

Family Reading.

The Harvest Moon.

We give thee welcome, harvest moon;
Thou art a seasonable boon:
Thy full round face, how fair how bright,
Shedding a soft and silvery light,
To cheer the solemn hours of night—
We give thee welcome, harvest moon.

Why did thy feet so nimbly leap—
So swiftly climb the shining steep?
For other moons the night doth wait,
In darkness, at the appointed gate;
But thou, in queenly robes of state,
A kind and earlier hour doth keep.

Departing day, with closing eye,
Looked backward from the western sky,
Over the amber clouds afar,
Past many a yet unawakened star,
And saw thee in thy radiant car,
Above the hills advancing far.

Thy beams the nodding forest tipped;
Then o'er the sparkling lake they tripped;
And as their joyous influence fell
On many a crag and many a dell,
A mystic music seemed to swell,
As rocks and hills the gladness sipped.

But, most of all, thy gentle reign
Befriends the ripe and precious grain:
With opportune and kind intent,
The shortening day to supplement.
Thou art a benefactress, sent
To husbandmen and toiling swain.

When day is done, thou dost beguile
The evening into radiant smile;
And as thy beauteous lustre drops
Upon the whispering sides and tops
Of many a spreading wood and copse,
The harvest hours rejoice the while.

How busy that broad field appears,
Rich with the spoil of golden ears!
There, where the ploughshare turned the sod,
And where the sower's feet have trod,
The furrow, blessed by nature's God,
Smiles, and a crop of plenty bears.

The sheaves are flung upon the wain,
And "Harvest Home" is now the strain.
The yellow stubble shines below,
While team and freight and reapers throw,
A moving shadow as they go;
And echoing mirth rings round the plain.

Yes, harvest moon, we love to see
Thy disc so bright, thy beam so free;
And now, to Him who lights thy ray,
And sends thee on thy shining way,
Our hearts their grateful homage pay,
For all the joy we find in thee.

J. HANSON.

North Bradley, Trowbridge.

Only Rocks and Stones.

BY C. H. BIRNEY.

(Concluded).

"I am very sorry I frightened mother," said Robbie, and we will go right home. But oh, Harry, I have made such a discovery! I am sure it is important!"

"Important fiddlesticks!" replied Harry; "Here, climb up behind, and let's hurry home. Supper is ready."

What did Robbie care for supper?

His mind was in a whirl of excitement, and as soon as he had comforted his mother and listened respectfully to his father's and sister's scoldings, he contented himself with a glass of milk for supper, and then, for the first time in his life, sat down impatiently to pick the pile of ducks Ralph had shot, and about which no one thought of helping him—no one but his ever thoughtful mother who came to him after a while, and seating herself beside him said: "Now Robbie, I have nothing to do, and I am going to pick ducks while you tell me just what kept you so long this afternoon."

The indulgence and sympathy expressed in his mother's voice were very grateful to the boy, and he soon forgot his impatience while he described to her what he thought he had discovered, and the use he expected to make of it. Mrs. Ellis listened with amazement. She had had no idea of the real development going on so quietly in the mind of her so-called dull boy. The number of facts he had collected was in itself surprising, but his common sense deductions from them were still more so, and when she dismissed him for the night she felt that now only had she begun to understand him, and see the place reserved for him among the world's workers. She did not share his enthusiasm and confidence in the discovery he had told her of, but she could not cloud that bright, eager face

by a word of discouragement. She only told him that nothing could be done about it without more money than they could command, but that she would see that he was allowed more time for the pursuit of his favorite study and that she knew he would do them all honor some day.

Robbie was very tired, but he seemed to forget it when he reached his room, and emptied the contents of his pockets on the table. Over the table swung a shelf containing a few books, and a dozen or more numbers of a scientific journal to which Mr. Ellis subscribed. Taking down one of these, Robbie opened it to an article on the coal-fields of the West and glanced over it.

"I thought that writer was wrong," said he aloud, and now I am sure of it."

A few moments later, and Robbie's pen was flying over sheet after sheet of paper, and the household below stairs had long been quietly slumbering ere he put the last touches to a map which was to properly end off the article he had written.

Three or four months passed, and nothing of importance occurred in the Ellis family. School had closed, harvesting had begun, and except that Harry was studying very hard to be all ready for his college examination, the family routine went on as usual.

"I do wonder," said Lucy one day, "what it is Robbie sends so mysteriously to the post-office every little while. I have seen him repeatedly slipping something into Mr. Moody's bag when he goes to town for the mail."

"Perhaps his beauty has attracted the attention of some fair one, and they are corresponding," suggested Harry.

Lucy laughed, and said: "But the correspondence is all on one side; Rob never received a letter in his life."

"Well, respect his secret," said Harry. "I don't suppose it is of any importance. He is a queer chap, anyhow. He said the other evening that he would a great deal rather go out on some exploring expedition over the far Western prairies and mountains than go to college or even to Europe. I don't know what father will ever be able to make of him. He says he don't care to make money, that he would rather follow his chosen pursuits, that is, I suppose, crawling over the ground dragging a pickaxe after him, and filling his pockets with stones—he would rather do that than make a fortune at anything else; I don't know what is to become of him. His rocks and stones are not going to give him an education or a living."

A few evenings after this conversation as the family were all seated together, Ralph, who was reading a newspaper published in a neighboring city, said: "Here's that personal notice again; I wonder what it means, and why it is not answered. This is the fourth time it has appeared, and is double-headed everytime."

"What is it?" asked his father, and Ralph read:

Will the author of this series of articles upon the soil and mineral resources of Southern—, recently published in the—*Scientific Journal*, send his name and address to the said journal, as an important communication for him in the Editor's hands."

No one but Lucy noticed the start that Robbie gave, and the flush which spread over his usually pale cheeks, but she was far from connecting either with what Ralph had read.

A couple of weeks passed, and then one day there was an excitement at the farmhouse. A stranger arrived, and introducing himself as Mr. Manning, Editor of the—*Scientific Journal*, asked to see Mr. Robert Ellis.

"No one of that name lives here," said Mr. Ellis, and then recollecting himself added—"unless, indeed, you mean—"

"He can't mean our Robbie?" interrupted Mrs. Ellis.

The stranger smiled. "I think," he said pleasantly, and taking a letter from his pocket "I think it is our Robbie, and a remarkable fellow he is, if all he says in this letter is true."

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and the two older boys who were present looked bewildered, which Mr. Manning perceiving said as he took the seat offered to him:

"This letter, signed Robert Ellis, tells me that the writer is fifteen years of age, and on account of delicate health has not been able to devote much attention to any study but that of geology,

which he says he loves better than anything in the world!"

"There's no mistake about that," said Mr. Ellis, as Mr. Manning paused, "but why, sir, he should tell this to you, a stranger, I do not understand. But here he is to explain it himself."

Robbie entered the room at the moment, and was at once presented to the Editor, who could not refrain from an ejaculation of surprise as the small, pale-faced boy stood blushing and confused before him.

"It cannot be possible! Look up, my boy," he said in a kind tone; "you surely are not the author of the geological articles over the signature 'E. R.' I have been publishing in my paper for the last three months?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis looked more and more amazed, and as Robbie modestly answered in the affirmative, the whole family burst forth in exclamations of astonishment.

"Some one helped you," suggested Mr. Manning, "you did not write them unaided?"

"I am sure," Mrs. Ellis spoke up, "if he wrote them all he did it unaided, for there is no one here who could help him do anything of the kind."

But Mr. Manning could not feel entirely convinced until he had mounted with the rest of the family to Robbie's room, where he soon received evidence enough not only of the genuineness of Robbie's authorship, but also that the boy was entirely unaware of his unusual powers of mind.

"I wrote the first article," said Robbie, in answer to Mr. Manning, "because I thought the mistakes in Mr. L.'s article, concerning the characteristics of the coal-beds of this particular region should be corrected. I hardly expected you to publish my criticism, but when you did, I felt encouraged to write again and tell about more of my discoveries. It was kind in you to print them all."

Mr. Manning smiled, and after a little more conversation with the boy and his parents, he said: "Your articles have attracted a great deal of attention, Robert, and have been widely copied and commented upon. A few weeks ago I received a letter from the Director of the Geological Survey at Washington, asking me for the name of the author. This I could not give him. He wrote again, begging that I would make means to find him, as his articles exhibited such patient industry, close investigation, and such a clear understanding of certain geological facts—these were his own words—that he would like, if possible, to engage his services for the exploring expedition now preparing to start for the Yellowstone Valley. Upon the receipt of this letter I inserted my first advertisement which met with no success, and I had about decided that my correspondent did not wish to be known, when your letter reached me three days ago. Now, what do you say? You are young it is true; but such an expedition is just what you need, and if your parents consent, I will write to Washington at once, and secure the place for you."

If a gold mine had suddenly opened at their feet, the Ellis family could not have been more astounded, and as to Robbie, he was completely dazed, and could not utter a word.

Mr. Manning waited a few moments, and then said: "Suppose you take until to-morrow to think the matter over. I have a friend in the town with whom I will remain until to-morrow afternoon. You can let me have your answer before then, and I hope it will be a favorable one. The expedition will leave Washington in about a week, and you could join it at C—. Your expenses will all be paid, and there will be something besides."

The different members of the family could only sit and stare at Robbie, and then at each other in utter bewilderment. They could not understand this sudden revelation of a genius among them, and that too in person of their much-lauded and slighted Robbie. But they were to receive a still further surprise, for taking a pocketbook from his pocket and opening it, Mr. Manning said, as he handed a paper to Robbie: "There, sir, is a check for \$300, the market value of the articles you have written for my paper. I know you did not expect anything for them, but I advise you to take this money, which you have well earned, and when you return

in the winter, strong and healthy from your expedition, you can enter a good polytechnic school with great advantage. This money will start you, and you can easily write your way through the course, and will have no difficulty in taking care of yourself afterwards."

Robbie's eyes sparkled. The very thing I would like to do," he said, "and what I will do after awhile. But I am sure I can now use this money to better purpose. I scarcely know how to thank you, sir, for your very great kindness, and I shall strive hard to show you that I appreciate it. I am positive that there are a rich vein of coal on this farm, and stretching over a wide area, even across the river. This money must be used to test it, and if it is as I suppose, then—and Robbie took his mother's hand affectionately—"then we can all go to college, and War Eagle need not to be sold."

We have not the space to detail the discussion which followed these remarks, suffice it that Robbie gave such excellent reasons for his assertion, that Mr. Manning advised Mr. Ellis to send at once for an expert and examine into the matter. He then left to await Robbie's answer in the small country town a few miles away.

The Ellises were left, you may be sure, with enough to think and talk about for the rest of the evening. It was like a fairy-tale to them that Robbie, "the good-for-nothing," should be suddenly transformed into a scientific man whose opinions other scientists respected, and able, before either of his bright brothers, to earn a good living, and perhaps make a fortune for them all. Mr. Ellis felt keenly the injustice of which he had been guilty towards his youngest son, and was ready now to make all the amends in his power. Before the family separated it was decided that Robbie should go on the exploring expedition if he could get the place, his father fearing only that his youth and delicate appearance would be counted against him. But when, a week later, he went with him to C— to meet the party from Washington, he found Mr. Manning there, and learned that he had made the members of the expedition well acquainted with all he knew himself of Robbie, and the reception the boy met with was not only kind but flattering.

And now behold our young geologist realizing his wildest dreams, travelling over just that part of the country he had so often longed to explore, and in daily communion with companions not only congenial in tastes, but kind and considerate to his youth, and indulgent to the last degree to his physical weaknesses, which, however, became less every day.

The truth was that before the lapse of many weeks, every member of the expedition learned to love their boy comrade like a brother, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that they saw his strength developing with his intellect. After three months his own mother, they affirmed, would scarcely have known him; and when, far into the winter, the expedition returned and Robbie once more entered the home door, his mother indeed had to give a second look before she recognized, in the sturdy youth before her, her once puny boy. He had grown taller as well as stouter, and now showed the bronzed complexion and warm color of perfect health. The old timid manner had disappeared, and in its place was a bright, manly look of self-reliance which told, as plainly as words could have spoken it, that he had found his niche in the busy world, and felt sure of his ability to fill it.

Great were the rejoicings over the wanderer's return, but greater still was his joy at learning what the family had to tell him. By the aid of his \$300, an expert had continued the investigations begun by Robbie, and the result was a confirmation of the boy's assertion that a rich vein of coal traversed all that section of the country, and was well worth mining. This Mr. Ellis did not care to undertake, but he found no difficulty in disposing of his farm and interests upon such terms that he was able to restore his family to the condition of life to which they were accustomed before their Western experiences, and to give his children all the advantages they so much needed and desired.

And Robbie carried out his plan of

going through a Polytechnic course followed by a year at the New-York School of Mines. He is now one of the most successful and popular mining engineers in the country, and if you could see him in his beautiful Colorado home you would echo his brother Harry's remark: "There is some value in rocks and stones, after all!"

Washington, D. C., Sept., 1882.
—N. Y. Examiner.

How to Ride.

Horseback riding is a curious art, and you cannot master it in one lesson. Regular lessons of an hour each, three times a week, for three months, is the usual course required to make a really good rider. To make the horse perform fancy steps, leap hedges, and that sort of thing, requires from one to two year's study in a good school and much out-of-door practice. Like learning to dance, it consists in the art of holding and carrying the body gracefully and naturally. Very few boys and girls in this country ever learn to walk naturally and gracefully without instruction, and to dance or ride one must go to school. Walking, dancing, and riding are parts of a good education. They give health and pleasant manners, but of the three, riding is the most useful in giving courage, strength, manners, and good health.

The body is the house we live in. It is a pretty good house, and should not only be neatly clothed, but be carried in a correct and natural manner. No one thinks of wearing torn clothes or living in a tumble-down house, and why should we not stand and walk, or sit and ride, in a natural and graceful manner. We are so made that if we do things in the right way we shall always find it the easiest way also, and that it will enable us to be natural and graceful at the same time.

The art of riding teaching all this, and once learned is wonderfully easy, and becomes as much second nature as walking. It consists of two things: a good seat and guiding the horse. By a good seat is meant a secure position on the horse. For a boy it means to put both legs over the horse, with the upper part of the leg bent slightly forward, the lower part hanging down, with the foot in the stirrup and the heel slightly lower than the toes. Sit erect, with the body free to away in every direction on the hips. For a girl the right leg is thrown over the horn of the saddle, and the left hangs down like a boy's. Her body is really on a pivot, through the hips, and must freely bend forward or backward or on either side, without moving in the saddle.

The horse, as was remarked, has four feet and a brain. Riding consists not only in a good seat, but the art of teaching the horse to give up his will and to do, not what he wishes, but what you wish. So you must come to an understanding with the horse—learn his way of thinking and his language. Left to himself, he might go the wrong way, or stand still and go nowhere in particular. It might be very pleasant for him; but this is not what we want. So in the school you are taught all the words of command; to start, to halt, to trot or gallop, to change step, and to go to the right or left. To tell it all would fill a book, and we can only now observe, in a general way, how a horse is managed. It is done both by voice and by motions of the hand and body. For instance, the word is given to start or stop, but the rider's body must be moved slightly on the hips to help the horse. To turn to the right or left, the reins are turned very slightly, the body is bent in the opposite direction to that you wish to take, and the horse's side is touched with the foot. Boy's use either foot, but girls use only the left foot, and touch the horse on the right with a riding-whip. This is the merest hint of what is meant by learning to ride, but it is enough to show what is done in the riding-school. The horse has a mind of his own, and though he surrenders his will to the rider, he yet watches where he is going and always has his wits about him. He will not willingly fall or stumble. He will not step on you should you fall on the ground, nor can you drive him against a wall or down a steep bank. A steam-engine has no mind, and will run into a ditch or into the river just as readily as on the rails.

The moment you get on his back you observe that the motion is very different from walking. As he has four legs, and as you sit between the two pair, you are really at a place between four points of support that are continually moving. This you have always to remember, and to ride gracefully you must conform to every motion of your horse. If you wish him to turn sharply to the right and change his step, you lean to the left. This throws your weight on three of his legs and leaves the right fore-leg free, and, as it moves more easily than any other, the horse steps out with that foot first. But, to give you all the details would weary you. The best way to learn is to go to a riding-school, or else to have a good teacher at home.—*From St. Nicholas for October.*

A Realized Hope.

A DOGGIE'S TALK.

O dear it's very hard indeed to sit here patiently,
And see that heartless little girl eat chicken for her tea!
She don't know how to take a hint for I have said "Bow-wow,"
And no one could look hungrier than I am looking now.

It surely is a drum-stick that she's holding in her hand,
If I had that I'd be the happiest puppy in the land!
I wonder if she hears me crying softly through my nose;
I'd yelp out if I dared, but it would never do, I s'pose.

Ma had some meat like that one day,
And I gnawed it, but since then
She's watched me, and I've never had a single chance again.
I've dreamed of it sometimes—*yap yap yap!*

'T would move a heart of stone,
That I am too old for bread and milk
and yet too young for bone.

Perhaps if I should come up near,
and play a little trick,
My mistress would throw down a bite,
but no!—
"T will make him sick,"—
That's what she always says, and she laughs at my big head and feet.
'T would serve her right if I should go
and get lost in the street.

I look so young, she often says,—as if she didn't too!
There comes a bone! I whined so hard, I do believe she knew.

My, what a noise! With teeth like that,
a pug like me deserves
Something beyond such trashy stuff as pickles and preserves.
—*Clara Louise Burnham, in St. Nicholas for October.*

What the Girls should Learn.

By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Almost every man marries without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so shortsighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depends, in a great measure, on the kind of food he eats; in fact the whole household is influenced by its diet. Feed them on fried cake fried meat, hot bread and other indigestible viands day by day, and they will soon need medicine to make them well. A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked.

Let all girls have a share in house-keeping at home before they marry; let each superintend some department by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house has been properly swept, dusted and put in order, to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels that enervate both mind and body, and unfit them for every-day life. Women do not as a general rule, get pale faces doing house-work. Their sedentary habits, in overheated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework.

Infidelity never regenerates a nation. Christianity does.

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