of water placidly smiling and [illegible] in sunshine. The rain had [illegible] it. Flooded? The lake was [illegible] than its lowest water-mark!

The fear he had shaken off leaped [illegible] him and tore at his vitals again. [illegible] darted along the embankment [illegible] the cliff through which the [illegible] flood, he saw that the stream was not [illegible] momentarily eating its way deeper into the clay, but that, here and [illegible], the embankment showed fissures, [illegible] an expanded development of the natural supports of the lake basin. A practical engineer himself, Dwight [illegible] a theory of the [illegible] of that freak of nature the disproportionate fourth heel of Otter Creek. Some day, he had thought, the [illegible] the otters, the thawing and [illegible] would do their work and then would come the drainage of the great basin.

But not to-day! Oh, not! Not when he had just builded a home for [illegible] and loved Tottie right [illegible] the thought of the superincumbent [illegible] of the valley below was astir with the whirr of mills, the stepping of busy feet along its ways of pleasantness and peace.

But it had come in his day! As he stood staring, a fissure widened and a bold stream shot forth. At the sight he turned and fled down the path. Naturally, his first impulse was to fly with the warning to his wife and child; surely no man could hold him blameless if he should bear these first to a place of safety!

Yet the path by the ridge was not the direct one to the factory settlements. Should he turn aside, there were hundreds of lives further down to be put in peril. When Jonah was sent to Nineveh what had been counted for him in the scale against the salvation of a city of people? What if the lives of Janet and the child were more to him than the lives of the scores of neighbors and friends for whom God had commanded him to make this sacrifice?

"Is the servant better than his Lord that he should refuse to pay the price demanded for the ransom of the many?" The words were thought rather than spoken as he dashed past his home. Every muscle he was straining to the utmost, but there were those about the mills who, marking his frantic gestures, came running to learn of him what they portended.

"The lake, the lake! Fly, fly!" was the half articulate cry they caught from his lips.

A wave of his hand toward the creek filling the mill wheels interpreted the direful cry. From mouth to mouth it flew. There was a hurrying to and fro, and a gathering of treasures in hot haste. Messengers of warning galloped along the doomed valley. The weak, the old, were seen climbing the heights. Dwight's sacrifice had not been vain; but, his duty done, he had turned back to see if, haply, he might yet save his own treasures. The torrent was leaping against, and tearing at the abutments of the bridge as he raced across it, and with spent strength climbed the path to the cottage. Through the door he had a glimpse of Janet with the child cradled in her arms, and above the roar of the torrent he could hear the mother crooning her lullaby.

"Max, Max! oh my dear, what is it?" It lay across the threshold exhausted. She stepped past him to the porch. Below the cliff the Otter was pounding the bridge's supports. She had seen the stream as high once before, though. What was it Max feared? A sound rent her as she waited. The detonation, deeply distant, came from a distance, but was immediately followed by a terrible crunching and grinding, producing a quivering in the solid stone here. In the same instant, almost, she beheld all the up the Otter, a white wall rise up from each bank; it was a cliff-like torrent, scooped and bowed over, and, pendent as it stood, it was borne down the gap at terrific speed. Janet's arm trembled, but it was a brave smile she gave her husband as she lifted him into the room, and closed the door.

"I know what it is, Max," she whispered as she sat down by him with the child in her arms, and tenderly raised his head to it. "It was not to be—for us to [illegible] death together."

The roar shook the house; the ridge sloped to its foundations; the house quivered like an aspen, as a torrent thrown for quarter, and a pool of water, churned to a froth, gathered about the grange. They sat still, unheeding. What time the work of destruction was wrought she knew not. Max crept to the door presently, but as he took it in he staggered back, and turned back to Janet. She hurried to him, and this was what they saw: a sheer precipice dropped from the middle door into the turbulent wash of waters boiling along the length and breadth of the lately smiling landscape of the Otter.

"The bridge is gone, and with it the ridge has been sheared away up to our very threshold, Janet," said Max, awe-stricken.

"Yes, the waves and billows of destruction have gone over us," she cried with thanks, full of heart. "But us, Max, what saith your people at the mills and in the villages?"

He told her, shivering, how he had gone to them, praying her and the little one to perish. She stood for a moment silent.

"You would have perished without us at the last, though, my Max," she said, her hands in his, tears fell in his goodness have left me much other. Let us accept His loving kindness as the reward of long years faithfully done.

Where Pencil Wood Comes From.

It is not generally known that the world's supply of pencil wood is drawn from the gulf coast swamps on both sides of Cedar Keys, and that the product of the mills there is shipped not only to New York and New Jersey factories, but also to Germany and, perhaps, other countries in Europe. The industry gives employment to hundreds of operatives, white and black, and disposes large sums of money. That nothing may be lost, the cedar is distilled in large retorts, and the oil extracted, every ounce of which finds ready sale.

SHARPSHOOTING.

The Experience of a Confederate Soldier in the War.

How a Federal's Deadly Rifle was Finally Silenced.

In passing in and out of the lines as a scout, writes an ex-Confederate soldier in the Detroit Free Press, I saw more or less of the sharpshooters of both armies, and was twice wounded from Federal rifle-pits, but the closest and best shooting of the sort I ever saw was around Petersburg.

At points around Petersburg, where the lines of earthworks were only pistol-shot apart, the sharpshooter piled his rifle night and day, and they became a living terror to both sides. I was for two weeks in the Confederate works, opposite Grant's Fort Hell, and although loads upon tons of Federal shot and shell were hurled at us, we lost more men by the bullet of the sharpshooters than by all cannonading. In the Confederate works, just above the fort which Butler blew up and which has since been known as the Crater, the most effective cannon was silenced for two days by a Federal sharpshooter who ensconced himself only a stone's throw away. I do not know that the one man held the place for two nights and two days, but we judged so from the style of firing, and because when we were finally rid of him no one else took his place. He crept out from the Federal line in a dark and rainy night, dug a rifle pit, banked up the dirt around it, and killed two of our men between daylight and sunrise. He had a sixteen-shooter rifle, and he gave all his attention to one embrasure in the fort and before noon the piece of artillery at that embrasure was silenced.

A round dozen Confederate sharpshooters were detailed to kill the fellow off, but he would not be killed. The dirt was knocked about his ears in perfect clouds by bullets, and now and then a piece of filled artillery sent a shell plowing along over him, but he was there to stay. When night came we intended to creep out and kill or make him a prisoner, but for a whole company was brought up and stationed in the ravine just behind him, where their fire would sweep the field around his pit, and we had to turn to some other plan. He was there in the morning, and he killed one man and wounded a second before 8 o'clock. Three pieces of light artillery played on his pit until the guns had fired a dozen shells each, but he was unharmed. It was plain that he had dug his pit so deep and narrow that everything from our side must pass over it, and it was certain that we must try some other plan. Had he been without close support three or four men could have solved the problem pretty quick, but there were sharpshooters by the hundreds all his rear, and that near an close that not a hat could show above our works without being made the target for a dozen bullets.

By noon of the second day we had lost four men killed and five wounded by the new Yankee sharpshooter, and the Colonel commanding had offered a $20 gold piece to anyone who would finish him off. It must have made $200 000 for all we could do, as everybody in our end of the line had a try for it. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon that accident brought to the fore the chief of artillery attached to a mile or so above us. The [illegible] came down to see all that was going on, and when the [illegible] was explained to him he said he would like to have a shot at the fellow. He was given a gun, and [illegible] of 20 yards [illegible]

Fish-Lines From Butterflies.

The boys in China, as well as the boys in America, have their favorite sports and pastimes. The fish-lines used in this country are of linen, but in China they are the product of a moth. Adele M. Field, of Swatow, China, writes to the Swiss Cross:

In some of the Chinese shops there are sold, for about one cent each, little coils of translucent, yellowish thread, from five to ten feet long. When old and dry they are rather brittle, but when they have been soaked for ten minutes in warm water in which rice has been boiled they toughen and will bear the strain of a four or five-pound weight. They are used as fishing-lines, and are reckoned the best for creek or coast. They are unwittingly supplied to the fishermen by a butterfly.

The large and beautiful Atlas moth, with pink stripes and sky glowing crescents on its brown wings, flits about and lays its eggs on the tallow trees. The eggs hatch in the sunshine, the tiny caterpillars come out and feed on the fresh leaves, and grow to be four inches long and an inch thick. They are of a bright pale-green color, with a horny black head and paws, and with eight pairs of legs. The six legs on the thorax are jointed, and each ends in a claw, while the other five pairs of legs are telescopical and end in discs surrounded by minute hooks. The caterpillars crawl, back downward, along the leaf stems, and devour a leaf in a twinkling.

When they are full-grown and ready to spin the cocoons in which they would wrap themselves and change into butterflies, the Chinese boys pounce upon them, slit them across the back and draw out the two spinning glands which lie looped along each side of the body cavity close under the skin. These glands, when extended, are about three feet long and one-tenth of an inch thick, dwindling to two fine threads that unite near an orifice under the mouth, where the silk is spun out. They are full of the clear viscid substance that would be spun into the cocoon.

After being drawn out whole, through the slit in the back, the glands are dropped into vinegar to remove their outer coating and are then stretched to double or treble their usual length. When dry they form the fish lines sold in the shops.

Dairy Schools.

Dairy schools appear to have become quite popular in Europe. They have not been tried in this country, and may not succeed as well here. But, as we recently stated, Lawson Valentine has started a dairy school on the Houghton farm. It is announced that a number of students have entered the school, and quite strong hopes are entertained of its practical success. We shall watch with interest for the results. There is need enough for proper instruction in dairying among the farmers generally. As a rule, the smaller farmers, who carry surplus butter to the village stores, are the most in need of information how to turn out better goods. They are probably also the most destitute of proper facilities for successful butter making. But it remains to be seen how far this class can be reached through the establishment of dairy schools. They are the ones most benefited by the creamery, and other forms of associated dairying. If their sons and daughters can be induced to take instructions in dairy schools or creameries, it will not only improve the quality of farm butter, but add considerably to the farmers' incomes. There is no reason, but ignorance, why poor butter should be made. It is just as easy, and cheaper, to make good butter.—Prairie Farmer.

Story of a Hospital Quilt.

An old Boston lawyer tells the following story: "One of my neighbors is an [illegible] good [illegible] wife [illegible] beautiful [illegible] Mexican [illegible] rebellion. He was [illegible] wounded in an engagement [illegible] afterwards [illegible] fifth [illegible] are [illegible] would throw [illegible] sharpshooters [illegible] satisfied. He [illegible] throwing [illegible] them was [illegible] that we must [illegible] thirteen [illegible] quilt [illegible] illness. [illegible] all of them. [illegible] together with [illegible] seat. [illegible] ruffled [illegible] the North [illegible] another [illegible] Although [illegible] since [illegible] hands [illegible] Chicago Ledger.

A Conundrum.

[illegible] Bliss, [illegible]

"[illegible] dollars [illegible]

"[illegible] to know [illegible] the last man?"

NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

Origin of Some Leading European Compositions.

Story of the Stirring French Song, "La Marseillaise."

The origin of the Russian national anthem, says an Exchange, [illegible] a source of unfathomed [illegible] many years past. There is [illegible] much mystery regarding it as to [illegible] be about the most [illegible] common air [illegible] Both King [illegible] has also been claimed for Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley." Between these two the matter lies and composition almost certainly [illegible] has been found impossible to [illegible] solely for the use of the [illegible] music of royal [illegible] with the [illegible] coronation events which has produced [illegible] localities in England [illegible] years past.

Not so [illegible] national anthem of France. There never was [illegible] composition than "La Marseillaise." "The second of it," says Carlyle, "will make the blood thaw in [illegible] and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and [illegible], with hearts defiant of death and despair." It had a great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was made known [illegible] singing it and the words "Marseillaise March" were [illegible] in all parts of France. At every season of [illegible] successful strains have evoked the passions of the people, and it [illegible] can be predicted for any time known to man this is beyond a question the case. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night.

They were composed in 1792 by a person whom Carlyle calls "the inspired Tyrtæus colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was at the time of Marseillaise which first matched to it, and hence the title.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand theatre, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the czars usually contented themselves with our "God Save the King." The composer was Col. M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people. "God Save the Czar! Mighty autocrat! Reign for our [illegible]" etc. It is, properly speaking, an official hymn, and is unknown to the vast majority of Russians.

The Austrian national anthem is well known in England from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1795. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore already acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he insisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish national anthem is not unlike the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a German named Hartman, about the year 1780. The [illegible] Mariner's Hymn, "[illegible] be called a noble [illegible] its air with the [illegible] of Venice, whistling it [illegible]

Japanese Cats and Dogs.

Some of the animals of Japan are quite different from the same species which are seen in America. The cats, for instance, [illegible] very small, of [illegible] and long tails. They are very solemn persons. An American [illegible] once threw [illegible] cats to see [illegible] Francisco [illegible] and [illegible] without remarkable show with the [illegible] tailed specimens [illegible] cat whose tail had been cut off [illegible] dent, the [illegible] Japanese [illegible] almost destitute of noses, [illegible] set directly in the head. The [illegible] the more [illegible]

Paper Gave His Consent.

"You say that you [illegible] Chicago Simpson," said a [illegible] to his daughter.

"Yes, pa."

"And [illegible] you?"

"Yes, pa."

"How [illegible] to support [illegible]"

"Yes [illegible] dollars [illegible]

"[illegible] was all right."

Tired Enough to Sit Down.

He [illegible] the night before [illegible] when he [illegible]

"Have you been [illegible]"

Wife—"No; I've been standing so long."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

[illegible]

A Carnivorous Antelope.

While visiting [illegible] in the Sa[illegible] Mountains of [illegible] New Mexico, says Ballou's [illegible] Turtle in the [illegible] I saw what to me was a [illegible] seven months old, which [illegible] by the wayside. [illegible] the [illegible] upon [illegible] sight [illegible] the [illegible] Were [illegible] feet of water [illegible] last [illegible] [illegible]

Curious Electric Freak.

[illegible]