THE WATER LILY.

In the slimy bed of sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fiber, dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The goldfish that floated near
Saw alone the vulgar stem;
The clumsy turtle paddled by,
The water snake with listless eye—
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and honey bee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven and no man know,
Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.
—James Jeffrey Roche.

A Passive Crime.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Neville, an unaccountable pang at her heart, pressed all her remaining biscuits into the baby's hands; told the woman to call upon her next day; heard next day the child was an orphan; and the end of it was, took her to her house and heart, to the intense disgust of numerous nieces and nephews, who had looked on Mrs. Neville as their joint prey. There you have the whole history, I believe."

"It's a very strange story; she must have seen a great many pretty children besides this particular one. Why did she choose her?"

"Fancied she saw in her some resemblance to a dead sister, that was very fondly and even extravagantly regretted—your aunt, Mrs. Penruddock, I suppose, as she hadn't another sister that I ever heard of."

"If she—the young lady above—is like Mrs. Neville's sister, Mrs. Neville must be very unlike her own people," says the young man, slowly.

"Yet, strange to say, that girl is most absurdly like a portrait of Mrs. Penruddock that hangs in the small drawing room in South Audley street, where Mrs. Neville lives. Not that there is anything so very remarkable in that; one sees chance resemblances every day. But you being one of the family, should see this likeness yourself."

"No; I have no recollection of aunt. My father and she were always on bad terms with each other during her lifetime, and there is no picture of her at the castle. The one you mention was sent to Mrs. Neville at her death. I have been so much abroad that I am quite a stranger to the Wynters and all their set. You know Mrs. Neville?"

"Intimately; and Beauty, too," with an amused smile. "And every Tuesday afternoon Beauty gives me a cup of tea with her own fair little hands."

"Indeed;" exclaimed Penruddock.

"Yes, indeed; you did not think such bliss could be on this miserable earth, did you? And sometimes, not often, I take a nice boy, when I find one, and introduce him to Mrs. Neville."

"Am I a nice boy?" asked Penruddock, with a la gh. "Wilding, if you will introduce me to Mrs. Neville."

"Am I a nice boy?" asked Penruddock, with a laugh. "Wilding if you will introduce me to Mrs. Niville, I shall never forget it for you as long as I live."

"And a great deal of good that will do me," says Wilding, mildly. "However, I consent, and on Tuesday you shall make your bow to Mrs. Neville, and worship at Beauty's shrine."

"Oh, thank you, my dear fellow, thank you!"

CHAPTER IV.

In the Row.

All yesterday the rain fell heavily. Not in quiet showers, but with a steady downpour that drenched the world, rendering the park a lonely wilderness, and the Ride deserted. To-day the sun, as though weary of yesterday's inaction, is out again, going his busy round, and casting his rich beams on rich and poor, simple and wise, alike. The Row is crowded—filled to overflowing with the gaily dressed throng that has come out to bask in the glad warmth and sunshine, and revel in the sense of well-being engendered by the softness and sweetness of the rushing breeze.

The occupants of the chair seem drowsily inclined, and answer in soft monosyllables those with energy sufficient to question them. One old lady, unmindful of the carriages that pass and repass incessantly, has fallen into a sound and refreshing slumber, made musical by snores low but deep. The very loungers on the railing have grown silent, as though speech was irksome, and content themselves with gazing upon the beauty that is carried by them as the tide of fashion ebbs and flows.

A dark green victoria, exquisitely appointed and drawn by two bright bay ponies, claims, and not at all unjustly, the very largest share of attention. Not so much the victoria, perhaps, as Mrs. Neville, to whom it belongs, and who is now seated in it with her adopted daughter beside her. Miss Neville, as usual, is faultlessly attired in some pale fabric, untouched by color of any sort, and is looking more than ordinarily lovely.

Her large dark eyes, blue as the deep czar violet, and tinged with melancholy, are in perfect harmony with the cream colored hat she wears.

"There is Dick Penruddock," says Mrs. Neville, suddenly. "I want to speak to him."

Leaning forward, she says something to her coachman, and presently the carriage is drawn up beside the railings, and, with a smile and a nod, Mrs. Neville beckons the young man to her side. It is quite a month since that night at the opera, where Penruddock first saw Maud Neville—a month full of growing hopes and disheartening fears. At first, Mrs. Neville had been adverse to the acquaintance altogether, bearing a strange grudge to the very name of Penruddock, as she held it responsible for all the ills that had befallen her beloved sister. She had scolded Wilding in her harmless fashion as severely as she could scold anyone for having brought one of "those people," as she termed them, within her doors, more especially the boy who had succeeded to the property that should by right have belonged to the little Hilda, her dead sister's only child.

But time and Dick Penruddock's charm of manner had conquered prejudice and vague suspicion; and Mrs. Neville, after many days, acknowledged even to herself that she liked the young man—nay, almost loved him, in spite of his name and parentage. Just now he comes gladly up to the side of the victoria and takes her hand, and beams upon her, and then glances past her to accept with gratitude the slow bow and very faint smile of recognition that Miss Neville is so condescending as to bestow upon him.

"Such a chance to see you in this confusion!" says Mrs. Neville, kindly. "And can you come and dine to-night? It is short notice, of course, for such a fashionable boy as you are; but I really want you, and you must come."

"If you really want me, I shall of course come—your wishes are commands not to be disputed," says Penruddock, after a second's hesitation, wherein he has decided on telling a great fib to the other people with whom he is in duty bound to pass his evening. "But your dance—"

"Is later on—yes. But I have two or three old friends coming to dine, and they are very charming of course and I quite love them, you will understand; but old friends, as a rule, are just the least little bit tedious sometimes, don't you think? And I want you to help me with them. I may depend upon you?"

"You may, indeed."

"Ah, so Maud said," says Mrs. Neville, with a faint sigh of relief.

"Did Miss Neville say that? I had not dare to believe that she had so good an opinion of me. To be considered worthy of trust is a very great compliment indeed," says Dick, glancing past Mrs. Neville again, to gaze somewhat wistfully at the owner of the cream-colored hat.

But she, beyond the first slight recognition and somewhat haughty inclination of her small head, has taken not the slightest notice of him.

"Have you seen the princess yet, Miss Neville?" asks Penruddock at length, in despair, filled with a sudden determination to make her speak; and to compel her large, thoughtful eyes to meet his own, if only for a single instant. "Rather nice, her ponies, don't you think?"

"Not bred so highly as Mrs. Cabbe's, nor so perfect in any way," returns Miss Neville, unsympathetically, letting her eyes rest upon him for a very brief moment, and making him a present of a grave, pleasant, but cold little smile.

Penruddock is piqued, almost angry. Already he has learned the value of position, money, the world's adulation; yet this girl alone treats him with open coldness and something that borders on positive avoidance, though she is utterly without position, and only indebted to the popularity Mrs. Neville enjoys with both sexes for her admittance into society. Two or three men coming up to the victoria at this moment stay to speak to its occupants, and to all Miss Neville gives the same cold greeting, the same frigid, but undeniably entrancing smile.

A tall, dark man, pushing his way through the others, makes his bow to Mrs. Neville, and then raises his hat deferentially to the beauty of the hour. Maud acknowledges his presence with a salutation that is certainly somewhat colder than those accorded to the others to-day.

"How full the Row is this afternoon!" says Mrs. Neville, genially, who has made the same remark to all the others straight through.

"Is it?" says Captain Saumarez, the new-comer. "Really, I dare say; but once I had caught sight of your unapproachable ponies I could see nothing else. It seems too much luck to meet you this afternoon with the certainty of meeting you again this evening. Thanks so much for the card! May I venture to hope for one dance to-night, Miss Neville?—or do I, as usual, ask too late?"

"Quite too late. Every dance is promised."

"What, all? I am indeed unfortunate—there is no denying that! Is there nobody you could throw over to give me even one poor dance?"

"I never throw over my partners," says Miss Neville, distinctly; "my conscience is opposed to that, and will not allow me to break my word—once given."

"Yet I think—short as is our acquaintance—I remember one partner ignominiously consigned to the background for no particular reason," replies he, meaningly.

"Do you?" innocently. "My memory is not my strong point, so I shall not discuss the subject. But"—with a flash from the violet eyes—"I think I may take it upon myself to say you that you are wrong when you say there was no 'particular reason' for my actions."

"'Tis folly to remember,'" quotes he from a song she herself is in the habit of singing, and with a short, unmirthful laugh. "You are right. To encourage forgetfulness should be one of our greatest aims. But to return to our first discussion. I am indeed the unhappiest of men. Is there no hope that you will change your mind and let me live in the expectation of being favored with one waltz?"

"I can offer you no such hope," returns she, with so much pointed decision in her voice and expression that Saumarez, turning sharply on his heel, takes off his hat with a frowning brow and somewhat vindictive glance, and the next minute has disappeared among the crowd.

There is a slight but perceptible pause after he has gone. The other men have melted away before this, and only Penruddock remains.

About a week ago, Miss Neville had almost promised him a waltz as to this particular dance, but doubtless she has by this time forgotten all about such a promise, and has given the waltz in question to some more favored individual.

But at this moment Miss Neville sees fit to join in the conversation. She turns her head slowly, and letting her handsome eyes meet Penruddock's, chains him to the spot by the very power of their beauty.

"Then I suppose I am at liberty to give away that third waltz that I promised you at Lady Ryecroft's?" she asks, slowly, without removing her gaze.

"You remember it? I thought perhaps you had forgotten," says Penruddock, eagerly. "No, do not give it away. Dear Mrs. Neville, do not think me unstable, or fickle, or anything that way, but, the fact is, nothing on earth could keep me from your dance to-night."

He flushes a dark red, laughs a little, raises his hat, and, as though unable to longer endure the rather mischievous smile in Miss Neville's blue eyes, beats a hasty retreat.

"He is a dear boy—quite charming," says Mrs. Neville, who is feeling puzzled, "but certainly a little vague. So very unlike his father, who was the most unpleasantly matter-of-fact person I ever met. What were you saying to Captain Saumarez, Maudie? I saw that you were talking to him, but you did not seem very genial, either of you."

"He is very distasteful to me," says Maud, quickly. "I don't know what it is, auntie, but I feel a horror—a hatred of that man. His manner toward me is insolent to a degree. It is as though he would compel me, against my will, to be civil to him, and I never shall!" concludes Miss Neville, between her little, white, even teeth.

"I don't think I care much about him myself," says Mrs. Neville. "He always seems to me to be something of an adventurer; and, besides, he is a friend of all the Penruddocks, and, except Dick, I never liked any of them. Not that he is much of a friend there either, as he never speaks of them, and even if drawn into conversation about Dick's father, as a rule, says something disparaging. But he has money, and is received everywhere; he I really think, my dear child, he is very devoted to you."

"Oh, do not, pray, try to make him even more detestable in my sight than he is already," says Maud with a shiver that may mean disgust.

"Oh, no! Of course I meant nothing. And he is the last man I should care to see you married to. But some time or other you must make a selection—you can but know that—and I am always thinking for you, indeed I am. Dick Penruddock is very much in love with you, I really believe, though you always deny it."

"I deny it because I think he is not. I hope with all my heart and soul that he is not," says Maud, with sudden and unlooked for energy.

All the color has fled from her cheeks and her lips tremble slightly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Not Quite Perfect.

The boy had applied for a job in a wholesale house and was about to get it when a thought seemed to strike the employer.

"Can you whistle 'Daisy Bell?'" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy.

"And 'After the Ball?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Ta-ra?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And 'Two Little Girls?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well—"

"Hold on," interrupted the boy, fearful of results; "you don't expect a boy of my size not to have no bad habits at all, do you?"

He was given the place on probation.—Truth.

A Chip of the Old Block.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Twelve years old, sir."

"You are very small for your age. What is your name?"

"Johnny Smith. My father is a baker on Manhattan avenue."

"Your father is a baker? I might have guessed it by your size. You remind me of one of his loaves."—Texas Siftings.

Rather Topheavy.

Boy—That toy boat you sold me is no good.

Dealer—What's wrong with it?

Boy—It won't stand up. Flops right over as quick as I put it in the water. Guess you think I wanted it for a man-of-war.

The Poetry of It.

She—I'd rather be a poet than anything in the world.

Poet—You might be the next thing to one.

She—Oh, tell me how.

The Poet—By becoming Mrs. Poet. (He got her.)

Soaking Corn for Feed.

The Kansas agricultural college has just issued bulletin 47, which gives a full report on their tests to find out if it pays to soak corn for fattening steers. Ten grade Shorthorns were used in the test, five being fed partly on unsoaked corn, and the others a like amount of soaked corn. Two lots of hogs ran with them, to utilize the undigested corn, and their gain was also taken into account. The results were summarized as follows:

WILL IT PAY TO SOAK CORN?

Whether the answer to this question will be a yes or a no will depend upon circumstances. The foregoing facts prove that steers get more out of soaked corn than they do of dry corn, and that the reverse is true of the hogs which follow. It will not pay to soak corn whenever it is necessary to take the precaution against freezing that we were obliged to take in this experiment, nor is it likely to pay if it involves more extra labor than can be done by the regular force in charge of the cattle. But when a feeder is so situated that the corn can be soaked at slight expense, this experiment would indicate that it is a profitable practice, at least during mild weather. In conclusion, the facts brought to light by this experiment may be summarized as follows:

1. The five steers fed on soaked shelled corn gained a total of 1,632 pounds in 150 days on 282 bushels of corn, while the five steers fed on dry corn gained a total of only 1,468 pounds on 290 bushels of corn.

2. The steers fed on soaked corn, owing to their better condition, brought a higher price in the marke than the steers fed on dry corn. Balancing both cost of feed and market value of the two lots, there is a difference of $25.50 in favor of the soaking of the corn.

3. The hogs following the steers fed on soaked corn made a total gain of 635 pounds, while the hogs following the dry-corn fed steers made a total gain of 747 pounds. This makes a difference of $5.58 in favor of the hogs following the dry-corn steers.

4. Based on the foregoing figures, it will pay to soak corn if it can be soaked for 6 cents, or less, a bushel.

Cultivation of Wild Blackberries.

On our farm was a piece of land nearly ten acres in extent, says Farmers' Home. It was light, sandy soil, and the readiness with which briars sprang up all over it indicated favorable conditions for wild blackberries. The land was of little real value, and not needed for regular field crops, as the rest of the farm took about all our time to cultivate it. Besides, we are getting more and more to believe in intensive farming, and instead of increasing the acreage under cultivation we are decreasing it. Our location is near large markets, but there is little sale for the land. The question what to do with these ten acres of sandy land, overrun with blackberry vines, puzzled us for many years, but finally we decided to turn it to some profitable use. The blackberry vines were the largest wild sorts, very early and sweet, and we began to cultivate them as much as possible; that is, we thinned them out in places, and transplanted roots to other parts of the field. The vines that failed to produce any berries in places were rooted up and others put there. In this way the whole ten acres were soon one mass of blackberry vines. The result of this venture has been that tons of blackberries have been picked from the field every summer. The vines are loaded down with large, luscious berries that find a ready sale in the market, especially as a great deal of the fruit ripens earlier than the large cultivated varieties. We never heard of raising wild blackberries for market, but as the boys in the neighborhood always made money in picking them wherever they could find them, we concluded that there must be some money in them. We have not regretted our experiment. The returns from the field every season are large, more than paying 10 per cent interest on the cost of the land, and our wages daily during the picking season. As the land is almost worthless for general farming, we see no better use to which we can put it.

Sending Fruit Long Distances.

Ventilation of packages in which fruit is packed for shipping serves no purpose except to allow the escape of surplus moisture. Otherwise the contact with fresh air every moment hastens its decay all the more. The important point in packing fruit is to see that it is as dry on the outside as it can be made. Then wrap each specimen in a little cotton, which will serve both to exclude air and to absorb any moisture that the fruit will naturally exhale. This was the way that strawberries were successfully shipped to the World's Fair at Chicago last summer, says an exchange. When taken out of the cotton each specimen was as fresh as when put up and would keep six to eight days. With large fruit a piece of lime put in the package proves an excellent absorber of moisture, which is what is most likely to cause decay.

Old Fields with a Light Crop.

Fields that have been a long time mowed as a rule yield but a light crop of hay. There are too many such acres on nearly all farms. They drag the crop down to a low average. In view of these facts is it not a good time, while the matter is fresh in mind, to consider whether a change in the management of the grass fields can not be made that will prove advantageous to the owners? Certain it is there is neither profit or prosperity from an old run down field of grass yielding but a half ton to the acre. These old fields should be plowed up. Under the plow, in place of the half ton of inferior hay, each acre may as well produce, planted in corn or sown to oats or peas or Hungarian, four to six times the fodder that has just been harvested from them.—Maine Farmer.

PROF. ALLEN MOORE: The farmer must be so educated that he can see a grandeur in his vocation not surpassed by any other business. He must live above the drudgery of farm work, and see that his calling possesses opportunities not surpassed by any other. The bustle of the city does not disturb his meditations while planting, cultivating or gathering in. He can look at the beautiful flowers at his feet and there see the pencilings of the Creator of the universe. Every leaf is a book, and even the stones beneath his feet are "stumbling blocks for the ignorant, but food for the wise." If he turns his eyes upward and beholds the candles of night glimmering in the skies, that grandly true line will echo through his soul, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Humanity can not be encompassed with grander teachers. No wonder that the farm has produced the grandest men the world has ever known. The farm children must be educated to feel that there is a grandeur and an honor in farm life found nowhere else.

DRY ridge soil with porous subsoil is most favorable for cherry growing, says Prof. J. L. Budd. On such soil the trees should be set four to six inches deeper than they stood in the nursery. By deep setting, roots will be thrown out from the scion or from a point above the bud, in two or three years. Indeed, the Russian and north German varieties often emit roots from the first year after setting the root-grafts in nursery. Another benefit resulting from deep setting is protection of the tender roots we are obliged to use in propagation.

ITALY'S FORESTS.—Italy at about the beginning of the Christian era, for commercial purposes and to give employment to her numerous slaves, felled her native forests to the sources of her streams and the summits of her mountain bulwarks. Soon, only too soon, unused, unproductive lands drove countless thousands to Rome for bread. The ethereal mildness of her climate became a scorching siroco When by the failure of national power Rome gave way, her territory was occupied by peoples who allowed the forests to recover the denuded hill and mountain sides. The return toward natural conditions gave back some of her climatic conditions.

MIXED FOREST GROWTH.—Mixed forest growth is the rule in the world; in the natural forest, there are usually several species occupying the ground together. It requires a higher degree of knowledge and judgment on the part of the owner to properly foster the growth of the desirable kinds. An intimate knowledge of varieties, their growth, value and influence upon others is necessary to attain the best results. However, it must be as apparent to the farmer that it is best to keep his wood lot in fair reproducing condition as it will be to keep his cows producing calves instead of remaining barren.

A FARMER'S home, with house plants in the window, flowers on the lawn, and a succession of small fruits from a garden planned, planted, pruned and protected with aid of wife and children, giving each child control of a particular plant, bush or row, will do more to make children love the old homestead and keep the boys on the farm than all the precepts ever taught them.

BLOOD FOR PLANTS.—A lady whose plants are the wonder of passers-by found a patent poultry food whose basis was dried blood, and says the rich growth and blossoming is because she works a spoonful of this once in a while into the earth about them. Before she found out about this she bought blood from the Hebrew butchers for plant food.

A HUMANE writer says: Keep the flies out of the stables. Close up the cracks and tack mosquito bar over the windows. This may cost you a little money and trouble, but it will save you many dollars' worth of horse flesh. The horses will pay for it by doing lots more har work without fatigue.

ONE who has been successful in raising hogs thinks that a thoroughbred boar at 20 cents a pound is cheaper than a scrub at 5 cents. In fact he says that you can hardly pay too much for a first-class boar if you have much use for him.

HORTICULTURE is an important department of agriculture, and its study and practice will certainly stimulate the farmer to better tillage, larger crops, finer stock and greater success in every way.

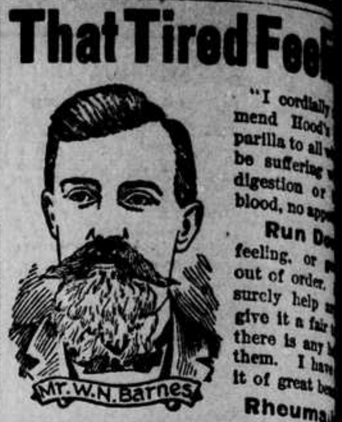
FOR the soil to remain bare either summer or winter causes a loss of fertility. It is the nature of the earth to produce vegetation and all our efforts ought to be guided by this fact.

THE production of apples in the United States is about 146,000,000 bushels; of peaches, 36,000,000 bushels, and of pears, cherries, apricots, plums and prunes, 7,000,000 bushels.—Ex.

IT is the little things in poultry keeping that minister to the profit. One of these items is the care of the manure. You must go to the trouble of clearing it out frequently, anyway; and so while you are about it, why not take a little more trouble and put it where it will do the most good.

THE man who makes it a rule to milk his cows in the stable is the one who has the least trouble with them. It takes but a minute to put them in and turn them out, and this time is well spent.

That Tired Feel



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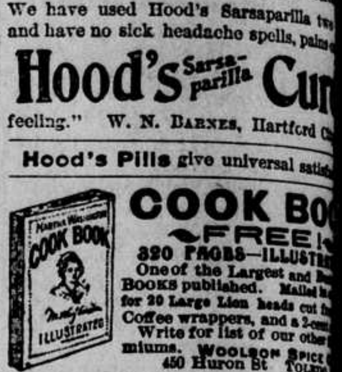

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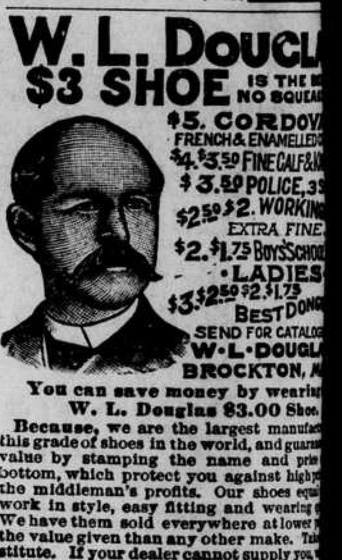

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