

VIOLIN AND VIOLA.
At times, when, with an anguish all too keen,
The violin doth tell of grief,
Tugging at heart-strings till the tale, I
Is over-cruel, calls for some relief;
I hear, like cooings of lost doves,
The grave viola playing of old loves!

The Husband's Conquest

By LYDE DUTOT.

Of course, I have not married him because I was in love with him," said Grace Harland, with a slight laugh.

She was sitting in a golden and ducal boudoir, hung with silken draperies, and carpeted with pale-gray carpet, bordered with scarlet. The windows were full of flowering plants, and exquisite statue of Hobe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls were filled with mirrors, which reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harland was dressed in a beautiful wrapper of rose-colored silk, which fell around her in pink clouds; a pale Neapolitan corset, covered so delicately that a magnifying glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat; diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket was edged with exquisite lace.

Grace's face, all lines and roses, with the glow of golden hair floating away from it, was a jewel worth all this expensive setting.

Fanny Warner, her old schoolmate, sat opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendor, and wondering that Grace Hayden, who had taught in the same district school as herself, was not more elated by her sudden promotion.

"Well, then, said she, 'why did you marry him?'

"Because I was poor and he was rich; because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this."

And Grace glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her. "Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love match," she said; "he's much older than I am, and not at all my ideal; but I couldn't drag on forever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange."

"Grace, you are a heartless coquette," cried Fanny Warner.

"No, I am not," said Grace, with a shake of her lovely golden curls. "You would do just the same thing yourself, Fanny Warner, if you had a chance—You know you would."

And as Grace laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silvery words had another auditor than Fanny Warner—that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Robert Harland was not a young man. He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry; and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender because the wood was mellowed by age.

He had looked on Grace Hayden as little less than an angel, and now—"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with ashen-pale face and trembling limbs.

"I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So she has married me for my money."

"Grace," he said, that evening, "I have tickets for the opera to-night. Would you like to go?"

"No, I don't think I care about it," said Grace, listlessly.

"Then we will remain at home and I will read you that new poem," suggested the husband.

"I am tired of poetry," pettishly retorted Grace. "Do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself my own way once in a while."

"Do I bore you, Grace?" Robert Harland asked, with an inexpressible quiver in his voice.

"Awfully! I'm just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted."

"Very well. The offense shall not be repeated," said Mr. Harland, quietly.

After that a subtle and sudden change came over his whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but Grace felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously rendered attentions.

For a while she rather liked it. It was a relief to feel that his eyes were not always on her, his thoughts following her.

She could go where she pleased now, and he asked no questions. She could employ her time to suit herself, and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer. But gradually she began to realize that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced. Grace Harland had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed facts of her existence.

A cold chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was in some way slipping away from her.

"Robert," she said, one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you?"

He glanced up carelessly from his book.

"Offended me, Grace? Why, what a ridiculous idea! Of course, you haven't offended me."

"I thought your manner was somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One can't keep on the honeymoon

gloss forever," said the banker, indifferently.

Life is full of inconsistencies, and love is the strangest complexity in life. For, as Grace Harland grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the man she had married for money. Robert Harland was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age. He was not boisterously handsome, like the wax heads Grace had seen in the barber's show windows, but he had the appearance and mien of a prince. All women are prone to hero worship, and our little Grace was no exception to the ordinary rule.

For the first time in her life she was falling in love—with her own husband.

A few weeks only had elapsed when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Harland should go to Vienna for two or three months.

Poor Grace looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intention to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticized the weather.

"Going to Vienna?" she gasped. "Oh, Robert!"

"My dear child, it is a mere bagatelle of a journey. One doesn't mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—I may go with you?"

"You, my dear! Don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid, and my time too much occupied with business to think of incurring myself with a lady companion."

Grace said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart.

He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once.

Oh, what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life!

It was a rainy July twilight when the banker, wrapped in a heavy ulster, and with his traveling cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of departure on an ocean voyage.

Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of the city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he said to himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less of me. Dear little Grace, sweet spring blossom, my prayers may reach you if my love cannot."

And Robert Harland went below. To his infinite surprise the stateroom that he had engaged for his own use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head. Robert Harland paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue, starry eyes and pale cheeks of Grace herself.

"Oh, Robert, pardon me!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms, "but I could not let you go alone. I love you, Robert! I cannot live without you. When I thought of your being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses. Dear husband, tell me that you are not angry with me." And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own Grace—my wife—my love! Close close to my heart forever more!" And that was all he said.

Grace Hayden had married for money; but Grace Hayden had learned the secret of love!—New York Weekly.

Queen Victoria Was Unnerved.

How many of King Edward's predecessors on the throne, one wonders, have made thirty speeches out of England in as many days? asks the London Chronicle? The activities of the King, no sooner home again than he is preparing for Balkan and Holy-wood, call strangely to mind the quiet years which followed the death of his father, and lasted as long as the Victorian era. None of us have been before so used to royal speeches as we have become of late, and some of us perhaps remember the nervousness with which Queen Victoria sometimes faced an audience.

Sir William Harcourt has a vivid recollection of one occasion at least when he had to speak in place of the Queen, who sat listening to the declaration she should have made herself. It was at the opening of the law courts, nearly twenty years ago. A distinguished audience had gathered to hear her Majesty proclaim the building open, and it was not until almost the very minute at which the Queen was due to speak that she called the Home Secretary to her side and whispered something in his ear. The next minute Sir William Harcourt stood forward, and said he had the Queen's commands to declare the law courts open, and everybody knew that the monarch of a world-wide empire was unnerved.

A Literary Monarch.

The most literary monarch in Europe is without doubt the young Victor Emmanuel of Italy. He knows English, French and German equally as well as his native language, and has even a reading acquaintance with that very difficult language, Russian. He spends at least three hours every day in his study busy with current literature of every kind. He is said to prepare the monthly reviews to daily journals; but, however this may be, it is quite certain that no monarch alive keeps himself more thoroughly posted on all the questions of the day. He has more than once astonished English visitors by his intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of their party politics and social questions, in which he is better read than many members of the British Parliament.

OUR GIRLS AND BOYS

WHEN THE BROWNIE-BOYS PLAYED

One little brownie-boy sat on a wall,
Three little brownie-boys played with a ball;
Four little brownie-boys heard mother call,
Five little brownie-boys weren't there at all.

Six little brownie-boys came on a run,
Seven little brownie-boys raced up like fun,
Eight little brownie-boys sat in the sun,
Nine little brownie-boys each ate a bun,
Ten little brownie-boys found there were none.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

WILD THYME.

To one who loves the companionship of the flowers, an old field in mid-summer days is replete with special interest. The breaking of the virgin soil eradicates much of the native plant life, and when the long tilled ground has earned a rest and is at last permitted to lie fallow for a while it becomes the home of many a plant that has wandered hither from Europe, where perhaps for centuries it has played a part in popular tradition and been sung in poetry.

One of the most interesting of these introduced wildlings is the wild thyme, now sparingly naturalized in the oldest parts of our Eastern States. It is a prostrate plant, whose tangled stems love to form themselves into cushiony mats with us, though in England it sometimes is found hanging in short graceful curtains from jutting crannies. In late summer the small purple flowers appear, crowded at the tips of the branches, but its deliciously fragrant leaves make the plant a continuing delight throughout the open year.

In Old World superstitions the mounds of wild thyme were accounted favorite haunts of the folkling spirits, so that it was just as might have been expected that Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" did "know a bank whereon the wild thyme blew. This, by the way, is the only passage in Shakespeare wherein this wild flower is mentioned, though English literature is full of allusions to it. Thus Sir Francis Bacon mentions it as one of several plants which, trodden upon and crushed, "perfume the air most delightfully." Cowper speaks of a spot, the mere mention of which makes us long for the country, "ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme." Does not Keats make Enithia hold "a basket full

Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could wild,
Wild thyme and valley lilies"—and Wordsworth in a passage that might have been written of one of our neglected fields, describes a meadow where "bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness; The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue, The thyme her purple, like a blush of even."

In the days of classic Greece and Rome, this plant was one that was burned as incense in the temples, and readers of Virgil's "Georgics" may remember his recommending the burning of fragrant thyme to ward off impending misfortune. The famed bees of Hybla pastured upon beds of the aromatic herb, as witness the poet Mar-tial's "cheese cakes dripping with Hyblaean thyme."

In the traditions of the church, too, the little plant has a place—figuring as one of three of which the Virgin Mary's bed was made.—Philadelphia Record.

KINGBIRD AND ORIOLE.

The difference in the nature of the

two birds was strikingly exhibited in the style of the two nests. The king-bird hasn't a particle of imagination, says the National Magazine, not an atom of the artistic in his soul. His shape, dress and voice declare it. He is hardheaded, straightforward and serious, somewhat overbearing, perhaps, and testy, but businesslike and refined in all his tastes. His nest is himself over again; strong, plain, adequate, but like its builder, refined. Contrast the oriole's. Romance, poetry and that indefinable touch—the light, easy, negligent touch of the artist—in every line of it. Why, the thing was actually woven of new mown hay—as if one should build his house of sandalwood—with all the scent of the hayfield about it. I put my nose near and took a deep, delicious breath. The birds had selected and cut the grass themselves and worked it in while green. Some of it was still uncut, still soft and sweet with sap. One side, exposed to the sun through a leaf rift, had gone a golden yellow, but the other side, deeply shaded the day through, was yet green and making more slowly under the leaves. And this nest was woven, not built up like the kingbird's; it was hung, not saddled upon the limb—suspended from the slenderest of forks so that every little breeze would rock it. And so loosely woven, so deftly, slightly tied.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

The game of hieroglyphics, which is really a trick, is played with a confused, and if cleverly done a "goodie company" may be deceived.

A showman, armed with a long pointed stick, stays in the room and his confederate, the guesser, is shut out while the company thinks of a word. The guesser is called in and the showman proceeds to spell out the word on the floor with sundry taps and strokes of his stick.

The solution is simple enough. The taps represent the vowels, one tap for "a," two taps for "e," three for "i," four for "o," and five for "u," and the guesser need pay no attention to any other sounds made by the stick. The rest is done by the showman's clever talking. Suppose, for instance, the company selects the word "book." The cue is given in the sentence which the showman uses to call the guesser in. He would say, in this case, "Better come in," and the guesser will know at once that the first letter of the first word in that sentence will be the first letter of the word to be guessed.

The showman taps four times with his stick and makes a lot of misleading strokes and signs; then he taps four times more for the second "o," then he says, in an offhand way: "Kind of hard, isn't it?" or any other sentence introduced by the letter "k." He finishes up with more signs and strokes as if to puzzle the guesser, who, of course, has already secured his word.

The showman must be quick and clever in placing his consonants at the beginning of spiny sentences, otherwise the humor of the trick is lost.—New York World.

FROGS SWALLOW SPARROWS.

"Do you know that out in one of the States of the Middle West one of my birds was taken out of the school because it contained a statement that a frog which I watched caught and swallowed a sparrow?" asked a writer. "The probability of this was debated for an hour or more, and it was then decided that no frog could choke down a sparrow, and the book was withdrawn. They did not happen to know that frogs sometimes grow to a length of sixteen inches. There is a man in the upper part of Connecticut who has a number of frogs as long as that," he said, spreading his hands to indicate the length. "He often feeds them with mice and sparrows, and I have a photograph showing one of these frogs just about to take a bird in his mouth."—New York World.

COVERING BOOKS.

To cover paper bound books take two pieces of cardboard, a tiny bit larger than book. Paste fly leaves at front and back to cardboard, which of course is outside. Then take a strip of strong cotton cloth, paste it down back of one inch of each piece of cardboard, thereby joining the two pieces together. Now put a cover of brown paper over all, pasting securely, and your decorated cover goes over this.

The books may be covered with decorated silk, pique or duck if you prefer or embroidery, but the simplest way is to cover with tissue paper cut crepe. Paste a pretty card on the front and after cutting title and author's name from old cover arrange them prettily on the new one.

Appendicitis' Friends.

For those who have a tendency to appendicitis the list of things which cannot be eaten with safety is long. Sir Frederick Trevelyan declares that one of the deadliest sweetmeats is preserved ginger, but pineapple, fresh or preserved, is almost equally risky, while oranges, figs, raspberries, in fact, all fruits with pits, are also very dangerous eating.

Farm Topics

MARKETING EGGS.

My method in preparing eggs for market is to wash the soiled ones in a weak solution of lime water. I then stamp and pack in cases. My eggs bring from 10 to 15 cents more per dozen than ordinary packed eggs and I could sell many more than I do if I had them.—Elizabeth W. Barnes, in Orange Judd Farmer.

SHEEP FOR MARKET.

Feeding sheep for market should be a separate business from simply raising them in the usual manner. They should receive clover hay and a liberal allowance of ground grain, as well as be sheltered in a large yard. In order not to have them travel over the fields while fattening, the object being to fatten them quickly and sell as soon as they are ready.

VALUE OF MANURE.

Though no correct estimate of the value of manure can be made, yet the following is an estimate that is as correct, on the average, as can be arrived at: The value of manure from cottonseed meal is about \$28 per ton; linseed meal, \$20; beans, \$10; clover hay, \$10; cornmeal, \$7; straw, \$5, and turnips, \$1. The value of manure depends not only upon the food, but also upon the condition of the animal that makes it.

COWS AND PASTURES.

All breeds of cattle or other stock have been kept close to certain points and characteristics in order to render hereditary the merits and peculiarities sought, and each breed has been bred subject to certain conditions that are essential to success. If an abundance of food is required for animals of any particular breed it must be supplied, as they have been bred in that line; but they compensate therefor, because any animal that is bred to demand heavy rations has also been bred as a producer to correspond with its consumption of food.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POULTRY.

The South Carolina Station publishes some remedies for poultry complaints, among which are the following: When chickens are from one to two weeks old a great many die from bowel trouble. This can be corrected by taking away drinking water and giving scalded milk instead.

A great many young chickens are killed by lice. To get rid of the lice mix one part kerosene oil and one part lard, and grease the heads. If this is put on when the chickens are first hatched it will keep lice off.

To prevent cholera in summer, put ten drops of sulphuric acid in one gallon of water twice a week.

To keep away disease, keep everything clean where poultry is kept. Use lime freely.

SILAGE EASILY MADE.

We have tried nothing but sweet corn stover, after picking the ears for canning. We plant in drills three and a half feet apart, cut and bind with harrower, and carefully pack the bundles, putting it in whole, and wetting freely when frosted or dry or overripe. We do not consider it worth the extra cost to cut it, especially for neat stock, and as they do their own cutting, and afterwards raise it again for mastication, and it proves to be thoroughly digested. If a southern amount of ensilage is secured to be profitably fed to an ordinary stock kept on a farm, at least thirty-three per cent of the hay may be saved for a storage or for market, and the stock comes out in better condition. Dry corn fodder will be appreciated, no doubt, this season, but it does not compare in any way with good silage, even if well cured, which is hard to do in a wet season. Besides, it is in the way of fall plowing. For silage crops, we shall try Japanese millet when rain comes, if not too late, and a sample of pearl millet.—G. E. Chadbourne, in The Cultivator.

WINTERED PIGS.

There is one point in pushing the wintered pigs along so that they may be sold early, even when they have to be classed as light weights, though well fattened at a little more or a little less than 200 pounds each, which is not much thought of in the Eastern States, where a farmer keeps but one or two hogs, but in some of the Western States where they fatten them by the hundred or thousands on a farm each year, they like to get them to market before the visit of the assessor in the spring, as the tax upon a hundred fat hogs seems quite a sum to those who feel that they already bear more than their fair share of taxation. Thus it happens that the yearly report of the assessors is not a fair indication of the amount of pork likely to be put on the market. The man who has only a few breeding sows, rather than in flesh and thus not appraised very high on May 1, may be able to sell from each one from a dozen to twenty fat pigs, in two litters, before the assessor comes round again, and they will not appear in his reports. Combining this with the fact, now well established by the experiment stations, that after the pig is large enough to dress 200 pounds each pound of gain requires more food to make it than it does before, comes to reach that weight, and we cannot wonder that they send light weight pigs to market in the spring. And many are willing to pay better prices for such pork well fattened than for the heavier hogs.—American Cultivator.

SHAVED WHISKERS.

When the Man's Wife Returned a Pathetic Scene Unfolded.

There is a well-known old gentleman in Detroit who might, a few days ago, have been easily distinguished in a crowd by the length of the hirsute adornment on his chin. His wife is a motherly old body, who hadn't seen her holly without those patriarchal whiskers for more than thirty years. till one sad day last week that will long be remembered in that particular household and by the remainder of the party that was spending a few weeks at the St. Clair flats.

The old gentleman rather prided himself on his good looks. He is a great admirer of a pretty face. There were a number of ladies in the party who began to rally the old man about his looks. He would be so much better looking, they said, if only he would shave off those old whiskers.

One day last week his wife went up the river with a friend. The old man disappeared for a long time. When he finally reappeared he was a sight for the gods. His whiskers, in which he had taken so much pride, were in the waste basket, and his chin was as smooth as a baby's. It took about fifteen seconds for everybody in the house to get next, then such shouts of laughter arose as never before had been heard in that cottage.

The pathetic part of the incident happened when his wife came back. The old man had forgotten all about his whiskerless face. His wife gave one gasp of astonishment and sank to the ground overcome. When she came to she sobbed as if her heart were broken, and the old man followed suit. Locked in each other's arms the couple sat on a table, and members of the family say that for at least one hour the tears coursed down their withered faces. The aged culprit is making all possible haste to cultivate a new bunch of spinach.—Detroit Tribune.

An Egyptian Tale.

Here is a strange story from Egypt: Taha Ali and Ahmed Hamad carried on the business of butchers in partnership. Taha Ali informed Ahmed Hamad that a sum of money belonging to the partnership, which had been left with him, had been stolen. Ahmed Hamad did not believe the story and accused Taha Ali of theft. They decided to refer the matter to a fakir who had settled in the neighborhood, to be tried by a system of ordeal. The two men accordingly went to the fakir. He copied some passages from certain religious books in his possession upon a native writing board with European copying ink, washed off the writing with water into a bowl, dipped some bread into the water and divided the bread and water between the two disputants, telling them that the one who was in the wrong would become very ill. After eating the bread and drinking the water the two disputants went away. Taha Ali was shortly afterward seized with violent pains, and returning to the fakir confessed that he had stolen the money. His condition became rapidly worse, and he died a few hours later. The medical examination disclosed no sign of poisoning.

The Passing of a Foe.

In the railway carriage sat a richly dressed young lady tenderly holding a small poodle.

"Madam," said the guard, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this compartment."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the guard. "Dogs must ride in the luggage van. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't touch my dog, sir," said the lady, "I will trust him to no one." And with indignant tread she marched to the luggage van and tied up the dog and returned.

About fifty miles further on, when the guard came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the guard politely, "but you tied him to a portmanteau, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."—London Telegraph.

A Shattered Theory.

Edward W. Stark spent \$45,000 and fifteen years in trying to prove that fruit trees will grow in Colorado without irrigation if they are properly planted to do without water. Now he wishes very much to obtain water from a ditch, thereby admitting that his theory is incorrect, and he is trying to save the remainder of his holdings.

Fifteen years ago he obtained from the State a lease on eighty acres of land near Littleton. He held that certain kinds of fruit trees would flourish without irrigation if the soil were properly stimulated with fertilizer. So he put in the trees and distributed the fertilizer. This failed to work, and he put in the trees and distributed the original expenditure and \$17,500, which is the value of the improvements upon the property now.—Denver (Col.) Republican.

Nebuchadnezzar's Palace.

Letters from the German exploring party in Mesopotamia state that the work of excavating the site of ancient Babylon is proceeding most satisfactorily. The great gate of Nebuchadnezzar's palace has been cleared of rubbish and its state dimensions revealed. Numerous inscribed bricks have also been found. In one place there were 225 with closely written cuneiform inscriptions, believed to be fragments of some public library. They are from the very earliest period of Babylonian history. Six hundred cases of glazed tiles have been made ready for shipment to Germany. They bear most elaborate designs, and are from the gate of Nebuchadnezzar's palace and from a sacred processional avenue.—Detroit Free Press.