

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

By PROF. GRANT ALLEN.
On the crimson cloth
Of the master's desk
A sturdy mouth
Panted, stammered,
Or wailed.
With its light limb-shaped
And in scales of gold
To the floor it fell;
While its delicate wings
Were netted and veined
With the lightest
Or golden-grained,
Through whose many maze
In the light
Danced quivering rays
Of the glimmering light.

On the desk close by
A taper burned.
To the eye
Of the insect turned.
In the cage he mind
A feathered friend
Was undrawn.

For the bright fire
Light it pread.
Each silken van
The light was won.

For a moment's span;
And a strange delight
Left the room.
With restless might
Toward the central source,
A faint strain spell
Through an eddying maze,
The tapers and tell
In the dark.

Danced and stumbe'd
By the scalding rain.
One moment it swooned,
Then the room was won.
And again the sun
Drew it on with its charms
Till it was won.

In its awful arms;
And now it lies
In the dark here
Before my eyes.

All shivered and sere
As it stank and hung.
On its fury it lay,
With a sharp, intense pain
Might I nod?
For the pang that throbbed
Through the iron frame,
As its senes were filled
With the searing flame.

That's living or dead,
In rhyme or prose,
A mere name,
But a moth, you cry,
A mere name, I think!
Ah, yes! but why
Why is it not
For the vaguest smart
One moment's throb
Through the iron frame?
And in the whole
Wide universe
But a single soul
Feel that primal curse?

And in the iron frame,
Of mightest mind,
Nor the heaviest woes
Of life's load.

Are of deeper weight
In the riddle of things
Than the iron frame
With the anguish wings.

But it only is
In my simple song,
Could tell you the why
Of that one little wrong,
I could tell more now
Than the deepest song,
Or of what's right
Or of what's wrong;

Or the iron frame
Could Philosophy get
At the imper of life;

And the iron frame
Have still to explain
The inextricable
Pain of life.

So I sometimes fear
That, in spite of both,
We are but iron
By this song.

—Popular Science Monthly for September.

BARRING OUT A SCHOOLMASTER.

My early life was made miserable by one Mulberry Bangs, a gentleman of the old school, who devoted himself to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the general use of a stick. Upon my head and other parts of my person he imprinted himself so positively that I can see him now as plainly as if he had but yesterday. He was a stout man, who made in his figure, who seen in profile, Hogan's fine, being round, stout, and well-made, and a broad, flat nose. He was blonde. The hair of his head had that sunny tinge so much admired to-day, and when rubbed down with a tallow candle, as was his wont to dress it, was so smooth and straight that the boys believed that the flies slipped down it and broke their legs. His eyes were dark and fierce, and hid under the cavernous recesses made by his bushy red eyebrows, a cub's, 'tob' in 'sh'p', an' when Bangs was an'ry, which appeared to be all the time, it glowed like the heat-light of a locomotive. His mouth was finished without lips, and resembled a slit in a piece of sole leather.

My early experience gave me a distaste for the whips in schools. But I am far from being a schoolmaster, and the p'st is not, who, like the old, moral and sunni sun. The easi-er, the only ones—are those of the rod, that gave us a realizing sense of pain to the body, and dril us into p'nuce and scald.

Boys are of two sorts—good little boys, who die young, and bully boys, who can't live.

As the last named only live to be men, instead of being transplant'd into angels, it is well to discipline them through the only process known to animals, and that is the discipline of fear. The old adage is not far wrong that said, "When you meet a boy who him—for, if he has not been in mischief, he is going in."

It may have been my feelings when sufficient evidence of the stick of my objection to him, nor rests not far on his use of that instrument as the beasty appearance and character of the man. Late in life was the school of a man who was as severe with the rod, almost, as my enemy Bangs; but to my dying day I shall remember him as one of the noblest of men and the true friend I ever encountered. Alexander of a selected school, with the goodness of pulses and large, hearty brain that ought to have secured him a high position among the teachers and leaders of men. From that school came boys so disciplined to study, and so filled with the love of learning, that in making their mark in the world, lived to illustrate the beauty of the system.

I took up my pen, and down to write of this, but to give in his place of my earlier experiences. It was understood throughout the country that the boys were justifiable in barring out the master, and, if successful, were not only entitled to a week's rest, but the admiration and praise of their parents. Old Bangs was famous for his power of resistance, and boasted that no school of his had ever succeeded in conquering in such attempts. On the occasion to which I refer we had two big boys in school named Bill Henning and Bob Strong. They were knotty-headed, broad-shouldered, and hard-fisted fellows, who worked through the summer for means to attend school during the winter. Each, in turn, had been unmercifully whipped by the master, and it was understood throughout the school that the boy who was not to be beaten was Bangs.

The evening before the general engagement, Bill and Bob, our noble leaders, with a few confederates, stole back to the school-house, armed with Hickory poles. Breaking open the door, they whittled one end of these tough saplings to a point, and then hardened the point in the fire. Then placing these in a corner ready to use, with a stout cord, they gave orders to the boys willing to take part in the fight to be on hand at the school-house before day light next morning.

At two time indicated nearly all the lads were in attendance. Some were pale and trembling, others were noisy and boastful; but I observed that the real leaders and reliable soldiers were quiet and firm, and the most quiet of all them. Men are born of a spirit of "gargle growth," said Dryden, and that certain pomp of a poet, Wordsworth, assures us that "the child is father to the man." In the animal propensities and tastes that survive our boyhood this is undoubtedly true, and many and many a time since, in hours of peril, I have re-

enacted the same exhibitions of character that occurred on that cold morning in Decen' her among the boys.

Our first order was to cut and carry in enough wood to serve the garrison of the country side out in the burning of our place of torture and the sickness of our people we were the happiest set of little animals in the world.

It is a long time, I am sorry to say, since then, and most of the actors in the drama have passed away. Bob, one of our gallant leaders, is now a well-to-do farmer in Illinois; while Bill fell in the bloody fight at Stone river.—*Don Platt.*

THE CHICAGO BANK FAILURE.

Scenes in Front of the Bankrupt Institution—The Wretched and Beggared Debtors.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

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Our leaders sprung to their posts on each side of the door, and, on being ordered to surrender, boldly demanded a week's holiday and a treat of cider and apples.

This was sternly refused.

"Fine!" cried Bob and Bob, and two poles went out with all the strength the stout arms could give them. They took the indignant pedagogue in the sides with such force that, but for a thick flannel overcoat, holes might have been in his wicked body. As it was, he staggered back, and for twenty minutes or more we saw him sitting upon a log, catching his breath and rubbing his wounded sides. We gave him a loud cheer, clapping down the first.

There was that other class, utterly unsusppecting, whose previous doubts and fears had been quieted, and who were living in fancied security.

To them the news of the failure came with all the suddenness and crushing effect of a blow in the dark. Trusting, they had been deceived; and the savings of years, often of a lifetime, were lost.

CONCRETE walls do not give satisfaction. There are so many conditions, such as expanding, contracting, etc., that cannot be exactly determined, that they are very apt to settle out of perpendicular, or crack, or in some way fail to make a perfect job. Stone and brick are more reliable.—*Rural Home.*

SUEL FOSTER furnishes facts in relation to the number of cases of new stocks of the Siberian crab for sale.

Some Western nurseries plant the seeds of the crab for this purpose, and their young trees are doing better than common apple seedlings, where the severe winters often destroy the tender roots. This practice would, of course, not be desirable when common-apple stocks prove sufficiently hardy and endure the winter.—*Prarie Farmer.*

A GENEROUS writer to the *Planter* has given us the following for a shocking cow. We suppose it will meet the responsibilities thrust upon him by stepping into the huge shoes of his father. Some men who had operated with the old Commodore for years said that William was a better railroad man than his father. Many shook their heads and doubted. So far Mr. Vanderbilt has exceeded public expectation.

He has a great deal of practical wisdom, and but for the barricade within the broach would have been available.

The enemy, now being aware of the defense within, suddenly dropped the stone and ran at the door. We were not to be taken by surprise. Again were the sharp lances thrust out. And the battle was joined by the men who closed their followers. The following split the door, and the broach broke the upper works, and but for the barricade within the broach would have been available.

There was a small chance, they resolved to visit the place where their little wealth was located with other animals; it will be well to remember it. He says that it has never failed in any instance, and has been tried by him and others hundreds of times.

The remedy is to take a table-spoonful of saltpeter, open the animal's mouth, and throw it well back upon the tongue; let the animal go, and it will either go up or down in a very few minutes.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

HERE is a valuable table, containing the number of deaths in a bushel of the different articles named:

(Pounds.)

Bran, 12 Barley, 12 Flax seed, 48

Blue grass, 14 Flax seed, 56

Corn, 12 Flax seed, 56

Dried apples, 25 Smeared corn, 56

Dates, 30 Smeared corn, 60

Dried apples, 25 Wheat, 60

Flax seed, 44 Clover seed, 60

Hemp seed, 44 Clover seed, 60

Castor oil, 48 Salt, 75

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It is well known that an animal with a quiet temperament grows and thrives much better than one that is easily excited, shy or wild. In the latter the waste of material is considerably larger, the equilibrium between the organic processes is more disturbed, and the animal is more liable to disease.

Every animal has a natural desire to be in a state of repose, and is able to do more work, and is usually also healthier, than one that is always restless, easily excited or wild. Still, spirit and strength must not be mistaken for an excitable temperament. An animal may be spirited and very docile and quiet, and vice versa.

AN ORGANIC SOUP is a good article to give to the animal, and the best way to do this is to add a few pounds of common salt to the water in which the animal is to be washed.

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