

### No Time for Hating.

Begone with feud! away with strife;  
Our human hearts unumiting!  
Let us be friends again! This life  
Is all too short for hating!  
So all the day, so dim the way,  
So rough the road we're faring—  
Far better deal with faithful friend  
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,  
Are types of selfish living;  
But souls that give, like thine and mine,  
Renew their life by giving.  
While cypress waves o'er early graves  
On all the way we're going,  
Far better plant where seed is scant  
Than tread on fruit that's growing.

Away with scorn! Since die we must  
And rest on one low pillow;  
There are no rivals in the dust—  
No foes beneath the willow,  
So dry the bowers, so few the flowers,  
Our earthly way discloses,  
Far better stoop where daisies droop  
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Of what are all the joys we hold  
Compared to joys above us?  
And what are rank and power and gold  
Compared to hearts that love us?  
So fleet our years, so full of tears,  
So closely death is waiting;  
God gives us space for loving grace,  
But leaves no time for hating.

—A. J. H. Duganne.

### HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

It really was "quite too awfully vexing," after all her preparations were made, that now, nearly at the last moment, such a contretemps should occur, and the more she thought of it the more was Mrs. Stewart Allenby in despair.

And with good reason, for she had had, since cards for a morning concert—a matinee musicale, as she called it on the invitations; the first she had ever given since she moved to the great house in one of the most fashionable roads in South Kensington, and she particularly desired that it should be a success—and now Signora Belcore had gone and fallen sick at the eleventh hour, and the programme would be too short unless some one could be found to sing the cavatina from "Linda de Chamounix."

"Put in a comic song instead," suggested Mr. Allenby, whose taste was not educated up to concert pitch.

"A comic song indeed!" echoed his wife with a scornful laugh. "George, you are a fool!"

But as Mr. Allenby had heard this blunt statement a good many times before, he was not at all discomfited by it. At that moment the door opened softly. Mrs. Allenby started up.

"Williams," cried she to the footman, "I'm not at home! Didn't I tell you I could see nobody this morning?" "Yes, madam," the footman answered, coughing behind his hand; "but it isn't company, madam—it's the visiting governess."

"Oh!" Mrs. Allenby was visibly relieved. "Come in, Miss Ashton. Williams, call Miss Constance at once to her lessons."

Margaret Ashton came quietly in, a little, gray-dressed creature, like a nun, with soft hazel eyes, a complexion as pale as ivory, and mended gloves upon her small hands.

"You are not well, Mrs. Allenby, I am afraid?" she said, gently, as she seated herself.

"I am well enough," said Mrs. Stewart Allenby, petulantly—"only I'm in despair. You don't know of any one who could sing that cavatina for me, do you, Miss Ashton?"

"Perhaps—I could," said Margaret.

"You?" Mrs. Allenby stared as if the visiting governess had stated that she could construct a sentence in Sanscrit.

"I could sing a little once," said Margaret; "and that cavatina was one of my favorite pieces."

"You darling!" she cried. "If only you could help me out of this dilemma, I'll be grateful to you all my life long."

Margaret went back to the humble little suburban cottage where she rented three rooms—a cottage where she supported a fretful valetudinarian mother, and a pretty widowed sister, whose life had been a failure all the way through. "Charlotte" she said, to the latter.

"I'm going to sing at a concert next Wednesday!"

"You!" echoed the widow. "You'll fail, for a certainty."

"I can try," said Margaret, with a fluttering sigh.

"Your voice is well enough," said the sister, disparagingly; "but it has no volume. And you never will have the confidence to sing before an audience."

The tears came into Margaret's eyes. "I must do something, Charlotte," said she. "We cannot live on as we are living now. We are in debt every where; and since the doctor has prescribed dainties for mamma I haven't known where to look for the money to buy them with."

"Perhaps I shall get something to do soon," said Charlotte.

"But, in the meantime?" said Margaret, with a sorrowful uplifting of her eyebrows.

She was a magnanimous little thing,

this hard-worked, pale-faced visiting governess, for she would have reminded her elder sister that sitting all day with curl-papered locks and dog-eared novels was no way to obtain a lucrative situation of any sort.

"It's very hard on me," said Mrs. Ashton, who sat with a devotional book in her lap and a bunch of grapes on a china plate beside her. "If Margaret had been like any one else she would have made a brilliant match long ago."

Margaret did not remind her mother how she had discarded Basil Hepburn long ago, because he was not sufficiently aristocratic and wealthy to suit Mrs. Ashton's lofty ideas—and how Mr. Hepburn had since become a rich man, and a man of mark.

"If he knew how very poor we are," said Margaret to herself, with a sigh, "I think he would be sorry. But I could not tell him; and now that he has gone to travel in Egypt, and up the Nile, it isn't likely I shall ever see him again."

"You haven't any more voice than a sparrow," said Mrs. Ashton.

"You have never cultivated what little you have," said Mrs. Charlotte; "and the idea of your standing up to sing among those professional vocalists is simply preposterous!"

But Margaret stood valiantly to her colors, and when the eventful night arrived she stood there on the velvet-covered platform, in her well-worn black silk, softened by bunches of pale pink rosebuds, and a drapery of misty black lace, a spray of rosebuds in her hair, and an intent look in her soft brown eyes.

"Now don't fail," Mrs. Allenby had whispered, as the portieres of crimson velvet were lifted for her to pass out upon the mimic stage.

"No," she answered, quietly, "I shall not fail."

But, for an instant, as she faced the brilliant audience, the flutter of fans, the flash of diamonds, the glitter of the foot-lights seemed to blind and dazzle her; a suffocating sensation arose in her throat.

"I am going to fail," she thought, and the recollection of Charlotte's dismal prophecies occurred to her—her mother's prognostications of evil, her own tormenting doubts.

"I will not fail!" she said to herself, and advancing boldly into the little arena, she faced the circle of intent eyes, and began to sing.

Sweet and clear, like the liquid notes of a lark, her voice soared up, until, forgetting her own identity in that of Donizetti's Swiss heroine, she became almost inspired; and at the close a perfect shower of bouquets rained down upon the stage at her feet—an ovation of voices rang up again and again in deafening applause. But Margaret was conscious only of one thing—she had not failed.

Mrs. Allenby welcomed her rapturously to the pretty little "green-room."

"My dear Miss Ashton," she said, "you are a genius—a second Jenny Lind! Who was to suppose that you had such a divine voice? You are the star of my little concert—the prima-donna of the evening! No, don't take your bonnet," as Margaret mechanically stretched out her hand for it. "You must come in to the drawing-room. They are all wild to know you."

"But I cannot," pleaded poor Margaret, with a downward glance at her dress. "I am not prepared."

"You are perfect," said Mrs. Stewart Allenby, with winning despotism. "Besides, one of my guests says you are an old acquaintance of his—Mr. Hepburn, who has just returned from Palestine and the Holy Land."

So Margaret was led into the midst of the glittering throng, and introduced here and there, until, like one moving in a dream, she found herself leaning on Basil Hepburn's arm.

"So you are a great singer," he said. "I never sang in public before in all my life."

"You will be prouder and more haughty than ever."

"I never was humbler in all my life," Margaret, he uttered, softly.

"Well, Mr. Hepburn?"

"Mr. Hepburn! That sounds cold. Suppose you say, as you used to say, Basil."

"But things are not as they used to be," said poor Margaret, her heart beginning to beat unevenly in her breast.

"Can they not be so again, dear little Margaret?" he whispered, bending his tall head to the level of the cluster of rosebuds in her hair. "Can we not go back to the initial chapter of our lives, and begin it all over again. I am a rich man, now, but all my money cannot buy me any treasure half so sweet and priceless as your love. Dearest Margaret, tell me that you, too, have not entirely forgotten the past."

And Miss Ashton went home from Mrs. Stewart Allenby's matinee musicale an engaged young lady.

"I didn't fail, after all," she said, radiantly. "And I had half a dozen applications to sing again at private concerts, and Mrs. Allenby's money will just buy my wedding dress."

So the current of true love was running smooth again, after all.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The coffee shrub grows about sixteen feet in height.

There are petroleum wells on the Irrawaddy river, in Burmah.

Carpenters were originally makers of carpenter or carriages.

The ancients always harnessed their horses abreast, never lengthwise.

The real and personal property in the United States is valued at \$70,000,000,000.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand and one bushel of hair will make enough mortar to plaster 100 square yards.

One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and five pounds of shingle nails will fasten them on.

The greatest length of the United States from east to west is 2,800 miles; greatest breadth from north to south, 1,600 miles; average breadth, 1,200 miles.

The Gainsborough hat is named for Georgiana, Duchess of Gainsborough, who was so beautiful that a laborer said of her: "Oh, I could light my pipe at her eyes, bless her!"

That a human bite is as dangerous as that of any animal is shown by an occurrence in the German city of Munster, where a man who was bitten in one of his fingers during a fight had the alternative of losing his arm or his life. Blood poisoning set in, and speedy amputation at the shoulder became necessary.

Perhaps the largest pasture in the world is the property of Mr. Taylor Maudlin, on the border of Texas, having forty miles of rock fence on one side, and yet requiring two hundred more to inclose it. The owner expects to raise one thousand tons of oats upon it, and to feed one hundred thousand head of cattle.

There is now a dog infirmary at the West End of London, controlled by a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. The wards are complete with every modern convenience for the health and comfort of patients. A sanitarium has been arranged for the reception of healthy animals, when owners have no convenience for them. Special wards are also provided for cats and birds. Annual subscribers of \$5 have all the privileges of the infirmary.

A physician of Germany, who recently died at a great age, asserted that his long life was due to the fact that he always slept with his head to the north. He declared that the iron contained in our systems, finding itself in the direction of the magnetic current which continually flows over the surface of the globe toward the north pole, becomes magnetized and so increases the energy of the vital principle.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Saturn is 900,000 miles from the sun. Oil or essence of pineapple is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese and sugar.

A hornet's nest, being the finest woody substance known, is the best polisher for glass lenses.

According to seamen a green hue of the ocean indicates soundings, an indigo blue, profound depths.

Spirits of camphor makes a good barometer, as it is cloudy before a storm and clear in fair weather.

It is a popular mistake to call a thin, flaky, semi-transparent mineral isinglass. Isinglass is fish glue and has nothing to do with the mineral, which is mica.

If a lamp chimney be cut with a diamond on the convex side it will never crack with the heat, as the incision affords room for expansion, and the glass after cooling returns to its original shape, with only a scratch visible where the cut was made.

M. H. Pellet has tested plants, muscular juice and yeast for ammonia. In plants he finds it to be widely distributed. In 100 grammes of beef he detected 0.15 of ammonia, and in yeast an average percentage of 0.059.

Pepsine is proving itself to be of extraordinary efficacy in destroying worms in the stomach and bowels without causing any injury to the highly-organized tissues, even when it is deemed necessary to use very large doses.

Drs. Wagner and Prinz recommend that instead of applying farm-yard manure to vineyards and chemical manure to arable land, exactly the opposite course should be adopted to secure the best productive results.

The composition of oats, as ascertained from 120 analyses by MM. L. Grandean and A. Leclerc, is as follows: Moisture, 10.01; nitrogenous bodies, 9.80; non-nitrogenous extractive, 59.09; fat, 4.58; cellulose, 11.20, and ash, 3.32.

When a man discovers that the world is made up of disagreeable, quarrelsome people, it is time to look at himself through the big end of a spy-glass to see if he can't find a fault or two at home.

### FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

#### Melons and Squashes.

Last year, as a test of a frequent practice among growers of melons and squashes, I pinched the ends of the long main shoots of the melons, squashes and cucumbers, and left some to run at their own will. One squash plant sent out a single stem, reaching more than forty feet, but it did not bear one fruit. Another plant was pinched until it formed a compact mass of intermingling side-shoots and main branches eight feet square, and it bore sixteen squashes. The present year a plant of muskmelon thus pinched in covers the space allotted to it and it has set twenty-three fruit, the most of which, of course, has been pinched off. The pinching causes many lateral branches, and these produce the female or fertile blossoms, while the main vines produce only male blossoms. The difference in the yield of an acre of melons by this pinching may easily amount to one hundred barrels.—*New York Sun.*

#### Sprouting Roots.

This, says an exchange, is usually a sign of an unhealthy tree. The common method of getting rid of sprouts is to chop them off with a hatchet or spade. This only increases the trouble. A stub of more or less length is left standing, and this in time throws up three or four sprouts to one cut off. A second trimming has only the same effect if carelessly done. The proper way is to remove the soil below where the sprouts start; then with a sharp knife or chisel carefully remove the sprout, taking care not to bruise any of the adjacent bark. Then fill in the soil, and in most cases there will be no necessity for a second trial. Sprouts are caused by latent buds or abraded bark, and usually indicate a diseased condition of the stem. After attaining any considerable size very few trees throw up sprouts from their base.

#### Food for Fowls.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* discusses the subject of flavor in fowl's flesh. Among other remarks he says: That breed has something to do with it may not be denied, but that food has more can safely be credited. Food not only affects the flavor, but the quality and quantity also. Fowls that are fattened on corn alone produce not only a sweet-flavored flesh and plenty of it, but the fat is apt to be oily, and possess a strong, unpleasant odor. This is in a great measure governed by the breed. That small fowls are superior where quality is desired is a decided fact; but where quantity is the desideratum, irrespective of other qualities, the larger fowls may be cultivated, especially the Asiatics. Buckwheat makes fine, white flesh, but nothing flavors it like ground corn and oats intermixed equally, and scalded or moistened sufficiently with either milk or water, but not enough for the milk to run. This should be given fresh each day, and not allowed to sour or ferment. Fowls require good, sweet food. Musty meal or moldy grain are always unsuitable. For table use, where a fine flavor is desired, fowls should be confined in clean quarters, and be fed on wholesome food for at least one week before slaughter. Where fowls are confined in small compass, some absorbent should be used to neutralize the droppings, otherwise the flesh will become tainted from the disagreeable odor arising therefrom. For this purpose there is nothing better than air-slacked lime or unleached wood ashes, where there is sufficient ventilation.

#### Green Fodder all the Year.

Mr. O. B. Potter, of New York, writes as follows to the *American Cultivator*: I have practiced this system for three years, have applied it to common fodder corn, red clover, pearl millet, West India millet or Guinea corn, green rye, green oats and mixed grasses in which clover predominated with entire success in every case. The last year I preserved about 100 tons, and during the summer I have put down about 200 tons, and have added sorghum and sugar cane to the varieties of fodder I have before preserved. I have never lost any fodder thus preserved, but during the whole experiment it has been perfectly preserved and better than when fed fresh and green from the field. As the first fermentation is passed in the process the food thus preserved has no tendency either to sour or bloat the animals fed. It is eaten up eagerly and cleanly, leaf and stalk, and stock thus fed exhibits the highest condition of health and thrift. For milk cows, to which I have mainly fed it, it surpasses any other food I have ever tried. It increases the quantity of milk much beyond dry food, and the quality is better than that produced from the same fodder when fed fresh and green from the field. The process in its results upon green fodder is not unlike that by which sauerkraut is made. So much is this fodder improved and so completely is all waste of fodder prevented by this process that I think all who try it with proper facilities will find it more profitable than the present method of soiling, with the crops already mentioned fresh cut from the field. In ad-

dition to the fact that the fodder thus preserved has no tendency to sour or bloat cattle, another important advantage is gained by this process.

These fodder crops may be allowed to attain a much larger and more substantial growth before cutting than is practicable when the same crops are fed fresh from the field. During my absence from home during the summer of 1879 my foreman had inadvertently allowed a field of about four acres of pearl millet to attain so large and hard a growth that my cows wholly rejected the stalks, and would eat only the leaves when the millet was offered them green. By way of experiment, and without much confidence in the result, I cut about one-fourth of the field and filled one of my pits with it. The remainder of the field was cured by drying in shocks in the ordinary way. This last was found so nearly worthless for feeding dry that it was used for litter in the barnyards and for covering ice. That preserved in the pit was opened and fed in April last. My cows ate it all, leaf and stalk, eagerly, without any loss or waste, and it was fully equal in value to the same quantity of the best corn fodder preserved in the pits. I have this summer filled one pit with fodder corn, after the stalks had attained full growth and the ears were well formed. Of this corn, when fed green, my cows rejected fully one-half the stalks. I have no doubt this corn fodder, when fed from the pit next winter or spring, will be found as valuable as any corn fodder in my pits and be eaten up eagerly and entirely clean. Great economy may be found in allowing fodder corn and other fodder crops to attain a heavy growth and then cutting them all at once, instead of cutting and feeding them piece-meal in the mode usually practiced. The process of preserving fodder in pits is exceedingly simple and easily practiced. The conditions of success are these: First, the preserving pits must be wholly air-tight, so that when sealed the air cannot come in contact with the food preserved. Second, the pits should be of such form and dimensions as will best facilitate the settling and compacting of the food in a solid mass, and when opened for feeding will expose as small a part of the surface to the atmosphere as practicable. Third, the fodder must be cut green when in the best condition, or in bloom, passed immediately through the cutting machine to reduce it to uniform short lengths of not more than one inch, and at once be deposited and trod firmly into the pit, sufficient salt being used to render it palatable, but no more. As fermentation—which will commence at once—proceeds and the mass settles, the cutting and treading in of fresh fodder must be continued at intervals of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours (depending upon the rapidity with which fermentation and settling proceed), until settling has ceased and no more can be trod into the pit. Fourth, the pit as soon as completely filled and settling has ceased, must be securely sealed to exclude the air wholly and arrest fermentation, and must be kept so sealed until opened for use.

#### Farm and Garden Notes.

A cow wintered upon two tons and a half of hay will produce not far from five tons of manure, provided she be well littered and none of the excrements be wasted.

Tomato vines should always have some kind of support. The fruit will grow larger, ripen sooner and more easily, and will be better flavored than if the vines are allowed to lie on the ground.

Dampness and dew are fatal to young turkeys. Therefore they should be kept in coops until the dew is off the grass. A great many young turkeys die from this cause, while breeders wrongly ascribe their death to improper food.

Poultry need as much protection during the summer from the fierce rays of the sun as they do in winter from the severe cold, although far too many breeders lose sight of this very important fact, and suffer corresponding losses in consequence.

There are farmers who make a practice of planting certain crops each year at the same day of the month, whether it is a forward or a backward season. The better way, however, is to be governed by the season. Many farmers take the foliage of the trees as a guide for planting corn. The old Indian's maxim is not a bad one: Plant your corn when the leaves of the oak are the size of a mouse's ear.

Frequent washing with soapuds, says Colonel F. D. Curtis, in the *Rural New Yorker*, does pigs a great deal of good and should always be practiced if they get dirty. Young pigs will never thrive well in a filthy pen. If the dam is unclean the pigs are liable, when suckling, to get sore about the head and around their mouths, which will stunt them. When this is the case they should be thoroughly washed and oiled.

Get ready a dust bath for the fowls in some bright, sunny place. If it can be put under a shed with a southern exposure, where the sun will fall on it a

part of the day, and where it will be shielded from the rain, so much the better. Road dust and sifted coal ashes, with a plentiful sprinkling of sulphur, is the best. Never use wood ashes. Do not spread it about, but mound it up. The hens will soon scatter it.

Keep your farm buildings and all your premises absolutely clean. Use absorbents, such as dry earth and ashes, and all offensive gases will disappear, thereby promoting health and prosperity.

Kerosene oil poured on the nests of caterpillars until thoroughly saturated will destroy them.

Do not allow the soil about young fruit trees to become hard and crusted, but keep it clean and constantly mellow.

Excessive drinking of water by farm animals is said to increase the consumption of fat in the body. Too watery fodder and too much drinking should be avoided, especially in fattening, if we wish to obtain the most rapid and abundant formations of flesh and fat.

The cheapest meat for the farmer, says an exchange, is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, as the fleece from a sheep of good breed will pay for its keeping. Then, for additional profit there is a lamb or two, the pelt of the animal, if killed at home, the excellent manure from its droppings and the riddance of the pasture from weeds, to which weeds are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it spoils. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat.

#### Recipes.

**PUMPKIN PIE.**—Cut the pumpkin into as thin slices as possible, and in stewing it the less water you use the better; stir so that it shall not burn; when cooked and tender stir in two pinches of salt; mash thoroughly, and then strain through a sieve; while hot add a tablespoonful of butter; for every measured quart of stewed pumpkin add a quart of warm milk and four eggs, beating yolks and whites separately; sweeten with white sugar and cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, and a saltspoon of ground ginger. Before putting your pumpkin in your pies it should be scalding hot.

**SHEEP'S-HEAD SOUP.**—Cut the loins and lights into small pieces, and stew them in four quarts of water with some onions, carrots and turnips, one cup of rice, pepper and salt, a few cloves, a little parsley and thyme; stew until nearly tender, strain, and when cold remove the fat; when used thicken with flour and butter.

**PICKLED ONIONS.**—Peel the onions and let them lie in strong salt and water nine days, changing the water each day; then put them into jars and pour fresh salt and water on them, this time boiling hot; when it is cold take them out and put them on a hair sieve to drain, after which put them in wide-mouthed bottles and pour over them vinegar prepared in the following manner: Take vinegar and boil it with a blade of mace, some salt and ginger in it; when cool pour over the onions.

**LEMON PUDDING.**—Put in a basin one-quarter pound of flour, same of sugar, same of bread-crumbs and chopped suet, the juice of one good-sized lemon, and the peel grated, two eggs, and enough milk to make it the consistency of porridge; boil in a basin for one hour; serve with or without sauce.

#### Household Hints.

Take a cup of cream off the milk pans every morning when you make bread; it will make the bread moist, white and delicate, and you will hardly miss it from the cream.

A merino or cashmere dress may be mended neatly by wetting a piece of court plaster of exactly the same shade as the goods, and putting it on the wrong side, pressing down every frayed edge and every thread, and laying a weight on it until it is thoroughly dry.

Be sure when you boil corn in the ear to drain it well, so that no water will be soaked in to run down one's arm when eating the corn.

Cauliflower is delicious when, after boiling until it is tender, you turn off all the water, and add a little milk, butter, pepper and salt. It is nice also browned in butter, after it is boiled.

When making pies of canned pumpkin use as little milk as possible, then one egg will be enough for a pie, otherwise the custard must be thickened with several eggs.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by plunging them into cold water before cooking them.

Hugging sorrow is not the way to lessen it, though, like the nettle, trouble stings less when it is firmly grasped and not feared.