

A Ridge of Corn.

With heart grown weary of the heat,
And hungry for the breath
Of field and farm, with eager feet
I trod the pavement dry as death
Through city streets where vice is born—
And sudden, lo! a ridge of corn.

Above the dingy roofs it stood,
A dome of tossing, tangled spears,
Dark, cool, and sweet as any wood.
Its silken gleam and plumed ears
Laughed on me through the haze of morn,
The tranquil presence of the corn.

Upon the salt wind from the sea,
Borne westward swift as dreams
Of boyhood are, I seemed to be
Once more a part of sounds and gleams
Thrown on me by the winds of morn
Amid the rustling rows of corn.

I bared my head, and on me fell
The old wild wizardry again
Of leaf and sky, the moving spell
Of boyhood's easy joy or pain,
When pumpkin trump was Blagfied's horn
Echoing down the walls of corn.

I saw the field (as trackless then
As wood to Daniel Boone)
Wherein he hunted wolves and men,
And ranged and twanged the green bassoon,
Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn,
Than pumpkin vine amid the corn.

In central deeps the melon lay,
Slow swelling in the August sun,
I traced again the narrow way,
And joined again the stealthy run,
The jack-o'-lantern race was born
Within the shadows of the corn.

O wide, vast wilderness of leaves!
O playmates far away! Over the
The slow wind like a mournful grove,
And stirs the plumed ears like a sea,
Would we could sound again the horn
In vast sweet presence of the corn!

—HAMLIN GARLAND, in Harper's Weekly.

How They Stopped the Run.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

There was a run on the Sandhill and District Bank. It had lasted the whole of one day, and had shown no signs of abating in the evening. If it had lasted another day! Old Mr. Bradshaw wiped his brow. It had come just at the awkwardest time—just after the farmers had got their usual loans, just when securities were hard to realize; in fact, just at the moment when the bank, though in reality solvent, was emphatically not in a position to answer a long-continued demand for payment on the spot. Mr. Bradshaw groaned out all these distressing facts to his son Dick. It was, indeed, no use talking to Dick, for he took no interest in business, and had spent the day in a boat with the Flirtington girls; still, Mr. Bradshaw was bound to talk to some one.

"We shall have to put the shutters up. One day's grace would save us, I believe; we could get the money then. But if they're at us again to-morrow morning we can't last two hours."

Dick sympathized, but had nothing to suggest, except that it would not make matters worse if he carried out his engagement to go to the circus with the Flirtington girls.

"Oh, go to grass with the Flirtington girls, if you like," groaned Mr. Bradshaw.

So Dick went to the circus and enjoyed the performance very much, especially the lion-taming, which was magnificent and so impressed Dick that he deserted his companions, went behind the scenes, and insisted on standing Signor Philippini several glasses.

"Is that big chap quite safe?" he asked, admiringly.

"I can do anything with 'im," said the signor (whose English was naturally defective); "but with any one else 'e's a roarer, 'e is, and no mistake."

After the performance Dick took the Flirtington girls home; then with a thoughtful look on his face, he went and had some talk with his father, and came away, carefully placing a roll of notes in his breast-pocket. Then he sought Signor Philippini's society once more. And that is all that is really known about it—if, that is, we discard the obviously fanciful statement of Fanny Flirtington that as she was gazing at the moon about 2 a. m., she saw a heavy wagon, drawn by two horses and driven by Signor Philippini, pass along the street in the direction of the bank. She must have been wrong; for Philippini, by the evidence of his signora (whose name, notwithstanding that Philippini's morals were perfectly correct, was Mrs. Bug-gins), went to bed at 11.30 and snored like a pig all night.

However these things may be, this is what happened next morning: When the first of the depositors arrived at 7 a. m., they found one of the windows of the bank smashed to pieces, and the shutter hanging loose. A cry went up that there had been a robbery, and one or two men began to climb in. They did not get far before a fearful roar proceeded from the neighborhood of the counter. They looked at one another and said it would be more regular to wait for the officials. The roars continued. They sent for Mr. Brad-

shaw. Hardly had he arrived (accompanied by Dick, breathless and in shirt sleeves), before the backmost rows of the now considerable crowd became agitated with a new sensation. The news spread rapidly. Frantic men ran to and fro; several ladies fainted; the circus proprietor was sent for. A lion had escaped from the menagerie, and was supposed to be at large in the town.

"Send for Philippini!" cried the proprietor. They did so. Philippini had started early for a picnic in the country and would not return till just before the performance in the evening. The proprietor was in despair.

"Where's the beast gone to?" he cried.

A roar from the bank answered his question.

"Well, I'm blown if he's not in the bank!" exclaimed the proprietor.

It certainly appeared to be the fact that Atlas (that was the lion's name) had taken refuge in the bank, and was in full possession of the premises and assets. Under these circumstances there was, Mr. Bradshaw explained, a difficulty in resuming cash payments, but if his checks would be accepted—the crowd roared almost as loud as Atlas at such an idea. Something must be done. They sent for the Mayor; he repudiated liability. They sent for the fire brigade and the lifeboat crew; neither would come. They got guns and peppered the furniture. Atlas retired behind the fire-proof safe and roared worse than ever. Meanwhile the precious hours were passing. Mr. Bradshaw's money was also on its way from London. At last Dick took a noble resolution.

"I will go in at any cost," he cried; and, in spite of Fanny Flirtington's tears, he sealed the window and disappeared from view. The crowd waited to hear Atlas crunching, but he only roared. When Dick was inside he paused and asked in a low voice, "Is he chained?"

"Yes," answered Sig. Philippini from behind the safe. "Is the Aunt Sally business over?" and he came out with a long pole in his hand. He used the pole to stir poor Atlas up when the roars became deficient in quantity or quality.

"The money ought to be here in three hours," said Dick. "Have you got the back-door key?"

Philippini reassured him. Then Dick took a wild running leap at the window; Philippini stirred up Atlas who roared lustily. Dick escaped with his life, and landed, a breathless heap, at the Mayor's feet. The Mayor raised him, and said he should write to Her Majesty and suggest that Dick would be a proper recipient of the Albert Medal, and the Vicar (who had no money in the bank) indignantly asked the crowd if they could not trust a family which produced scions like that. Several people cried "Hear!" "Hear!" and told Mr. Bradshaw that they never really meant to withdraw their deposits. Mr. Bradshaw thanked them, and looked at his watch.

At 3.30 Philippini ran up; he also was breathless, and his shoes were dusty from walking in the country. At once he effected an entry amid a scene of great excitement. A moment later he appeared at the window, and cried in a terror-stricken voice:

"I can't 'old 'im! I can't 'old 'im! 'E's mad! Look out for yourselves!" and he leaped from the window.

The crowd fled in all directions, and two boys were all but run over by a cart which was being driven rapidly from the railway station to the bank.

"All right," said Dick to the signor; "bring up the wagon." And then, with great difficulty and consummate courage, the signor and Dick brought an iron cage up to the window and drove Atlas in. The operation took more than an hour, because they had to feed Atlas before they set about it. So that it was six o'clock before Atlas was out and the money was in, and the Sandhill and District Bank opened its doors for business.

"We gained just the time we needed," said Mr. Bradshaw. "It was dirt cheap at fifty pounds!"

And Dick, although he did not get the Albert Medal, was taken into partnership, and married Fanny Flirtington. It was the only way of preventing her seeing things she was not meant to see out of the window at 2 A. M., and chattering about them in public.

Mystery of the Whispering Tree.

For years past a large maple on the grounds of Attorney J. H. Maxwell, at the East End, Pittsburg, has been known as "The Whispering Tree," and as such excited the curiosity of many and the superstition of others. A peculiar murmuring could be heard within the trunk of the tree, especially at night, and sometimes at mid-

night and on Hallowe'en night it became a favorite ghostly challenge among the young folks to alone visit the haunted or whispering tree. It became a current rumor that a murder had been committed there.

Mr. Maxwell finally became annoyed at the superstitious talk which the tree prompted and last week cut it down. When his ax, after several blows, had penetrated several inches into the trunk water gushed forth and continued running with considerable force for several minutes, greatly to Mr. Maxwell's surprise. He finished felling the tree and then had it sawed into lengths to investigate. The rings showed its age to be over 150 years. It stood on sloping ground near the bank of a swift running stream which is fed from springs. In the trunk was found seventy odd, old-fashioned bullets. These had been fired into the tree mainly in a perpendicular line up to about five feet in height. Two decayed streaks had ensued down to the roots, several of which were hollow and ran down into the stream. Through some species of capillary attraction at first favored by the force or heat of the running stream, the water had worked up the roots and up one decayed streak and down the other until it had established a permanent runway. It was the water that caused the whispering noises, and the strange secret was out. How long the bullets had been in the tree and by whom they were shot, there remains a mystery, but they must have been many years, judging from all appearances. —[Chicago Herald.]

Facts About Potatoes.

The potato crop of the world amounts to the enormous quantity of 2,850,000,000 bushels, by far the largest proportion of which is grown in Europe. Germany is the largest potato producing and consuming country in the world, with the average production of nearly 900,000,000 bushels per annum, and in years of large production exceeding 1,000,000,000 bushels. Russia comes next, with a crop of 454,000,000 bushels, closely followed by Austria-Hungary and France. The crop of the United States is small in comparison with that of Europe, averaging only about 170,000,000 bushels, which is considerably less than that of the United Kingdom. This crop does not enter legally into the foreign trade of any country, the supply grown being mainly for home use. Germany, shipping less than 5,000,000 bushels annually, is the heaviest exporter, and the United Kingdom, importing about the same quantity, is the largest importing country. The aggregate European crops are just about enough for domestic requirements, the exports of potatoes from all European countries being only 700,000 bushels more than the total import. Under intensive farming the production per acre of potatoes is very large. This is exemplified by the crops from the Channel Islands, where an area of only 8,819 acres furnishes 2,337,000 bu. of potatoes for shipment to the United Kingdom. This was at the rate of 265 bushels per acre in addition to home consumption, and the export trade amounted to \$334 per acre cultivated. —[New York Journal.]

The Lawyer in the Case.

One day when I was in one of the mountain county seats of Kentucky, I dropped into the courthouse to listen to a case in which one man was suing another for the recovery of a horse. A couple of hours after the case had been decided I met the defendant on the street.

"Well," I said to him, "that fellow didn't get your horse, did he?"

"Not much," he replied, but not as cheerfully as I expected.

"There was a time there," I went on, "when I thought you'd have to walk home, sure."

"Yes," he said, "it looked that way, but that lawyer uv mine waz too peart for him. Fine lawyer, he is."

"Very good," I affirmed. "How far do you live from here?"

"Ten miles, the way I've got to go."

"That isn't so bad when a man has a horse to ride."

"But I haint," he said, lugubriously.

"Why not? Didn't you just recover him?"

"Ya-as," he hesitated, "but I had to give him to the lawyer for his fee." —[Detroit Free Press.]

Had to Wait, Too.

Ponsonby—"Don't you think this struggling for mistakes on the part of the waiters extremely indecorous?"

Wetherby—"Not at all. I remember as a boy, struggling for one myself." —[New York Herald.]

THE ÆOLIUM HARP.

A Curious Musical Instrument, Invented by a Priest.

Its Music Produced by the Action of the Wind.

The Æolian harp is a musical instrument which is set in action by the wind. It is not very well known, but is very curious, and is supposed to have been invented by Father Kircher, the Jesuit savant, who lived in the seventeenth century, and invented many ingenious machines. But the fact of the spontaneous resonance of certain musical instruments when exposed to a current of air had struck the observers of nature in times of remotest antiquity. One of the Talmuds says that the harp of David sounded when the North wind blew on it, and it has been suggested that he had an Æolian as we understand it. The sounding of this harp by a gust of wind would, according to the London Queen, be nothing extraordinary if it stood near his north window, which was probably open for air and chosen for coolness and shade in the climate of Judea. Kircher's harp had fifteen strings of catgut and the force of the wind was deflected to it by various shutters or screens. In later times this was improved upon by Frost and Kastner, but is similar to the preceding form in principle and construction. The Æolian harps in the old castle of Baden Baden, and those in the four turrets of Strasbourg cathedral, are celebrated. These are all made of stringstretched over a sounding box and require tuning to keep them in harmony. They are also large and cumbersome, and have a limited number of strings, which makes the music more or less monotonous, and they are dependent on the wind from one direction only. The changes of temperature and dampness of the atmosphere make them constantly out of tune, and, indeed, often cause the strings to break. These difficulties and drawbacks have hitherto prevented the Æolian harp from becoming so well known and popular as such an interesting and curious instrument deserves to be, but the latest development of this harp, named the Æolia, invented in 1891, by G. Crossland Taylor, F. R. G. S., Helsby, near Warrington, is a step in the right direction. The music is produced by sensitive metallic reeds instead of strings, so that it never requires tuning, and as there are eighty separate notes there is great variety of sound.

It is intended to hang on the bough of a tree (and may be left there without damage from the weather), it turns round before the wind, and is therefore exposed to every point of the compass, and the music passes into an organ pipe, by which it is greatly enriched and improved. The principle of an Æolian harp may be familiarly shown on a large scale by the action of telegraph wires stretched from one pole to another. On a windy day these will be found to emit musical tones, rising and falling in proportion to the strength of the wind and tension of the wires.

Besides inspiring writers of both prose and poetry, the Æolian harp possesses remarkable properties which act upon the nervous system and cause very different impressions, according to the temperament of those who listen to its accents. An English physician, Dr. J. M. Cox, asserts that lunatics have sometimes been instantly calmed by the sweet and varied music of an Æolian harp. Other observers declare that Æolian sounds will produce sleep.

Queer Fads.

I am well acquainted with the descendants of a venerable lady, an active, healthy woman of good position, who, if to judge from many of her children and grandchildren, must have been lovable, as well as highly respectable, but had an extraordinary fad. For many years she kept her coffin in her room, not (as some orders of monks have done) as a painful reminder, but as a receptacle for her caps. The inside had been so beautifully lined, she thought it would be a waste of good material to leave it unemployed. But this eccentric fancy did not end here. All sense of the ghastliness of employing such an article for other than its ostensible use appeared, through habitual familiarity with it, to have no place in her mind; for it seems that on one occasion, when invited to stay at a friend's house, it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from employing the pet repository of her caps as a trunk to carry her visiting apparel. Imagine the shock to more sensitive nerves had her hostess and the rest of the family party seen so gressome and ill-omened an object

carried into the house on a bright and festive occasion!

It may not be generally known that one of the old-time kings of Spain, Charles VI., had a brother, Don Antonio, who had a mania for making sausages, and that the infection spread to his royal brother, both becoming victims of the same extraordinary mania; so a pavilion was erected in a lonely spot, where he devoted his time to learning the trade, so as to compete with his brother. At last the monomania was suddenly cured by the visit of an Englishwoman of rank, who was surreptitiously introduced into the grounds surrounding the pavilion by the British Ambassador, to see the royal pork butcher at work. The King discovered her and "embraced her," forgetting the greasy attire in which he was equipped, and the consequent soiling of her dress brought him to his senses and the relinquishment of his unseemly fad. In the present day we have a royal amateur professor of the culinary art, in the person of H. M. Humbert, King of Italy, and at which report says he shows remarkable skill. It seems a queer taste for one born to a throne, though often a development of the kind may be, and very naturally is, bred in a hunter, sportsman or explorer, a fancy born of necessity, when not even the limited qualifications of a "general," not to say a chef de cuisine, are available. —[Girl's Own Paper.]

An Oriental Bunco Game.

One of the cleverest and yet most simple bunco games ever accomplished was worked by Nadir Shah, a robber, who became king of Persia, and subsequently conquered a great part of India about a century and a half ago. During his progress through the latter country he defeated the Tartar King of Delhi, and after appropriating everything in sight, he graciously offered to reinstate the falling monarch as his representative and vassal. The king accepted with alacrity, and the two swore eternal friendship, and service and protection respectively.

An elaborate ceremony was arranged to celebrate the event, and the Tartar chief made his appearance at the proper time, dressed in all the magnificence he could muster, but there was that about him which made the conqueror start, for, blazing in his turban was a diamond such as Persian eyes had never looked upon before. It was in fact no less than the famous Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light.

Nadir Shah was overcome with mortification and regret that he should have left such a gem in the king's possession, but he could not consistently plunder the man he had just promised to protect.

At last an idea struck him. There was an ancient and oriental custom of exchanging turbans as a token of amity.

Nadir at once put it into practice. He removed his own handsome headgear, and tendered it to the other. The Tartar could not refuse this mark of condescension, and so he accepted Nadir's turban, handed over his own, and the mountain of light passed away from Delhi forever. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Too Good to Last.

Two cultured Detroit girls were at a country house for a month, kept by an honest old farmer, and just after supper they sat down to talk over their pleasant surroundings.

"Just think," said one, "what lovely milk that was. Nice and rich, and so much better than that blue stuff we get in town."

"It's too good to last, I'm afraid," responded the other one.

Next morning they were up early, walking through the garden before breakfast.

The farmer and his hired man were in the cow-lot adjoining.

"Bill," they heard him call out, "did you water them cows before you milked 'em?"

The girls looked at each other with quick understanding.

"There," exclaimed the elder, "didn't I tell you it was too good to last," and they went slowly and sadly into the house, expecting to find blue milk for breakfast. —[Detroit Free Press.]

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Smyles—"What excellent taste Miss Cutting has. So very clever and wisely critical, besides showing rare literary judgment."

Tyler—"Why, you said just the reverse about her last week."

Smyles—"Oh, yes. Since then, however, she has spoken very highly of one of my poems." —[Raymond's Monthly.]

The churches built in America in 1892 numbered nearly 10,000.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TEASE MADE WITHOUT TEARS.

Coil half a pint of hops for half an hour in four quarts of water, then strain and allow to cool. When lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and half a cup of brown sugar. Mix half a cup of flour smooth with some of the liquor and pour into the mixture. Let this stand two days, when add one pound of potatoes, boiled and mashed; stir well; let stand another day, strain and bottle. Leave the corks loose at first, and allow it to stand at least ten days before using. It usually takes one-half a cup of good yeast for four loaves of bread. —[New York Recorder.]

TARTARE SAUCE.

This sauce is especially reasonable now with fried fish or any dainty fried meat. It is an excellent sauce to serve with broiled chicken. To make this sauce as it is usually made by caterers, mince shallot, or a small onion, add 12 capers also chopped fine, add also a teaspoonful of mustard. Meanwhile break the yolks of two eggs in a bowl, add slowly, drop by drop at first, a cup of pure olive oil, stirring the mixture all the time. It is best to have the bowl set in cracked ice in summer. When the sauce seems thick like a mayonnaise or heavy custard add a teaspoonful of very strong tarragon vinegar, and then the other ingredients. A tiny cucumber pickle minced fine is an improvement. Add also pepper and salt. —[New York Tribune.]

DELICIOUS STUFFED TOMATOES.

One of the most delicious fillings with which to stuff tomatoes may be made from half a cupful of chicken cut very fine, mixed with a dozen chopped mushrooms and two heaping tablespoonsful of fine bread crumbs. Season with an ounce of chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of melted butter. The tomatoes used should be ripe but firm. Scrape out the seeds without breaking the tomato and fill with the mixture. Bake half an hour in an oven where there is a moderate heat, basting occasionally with melted butter. Veal may be used instead of chicken. For a dozen tomatoes double the quantity of dressing.

Tomatoes for breakfast will be found quite delicious if peeled and sliced, scattered with powdered sugar and ice, and served with slices of lemon; the juice to be squeezed over the tomatoes just before eating. —[New York Post.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the fingers.

Worsted dress goods should never be wrung when washed, but be shaken out.

In packing gowns they will be found to crease very little if paper is placed between their folds.

Toast racks of fancy china are new for the breakfast table and share the popularity with those of silver.

Steel engravings should be framed in dark and silver moulding or in shaded wood moulding with silver heading.

Bent whalebones may be straightened and made fit for use again by soaking in hot water, then straightening under a press till dry.

Silk which has been badly wrinkled may be smoothed by sponging on the right side with weak gum arabic water and ironing on the wrong side.

A trained nurse advocates to a patient whose fingers are swollen and disfigured with rheumatism half a lemon taken every night on going to bed.

A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

To make boots waterproof, boil one quart of linseed oil with half a pound of Venice turpentine. While the mixture is still warm, but not hot, paint the leather until it will absorb no more.

In order to keep a poultice hot and soft as long as possible lay over it a piece of oiled silk or gum tissue, then a layer of cotton batting. If placed where it will be apt to slip, fasten the whole by a band of some kind.

Graham gems, or rolls, are among the most reliable of breakfast dishes when properly made. The secret of success in baking anything made of graham flour is to have the oven as hot as possible without burning.

Ink can be removed from paper if the stains be not too old. Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and add enough water to cover it; take a soft cloth, moisten it in this mixture and pat the stain gently and it will slowly disappear.