



A RAIN SONG.

Tinkle, tinkle,
Lightly fall
On the peach-buds, pink and small
Tip the tiny grass, and twinkle
On the willows green and tall.

Tinkle, tinkle—
Faster now,
Little rain-drops, smite and sprinkle
Cherry-bloom and apple-bough!
Pelt the elm, and show them how
You can dash!
And splash! splash! splash!
While the thunder rolls and mutters, and
The lightning's flash and flash!
Then eddy into curls
Of a million misty swirls,
And thread the air with silver, and em-
broider it with pearls!

And patter, patter, patter
On the mossy flags, and clatter
On the streaming window-panes.
Rain, rain,
On the leaves,
And the eaves,
And the turning weathervane!

Rush in torrents from the tip
Of the gable-peak, and drip
In the garden-bed, and fill
All the cuckoo-cups, and pour
More and more
In the tulip-bowls, and still
Overspill
In a crystal tide, until
Every yellow daffodil
Is flooded to its golden rim, and brimming
Over and o'er!

Then as gently as the low
Muffled whir of robin wings,
Or a sweep of silvery strings,
Even so
Take your airy April flight
Through the merry April light,
And melt into a mist of rainy music as you
go.

—Evelaen Stein, in St. Nicholas.

A COUPLE OF ARTISTS.

BY M. D.

WELL, it does not matter—no one knows it but myself; no one ever shall. Some time in every woman's life it comes to her, they say—this odd mingling of admiration and tenderness and romance which men call love, and I was a fool to think that it would never come to me. I am five-and-twenty next birthday. I am the age when the woman in us is strong, even in ugly folks; but I know better than to expect any response now from him, or even from any one. They care for nothing but beauty, these men; for nothing else—nothing, nothing.

What did I hear him say—the Mehlig, artist—as he stood before that picture of Eugenie, in Helen Komers' parlor? "She is so beautiful that any man would have been willing to die for her."

So beautiful! Ah, well; I hope there is another world where we shall all be beautiful.

If I had been beautiful, I would have tried to charm him—I would have made myself so that he would have been "willing to die" for me, and some day I would have been his wife. Then I would have given my life to him. All other men should have known that they were nothing to me. Whatever woman's hands could do to make his life happy, these hands should have done. What does the clock say? The night is over, I have wasted it away in waking. What an idiot I am!

They put dates upon tombstones, don't they? Over this grave of my first grand penchant I will write the date:

April 13, 18—
NANNIE STERLING.
Request at once.

April 5.—He came to see me to-day; walked coolly into my little studio, and squashed his soft hat into the corner of a sofa—and, with his hands in his pockets, began to criticise my pictures. I am used to having my doubts admired too—I who have been hitherto the only artist of Belleville.

How I liked him! It came across me, seeing that I was just the I I was, how horrible a thing it would be if I were to show any admiration in my ugly face. I had tried to look as pleasant as possible, no doubt I succeeded.

We talked most of the conversation, I remember, however, the first spoke of having once boarded-sch had some talent many.

you see, a girl seldom studies hard; she does not look forward to following a profession, but to marrying some day. She passes the time before that epoch—that is all. After that she hangs her productions on the wall, and says, I painted those when I was at school."

"Some women have their own way to make," I said. "And a profession is such a blessing. If one is successful in it, it does away with all necessity for marrying. A woman who can earn her own living will not relinquish her liberty that some one may earn it for her."

"Judging by yourself?" he asked quickly.

"Judging by myself," I answered.

"It would be but gallant to hope that professional women might all fail, then," he said. "I believe, by the way, that they generally do." Then, with his hands still in his pockets, he sauntered up to my picture, backed away from it, and said coolly: "Do you know, Miss Sterling, that somehow your distance in this sketch looks nearer than your foreground? and your shadows lie two different ways; and the gentleman coming up the road is something like twenty feet in height!"

"Thank you," I said, turning red, I suppose, for I burnt from brow to chin.

"Not at all," he answered. "I always like to give a beginner advice. Good day. Oh, by the way, have I given you a card? Drop in at my studio when you come to New York. That's the number. Meanwhile I shall row and then see you while I stay."

He was gone. I saw him sauntering down the road astonishing the residents by standing still to take admiring views of the landscape. Impudent brute! who asked him to "drop in"! How dare he ridicule my pictures! No doubt all he says is true, but he would not have said it to a pretty woman. I thought I was an artist! Only one good thing I bring out of this visit. I have acted the role I desired to act. I have painted myself in the character of a strong minded man later. He will never guess that I pine for love and love's caresses. He will never for one moment imagine that I could have loved him.

May 20.—How mistaken I have been in this man! How can any one have such a face and be so contemptible—to work so to undermine a poor girl! I said, when I wrote last in this absurd diary, that everything seemed gone. It was truer than I thought. That day I had pupils and orders enough to make me feel rich. But he has got them all away. Why could he not have gone back to the city and have painted his pictures for the Academy, and made the fortune that he might? Why should he settle down here in Belleville and rob me of my meagre morsel of fame and of the means whereby to live? I have nothing now but my savings. The folk hereabout have learned that I am a mere dauber. No matter. I will pack my trunk and go somewhere. I cannot bear it. He comes to see me almost every day; he still amuses himself with me so absurdly. He is the most treacherous of creatures; and yet he can almost talk me out of my senses. Can he have suspected? Does he hope to degrade me by making me manifest some token of a hopeless love? Why does he haunt me so, when I say— I hate him!

October 1.—I never thought that I would write again in this book, but we never know what lies in our future. So much has happened since I jotted down those last words that I do not where to begin, or how. Let me think. Ah, it shall be when I answered that advertisement, and promised to become governess to the Smith children, at Willow Heights. I had packed my trunk and was going out to buy a new hat at the milliner's, when Mehlig stopped at my door. He had his sketching box in his hand.

"Going out?" he asked. "Ah, well, I only stopped a moment. I want you to be in to-morrow night. I have something very particular to say to you. I'll stop, coming back. I'm going up to the factory to make a sketch. It is a picturesque tumble-down affair, and the millpond will come in well. Stay in, won't you?"

I neither assented or refused. I hated him as a woman can only hate a man she might have loved. It was so hard to have been used so. I passed

him, and went on. I bought my hat in the village. I went home again. But he did not come to see me that evening. The next day I went away; taught the Smith children six weeks, and then went to New York, where I managed to live by coloring photographs. My ambition was gone, my hope—everything that made life bright. I painted no more. I resolved that I had been a fool to paint at all.

A week ago I went out to take an evening walk, just at dark. It was bright, and the air was fresh and sweet. I found myself in a broad, good, old-fashioned street, where little gardens lay before the houses; and, looking at them with some interest, I saw against the door of one a glittering plate that caught my eye, for on it were the words, "Mehlig, Artist."

Yes, this was his street. I ought to have hurried away, but I stood motionless instead, staring at the letters. And as I stared the door opened, and a gentleman, with his right sleeve pinned empty to his breast, came out and stood before it—stood quietly a moment; then kneeling down, began awkwardly enough, with his one left-hand, to take the plate down. The light shone on his face as he knelt, and I knew it in a moment, though it was sadly changed. I gave a little cry. He heard me, and turned.

"Nannie Sterling!" he said, and came toward me. I waited for him, and bitter remorse stole into my heart, for I had prayed that he might be punished, and it seemed as though I had been answered. "I believe you did not know," he said, glancing down at his empty sleeve. "You look astonished. Which way are you going? I'll walk with you. I'm glad I've met you. You know I did not keep my appointment that evening. That loose-sleeved coat of mine was the cause. The machinery caught it, and drew me in. The only wonder is I got off with the loss of an arm. I wish I had not. I could have spared the whole of this body of mine better. I shall never finish those pictures of the Rapids, or any others. You saw me taking down that sign of mine, eh? I haven't had the heart before."

He had wronged me, but I pitied him so! He offered me that poor left arm of his. I took it. Suddenly he looked down into my eyes and spoke: "Nannie, do you know what I did to you? I robbed you of your scholars and your orders on purpose. You may have thought it chance—it was not. You told me that as long as a woman had a profession, and could live by it, she would not marry. You said you judged by yourself. And I wanted you to marry, Nannie—to marry me. I needed you and I wanted you to feel helpless and dependent, so that my suit might prosper. I should have asked you how you liked that night, but it was not to be. A helpless fellow, who has only a meagre income, which he can scarcely hope to make more, ought not to expect what I expected then. I do not, but I want to make confession. I hurt your pride—and you paint very well, you know. I did it all to humble you down to the clinging point. Then you were to die to me?"

He bent down to look at my face.

"I never guessed that you cared for me," I almost sobbed. "I thought you hated me."

"Hated you?"

"Yes. You praised beauty so, and I—"

"You are beautiful to me. You always have been, you always will be. I shall remember you as the one woman I loved, and shall love always, though I can never hope—"

But there I stopped him—I didn't know how. I didn't know what I said, or whether I said anything. I only know that he knew I loved him, and had loved him from the first; and that before to-morrow's sun sets I shall be the wife of Mehlig, artist.

An Impudent Thief.

An Oregon paper says: The case of the stolen cook stove is not a circumstance to a case happening in this vicinity, where it is said that a cheeky chap stole his neighbors' cow-feed, mixed up a lot of it for his pigs and, wishing to go visiting, got the neighbor to go over and feed his pigs for him.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

TOMATOES REQUIRE RICH SOIL.

An old notion that relatively poor soil is better for tomato growing was long ago exploded. Deductions from experiments in Maryland indicate that potash tends to develop acid in the fruit, while phosphoric acid produces a larger percentage of sugar. Voorhees found that nitrate of soda, used in small amounts, or divided into two or more applications, increased the yield without delaying early ripening; but if larger quantities were used maturity was retarded. But it was concluded that nitrogen is the ruling element in the growth of the tomato, although its best effect depends upon the presence of a full supply of other elements. In general we hold that while heavy fertilizing does not lessen productiveness, the best fertilizers are those which hasten growth early in the season.—Atlanta Journal.

TO DEAL WITH DUST IN THRESHING.

Several methods of getting rid of the clouds of dust that are generated in threshing grain have been invented, although they have not yet come into extensive use. One of the latest schemes is that of Wellington C. Berkeley, of Indiana, Penn. Above and closely connecting with the threshing machine is a device called a dust-collector, which is represented herewith. Within the casing are mounted two rotary fans, whose position can be guessed from the outlines of the cover, and which are driven by power communicated to the shaft shown at the left hand of the figure. A suction is thus created, which draws air and dust from the interior of the threshing-machine and forces them up through the spouts which rise from the middle of the collector, and curve away, one to each side of the apparatus. In the illustration, the mouth of one of these openings is closed with a slide, and to the other, on the further side, is fastened a canvas tube, leading away to a distance. But these attachments may be interchanged to suit the convenience of the workmen. There can be no question as to the discomfort and annoyance of working in the dust which is raised by threshing, and anything which will really mitigate such an evil is, of course, a boon to the farmer.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Open water dishes are disastrous to ducklings. They get wet, roll over on their backs and die.

You can't do better than work egg farming as the specialty, with poultry raising as an adjunct. And if you keep thoroughbreds you can make an extra dollar by selling eggs for hatching and fowls for breeding purposes.

The best food for laying ducks is scalded bran and table scraps. Ensilage will be eaten greedily by the ducks. Raw carrots are good food. Very little grain will be consumed if green food and table scraps are furnished.

On many farms geese can be made more profitable than any other fowl. True, feathers are cheap, but in any town where there are many Israelites, or Germans, fat geese are a ready sale at good prices, and they are easily and cheaply raised.

Plant all kinds of hardy trees just as early as the ground will permit. By planting early the trees will get the benefit of the heavy spring showers and the soil become settled around their roots. Of course, in a heavy, wet clay soil you may have to delay a little to have it dry off and become friable enough to handle or work easily with the spade.

RECIPES.

Custard Pie—Fill a good-sized, deep plate with a custard made of three well-beaten eggs, two cups of milk, half cup sugar, a little salt and cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven until a knife comes out clear.

Lemon Custard—For two pies wet four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little water, pour on three cups of boiling water. Add the juice of

two lemons, two cups sugar, the yolks of three eggs and a bit of butter. Pour into deep plates lined with crust and bake. Make a meringue by beating the whites of the eggs and adding five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over pies and return to the oven to brown.

Apple Pies—Now that the few remaining apples are getting dry and tasteless, we put into each pie a tablespoonful of tamarind jelly which we prepared to eat with meats by stewing the tamarinds in a little water, straining, adding an equal bulk of sugar and boiling until quite thick. The pies require a little more sugar, but their flavor is very much improved. If you have no jelly, stew the apples and flavor with lemon juice and nutmeg.

Cream Pies—Roll out two crusts a little thicker than for ordinary pies, place on a rather flat plate with a sprinkling of flour between; bake and split open with a thin knife as soon as taken from the oven. For filling for two large pies, put in a double boiler two cups of milk, when hot stir in two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, wet in a little cold milk, two eggs, half cup sugar and a little salt. Boil until thick, remove from the fire, add lemon or vanilla flavoring and put between the crusts.

Cure for Baldness.

There is no denying that medical and surgical invention and skill have accomplished marvelous things, yet in respect of many forms of suffering they are not at all progressive. We do not know just how far hair on the head is conducive to good health, although we fancy there would be fewer catarrhal troubles if the scalp were not denuded of hair in so many instances, but it is certain that baldness is a source of mental suffering quite as acute as and far from enduring than the pain from diseases to which medical men have devoted close attention.

To the matter of reclothing denuded surfaces with skin, the surgeons have paid grave attention, and thanks to the discoveries of the cellular pathologists they are able to plant skin cells from the epidermis of other persons, which grow and form a new covering. Yet no surgeon has ever tried to plant on the bare scalp of the veteran theatre-goer hair-growing cells from another head and so attempt to abolish baldness.

There would be a tremendous advantage in having the power to choose the particular kind of hair one wears. That persons are not satisfied with the hirsute adornment with which nature endows them is apparent in the widespread custom of bleaching and dyeing the hair. If it can be shown to be practical to implant hair germs on a bald head, it would be practicable for the bald-headed man to select the color of hair which he prefers.

There is no persuading the bald-headed that there is no cure. No matter how many wearisome bottles are poured over the scalp, increasing its ivory polish, each new announcement wins the faith and dollars of the bald. If baldness involved nothing more than this, it would warrant the close attention of the surgeon to the matter.—New York Advertiser.

Agriculture and Manufactures.

The leading industry of the United States, if we consider the number of persons employed and supported by it, is agriculture; but if we consider the value of the product, it is manufactures, since the latter in 1890 exceeded \$4,000,000,000, while that of agriculture was only \$2,460,000,000. A very striking fact is that in 1889 the net product of manufactures was \$1,973,000,000, or less than that of agriculture, which was \$2,213,000,000 at that time. The value of farms in 1890 was \$18,276,000,000, an increase of thirty per cent. Farming tools and machinery brought the total capital up to \$13,770,000,000, which produced a return of \$2,460,000,000, or a little less than forty-eight per cent. The average size of farms decreased from 203 acres in 1850 to 134 acres in 1880, but in 1890 it increased to 137 acres.—New York Sun.

It is noted in England that Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour and Lord Elgin, as well as Mr. Rhodes, who between them rule the British Empire, are all men under fifty years of age.

Docking Horses.

The following report of the Executive Committee of the Humane Society of Missouri was submitted at its last meeting on the practice of docking horses:

"To prepare a horse for docking, the common procedure is to secure him firmly by a twitch on the nose to raise one of his forelegs to his breast and then tie it there, to cut the hair from around the stumps of the tail and to tie a string or a piece of catgut above the vertebrae that are to be removed. Finally, by the severance of the tail by the docking instrument, when a red-hot poker is applied to stop the bleeding. As regards the torture, the behavior of the animal while undergoing the operation is sufficient evidence. The horse's first action is to jerk his head as violently as he can. But that movement is soon controlled by the twitch on his nose, of itself an instrument of torture. He then crouches near the ground and screams or moans with pain. When the operation is ended he is found to be dripping with sweat."

The members of the Humane Society condemn this practice and are doing all in their power to stop it. President George D. Barnard says: "I think it is one of the most cruel practices of all that I know of, and there is absolutely no use for it, either. Because it is the style of ultra-fashionables to drive horses with docked tails the practice will likely be kept up. The horse suffers agonizingly during the operation, and the operation is a source of mental suffering quite as acute as and far from enduring than the pain from diseases to which medical men have devoted close attention."

In 1925 we shall have a population of 140,000,000, and within the next ten years, doubtless, over 500,000,000. The States can easily accommodate a crowding, 1,000,000,000.

These figures are startling. An intelligent man can study them without admitting their correctness. In no respect wonderful as would be the prophecy to the Pilgrims what would happen before these figures in mind would comprehend the future of our cities. With a population of the United States of 500,000,000, 350,000,000, what will be New York and Boston, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and all the other great and growing cities. There is little doubt that more than half the civilized people of the world are to find homes in suburban communities. More and more of the suburban territory will be absorbed to make room for the people who are driven out of the older parts by the advance of trade. For, in the city of the future, there will be no slums; no Five Points; no disease-breeding spots. The constantly improving methods of transit make cities covering 500 square miles of territory reasonably compact when measured by time of transit from one portion to another.

New cities may be built in the interior, but on the coast, especially the Atlantic coast, the growth must be in the cities already built up. You cannot make more harbors. All the tremendous international traffic and travel of the increasing millions must pass through the seaports now existing. The growth of the Atlantic cities will very much more than keep pace with the growth of the country.

Science and a Social Custom.

Our Vienna correspondent tells us that in Hungary, where it is the custom for school children to kiss the hands of their teachers on coming and going, the Board of Education has forbidden the practice for the future. Their decision is based on a declaration of the Sanitary Council to the effect that kissing is a dangerous proceeding always, from a sanitary point of view, and should not be practiced when not absolutely necessary, as it is the certain means of carrying infection, especially in the case of small children.—London News.

One thousand babies are abandoned in St. Louis, Mo., every year.