

THE WORLD'S NEED.

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

MORNING IN THE PARK.

BY WILLIAM M'KENDRICK BANGS.



CENTRAL PARK was at its best, but it was evident enough that Douglas Gray, as he entered the park at its lower and principal entrance, saw nothing of whatever there was of beauty in the scene about him. Apparently he was not happy. He walked along slowly, with his eyes upon the path immediately before him, and with his hands clasped together behind his back. There were but few people in the paths, and the drives were almost empty, so that his attention to his own thoughts was not diverted by any occasion to observe others, or by any need to preserve himself from harm. He walked on thus, almost without lifting his eyes, past the sorry collection of caged animals which were to be looked at later in the day by so many curious visitors; past the patient donkeys, waiting the coming of the nurse-girls with their charges; on through the tree-lined mall and past the terrace, and so came to a bridge crossing a narrow part of the lake, where he paused for a few minutes and noticed, wonderingly, how clearly the trees and the blue sky, with the passing clouds, were reflected in the dull and almost muddy water. The fresh air and the surroundings had soothed and rested him, and, though not conscious of the reason, he felt less weighted with sorrow, or stronger and better able to bear his burdens, whatever they might be. He walked on more briskly now, and skirting the ramble, with its curiously successful imitation of nature's wildness, he presently came to a secluded bench, and there he seated himself and, familiar though he was with all the park, looked about him as though the view was strange and new to him. Indeed, the circumstances were novel and his mood one unusual to him. Almost at his feet, or separated from him only by the width of the footwalk, ran the bridge-path, and beyond was the wide, smooth drive. He looked indifferently upon the few drivers with their equipages, and with little interest upon the equestrians who passed before him. But within a few minutes there came along the bridge-path, turning sharply a corner just below where he sat, a young woman on horseback. As she came abreast of him and saw who it was sitting there alone she checked her horse suddenly, that he was thrown well back, to his manifest displeasure, while she herself was almost unseated. To avoid her and her horse the groom who followed close behind was forced to make a quick, sharp turn, but he did so adroitly, and then, stopping, he waited as patiently as he could at a discreet and proper distance. And Douglas Gray, when the young lady stopped before him in so unwise a manner, he rose in alarm and hurried toward her. "You should not have done that," he said in reproof. "Oh, good morning, Mr. Gray!" she responded, with an infection which, to Gray's ears, perhaps then a little more sensitive and quick to hear offense than usual, had a sound of sarcasm. "Good morning, Miss Leith," he returned, though simply, and then repeated, "You should not have done that. It was not safe. Really, Ethel, you are too reckless."

did not see why you should be afraid of the word." "Oh!" "A refusal it was," he repeated, and as to your reasons, of course I would not ask. Who would, and for that matter, why should I care to know?" he asked, bitterly. "Why, indeed?" she returned as bitterly, and then continued abruptly: "I am not heartless. I want you to know—I really do—all the night long I worried and worried because I feared you had been so wounded. I was very unhappy, and yet—and yet,"—she laughed again before she went on—"here you are enjoying all this as if nothing had happened. It was absurd of me, was it not?" "Would it have gratified you had I—had I killed myself, say?" "Don't!" she said earnestly. "Men have been known to do that, you know," he pursued; "and for less cause than I have, too." "Oh, please do not speak so," she returned. "Promise me—I know you will not—will not do that; but promise me you will not do anything you should not." "I will do the best I can," he replied, seriously enough. "You are laughing at me," she responded, passionately. "You made me think you loved me, too." "I am very glad I did make you think you were; but it should not have been hard—I had only the truth to tell." "And yet you are here?" "Yes, I am here, as you see." "And you don't mind at all?" she said, petulantly. "Ah, yes, Ethel, but I do mind," he returned, gently. "Perhaps if I did not mind so much I would not be here. I loved you, and—but—" he said, interrupting himself, and then he continued with a sadness which she, being busy with her horse, which had become restive, did not notice, although she heard his words—"but I dare say you do not wish I should go into all that again, do you?" "No," she answered, curtly, annoyed that he should ask her if he should speak of his love; and then, in her annoyance—an annoyance he was conscious of, although he could not understand it—she struck her horse and urged him forward so that he began at once a hard run, which carried him and his rider quickly out of sight before she could check and turn him, as she tried almost at once to do. When at last she succeeded, and came back to where Gray had stood, he had turned and was walking away, striking at the plants along the path with his cane, angry and hurt that his wound should have been so ruthlessly and so needlessly opened. But, in truth, it had not gone far, if at all, toward healing. "Mr. Gray!" Ethel called, for he was not yet out of hearing. "Mr. Gray, you had not finished," she went on as he joined her. "Finished?" he repeated. "I don't know. But I am sorry to have driven you away by speaking of my love. I shall not so offend again." "Oh," she responded, demurely. "Besides," he continued, at once breaking his promise, "you have told me that I was able to make you believe that I loved you. Why should I speak of it again?" "I don't know, I am sure," was all she could find to say. "Of course it is all over now. I would like to assure you, though, you were good enough, you know," he explained, "to say that you had been worried. I can only thank you for your kindness and interest, and say, as I said before, that I mean to do the best I can. I will not be overcome," he added with determination, "or let my life be ruined." "It will all be easy enough, I fancy," she returned. "Don't," he pleaded. "Don't say anything so untrue. It will no be easy." "But you left me so suddenly last night, and—and—" she went on with hesitation and evident embarrassment, "and you began so soon to forget—and to be here and interested in other things." "Oh, yes," he assented as she paused, "but, at all events, I did not begin to try to forget until you forced me to. And," he continued, grimly, "I have not succeeded very well, either. But I will."

would not plead for your love; I would not tell you that with it to help and encourage me I might win the world. Pshaw! Although I did think it the one good thing which could come to me in life, I still did not want you to give it to me in pity, or because I wanted it and begged for it. No; I wanted it only if you could give it to me freely, and as a right. That is all." "Oh, that is—"



YOUNG SHEEP MOST PROFITABLE. Experiments show that sheep of seven to ten months old can be made to gain fourteen pounds for every 100 pounds of digestible material consumed, while those of eighteen months old will make a gain of but five pounds. It is difficult to get a profit from feeding old sheep; and any sheep can be made to gain as much in ten weeks as is usually done in five months.—New York World.

A PREVENTIVE OF PLANT MILDEW. Boil a pound of sulphur and one of lime in two gallons of water until it is reduced to about six pints. Put this aside to settle, then pour it off clear of all sediment and bottle it. When needed for use, mix a gill of this liquid in five gallons of water. Sprinkle the plants with this in the evening, or, better, apply with a syringe. If this is persistently used on greenhouse plants once a week during spring and summer they will never be troubled with mildew. This is used as a remedy, but it is particularly valuable as a preventive. It also has a good effect in keeping down insects.—Detroit Free Press.

SOIL FOR ORCHARD GRASS. This grass will do well on any kind of good fertile land, but best on a moist, but not wet, clayey soil. On such soil it grows with great luxuriance, and has a deep green color not seen on lighter and dryer land. It grows fully five feet tall on such land, and makes very good hay, but lighter than timothy. It ripens a month before timothy, and should not be sown with this grass. It is in a good condition for cutting when the small red clover is, and thus these two go well together. But the orchard grass will continue for a great many years, and makes every year a good hay, and pasture during the summer. Where the winters are mild, as in the Southern States, this grass will supply pasture during the whole winter. The seed is light and weighs only twelve pounds a bushel. Two bushels to the acre are usually sown.—American Farmer.

THE PIG IN AGRICULTURE. He is found to produce a pound of product from less food than either cattle or sheep, and therefore the most economical machine to manufacture our great crop into marketable meat. Our people are becoming wiser every year, and exporting less, proportionately, of the raw material and more of the condensed product. If it takes seven pounds of corn on an average to make a pound of pork, as is no doubt the case, the farmer begins to see the great economy of exporting one pound of pork, bacon or ham, instead of seven pounds of corn. The difference in cost of freight makes a fine profit of itself; besides, the pound of meat is usually worth more than seven pounds of corn in the foreign market. The production of pork should be encouraged on the further consideration that it carries off less of the valuable constituents of the soil than beef. The fat pig contains only three-fourths as much mineral matter per hundredweight as the fat steer, and only two-fifths as much nitrogen per hundredweight, therefore, the production of a ton of pork on the farm will carry off only a little more than half the fertility carried off by a ton of beef. This gives in round numbers the comparative effect of producing pork and beef. It is thus evident that the pig should have a high place in our agriculture; should be fostered in every way—his capabilities studied and pushed—his diseases carefully noted and prevented, for he is the most profitable meat producing animal on the farm. The pig is an excellent adjunct to the dairy, turning all the refuse milk whey into cash. As he is king of our meat exports, so let us treat him with great consideration.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Now watch for the insects, and do not let the little pests get the best of you. Let the pig have a share of the pasture, especially during the hot weather. What can be prettier than a brood of fat little chickens before they have got their pin feathers? A horse will drink a great deal more water if allowed to drink from a trough instead of a pail. Clean out from under the poultry roosts at least once a week, and then put a layer of ashes on the floor. In greasing a wagon many forget the fifth wheel. The horse gets the benefit of this when he is turning corners. Avoid the June flush of milk, with its low prices for calves and all dairy produce, by having your cows calve at any time except May and June. While eggs are so cheap in some sections, seven to ten cents per dozen, it may pay to feed them in the milk to calves as a great factor in growth and fattening. What would many a city child give to glance at a row of cherry trees in full blossom? Stick to the farm, boys, for if you don't you will be sure to pass many a regretful day. The windows of hen houses should be covered with cotton cloth or protected with a rude awning made of the same cloth, or with evergreen trees cut and set like posts before the windows, or the glass may be white-washed. The modern dairyman who is making the most money hires but little help, devotes the time from May to September to raising forage and grain crops, keeps only a limited dairy in milk during the summer, and puts his energies into the dairy during the other eight months. It is not an attractive sight to have the lawn covered for months with coarse stable manure, making it look like a barnyard. Stable manure fills the lawn with weeds; this is inevitable. Give it wood ashes, bone dust, etc., or any standard grass fertilizer and you can have a perfect lawn. With turkeys, try not to have to move them into new quarters. The hens, especially, do not usually do so well when moved late in the season. They like to become accustomed to their place before nesting time. Have time to look up the most desirable places for nests and the best places to lead their on-coming broods.

THE APPLE AS A COMMERCIAL CROP. Spraying with the copper solutions will not, alone, give an apple crop every year, as some horticulturists seem to think. Apples ordinarily are a full crop on alternate years, because when they do bear the crop is heavy and so exhaustive that the tree takes the following season to recuperate. If the fruit was thinned—leaving only a moderate crop to be matured—and the tree given proper fertilization, a crop could be grown every year. The crying need of the great majority of our orchards to-day, especially those that have been in bearing for a number of years, is potash in some form. There is nothing better than hard-wood ashes where these can be obtained at fair prices. In setting out an orchard many points should be taken into consideration—such as the market the fruit is designed for, the varieties which flourish best in the vicinity, productive qualities, keeping qualities, etc. The commonest mistake is that of planting too many varieties. It is a rule three or four varieties of established adaptability to your conditions and popular in market are enough for any commercial orchard, and it is often than otherwise good judgment to make the list still smaller. Single trees of varieties grown for family use may be added if desired, but it is wiser generally to graft two or three kinds on a

Doubt as to the Seat of Permeation. "I kin almost make out this feller's poem," said Uncle Si, laying down the magazine his niece had brought to the farm, "but not quite." "Read it, uncle," said the niece. "It goes this way: "Low in the west there sullen lies A cloud portentous, black, with tongues of flame; A strange thrill brings the terrors to my eyes, A subtle feeling permeates my frame." "Well, what is there you do not understand? It seems a clear exposition of moods produced by a coming storm."

Killed by a Pet Squirrel. The news of the death of Lofton Hammond, in the southern part of Spalding County, Georgia, has been received. A few days ago Hammond was severely bitten by a pet squirrel, and from the effects of the wound he died. The young man was about twenty-five years of age. He had many relatives in Spalding and Pike Counties.—Atlanta Journal.

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