

BLIND.

All Paris was oppressed by that over-powering heat which often precedes a July storm. Low rumblings of thunder, like the distant roaring lion in the desert, kept coming nearer until the storm clouds broke with the sharp, crashing noise of splitting planks.

The next minute large rain-drops began to pelt the faces of the passers, and to speckle with gray spots the dusty granite of the sidewalks.

A pretty brunette, about twenty years old, overtaken by the unexpected shower, hastened to seek refuge in a hospitable doorway.

Her clothing was not such as could be very seriously injured by the inclement weather; indeed, her attire was extremely simple, and indicative of the strictest possible economy. A plain dress of black merino, well fitted and tastefully made, and a straw hat trimmed with poppies showed her to be one of those little sewing girls whose honest poverty obliges them to make their own clothes.

Martha Duflou such was the young girl's name, was a pink of neatness from her bare white hands to her carefully polished low shoes.

It was only ten o'clock at night, and the street was almost deserted. A young man came hurrying along, and although he had an umbrella he ran for shelter from the rain to the doorway where Martha stood. He was so absorbed in watching the progress of the thunder storm that he had hardly noticed the girl when a dazzling flash of lightning, followed immediately by a terrible peal of thunder, illuminated the street and at the same instant a shrill cry rang through the air.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the young girl, "I cannot see—it is all dark—the lightning has burnt my eyes—I am blind."

Instances of this kind, though comparatively rare, are by no means unknown in the history of medicine; sudden blindness caused by a stroke of lightning is sometimes curable, but when it results from paralysis of the optic nerve there is but little chance of recovery.

A flood of tears followed the sighs of the terrified girl as she reflected that she could no longer earn her living. She could not even find her way home without help. What was to become of her? Must she beg her bread?

Bertrand Camusard was a young clerk, and being accustomed to the dissipation of Paris, was ever on the watch for a trick.

When, therefore, the young girl he moaned her fate, he looked at her curiously. Her face was not in the least disfigured. The large dark eyes shone brilliantly, a slight flush relieved the whiteness of her skin, and her features were smooth and regular. She was very pretty, he found.

"Is there no one to help me?" she said extending her hand.

"Do not cry, ma'emoiselle," answered Bertrand, in a soothing tone, "I will take you home as if I were your dog."

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"At No 14, Lacondamine Street."

"That is close to my house," said Bertrand to himself, then he added aloud, "The rain has stopped, will you take my arm?"

As they walked the young man looked at his fair charge in surprise; if she was acting a part she was doing it to perfection. Leaning on his arm in a charmingly confiding way, she told him that she was an orphan, that she had lately arrived from the country with no baggage excepting a letter of recommendation to a large establishment where she had received employment.

Her companion paid but little attention to her recital, and made a few jesting remarks about the whiteness of her dimpled hands and the becomingness of her costume, for he was firmly convinced that the girl was playing a trick on him. At last, wearied by her sad story, he determined to create a diversion, and also to show her that he was thoroughly a Parisian to be easily duped.

"Let us go and have a glass of beer," he said gaily.

With an exclamation of dismay the girl let go his arm and stood a still.

"Oh, do not try to be so high flown," he said, taking her arm to lead her on. But Martha drew back in affright and cried aloud—

"Help, help!"

At the sound of her voice another man, a well built fellow, came to her rescue exclaiming—

"Let her go, you rascal!"

He dealt such hard blows upon the shoulders of Bertrand Camusard that the latter thought best to go his way without arguing the matter.

Martha then told her story to the new comer, who in his turn informed her that his name was Pierre Carlier, and that he was book keeper in the office of the Western Railway. He did not, however, mention the fact of his having been wounded in the face during the war of 1870 and of his still bearing a frightful scar.

Being deeply interested in the helpless girl who had talked and listened to him without knowing his disfigurement, which had always rendered him repulsive to women, he took her to his lodging, and on leaving her at the

door, asked permission to return the next day. She assented willingly, for the sincerity of his voice and manner inspired her with confidence.

The next morning Carlier brought a physician to examine the young girl's eyes, and his decision—that the recovery of his sight was doubtful, and would at best be slow—filled her with anxiety. Who would provide for her while she was unable to work? Pierre Carlier read the question in her face and answered quickly—

"Do not be alarmed; your employer will allow you your regular wages while you are under treatment. That is the custom; I will go to him myself, and explain matters."

A few hours later he came back and reported that the head of the firm had promised not only to keep the girl's situation for her, but also to pay all her expenses till she was able to work again. Medical treatment was begun, and Carlier came to her regularly with her wages. It was but natural that he should stay and talk with her for Martha Duflou had no friend in Paris excepting him, and she was glad to tell him her doubts and fears. Gradually his visits became longer and more frequent, and the friendly sympathy already existing between these two afflicted ones, the blind and the disfigured soon developed into sincere and ardent love. She was in ignorance of the terrible scar on his face, and his gentle kindness and devotion won her heart.

Three months passed and still Martha was not cured, and at last she began to wonder that her former employer kept on hoping her without making any direct inquiries as to her condition. A suspicion of the truth crossed her mind, and one day she commissioned the janitress of the house to go to the store and discover how matters stood.

That evening, when Pierre Carlier came to see her she was deluged in tears.

"I have found you out," she said "Oh, how generous and noble of you to let me think that the money you brought came from an employer who is utterly heartless! But, indeed, you ought not to have put such a debt upon me; it is absolutely necessary now for me to regain my sight that I may be able to pay you what I owe."

"You can more than repay me, very easily, if you will," he answered gently. "How can I?"

"By marrying me."

"You cannot mean that!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

When he repeated his words she began to cry with joy.

"I have not seen your face," she said at last, "but I am sure that it reflects the goodness of your heart. I will be your wife on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That we are not married until I have recovered my sight."

Her decision filled her lover with dismay, and involuntarily he almost wished that she would remain blind, for he could not bear to see her turn in disgust the first time she beheld his face.

"Let us be married at once," he said earnestly. "We shall be so happy. What is the use of waiting longer?"

But Martha was inflexible. "I have already been too much of a burden to you," she said; "I will not consent to become a millstone fastened to your neck. If I cannot be cured at all, I will disappear, and you will never hear of me again."

"A suicide? Do you wish me to die in despair?" he cried.

But Martha felt sure that she would be cured suddenly, miraculously, and she longed to be able to give her lover a joyful surprise.

It was the first Sunday in May Spring was just decking the shrubs and trees in beautiful attire, and the meadows had begun to smile under the sun's rays.

Martha had promised to go for a walk in the country with Pierre, and he said to her a little wistfully—

"What a pity it is that you cannot see the loveliness of nature, for that would decide you not to postpone our happiness longer."

"I can hear the birds sing, and smell the perfume of flowers," had been the answer of the blind girl.

The appointed time had arrived, and Pierre had called for his beloved. What was his surprise to find that she had taken all the bandage from her eyes, and he fancied that she gave a slight start as she turned toward him.

"Can she see?" he thought, growing pale with apprehension.

"What is the matter, dear? Ah, I know; you are astonished at my having no bandage on my eyes. There is no use wearing it. I shall never see better than I do now. The doctors can do no more for me. And Pierre, I will not keep you waiting any longer; if you wish we can be married at once."

In his delight Carlier imagined that her eyes were smiling upon him, but the next instant he laughed at his own folly supposing that she would speak thus if she could see him.

The wedding took place four weeks from that day. When it was over, and the pair were told to sign their names in the register, Pierre took hold of the blind bride's hand to lead her to the

book, but she turned away from him, saying—

"Let me alone; I can find it myself." Then to his amazement, she went straight to the desk and took up the pen.

"You are not blind," he whispered. "You can see my scar?"

"Oh, I saw that a month ago," she said, smiling at his distress, and then added softly, "Are you quite sure now that I love you, Pierre?"

The Cause of Indigestion.

It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with food can not take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fiber, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining of that organ which greatly impedes if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion.

When the practices of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. The matter may seem a small one, but it is not so. Just as a man may go on for years with defective teeth, imperfectly masticating his food and wondering why he suffers from indigestion, so a man may habitually live under an affliction of hurried dinners and endure the consequent loss of health without knowing why he is not well or how easily the cause of his illness might be remedied.—Medical Classics.

Proved in Court.

It is a little strange, perhaps,—and yet not so very strange when one comes to think of it,—that the truth of a thing is not always the better established because it has stood the test of a legal examination.

A colored man of rather doubtful appearance applied to a coal-dealer for a position as a driver, says the Washington Post. On being asked for reference, he mentioned one of the dealer's old hands, who was called in and questioned as to the applicant's honesty.

The referee rubbed his chin meditatively for a moment, and said: "Honest? Well, boss, dis yer man's honesty has been proved 'fore de court. He's been tried seven times for stealin' and escaped every time."

And the man expressed surprise that this strong testimony did not secure him employment!—Youth's Companion.

A Moral in This.

One young girl will have cause long to remember the visit of the president to Oregon. Her name is Miss Mamie Hyde of Monmouth. On the day of the presidential visit she accompanied an excursion party to Salem and spent a day in walking about the city until one of her feet became seriously blistered. Coloring matter from her stocking is supposed to have poisoned the sore, for her foot and leg swelled until she was unable to walk and was obliged to remain in Salem. Her condition is still serious.

Vienna is in danger of becoming as grimy and sooty as London; for the journeyman chimney-sweepers have begun a general strike, and it is impossible to find anyone possessing the qualifications necessary for the performance of their duties. Indeed, the geography of the old Vienna chimneys is so intricate and wonderful that it requires years of apprenticeship to become even an ordinary sweep.

A Queer Hen.

Hens are funny critters," says an old farmer, "and I have one on my place that is about the funniest of the lot. A few months ago she took a liking for an old blinded cow of mine. At first all she did was to go to pasture with the cow, but after a while she began to jump on the cow's back. For a long time the cow resented this and shook her off. But it did not do any good; the hen hopped right on again, until at last, in sheer despair, the cow accepted the situation. She was probably the more inclined to do so when she discovered, as she soon did, that Biddy, as much as possible, kept insects from annoying her. In fact, she even went further than that; for when she discovered that the cow would like to have her back scratched she scratched it in a way to make the cow very happy. As a result of this the cow soon began to enjoy the companionship of the hen; and now when the hen gets off for a while to eat, old brindle is evidently uneasy until she comes back again.—Evening Wisconsin.

Queen Victoria having presented the mess of her Prussian regiment (First Dragoon Guards) with a portrait of herself, the officers have sent her a large and handsome colored photograph of the regiment in parade order. Colonel Victoria is understood to be proud of her command.

OUR FARM DEPARTMENT.

The Hops to Pigs.

All hog raisers have more or less experience with this disease. The fatal results have taught breeders generally to dread it. The following remarks from F. H. Peck, in Western Swine-herd, may be information to many of our readers, and so Mr. Peck is a practical hog breeder his advice is worthy consideration:

What causes thumps? As far as my observation goes I would say it is too rich food and want of exercise. In cold disagreeable weather the young pig takes no exercise of its own free will. It gorges itself to repletion then seeks its nest and sleeps it off, when it awakens it again fills up to be followed by sleep. This, continued day in and day out, it accumulates fat within and thumps.

Prevention is easy and the careful swine breeder should never have a single case of it in his herd. When the weather is bad he should accustom his pigs around their exercising ground twice a day, fifteen minutes each time and keep them on a lively move during the entire fifteen minutes. If he does this he will not be troubled with thumps.

But they have them already, have they? Then you must cure them, but how? Get them out of their nests and chase them around at a lively rate until nearly exhausted. If one falls over, stretches out its legs, gasps, don't think you have "gone and done it," he will be all right shortly. Worry them down three times a day, decrease the quantity of their food, and you will cure nine out of every ten cases without the aid of a single dose of medicine.—World Herald.

How to Feed a Pig.

After the pigs are a few weeks old they will not get enough milk from the dam and must be fed something else. Skim milk and wheat or rye middlings are the best foods to promote the growth of bone and muscle. Middlings are high this year and will therefore be fed lightly by most farmers. An excellent substitute may be found for them in a clover pasture. Use a movable fence, if necessary, and fence in a small portion of this at a time. Let the pigs run in it with a dry shed, plenty of good water, skim milk and a little grain feed, they will grow like weeds. Save a piece of Evergreen sweet corn and feed that to them in the summer. If you can't give them a clover pasture, let them run in any sort of a grass field and mow some clover, oats, rye or peas every morning for them. They will grow better on this kind of food than on corn. This fall when corn is cheaper, the hogs can be confined in a small dry clean yard and fattened off in a month or six weeks.

The Best Feed for Cows.

More actual food material can be produced from an acre of corn than from any other of our farm crops. Land capable of producing two tons of hay, will as a rule, produce 20 tons of ensilage, having at least 25 per cent of actual food material. Thus, 40,000 lbs ensilage equals 10,000 lbs of dry matter and 4,000 lbs of hay equals 3,000 lbs of dry matter. The cost of 100 lbs of dry matter is slightly less in corn than in hay, 100 lbs of dry matter in ensilage costing 42c and a like number of pounds in hay costing 44c.

It is well-known that green food is especially favorable to the production of milk. Careful experiments comparative of the merits of dry hay and green ensilage gave the following average: The ensilage station, containing 16 1/2 lbs of digestible dry matter, produced 21 lbs of milk, while the hay ration containing a like amount of digestible dry matter produced only 18 1/2 lbs of milk. Thus it will be seen that besides being a cheaper crop to grow and handle to begin with, the ensilage has the advantage also as a milk producing food.

The kind of corn best adapted to one locality might not be suitable to another. For New Hampshire, Prof. White, the director of the experiment station (the results of whose work as given in Bulletin 14, are summarized in this article), regards the Sanford corn, a white flint variety, as the best. On good, well-manured soil it yields from 15 to 25 tons of stalks per acre. It is a leafy corn, ears heavily keeps well in the silo, and grows very rapidly.

A wooden silo is considered the best. Contracts can be let for the construction of a 100-ton silo, the contractor to furnish everything for \$100 \$1 a ton. The bulletin ends with a list of "don'ts," some of which are appended:

Don't subscribe to the doctrine that ensilage is too watery to be good for anything. Remember that pasture grass in June has more water in it than ensilage has. Don't plant Western or Southern corn, but get some variety that will perfect the kernels and produce a good number of ears. Don't forget that you can double the supply of fodder by adopting the forgoing system; more fodder means more milk, and more milk, more cash.

Ten Heifer Cures.

At no time in the history of the cattle industry has the possibilities for the care of cattle had a more encouraging outlook than at the present. The

scarcity of good beef cattle cannot alone be attributed to scarcity of feed. There is beyond this, a reason more substantial more lasting in its influence on market values. The fact that the cow stock of the country has been forced onto the meat markets in large numbers and that this system of depleting the breeding herds has been kept up for several years, especially throughout the western country where the cattle business has been made a specialty and where the increase of calves in previous years was the estimates in profit, will more fully account for the shortage in beef supply.

This shortage will make itself more noticeable as time moves along, since the increase in calves must necessarily be brought about by a disposition of cattle owners to hold the mother stock out of the slaughtering markets, and carefully retaining on the farm and ranch the female increase. It will take several years the cattle raiser may be assured of remunerative prices for his cattle surplus. There is no investment that offers greater inducements of profit to the farmer of small means at this time than the purchase of ten heifer calves as a basis for a permanent herd. This number is within the control and management of any farmer and need not cost to exceed \$100, if purchased soon.

Ten heifer calves, judiciously purchased, will double in value the first year. The second year they will add to their original cost (\$10) and a nice calf. The realization of your enterprise as a money making scheme is now apparent, and the building up of a herd comes rapidly, even from this start of ten heifer calves. Let every farmer who can raise \$100 try this investment, giving the heifers and their increase good care and plenty of feed observing carefully to keep clear of chattel mortgages and see what the result will be in five years.

The Barred Plymouth Rock has and will remain a favorite among farmers for many years to come. Many new breeds come forward yearly and are lauded with great words of praise, but the Plymouth keeps on winning friends.

For young chicks nothing is so beneficial as a run upon the newly mown grass. The insects and worms besides the tender grass blades make them healthy. They grow fast and strong and the exercise brings good digestion; this invariably means steady growth.

Believed Him Innocent.

There recently died in the Ohio State penitentiary a convict into whose life was woven a romance, that has had its sad ending with his death.

Ralph Holmes, a convict serving a two years sentence, from Ashtabula, Ohio, for passing counterfeit money, gave his name a half hour before his death to the nurse as F. C. Guion, of Connecticut, and asked that his mother be notified. This was done, and she ordered his remains sent to Little Falls, N. Y.

The following morning two well-dressed ladies called to ask the privilege of burying the body. They were from Ashtabula, and explained that the convict was engaged to be married to the younger one—they were mother and daughter—they had never believed him guilty, and the wedding was set for July 4, when his term expired. The request was refused, but the faithful fiancée took a last look at her dead lover and went away in tears. The body was sent to his mother, who by his death, had the first intimation that he had been in the penitentiary.

Taking a Drive With Grant.

I was a resident of Detroit when the late Gen. Grant was a captain of infantry and stationed at Fort Wayne, the military post near that city. Grant at the time owned a pacing pony that was as fast as a ghost. One day he invited Bishop McClosky to take a ride behind the pacer. The bishop weighed 200 pounds and was very dignified. Grant's course lay up Jefferson avenue to Grosse Point, then, as now, a favorite drive. Grant started the pacer up long before he got beyond the city limits, and was soon fairly flying along. I well remember seeing the bishop holding on to the seat of the buggy with one hand and on to his hat with the other, while Grant was holding on to the pony to steady him and not saying a word. When the ride was ended the bishop expressed his thanks to Grant for the courtesy shown him, but Grant could never get him into his buggy again. Poor old McClosky! It is sad to contemplate that he was compelled to die in exile. Few men have fallen as he did nor created a greater sensation when they fell.

The Engine of Civilization.

Brilliant City Editor—"What did you find out about that alleged murder?"

I brilliant Reporter—"Nothing."

"No facts at all?"

"Not a fact."

"No rumors?"

"Not a rumor."

"Then keep it down to two columns."

—New York Weekly.

Horrid Parent—Jonny, you are wet all over! What has happened to you?

Jonny—Tried to walk on the water like Peter. Went down like McClosky.

OUR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.

Gray and pale green are the popular shades for tennis gowns.

Green is very much in favor in Paris in both dress fabrics and materials.

Soft silks having china figures and glace taffets are in high favor in Paris.

Light colors and brilliant trimming mark the handsomest imported costumes.

A new brooch imitates in gold, a little above, the rosette of which is formed of pearls.

Walking gloves with overlapping seams and big buttons are proper with a cloth gown.

Some of the new lace hats are mere gossamer trifles, that rests on the head like fairy webs.

Changeable green and gold garter-snakes upon a white surface is more realistic than pleasing.

Fans made of dark shades of silk will have upon them strange looking beetles with jeweled wings.

The English fashion of the bedroom tree for receiving the clothing laid off at night is beginning to obtain.

A cut glass cracker jar with silver cover and ball handle is in form like an old fashioned iron kettle.

A new brooch likely to please every young lady consists of a pearl key thrust through a gold shaped padlock.

The pocket knife that opens with the pressure of a button is welcome and a blessing to brittle finger nails.

The latest freak of fashion puts revers and sleeves of shaded feathers on the light cloth jackets for outdoor wear.

The newest library tables are massive affairs of oak and mahogany. They are covered in the kidney form.

For ladies in mourning the black enameled bracelet with a pansy having a diamond center in front has found favor.

Cut glass butter dishes on silver stands and having silver covers please those in search of novelties for the table.

Adjustable ruffs, cuffs, corsage fronts and armlets of flowers can now be purchased by those who wish to brighten black tulle and lace dresses, or provide fresh decorations for half worn evening gowns.

A novelty in skirt trimmings has the upper half of the front breadth in cloth the lower portion of silk with a broad fold of velvet of a contrasting shade banding the skirt directly through the middle.

Any veil is bad for the eyes, but the kind with small black dots is almost ruinous. In spite of all one can do the eye will involuntarily catch the dot, and in trying to watch it will receive a slight strain.

A handsome coffee set includes three pieces, the pot and cream jug in tall, slender form and the sugar bowl with ring handles. The pieces are in bright finish with carved borders representing garlands of flowers.

One of the daintiest of house dresses is white crepon, made with absolute simplicity, the corsage drawn into the belt, which should be one of the handsomest girdles now so much worn. The sleeves are much puffed, and the neck is finished with an elaborate cravat of white silk muslin and fine lace, falling from the straight neckband half way over the bust.

A Woman on a Horse.

The rider must go the same way as the horse, with the regularity of clock work and the movement of a rocking chair, says Carl A. Nyegaard in the Ladies' Home Journal. Should the horse strike a faster gait, the rider must go with him. It is a sign of bad horsemanship when the rider is jerked backward too suddenly. It is important to know how to control the animal's mouth. A skilled equestrienne will know, after she has been in the saddle two minutes, whether to ride her horse with a tight or light grip, and with what style of reins. The hand should be firm and the wrist supple. This is difficult to acquire, but it is indispensable in good riding. The wrist must give and take the reins with the motion of the horse, keeping only an even pressure. Sit with a light hand (supple wrist) so that you may just feel the horse's mouth without pulling at it. It is important, of course, to sit erect, and, if one be not straight of form, it would be wise to acquire erectness by exercise. A line from the rider's shoulder should fall right down to her hips and meet at the jointure of spur and heel of the left leg.

Coffee-colored laces are bon ton.

Gulmpes of nainsook are worn again this season.

A cream-white gulmpes is very much worn on fashionable gowns.

A neat stamp box is made in the form of a United States mail bag. Cowslips and roses seem to be the favorite flowers now in millinery.

A ring in oxidized silver represents a common nail bent into a circle.

Some of the most charming table decorations are those done with foliage only.