

THE MAN IN THE GLASS.

The only an average man that I see,
 Not head of one nor wealthy nor stout,
 Yet some one I feel, as I look in his eye,
 I would miss him if 'er we should part.
 Yes, he set, ally know,
 But will never disclose.
 The secret way down in my heart,
 The man in the glass never answers me back
 In my neighbor's inquisitive ear,
 My good reputation he'll never betray,
 I never have a reason to fear,
 Though faults he can see,
 None to him and to me,
 Which to other folks never appear.
 The man in the glass never answers me back
 When his follies I fall would correct,
 But the poor fellow looks so ashamed of him-
 self!
 That I kiss, for him, too, I expect,
 Or we both had to blame,
 And a mutual shame
 Seems the errors of his to connect.
 The man in the glass will be faithful to me
 As long as I'm honest and true,
 But there's about him and with his contempt,
 Would be the worst thing I could do,
 Or my best friend be I do,
 Or my best enemy,
 And he'll stick to me all my life through,
 —Chicago Inter Ocean.

ANNELLA'S LOVER.

"I am listening to you," said Annela, bending her blond little head, and Mario felt that her slender hand trembled in his.
 Who was Annela?
 The beautiful widow of Count Giunni had found her one day, pale, desolate, and exhausted, beside a dead woman in a squalid, dark room. The dead woman was the aunt of the Countess and the mother of Annela, and the poor girl, which surrounded her was the sole inheritance of the fair young girl.
 Countess Giunni, rich, adored, and courted by the fine flower of aristocratic society, lived upon vanity and coquetry. But in spite of that she had a morsel of heart, and poor Annela's little white face had the power to draw two beautiful tears, more lustrous than pearls, from her great, black, enchanting eyes. If the Baron, the descendant of the Marquis could have seen those two pearls, surely they would have loved her even more than they did—so compassionately and tender did she seem amid the triumphs of her happy youth.
 The same evening Annela reposed in a soft bed, under a counterpane of pink silk, while at the balcony window, the moon peered in and laid a tint of palar upon the rose-red divans of the elegant little room.
 Two years passed after that first tranquil sleep. Annela's beauty, which early privations and sorrows had almost withered in the bud, bloomed again as if by magic. It was a pleasure to see the radiant girl, a slender little person, but with perfect curves of outline, the bust full, the throat of admirable softness, and the little head—oh, that dainty little head—like an artist's thought. Like a golden wave, the curling hair, which she wore unbound and floating, rippled down her shoulders, her eyes laughed with the color of the clear heavens under arching, delicate eyebrows that were black as just the whiteness of her forehead and gave a resolute expression to her beautiful countenance. Her small, rosy mouth was always smiling; it was but a languid smile, and tinged with an expression of melancholy or bitterness.
 Now, after having sketched Annela's graceful figure it seems strange not to be able to give it a background of brighter colors. We know how much a brilliant setting adds to a gem, and certainly the Countess Giunni's beauty gained greatly by the luxury and richness of her dress and surroundings. A fashionable dressmaker, at a list in his line, dressed her with Parisian taste; a skillful young man, who was maid and confidante together, combed the wealth of her dark hair that touched the floor and adapted to her shapely person stiffs, coiffures, flowers, and jewels. From their hands the Countess issued a true goddess of love, and her shrine gleaming with silks, marbles, silver, and crystal increased the enchantment and rendered her marvelous to the eyes of the visitors.
 Poor Annela, so simple in her little muslin gown; so that in that rich house, not her own, how could she contend for the palm with that superb queen? And is not new thing that the bright rays of the moon dim the placid light of the quiet stars. So the hundred gentlemen that flocked into those gilded rooms had eyes only for the beautiful Countess, and if they designed to bestow a passing word or look on the timid girl, that was merely an act of homage to the reigning lady, homage that showed their admiration for her charity to a dependent. They all knew, and from her own mouth, too, the Countess had taken the forsaken orphan to her beautiful home and changed her sorrow to hapiness.
 But was Annela really happy?
 Her young heart, thirsted for love. In her childhood had been the one treasure of her poor mother, and though she had often lacked bread, air, and sunlight, caresses were never wanting. She knew the sweetness of a kiss into which is transfused all a loving soul; she knew the dual life, the breath mingled with another breath from a breast palpitating with tenderness. Yes, her mother's love had taught them to her in poverty. Then came the times, abundance of everything, new amusements every day and every hour, nois, gayeries and the luxury of carriages and diners. But, strange to say, amid all this laughter of life, her heart was narrowed, closed. She, indeed, no longer suffered from hunger, cold, or fear of worse misfortune, but her forth she had no one to love her, not a simple object to call forth her own love, though she felt an overpowering need to bestow on some one all her warm, impassioned soul.
 At first she had tried for this exchange of affection with her cousin, the magnificent Countess. Also she had loved her kind, courteous,

generous, but frivolous, full of herself and her attractions, but incapable not only of feeling love, but even of comprehending it.
 Disappointed, Annela had looked about her, and amid that array of faces, coats, and decorations that made a circle around her beautiful cousin, she had sought and sought. An odd girl! She had actually found those polished gentlemen empty and unsympathetic, although finely clad and unexceptionable from top to toe. How could she have dared to raise even her thoughts to the heights on which they moved? Which of them would have designed to descend to her, a poor little orphan, sheltered by the city of her cousin?
 Thus set apart and averse to all flatteries, she led her own life amid the festivities and the constant noise and confusion of the house.
 But one evening she discovered among the crowd a newcomer—blond and handsome like herself and like herself, sad, timid, and embarrassed. At once a secret sympathy attracted her toward young Mario. It seemed to her that she might be able to comfort him with her words, for surely he cherished a deep sorrow in his heart, since his fine face never brightened with lively color, and his eyes often glistened as if with restrained tears.
 He welcomed sympathy so eagerly that it appeared as if he sought her, as if he came solely for her sake. And they soon talked freely together. After their first meeting, which was full of embarrassment to both of them, they passed all the reception evenings of the splendid Countess together. Annela always awaited him with indescribable emotion, and when she saw him appearing in the doorway, diffident and shy, all her life was concentrated in her heart, that beat, beat as if it would burst its bonds. Then with studied carelessness he wandered through the rooms until he succeeded in placing himself at her side, whence he did not stir until the last guests were about to leave.
 Mario had told the story of his life—his poor life of discomfort and isolation. He too was an orphan, brought up by strangers who had speculated upon his talent. By force of study and effort he had at last made for himself a position that had enabled him to demand his liberty in exchange for a monthly payment. Never, poor soul, had he tasted the sweetness of mutual love.
 Annela, in her secret heart, rejoiced at all this. Would it not be her privilege to give him the delights that he had never experienced, her task to make him forget the bitterness of so many years, and to reward him for all his sufferings? At night how many dreams of this peopled the original little room of the young girl, and in fancy she saw herself already an adored wife, clasped to the gentle and noble breast of her beloved Mario.
 One thing, however, preoccupied her mind. When she met Mario for the first time a cloud of sadness had veiled his attractive countenance, a sadness behind which she had perceived a deeply wounded heart. Of that wound Mario had never spoken to her, but the cloud had not passed away, notwithstanding the love that Annela breathed towards him from her eyes, her smile, her entire personality. And, then, too, she would have wished—indeed, she expected it every evening, and always vainly—the final outbreak of Mario's love. He loved her—oh, she was sure of that—but why did he not tell her so? Of course, natural timidity—the fear of troubling her simple life. He was so noble, her Mario! But finally he must explain himself. Oh! and she would not stammer in giving him a favorable answer, such a yes would escape her lips—and then what mutual joy, what warmth in their future talks! Then she would be obliged to tell it to her cousin, and the kind Countess would willingly consent. But why did he not speak to her?
 One evening when they were alone in the shadow of the yellow drawing-room Mario suddenly let himself go, seized her trembling hand murmured to her, "I will—I must speak to you—last!"
 And Annela, bending her fair head and almost suffocated with emotion, replied, "I am listening to you."
 "Dear Annela," Mario began, "have you never asked yourself why I first came to this house?"
 "How should I? I have, perhaps," murmured Annela, hardly able to contain her joy, while her heart cried out the answer, "For me, for me alone."
 "It was not a chance, no—I came here conquered, led by passion alone. I loved and was wild with pain before I set foot inside the house," declared Mario.
 Annela trembled, not daring to interrupt him, but she would have liked to fling herself upon his neck without letting him finish, and to say to him amid a world of kisses, "Here is joy for you!" But he continued, "I loved, and to-day I love more than then; I suffered, and to-day I suffer more than ever."
 The girl started and looked, wide-eyed, at his face. Why did he speak of suffering? Had he not understood her great love? Or was he feigning, perhaps, in order to hear her confess it?
 "Dear girl," and here Mario caressed her hand, "you indeed have comforted me, you have helped me to bear my grief; but now my anguish has reached the last degree—I know that my love will never be returned."
 "No, no, you mistake!" Annela involuntarily interrupted, bending toward him.
 "I mistake!" he exclaimed, with hope beaming in his glance. "Why do you say so? Do you know who it is that I love?"
 And Annela, shame-faced and confused, stammered, "I imagine."
 "Well," continued Mario bitterly,

AGRICULTURAL NEWS

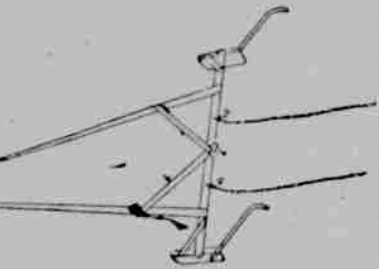
A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Corn Ground Can Be Marked
 Straight—Portable Swine Box—A House for Laying Ducks—Price of Horses Never So Low—Farm Notes.

How to Mark Corn Ground.

I have often wondered how it is possible for a sober man to make corn rows as crooked as some I have seen, writes a correspondent of the American Agriculturist. Nor is their cry in appearance alone. The cultivator cannot run as close to the young plants and do as good work in crooked rows as it can in straight ones, so that the labor wasted in keeping the crop clean is ten times as much as would be required to mark the rows straight in the first place. One cause of so many crooked rows is to be found in the fact that so few farmers know how to make a really good dog with which to mark the ground, and no one can do the best work with poor tools.

In the accompanying sketch is shown a corn drag which I have used for the last twenty-five years, with great satisfaction and success. It can be made in a few hours by any farmer, and the material used is not expensive. For the stringer I use two by four spruce. Suppose the rows are to be three and a half feet apart, then the stringer should be cut ten feet and eight inches in length. This will make the runners ten feet and six inches apart, measured from center to center. The runners are two feet long, made of two-inch plank ten inches wide, and to each of them is bolted a plow handle. They are notched to receive



A GOOD CORN MARKER.

the stringer which is nailed to them, and braced, and also by short braces on the under side which the sketch does not show. The space between the runners is equally divided by two iron hooks, a to each of which is attached an ox chain. The shafts are twelve feet long, and are simply saplings of some stout wood left with the bark on to give them toughness. They are each fastened to the stringer by one bolt, and supported by braces, b b, which are fastened to each shaft by a bolt, and the two cross on the stringer at c, where they are fastened by one bolt passing through them. The ends of the shafts have holes in them by means of which they are fastened, on each side of the horse, with straps to the hame rings. It will be seen that the runners give it height sufficient to pass over stones or uneven ground. As the center marks are made by the heavy chains the planter will find no missing marks, as happens when all the marks are made by runners. In that case the slight elevations and depressions of the surface of the field would cause one or two of the runners to be off the ground half the time.

Salt Not a Fertilizer.

Any one familiar with agricultural chemistry knows that salt does not contain anything that may serve as plant nourishment; it is a simple compound of chlorine and sodium. Chlorine, if anything, is injurious to plants hence the disastrous effect sometimes observed where salt is used at the time of the planting, or in too large quantities, while sodium, though not harmful, cannot by any means assist plant growth; the small quantities needed are always and abundantly present in every soil, and it is not any more advantageous to fertilize with sodium than it would be to use sand or silt as a fertilizer. —Country Gentleman.

House for Laying Ducks.

The design is intended for a cheap and easily-constructed house for ducks that are laying and may be used for the entire flock also, says the Poultryeeper. There being no roosts the object is to secure floor space. The roof also serves for the



sides, and any kind of waterproof paper or tarred felt may be used as a covering on the boards to prevent leaking. The floor is kept covered with cut straw or hay. The nests are simply boarded off at the lower sides and need not be partitioned, having only entrance holes. The sills may rest on brick or stones, so as to raise them from the ground. The house may be made of any length, width, or height preferred, as we aim only to show the plan. The cost of such a house is very small.

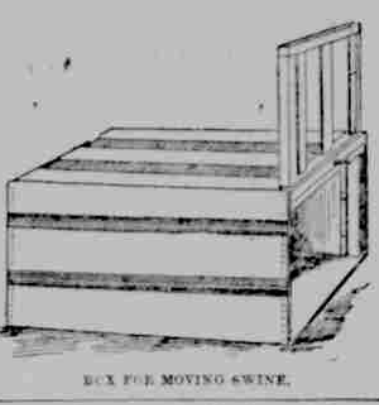
Corn and Cob Meal.

I have not seen very much experience on the subject of feeding corn and cob meal, and will give my experience for what it is worth. I have been feeding it for eight or nine years to from fifty to sixty-five head of cattle every year, and have fattened from seven to twenty-three every winter, and have made them gain as high as 310 pounds per head in three months. Some men advance the theory that it is injurious to cat-

Aerial Navigation.

The resistance of the air is the one all-aercent flying machine must rely. In the investigation of its laws something has been done by the study of the flight of birds, and the analysis of the results of instantaneous photographs of the , especially by modern french writers. For the laws which govern the flight of birds must mutatis mutandis—that is, in principle—apply to all aerial locomotion. Hence, in the last edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica we see progress on the subject. Thus we find therein an instructive table, showing clearly that, contrary to many people's ideas upon the subject, the sustaining or wing area in all flying bodies in nature increases in a much less proportion than the increased weight to be carried. For the swallow or the sparrow has a much less proportionate area of wing than the fly, the gnat, or the beetle, and the vulture or wild swan a much less area than the swallow.

This is an important fundamental fact in aerial navigation, as showing that the flying machine of the future can be made of very moderate dimensions, but by far the most useful progress in this direction has been made by Prof. Langley in his excellent "Experiments in Aerodynamics," wherein he may fairly be said to have laid down, for the first time, a really sound and reliable scientific basis for the study of aerial locomotion by a series of careful experiments and well-reasoned deductions from them. We may note with pleasure that Prof. Langley is reported to be now engaged upon a model aerial machine on a working scale. Whatever its ultimate measure of success, his new experiments with it cannot fail to advance the cause of aerial navigation another stage.—Contemporary Review.



BOX FOR MOVING SWINE.

strong box 44x21x11 ft. with an opening at one end. Let the box in open doorway and with a little corn in the end of the box, entice the hog in. Let the door in the rear end down and secure with a peg, as shown in the cut. Two men can easily load a 200-lb. shote into a wagon and save the unnecessary noise. The box must be made strong by cleating the inside corners. Such a box is worth its cost every time it is used.—Farm and Home.

Pasturing a Meadow.

A correspondent asks if pasturing mowing land in autumn injures it. Well, that depends. If the grass is too thick, feeding cattle on it in the fall or early spring will injure it greatly; if heavy beasts are allowed to go on it in wet weather they will hurt it by poaching it, whatever be the grass sown. But if a variety of grasses and clovers form the bulk of the pasture and the cattle are only allowed on it in dry weather, no damage will be caused; and this is one of the great objections we have to timothy; it should never be grazed. The plant roots of this otherwise valuable grass are of a bulbous growth and the side twigs of the cow in eating is mighty apt, particularly in damp weather, to pull the entire stalk out of the ground.—Farm Life.

A Clothespin Apron.

When removing the washed clothes from the line the common practice is to throw the loosened pins into the basket with the clothes. This, of course, requires the extra work of picking them out at ironing time, hence it is no wonder so many are lost; whereas, by making a clothespin apron and using it, much vexatious trouble will be avoided. It should be made from strong cloth.



CONVENIENT APRON FOR CLOTHESPIN.

Striped ticking is durable, and if the stripes extend upward and the edges are bound, it looks neat. A piece of ticking fourteen inches square for the back is none too large, and the front is cut in the form shown, the point at the center being firmly sewed to the band. This will hold the pins for a large washing, and may be taken from and replaced with either hand. It takes but a moment to tie it on or to remove it, and will prove far more satisfactory than a pail or basket for carrying the pins.

Notes.

SEED corn is the most important matter to consider in connection with the crop. If there is anything that causes a farmer to become despondent it is to be compelled to repent his field.

THERE is but one sure method of making poor land pay, and that is to curtail the area to be cultivated, apply the manure on a small space, procure fertilizers and give good cultivation.

TREES, whether planted for ornamental use or as the better for the society of other trees near by, because of the affording mutual protection from winds and from extremes of heat and cold.

THE cost of the seed is an objection to the use of whole potatoes for that purpose, but cutting the seed should be done with the object of allowing as large pieces as possible. The young plants derive their first nourishment from the seed pieces.

WHEN green crops are plowed under for the purpose of enriching the soil an application of lime will often be of the greatest benefit. It helps to correct the acidity of the soil, which often results from the too rapid fermentation of the green stuff.

THE mule is a much better animal than the horse for some purposes. The feet of the mule do not become as easily injured as those of the horse, and mules are also less liable to disease, will eat a greater variety of coarse food, and can be worked in closer rows than horses.

THE "National Dairyman" says: Over 100 new creameries is the record in this country for 1893. Many poorly-located ones have quit business, but it is perfectly a safe figure on 600 good live creameries added to the forces. This will make close to 6,000 good, live creameries in operation, an increase of about 10 per cent.

Caustic Retort.

The Abbe d'Aubignac who wrote admirably on dramatic composition, and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent, after thirty years' silence, as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed! To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism: "I do not quarrel with the Abbe d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbe to write such a tragedy."

Rust.

To keep tools from rusting, take half an ounce of camphor, dissolve in one pound melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead (graphite) as will give it an iron color. Clean the tools and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. The tools will keep clear for months under ordinary circumstances.

WHEN a dog finds a dog he can whip, you can't keep him off of it. A good man and a hen are the same way.