SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO.

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They come and went of yore;
This world is all our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we have passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
Yet not in life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The roses will be there;
But we, who love so well, love,
Shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor then my hand in thine.
—*George Eliot.*

MICHIGAN MY MICHIGAN.

In Michigan give me a home;
From her I never wish to roam.
Michigan, my Michigan,
From sunrise gilded our thoughts entwine
With memories of her sacred shrine
And friends of years in good and times,
Michigan, our Michigan.

Her fertile land forces bring us wealth,
Her pure, clear waters give us health,
Michigan, our Michigan.
No lands a richer harvest bear,
And Uncle Sam gives each a share,
That all the poor may have good fare
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Our lakes and rivers teem with fish,
All that an epicure could wish,
Michigan, our Michigan.
Our mines are rich in shining ore,
With salt and timber along our shore,
And posts sing the praises o'er
Of Michigan, our Michigan.

The veteran soldiers, tried and true,
Have planted laurels in her wake,
From Michigan, our Michigan,
Have distributed axes lodged of same
And struck the place to make good farms
And see success in well tilled farms
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Our inland lakes are lovely, grand,
Around their shores rich, fertile land,
In Michigan, our Michigan.
Oh! a farm and home is independent and free,
A farm and home is the place for me,
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Happier by far is the farmer's wife,
Living in quiet from bustle and strife
In a cottage home in Michigan,
The farmer's wife is happiest of all,
Filling the air with sweet perfume,
To banish everything like gloom,
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Stick to your homestead and battle on,
A little time and the victory is won
Fog Mississippi and Oregon,
You can plant potatoes or sow to peas
And live and work just when you please
And by and by take luxurious ease
In Michigan, our Michigan.

Hurrah! then, for the banner state
And seek a home 'ere 'tis too late
In Michigan, our Michigan.
Where once were mighty forest trees
The grain fields wave before the breeze,
For we can grow just what we please
Right here in Northern Michigan.

EDNA'S APRIL FOOL.

It was an impatient, dingy-looking, one story house, so small that the entrance to the cellar lay through a trap-door in the kitchen; but the dinginess was all on the outside, for within the wooden walls were as clean as hands and soap and sand could make them, and the patched curtain at the window was almost immaculate in its whiteness. A venerable stove, a few wooden chairs, and an old fashioned rocking-chair made comprised most of the furniture of the room. When Edna had finished dusting these, she opened the trap-door and peered half timidly into the darkness beneath.

She was descending the steep and narrow stairs, her head just disappearing in the dusky depths below, as Tim Parsons peeped curiously in at the window. Her face was flushed, her pink calico apron had been hung upon the bushes to dry. Its vivid hues seemed to mock the pale-eyed violets that bloomed in the shadow of the bushes, as it fluttered above them, tossed to and fro by the breeze. A moment later, the little Edna returned, bringing a scanty dish of vegetables, and singing softly to herself a plaintive melody. But the pink calico apron had disappeared from the bushes, and Tim Parsons was far away down the street, driving his cows to pasture, and whistling as he went with unwonted glee.

He confided his exploit to his most intimate friend, Henry Hedrutha, an hour later in the school-yard. "She'll think the wind blew it away," he whispered, "and at recess we'll have some fun over it."

"Are you sure no one saw you?" asked Henry, as the bell rang for school.

"Yes, for her father was going into the bar-room as I came past, and her mother is cleaning house for Mrs. Jacobs," replied Tim as they ran hastily into the house.

That morning the teacher, Miss Parmalee, called the roll, as usual, beginning with Abram Adams, whose parents had he was the only lineal descendant of that name from the original Abram Adams, who came over among the early settlers, and ending with Viola Anastasia Wilkinson, whose mother said she agreed with the teacher, who, when he named his children, did not consider it necessary to set them up as tombstones for their grandfathers. But when Miss Parmalee reached the name of Edna Brown there was no response. Glancing up at the empty seat, she placed a black mark in the register opposite Edna's name, and proceeded with her list.

The school exercises went on without interruption until after recess, when, just as the first class in arithmetic was reciting, there came a knock at the door, and a rather big boy, just the school as Mrs. Hontoon and Mrs. De La Mater entered and were seated upon the platform. Parthenia Morse was at the blackboard, weeping over an insurmountable complex fraction that she had been asked to reduce and explain. Bob Simonds had turned back his coat sleeves and was working with great energy at the problem assigned him: "If 248 men in 5½ days of 12 hours each, dig a ditch of 7 degrees of hardness, 222½ yds. long, 3¾ yds. wide, and 2¾ yds. deep, how many days of 10 hours each will 24 men dig a ditch of 4 degrees of hardness, 387½ yds. long, 5½ yds. wide, and 3¼ yds. deep?" His answer was 155. Anna Todd and Nellie Kemp, the two most active members of the primer class, were industriously running slate pencils through the whole length of their apron tucks. A sign to the teacher they folded their arms. Parthenia suppressed her tears, and Bob explained the Compound Rule of Three. Then the primer class was called. Miss Parmalee Todd lifted her manfast face, withdrew her finger from her mouth, and began to read.

"H-a-t."

"What does h-a-t spell?"

"I don't know."

"Oh! yes, you do!" said Miss Parmalee, encouragingly. "What does your father wear upon his head besides a cap?" Now, try it again, she added, as she noted the sudden gleam of intelligence in the child's eye.

"H-a-t—why! was the triumphant response of the literal Annie, who could scarcely say the alphabet, notwithstanding the fact that she could run pencils through the hem of her apron faster than any other member of the school.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the teacher dismissal; but Mrs. Hontoon and Mrs. De La Mater lingered a moment to talk with the teacher.

One of my best girls is absent this morning,' said Miss Parmalee. 'Little Edna Brown. Such a thing has never happened before with her and I'm afraid she is sick.'

'Oh! that is the new family who moved into the old Johnson house,' observed Mrs. Hontoon.

'Please, Miss Parmalee, Edna is not sick,' said Bessie De La Mater, who was waiting for her mother. 'She was in the yard this morning when I came past, crying as if her heart would break. She had lost her April fool, and had no other to wear to school.'

'Could she not have come without an apron, for once, rather than have an absent mark?' asked the teacher primly.

'She thought the scholars would laugh at her,' answered Bessie; 'for the sleeves of her dress were made of different kinds of calico and it was patched all over, but it did not show under the apron. She said they were dreadfully poor.

'The father drinks,' was Mrs. De La Mater's patenthesis.

'And,' continued Bessie, 'she has not been able to go to church or Sabbath school, because she had no suitable clothes; and now she is afraid she will be obliged to leave the day school.'

Tim Parsons had loitered in the school room to exchange confidences with Henry in regard to spending the two new, bright half dollars that were jingling in his pockets. Balls, knives, kites, and marbles must be discussed, and decided on. He was an impulsive boy, and, somewhat to the surprise of the aristocratic Mrs. De La Mater, was at her side in a moment.

'Here's the apron,' he cried. 'I just took it for a joke. I never thought but that she had another. I am very sorry I did it, Miss Parmalee. I should never have thought of taking it if it hadn't been the first of April.'

Something in the boy's frank confession rather won upon Mrs. De La Mater. She checked the rising tide of Miss Parmalee's wrath, and suggested that, when Tim returned the apron, he should enclose in it a blue and white plaid dress that Bessie had outgrown. 'And there is quite a good deal of shoes, that are too small for her. You might put those in, too,' she added.

'I will go over the small round hat I wore last summer,' said Mrs. Hontoon. 'I can take off the wreath of poppies, and trim it with some blue ribbon that I have and a bunch of apple blossoms; so, if you will call for it this evening, Tim, it shall be ready for you.'

'I would like to contribute some thing,' said Miss Parmalee. 'They are a clean shape, I wore four years ago. It is too short for me and a little faded; but, if it could be turned, it would make a nice long one for Edna.'

'We will make it over this afternoon, if you will trust it with us,' said Mrs. De La Mater. 'I can cut it by Bessie's cloak-pattern and vary a little to make it smaller.'

'And I will send a pair of my blue-and-white-striped stockings, to match her hat and dress,' whispered Bessie, who was a type of her mother—in her way. The afternoon passed. Tim Parsons and Henry Bedortha had a long and confidential talk behind the wood-pile. In vain did the other boys try to lure Tim from his hiding-place in game of leap-frog. They remained in secret conclave till the bell called them in, and through the afternoon frequently exchanged significant glances. At the close of school they departed at once to the store, on their mission of benevolence, they having, at the cost of great self-denial, finally decided to use all their spending money for Edna.

'She'll want a common, every-day dress,' whispered Tim, as they walked up to the counter. 'I would like to look at calicoes,' if you please,' he said, politely.

The store-keeper stared. 'Light or dark prints?' he said, interrogatively.

Tim hesitated, and Henry came to the rescue. 'Seal brown makes up very prettily,' he observed, tentatively. He had heard his sister make that remark in regard to her new cashmere the Winter before.

'I think I have no prints of that color in just now,' said the merchant, blandly.

'I guess we will take that yellow one,' decided Tim, pointing to a large-figured, gorgeous-looking compound of orange and scarlet.

'How much yards did you wish?' asked Mr. Pinney, as he prepared to cut off the goods.

'I would like to look at gloves,' interrupted Tim hastily, as the sum total amounted to twenty cents. 'I will take these,' he announced, selecting a pair of brown cotton ones, large enough for a descendant of Anak.

'How many yards did you say?' repeated Mr. Pinney, who had laid the piece in stock for years and was glad of a chance to sell it. 'I used to ask ten cents a yard for that print; but, seeing it is you, I will let you have it for eight.'

'I should think twelve yards would be enough,' to make a dress for Edna Brown. Shouldn't you, Henry?' whispered Tim.

'Better call it twelve and a half,' returned Henry, after making a mathematical calculation; or, stay a minute, I'll tell you how much dress him throw in the whole for a dollar.'

While Tim was agitating the matter of the extra half yard Mrs. Hontoon came in to get a pound of tea. Hat. With a woman's quick instinct she divined the situation at a glance. She quietly suggested to Henry a small pair of lisle-thread gloves, which he gladly accepted, and persuaded Tim to select a small-figured and less gorgeous pattern; and, as he still insisted on the thirteen yards, it proved in the end enough for dresses for both Edna and her mother. Then Henry inquired what Mr. Pinney was going to throw in with the gloves; and the merchant, who was beginning to feel that he had gone too far in the matter, handed him a lace ruffle for the neck, remarking, good-naturedly, that they were a couple of young sharpers, and if he had much of their trade it would ruin him.

That evening there was a knock at Mr. Brown's door. Upon opening it a large box was disclosed, directed to Edna.

'It is some miserable April fool,' muttered her father thickly, as they opened it with slow and cautious movements; but when the contents came to light the little girl laughed and cried all in a breath, and danced around the room, almost upsetting the tallow candle that flared dimly on the table. And the daughter of the drunkard looked out of the window at her boy lover with eyes as bright as if she had been a rich man's daughter; and the soul was very pure and sweet that looked out at its windows.

The blue ribbon is exactly the color of her eyes,' murmured Mrs. De La Mater to Mrs. Hontoon. 'And the pink and white apple blossoms just match her complexion.'

'Oh, that was a mere chance,' responded Mrs. Hontoon lightly. 'But the sacque is such a perfect fit that I do not believe Worth himself could have sent out a nicer-looking garment.'

'It was only a happy accident,' returned Mrs. De La Mater. But for my own part, I doubt the assertion of both ladies, for somewhat deeper than chance had been at work.

And the father sold the new clothes for rum before the week was out? No, indeed, there was no place in the village where he would have done anything half had he been so minded; but he was not at heart a bad man, only a weak one, who, disappointed at not finding any uncle from the unknown to leave him, had drifted back into his old habits of intemperance.

But the friends of the day had called attention to the fatal habit, and especially Mr. De La Mater sought out Mr. Brown and gave him steady employment, encouraging him to reform by his kindly interest, wise counsel, and watchful care. The old-fashioned mansion, that Bessie's new piano had driven into exile, was brought down from the attic, repaired, tuned, and restored to the little wooden chamber on the old Johnson place. And many an evening did it fill the room with a melody unknown to the bar-room. And so, little by little, Edna's father emerged from the gulf of poverty and sin into which he had fallen, for helping hands were stretched out on every side to lift him up, till, at last, as years have gone by, he stands, to all human seeming, a new man, upon the Rock, Christ Jesus.

As to Tim Parsons and Henry Hedrutha, the former has been two years in college, and, though less brilliant in scholarship than Bob Simonds, is distinguished as the sophomore who has never been put down for a "mark" in Greek during his now head clerk in Mr. Phinney's store, is, according to Madam Rumor, about to build a Gothic cottage on the old Johnson place.

Conservation of Solar Energy.

Dr. C. W. Siemens, whose name has of late been closely connected with electrical developments, read a paper before the Royal Society of the London Royal Society on the conservation of solar energy, in which novel views were propounded. According to Poulillet and other experimenters, the heat radiated from the sun is equivalent to that which would be produced by the combustion of a layer of coal three feet a mass of coal as great as the earth. Of this vast amount of radiant heat only the 2,000 millionth part is intercepted by the planets, the rest passing into space and appears to be absolutely wasted. Notwithstanding the enormous loss of heat, the sun's temperature has not diminished appreciably for centuries. How is this heat kept up? One theory is that the sun is fed with a steady stream of meteorites, but other that the heat is sustained by solar contraction—that the sun feeds upon itself and will in time be burnt out.

Dr. Siemens is dissatisfied with both these hypotheses, and propounds a new one. He assumes that interplanetary space is occupied by a fluid, with gases—hydrogen, oxygen and compound of carbon. Owing to the high relative velocity of the equatorial parts of the sun, the fluid in contact with the gases surrounding it very much like a huge fan, drawing them in at the poles and throwing out the products of combustion in the form of a jet at the equator. The indraught of gases at the poles take fire as they reach the photosphere and produce intense heat and light, after spread over the surface on their way to the sun's equator. The products of combustion, chiefly aqueous vapor and carbonic acid, are then driven into the interplanetary space, where, in a highly rarified state, they are dissociated by the action of the solar heat, and are ready to be again drawn into the sun. On this hypothesis there is no waste of solar energy, and no danger of the diminution and fading of the sun's light and heat. Moreover, Dr. Siemens maintains, his hypothesis explains that mysterious appearance, the phenomena of light, as well as those puzzling bodies, the comets.

Dr. Siemens thus sums up the fundamental conditions of his theory: "Oxygen vapor and carbon compounds are present in stellar or interplanetary space. 2. That these gaseous compounds are capable of being dissociated by radiant solar energy while in a state of extreme attenuation. 3. That the dissociated gases are capable of being carried back into the solar photosphere by a process of interchange with an equal amount of reassociated vapors, the liberated heat being effected by the trifugal action of the sun itself. If these conditions, he adds, could be substantiated, we should gain the artificial heat of the solar system would no longer impress us with the idea of prodigious waste through dissipation of energy into space, but rather with the idea of a well-ordered self-sustaining action, capable of perpetuating solar radiation to the remotest future.

Michigan Ship Canal.

The congressional committee on canals and railroads, on the bill for making a survey of routes for a ship canal across Michigan, reported adversely to report through Mr. Lord, chairman, Mr. Townsend and Mr. Dwight alone dissenting. In behalf of the proposed canal, the argument is that it would shorten the distance between Chicago and the lower lake ports 550 miles; prolong the season of navigation on the lakes at least 30 days; save an average of 24 hours' time to lake vessels, and much more on sailing vessels, equivalent to a saving of from 60 to 90 days of open navigation, and take one-half from the tolls now paid vessels, which, for the last 25 years, $100,000 worth of property has been annually lost. The measure is also urged by the consideration of our rivals of Great Britain, and as affording facility and safety in the transportation of gun-boats, men-of-war and heavy ordnance, such as cannot be done by railroad.

The vast agricultural area of the northwest which would be tributary to the canal, urges the measure. It would enable us to transport the crops of the whole crop of the United States 25 years ago. It creates a necessity for almost unlimited transportation, and faster than facilities are provided, even though the railroads are enlarging their facilities. The measure is commended as a direct means of affording protection to American industry, and as a means of providing a cheap transportation and diminish its cost. It should be under the control of the government, be exempt from the question of discriminating rates and other disgusting questions of carriages. Controlled by such considerations, and entertaining such views, the committee report in favor of a $10,000 appropriation for a survey.

THE FARM.

A Word to Farmers and Their Wives.

The Farmer had a very good brief article recently on over-feeding "calves, and, together with other leading agricultural papers, devotes considerable space and ink to the proper diet of animals, exclusive of its readers. Why is it that we are so chary of addressing our fellow men and women so *their* habits of living—how they may maintain health, attain longevity, and bestow vigorous offspring upon the world—and yet we are so anxious about the inferior creation?

It was always a somewhat anxious period with farmers when calves, their cows or mares were about to calve or foal, and some extra previous care was given them, but not much thought even then on the necessary and the reduced stimulating diet and roomy quarters, which now that the human species especially has risen in importance, are considered indispensable. To lose a thousand-dollar cow from milk fever which could have been prevented by care and a little thought, or to move about in, is a blot on the escutcheon of any breeder, and those of us who handle "Jerseys" have a very tender spot in our hearts. Well, we do you know, "Jerseys" are, after parturition, for if there is any neglect it generally befalls the best animal, and regrets will not restore to life the best cow we highly prized. To rear a valuable calf or cow is attended also with much judgment and anxiety, and how farmers have to labor and toil to stuff the young creature, calf or cow, with grain or too stimulating food, but it is allowed to grow up with little care, and then allowed to gorge itself with grain, nor even is there not a sufficient quantity of this bulky food which is its main sustenance. What frisky, unmanageable, devilish bulls and heifers would should if they were brought up on grain mainly, but their natural disposition is only controlled by proper diet, exercise, and training.

But all these rules and precautions are disregarded in the management of our own appetites and control of those of our husbands. I read the pieces furnished to the newspaper by notable housewives, it would seem as if they thought farmers and their families had iron stomachs, with the gizzards like fowls or ostriches, and that anything was digestible, from eternal pie to perpetual pork, and from small pieces to roasts of beef. Are not farmers different on their constitution from other christians? Have they not, even as the Jews, "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," and why should they be made to disbelieve and disfigure these by eating for their daily food what, if they ever ate, would give indigestion by reasonable people in other callings? If anyone desires to learn the results of gluttonous continued living, let him read the history of Don Carlos, the son of Philip the second, whose father was Charles V. Don Carlos inherited his father's pride, inherited his father's appetite with a weaker stomach, and satiated himself with sweet meats and pastry, and consequently died in a dreadful paroxysm which led him to slaughter hecatombs of better christians than himself, despite as he pretended to be. His cook, Don Carlos, was fed upon fish, but in the wildness of his passions, threatening the latter's life, and among other eccentricities compelling him to make a pie of his cook's own cut up and fricasseed because they did not fit, and at last his own father had to have him put to death, for he was a monster unsuited even to the temperature of Spain in that age! Isn't the same thing happening every day, differing in degree, among our wives in cities and town, but in the outlying rural districts? Would the murders, rapes, robberies and other results of illegitimate gratification of appetite more attention was directed to the diet of children, if they were brought up more on grains and vegetables, and on appetite tempting meat, pastry, cake, coffee, and other stimulants which not only breed evil themselves, but provoke an appetite for other and more injurious consumption? A dyspeptic tempers