

A SONG OF THE CYCLE.

THIS is the toy, beyond Aladdin's dreaming. The magic wheel whose hub is round. All roads, although they reach the world around. O'er western plains or orient deserts gleaming.

This is the skein, from which each day unravel. Such new delights, such witching flights, such joys. Of bounding blood, of glad escape from noise—Such ventures, begging old Crusoe's travel.

It is as if some mighty necromancer, At king's command, to please his lady's whim, Instilled such virtue in a rubber gum. And brought it forth as his triumphant answer.

For whoso'er its shining spokes are fleet. Fair benefits spring upward from its tread. And eyes grow bright, and cheeks all rosy red. Responsive to the heart's ecstatic beating.

Thus youth and age, alike in healthful feeling, And man and maid, who find their paths are one, Crown this rare product of our century's "run." And sing the health, the joy, the grace of wheeling!

—Youth's Companion.

A PASTEL PORTRAIT.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the shop and stared in at it, as he had done every day for the last week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some crudities marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mistily-draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughter-lit the slightly-parted scarlet lips had a shy droop, there was a little, round dimple in the chin, the hair that melted into the soft gown and dusky background was a wind-blown tangle of reddish gold.

Harwood entered the shop, shutting out the whirling snowflakes behind him.

"Is that picture—the pastel portrait in the window—for sale?" he inquired.

"No, sir," he was told.

"Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. The portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please."

But when the rising young barrister had the slip safe in his pocket-book and was out again in the white wintry world he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he ordinarily prided himself.

He was a trifle troubled, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous

evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world and the most generous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education, and three years of continental travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined, he thought, to be dictatorial.

"So you refuse to meet Miss Fainsworth, Frank?" she had asked.

"As a suitor—yes," he had replied, positively.

Frank felt that he must see the original of the portrait, so discretion was thrown to the winds, and starting on his quest he reached a row of high, flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang the bell. A surly woman, with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Third floor back," she returned, shortly.

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the center of the apartment. A handful of fire and a tiny

sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?"

The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue-veined hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, declining the solitary chair which was proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer. He was ill and very poor.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a copy?"

"No, sir. The truth of the matter is this: The young lady who consented to sit for me for that picture did so out of her own sweet charity. She is so beautiful, and makes such a fine study, I fancied her face would bring me orders, where ones less lovely, even if admirable as a likeness, would fail. I need not enumerate to you the reasons why it would be dishonorable for me to abuse her kindness."

"I understand your reasons, Mr. Brand, and respect them. May I give you an order for a life-sized pastel from that photograph?"

He had fortunately remembered having in his pocket the picture of a nephew that morning received. The commission would help the poor artist.

A light tap came to the door.

"May I come in, Vincent?" called a sweet voice.

The door opened. Frank Harwood turned to look into the face that had haunted him waking and sleeping, but a thousand times fairer than the colored crayons had reproduced it.

She half drew back at the sight of the stranger, but Brand called to her:

"Come in, Claire!" And then, with youthful candor: "This gentleman was just asking about your portrait."

She bowed slightly. She was all in rich furs and deep glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I hope the picture is bringing you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered, brightly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran in to see how you were getting on."

He smothered in a fit of coughing.

"You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home, then," the artist said, looking troubled. "This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The fierce cough shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" she said, peremptorily.

Harwood went forward, hat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor of permitting me to accompany you? I am sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood."

She had been listening with a somewhat haughty air. She smiled now with sudden friendliness.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me," she said, simply.

On their way she told him about Brand, whom she had known from childhood.

"He is dying," she said. "It is hard to help him; he is so proud!"

The house before which she paused was a magnificent one.

Harwood mustered courage to ask if he might call.

"No," she said, gently; and then, as if repenting, "I shall be at Brand's studio on Friday."

She ran up the steps.

Needless to say, Harwood was in the painter's room early on Friday afternoon. The number of orders he gave quite overwhelmed the artist. She came at last, her face like a rose over her dark furs.

They met, not quite by chance, many times, and still Frank did not learn her name. He called her Miss Claire.

One evening when he was leaving the studio with her, he told her the story of how he had first happened to come there.

"I fell in love with a pastel portrait," he said. "I am to-day in love with the original. But I know so little of you it seems like being in love with a spirit. Are you going to punish my presumption, or reward my daring?"

She indicated her carriage that stood at the curb.

"Get in," she said, smiling. "I chance to be driving your way."

The vehicle stopped at his aunt's door.

"Do you know my aunt?" he began. Just then his aunt came towards them.

"Claire, my dear!" she cried. "Frank, where did you meet Miss Fainsworth?"

"Fainsworth" he repeated, blankly.

"You—he reproached Claire—"knew me all the time!"

"Do you think I would have let you see me home that night if I did not?" she asked, archly.

"What in the world are you children talking about?" Frank's aunt questioned.

They only laughed.

But there was that in the lovely eyes raised to his which told him he might plead again—and not in vain.

KATE M. CLEARY.

Discovery of America.

The shortest line from the old world to the new is that between Cape Verde and Brazil, and the Portuguese are producing strong testimony to show that their map makers knew of the existence of Brazil as early as 1448, or about the time Columbus was born. No one doubts the Norse discovery of America centuries before the time of Columbus, and the Pacific coast of America was undoubtedly visited by Asiatics long before the Christa era. The Portuguese claim, the latest to be advanced, is believed by some of the best geographers to be unassailable.

DAIRY AND POULTRY

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

I HAVE BEEN ENGAGED in raising poultry ever since the spring of 1890. I then purchased an incubator, and from that time I have given my entire attention to poultry raising. I started in perfectly ignorant of the business, and at the bottom of the ladder. Through many experiments and losses, successes and failures, I am gradually rising to the top. During the first three years my main object was to find out what breed would give me the largest profit per fowl. In this test I had twenty-one different breeds, giving them the same care and attention, and keeping a strict book account of each breed. The breeds in this test were: Light Brahma, Dark Brahma, Black Cochins, White Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Buff Cochins, American Dominique, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Houdans, Black Java, Black Langshans, Single Comb White Leghorns, Single Comb White Leghorns, Rose Comb White Leghorns, Black Minorcas, Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Plymouth Rocks, Red Caps, Silver Laced Wyandottes, and White Wyandottes. The balance sheet would invariably fall in favor of the Single Comb Brown Leghorns. This breed is now my choice, and I breed them exclusively for three purposes: First, the selling of thoroughbred eggs; then the raising of early broilers, and last for eggs in the winter. There is in my opinion no other breed that excels them for either of these three purposes. I have at present a fine flock of birds. These birds have free range during the summer months, with convenient place for roosting at night. They are housed during the winter months in the main building, which is 20x80 feet, two stories high, containing eighteen pens 8x16 feet. In each pen are placed from fifteen to twenty fowls, with no outdoor runs. The feeding consists principally of vegetables and grain, such as can be raised during the summer, namely: cabbages, turnips, sugar beets, potatoes, apples, corn, wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat and millet. I keep pounded oyster shells before them all the time for grit and feed green ground bone three times a week. I consider these essential for the production of eggs. The marketing is of very great importance, as I do not give my time to the business for the fun there is in it but for the money alone. I market principally in the city of New York. By feeding the variety of food above mentioned and grain fed in a litter of cut corn fodder I keep the egg basket full of eggs and the incubators full to their utmost capacity of eggs laid by my own hens, when the thermometer outside ranges from 10 to 12 degrees below zero. During the first few years of my experience I had some difficulty with diseases, lice and predatory animals. But after finding the secret of cleanliness and of disinfectants and the value of a good gunshot, I have often raised from 95 to 98 per cent of the chicks hatched. In my earlier years I tried doctoring fowls and found it simply time thrown away, for if the same time were used in cleaning the coops and applying disinfectants, diseases would rarely occur. By careful breeding and always selecting the best laying birds and earliest matured pullets and cockerels, I have at present remarkable egg producers and early maturers, the pullets often laying at four months old. If any further knowledge of my experience is desired it will be cheerfully given.

John Smoker.

Cow Feeds and Feeding.

(Condensed from Farmers' Review stenographic report of Wisconsin Round-Up Institute.)

Thomas Convey spoke on feeds and feeding. In substance he said: Most of us by this time realize the necessity of having the right kind of an animal to feed. In feeding ourselves we use a variety of food, and we do it by instinct. Our animals cannot select their food for themselves as we can, but have to depend on us for the variety of food they do get.

Some foods, like whole milk, are nearly perfect food for them, for they contain all of the elements necessary to develop the animal. But in many of the foods fed there is a deficiency of certain elements. The balancing of the elements of the food is necessary if we are to get the best results. At one of the experiment stations it took nearly 50 per cent more food to produce a certain amount of gain when the food was unbalanced than it did when the elements were properly balanced.

An excess of concentrated food should not be fed alone to any animal. Condensed foods should be mixed with bulky foods. Bulk is a necessity in the food of the cud chewing animal.

The condition of the hay and fodder affects the feeding value of those foods to a very great extent. While the loss of dry matter may be small on account of the deterioration in quality, the loss in digestibility and palatability is very great.

Q.—Will you give us a good balanced ration for milk?

Mr. Convey.—For the grain ration you can make up a variety of formulas each of which will give good results. In Wisconsin we can profitably feed ground peas and oats and wheat bran, corn meal and corn in the silage. The ground peas and oats are mixed half and half, and that compound fed with

an equal amount of bran. We might make one good formula as follows: Two and a half pounds of corn, two and a half pounds of the mixed peas and oats, and five pounds of bran.

Q.—Will type of cow control the ration to some extent?

A.—Well, if you have a cow that will not profitably use this ration, that is, that will turn it into beef instead of into milk, you had better fatten her and send her to the butcher.

Q.—How often do you feed per day?

A.—We feed coarse feed three times a day and ground feed twice a day. The coarse feed is fed morning, noon and night.

Mr. Burchard said he believed that cows should be fed but twice a day, and that there was no more reason for feeding them at noon than at midnight.

Langshans Plymouth Rock Cross.

About 25 years ago I began raising poultry on a small scale and have been at it ever since that time. For the last ten years I have been paying more attention to the business. I commenced with Black Spanish, found them to be good layers but poor table fowl. Then I took the Brown Leghorns and kept them twenty years. I found them to be good layers and good table fowls. Then I tried the Black Langshans and the Plymouth Rocks separately. Their cross (Barred Plymouth Rock) I had had luck with. I shall keep the Langshans and the White Plymouth Rocks, their cross being the nearest to what I want for marketing. Their cross suits my customers as well as the white Plymouth Rocks, and they are much more hardy. I have a comfortable place for them in winter, though it is not on the fancy order. I have separate houses and yards for the breeds I wish to breed from. I feed the chicks on wheat bran, middlings and cornmeal, equal parts with a little bone meal mixed in with milk, soon to follow with millet, wheat and cracked corn. The laying hens are fed soft food in the morning, wheat or oats at noon, and wheat or corn at night. I have a very fair market for both poultry and eggs, most of mine going to private families. In the winter I do not get many eggs before February. One year I lost a good many fowls by some disease, though very few any year by lice. I have lost none with lice since I kept them well supplied with coal ashes. Last year I lost twenty per cent from hawks and stunks, more than I have lost from the same causes in all other years put together. I have had good success raising broods and have always had a large per cent hatch. When I see a fowl sick I at once separate her from the rest and doctor, generally successfully.

Wm. M. Smith.

Cream Trade Increasing.

Bulletin 23 of Maine Experiment Station says: It is an important feature of our dairy business that there is a growing demand for fresh, sweet cream, not only for domestic use, but for exporting to the large cities. During the past year this cream trade from Maine has considerably exceeded \$150,000 and each year finds the demand increasing. It has come to be an important question how best to foster this branch of our dairy business, and during that season when butter is most abundant and cheapest—for there is the greatest demand for cream during the summer months—to find a profitable market for this commodity and so reduce the butter supply and at the same time increase the profit from the dairy. One important reason for fostering the cream trade is that cream sold to be consumed as cream is in no large degree a rival of either milk or butter, but enlarges the demand for dairy products at a time when such products are most abundant and most cheaply produced.

Inflammation of Udder in Ewe.

Inflammation of the udder is even more common in the ewe than in the cow, and that fact considering that the latter animal is used principally as a milking machine, is testimony to its frequency. It is, perhaps, the more remarkable since the ewe is not in this country an animal in which the secretion is artificially maintained beyond its natural duration. The function of lactation is essentially intermittent, being active only during the parturient period, and ceasing when the lamb no longer requires milk, except, of course, in those countries where ewe's milk cheese is a staple article of manufacture. There is another peculiar feature in mammitis in the ewe as compared with the same disease in the cow—viz., the frequency with which it takes on the gangrenous form and ends in sloughing of the section of the gland attacked and death of the animal.—Ex.

High Priced Stock Abroad.

We are just now in the midst of great depressions in beef cattle, draft and roaster horses, and sheep breeding industries, and since America is not now importing all these lines of stock from the old world, it would be expected as a result, that this class of stock would be "flat" on the market there as well. Not so. The reports through the stock journals of the old world show that the best specimens of the different lines of stock command as high figures as when we were importing millions of dollars worth annually.—Ex.

Progress of the Plow.

The plow is not a perfect implement, and a reward of the entire globe might safely be offered for any work of art that is perfect in all its relations. Now the plow, including the first picked stick that was used for seeding operations, is the oldest implement used in agriculture, and in every advanced step of the industry it has not only kept pace but has really led in its march. Step by step in his growth may be read the relative condition of man from beyond the period of the pyramids down to the latest electrical plow, which is still leading in the van of the world's onward march.—Ex.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Current Notes of the Modes—What to Do When the Doctor Is Not Near—Air in the Bedroom—Hints for the Household.



It is so much an easier matter to appear well-dressed in summer than in winter. Materials cost less and are infinitely more lovely, while the duffy, airy styles are more generally becoming than the severe modes of the winter.

Batiste is in high favor for handsome street gowns. In a costume of this material one always may feel perfectly gowned, but not overdressed, even with silken lining, since it always shows in gleams of color through the goods. Plain batiste is used for the body of most of these gowns. It combines so beautifully with the embroideries and lends itself so sweetly to the decoration of ribbons of silk.

A fetching gown is made up of plain batiste over a foundation of sky-blue taffeta. The material of the skirt is plain and quite transparent, showing the color of the silk through. The bodice is in blouse effect, of the plain stuff, with a ripple attachment set in squares of embroidery and caught to the waist by folds of turquoise blue velvet. A huge shoulder collar of embroidered batiste, cut also in large squares, is a handsome addition, with its facings of turquoise blue satin. A high stock of blue velvet sets off the neck.

STREET DRESS.



The sleeves are full bishops, made up of all over embroidery.

Decoration on Outing Gowns.

Severity makes but few gowns, but to these few there is a decided air of distinction, perhaps by way of contrast with their elaborate neighbors. Even the outing gowns are more elaborately decorated about the jacket, the rest or the collar, not in an obtrusive way, but nevertheless elaborate. One, a novel, as well as decidedly chic costume, is made up of a heavy Scotch mixture in shades of brown and scarlet. The



perfectly plain and unusually wide skirt is lined throughout with rustling scarlet taffeta made with a set of foot ruffles. The ripple coat is extremely short, as are most of this season's jackets, and is made up of the Scotch goods, with widely flaring revers, showing a broad vest of brilliant scarlet broadcloth, bordered with a band of tan-colored canvas, and all crossed over with strips of gold braid, ornamented

with flat gold buttons. As a contrast is a severe tailor gown of snuff brown canvas made up over snuff brown taffeta, glistening through its coarse meshes.

The sweeping skirt has a foot decoration of thick brown silk cords set in a double row, several inches from the bottom. The bodice is a smoothly-fitted affair, drawn closely into a belt of brown suede, with a buckle to match. A pointed yoke is simulated by rows of the cord, with shoulder decorations of the same. The full leg of mutton sleeves are finished with a cord of the band.

When a Doctor Is Not Near.

It is very often the case that at just the time one needs a medical man it is impossible to get him. A sick person may take a chill after the doctor has paid his call. Warm the patient at once. Fill strong bottles with hot water, placing them under the knees, at the feet, under the armpits. Give stimulants and cover with blankets. After he warms up, do not sweat him, but gradually remove the extra covering. Be sure to keep an even temperature in the sick room. This is most important at night and in the small hours of the morning. Always have hot water available in sickness of any kind. Anyone with the average intelligence can keep track of the pulse, temperature and respiration, so that in case of faintings or sinking spells he may know when to give stimulants. A bottle of brandy or good whisky, a rubber bag for hot water, and a can of ground mustard are the three first requisites for the family medicine closet. Always be prepared for emergencies.

Fresh Air in the Bedroom.

In the daytime allow plenty of air, light and sunshine into your rooms, for even if it does injure the furniture and

carpets, it is not so expensive in the long run as a doctor's bill. More colds are caught by keeping fresh air out, in that it makes people more susceptible to change of temperature, than are ever caused by letting fresh air in. Ventilation, by good management, need not mean a draught.

As water collects and generates impurities, it is a good thing to empty the washing-basin and jug yourself every morning, so as to insure the refilling them with fresh. Drinking water should be boiled, analysis having proved that filters are not to be trusted, for, after having been in use for some time, they add to the water the dangerous accumulations they have taken up in previous use. To remove the insipid taste of boiled water, pour it backwards and forwards from one jug to another.

If primarily, your house is in itself healthy as regards drainage, etc., keep it and yourself so by letting in plenty of fresh air, light and sunshine—the three graces which are in attendance on her majesty, Queen Hygiene.

Household Hints.

The best method of cleaning mirrors and windows is to rub them with a paste of whiting and water. When this dries polish with dry chamois, and remove the powder. A little alcohol in cold water also gives a brilliant polish. Soap suds should never be used.

For a quart of good lemonade take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one. Peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside. Cut this into little pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover. When the water is just at the tea point, pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold.