THE WAVING OF THE CORN.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

Ploughman, whose gnarly hand yet kindly wheeled Thy plough to ring this solitary tree
With clover, whose round plat, reserved a-field,
In cool green radius twice my length may be—
Scanting the corn thy furrows else might yield,
To pleasure August, bees, fair thoughts, and me,
That come here oft together—daily I,
Stretched prone in summer's mortal ecstasy,
Do stir with thanks to thee, as stirs this morn
With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's beautiful.

With waving of the corn.

Unseen, the farmer's boy from round the hill

Whistles a snatch that seeks his soul unsought,
And fills some time with tune, howheit shrill;
The cricket tells straight on his simple thought—
Nay, 'tis the cricket's way of being still;
The peddler bee drones in, and gossips naught;
Far down the wood, a one-desiring dove

Times me the beating of the heart of love;
And these be all the sounds that mix, each morn,

With waving of the corn.

From here to where the louder passions dwell, Green leagues of hilly separation roll; Trade ends where your far clover ridges swell. Ye terrible towns, ne'er claim the trembling soul That, craftless all to buy or hoard or sell. From out your deadly complex quarrel stole To company with large amiable trees. Suck honey summer with unjealous bees, And take time's strokes as softly as this morn Takes waving of the corn.



The Little Fiddler. mann's shabby figure; "but I have brought forth several marvels in my time. That reminds me," with a glance at the clock, "my time is limited at present—you will pardon me, Mr. Hoffmann, I am sure." "My business is—I came to ask a favor, Signor Ludovico," Ernest Hoffmann said, desperately. "My little son is very ill; he has not slept for four nights, and all his cry is-for Godfrith Ak." "Indeed!" "Dr. Herz says if Ulric could hear him play it might cure him." "I fail to see how it can be managed," the impressario said, with a smile. "Do you, Mr. Hoffmann?" "Let Godfrith Ak come and play to my boy," Ernest Hoffmann pleaded. "That is the only way." "An impossible way," the impressario said, harshly. "Quite impossible. I will not have my market cheapened. Godfrith Ak's playing has its market value." "But, my boy—" "What do I care for your boy? Here

ATE'S a fiddler."

The little fiddler—such a little fiddler—flung a quick unchildlike glance around the packed concert room, drew a long, unchildlike sigh, and began to play. First, a gay ripple of music—light and heedless and youthful—then a phrase or so, subdued and soft and piteous as the "moan of doves in immemorial elms," followed by the liquid lament of a nightingale. A scurry of soft notes like summer rain dropped from the strings into silence, and the end came with a repetition of the child's laugh. "Gypsy, every note of it," an eminent scientist said to his daughter, as she leaned back in her stall with tears in her soft brown eyes. "Gypsy music, my dear Madge, and played, one would swear, by a gypsy, but for his face. And his name, too, is pure Saxon—Anglo-Saxon at that."
"It is, span?" his daughter Madge said, with a swift glance at the little fiddler, now rendering a wild bazarre movement, half dance, half march. "It's an odd name, too; Godfrith Ak. I don't think I like his face, either; it's so sallow and plain."
"Look at his eyes, my dear."

I like his face, either; it's so sallow and plain."

"Look at his eyes, my dear."

"So I have, and I don't want to do it again, papa; they give me the creeps," Madge whispered back. "But he's a wonderful player."

"Aye, he is that; I wonder where he comes from? I am interested in his name; pure Anglo-Saxon, Madge; think of it."

"Perhaps he's a ghost or something

comes from? I am interested in his name; pure Anglo-Saxon, Madge; think of it."

"Perhaps he's a ghost or something of that sort," commented Madge, flippantly, "Anglicize his name a little, please, papa; it's too Saxon for me."

"Godfrey Oak; that is the modern English of it, my dear; and there is no verb 'Anglo,' said the professor, dryly, as the violin piece ended, and a little rustle went through the crowded room. "Yes, that is the last. Come, Madge, my dear-Why, Hoffmann, I never expected to see you here. And how is your wife, my dear fellow?"

They were out in the vestibule now, and Madge Dormer, paler than her wont, offered her hand with a smile to the spectacled young German her father had taken by the arm.

"How is Mrs. Hoffmann? Better, I hope. And your boy?"

"Clara is as well as she ever will be, Miss Dormer," Ernest Hoffmann said, not too cordially. "She will never walk again, the doctor says, but she is stronger and patient—she is always that, you know."

"I do know," Madge said, with a catch in her breath. "I knew Clara before you dld, Mr. Hoffmann, and I can bear witness to her sweetness."

"You dld. I beg your pardon, Miss Dormer." Ernest Hoffmann flushed a little.

The professor, mildly uneasy, put in

a little.

The professor, mildly uneasy, put in a half apologetic remark, after the blundering masculine fashion. "Madge is very fond of your wife, Hoffmann; always was, through all."

"I appreciate Miss Dormer's devotton," Ernest Hoffmann said, with a stiff bow. Madge held her head erect and looked at him with an angry light in her eyes.

and looked at him with an angry light in her eyes.

"I appreciate Mr. Hoffmann's magnanimity," she said, icily. "Papa, we shall be late if we don't hurry. Goodby, Mr. Hoffmann; my kind love to Clara. O, by the bye, how is Ulric?"

"Ulric is ill," Ernest Hoffmann said, shortly. "Mr. Dormer, a moment. Can you tell me where Godfrith Ak is stay-line?"

you tell me where Godfrith Ak is staying?"

"Senor Ludovico is it the Alexandra
Hotel and Ak is with him, of course,"
the professor said, as he turned away,
hurried by the danger signals flying in
his daughter's face.

"How she hates me!" Ernest Hoffmann sighed, as he went through the
park in the March wind and sunshine.
"I suppose she thinks a clerk had no
right to marry her cousin. Ah! Clara
does not think so—yet. How that had
played—no wonder Urric dreams of
him. And I wonder if he will come—"
The wonder remained when he sat in
the luxurious sitting room at the Alexandra, facing the impressario, a big,
handsome Italian, with an enormous
beard.
"Yes his playing is a marya!" Signor

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The wonder remained when he sat in le luxurious sitting room at the Alexidra, facing the impressario, a big, and some Italian, with an enormous said, sard.
"Yes, his playing is a marvel," Signor udovico said, placidly scanning Hoff.

The impresario choked and moder ated his tone a little.

"You have the whip hand of me now, Godfrith, but wait—but wait till I have you under my hand again. Corpo dicame! I will make you pay for this!"

"Of course you will, maestro," Godfrith said, coolly, "and you may, but to-day I will be master of my own hands. So I will come, Mr. Hoffmann, if you will wait two seconds."

He left the room and returned instantly with a plaid thrown over his narrow, stooping shoulders and his violin case under his arm.

"Come," he went on, with an impish laugh and a glance at the impresario, scowling in his easy chair; "the maestro will recover when we are gone. Do you live here, Mr. Hoffmann?" as they emerged into the sunlit street.

"Quite close," Ernest Hoffmann said, curtly, as they left the high road and turned down narrow Savage street. Godfrith Ak gave a glance at the dreary, denure houses right and left, and laughed quietly to himself.

"Eden in tatters for somebody, I suppose. Do you live here, Mr. Hoffmann?" as Ernest pushed open the door of No. 330. "Have you any other children?"

"No." Ernest Hoffmann said, as he preceded the little fiddler up the creaking stairs; "only this one—and his mother is a cripple. This way. Clara, he is here." Dark blue eyes met the dark gray, in a long, inquiring glance; then a thin hand, soft and white and cold, went out to clasp the little fiddler's thin, hot fingers and a soft voice said:

"Oh, it is good of you to come—so good! Ernest told you how ill our boy was and how he aread."

"But, my boy—"

"But, my boy—"

"What do I care for your boy? Here have I bred up Godfrith and brought him out, and I will not have him go playing to every ailing child. I tell you I will not have it. Besides, Godfrith is ill himself, Mr. Hoffmann (he sild smoothly into a different tone); it is impossible."

"He must come," Ernest said, dully. "Ulrie has asked for him all day."

"He is ill," the impressario said, fercely; "do you hear? He shall not go."

"My boy is dying, I tell you," Ernest said as flercely, "and he must come. I will pay you anything—"

"He shall not—"

"I will come." Ernest Hoffmann faced round with a smothered cry; the boy's entrance had been so noiseless and so unexpected. The impressario muttered an oath as he turned also and met the little fiddler's grave, dark eyes.

"You are ill, Godfrith," he said, con-

said:

"Oh, it is good of you to come—so good! Ernest told you how ill our boy was and how he longed to hear you play? And your playing is a marvel. How do you? Why—" She withdrew her hand with a little cry. "You are not a child at all, and I thought—"
"No, I am not a child," the little fiddler said, looking at her puzzled face with clear, candid eyes. "I am seventeen. Yes (with a shrug) I am a child in size, I know—I stopped growing when I was nine."

"Are you a gypsy? Forgive me," Clara said, with a pretty blush, "but it has been said so—and I wondered if it was true."
"I am of gypsy blood on one side, madame," Godfrith Ak answered—"the mother's."

"I' am afraid," Clara said, as he opened the violin case and took the instrument out, handling it lovingly, "you ought not to have come out in this east wind. You have been ill, surely?"
"No." Godfrith said, quietly. "I am never strong, madame. But I am never ill, either. Shall I begin to play now, madame? Where is your boy?"

"In the next room — through thopen door, if you will be so kind. Ernest," as her husband made as if he would follow the little fiddler to his boy's bedside, "let them be alone together, dear. Our guest will like it better, I know. Madge would say I am absurdly fanciful, dear," as he came to her side with a surprised face. "But I feel as if you had brought here a good fairy who will cure our Ulric, and—what is that he iplaying?"

"A cradle song, madame," Godfrith answered for himself, through the open doorway. "It is a Norwegian lullaby." The Isllaby crooned softly away into silence, and then Clara from her couch saw the little fiddler bend swiftly over the bed and kiss her boy's flushed, delighted face with a murmured "So, this is better than the Albert Hall."

Then he took up his bow again and drew it over the strings in a swift, dainty dance measure, all light, airy passages, through which Clara could almost hear the movement of dancing feet. She listened for a few minutes with a half smile on her lips; then hereyes, puzzled and half afraid muttered an oath as he turned also and met the little fiddler's grave, dark eyes.

"You are ill, Godfrith," he said, controlling his anger with an effort. "Mr. Hoffmann will not persist when he sees that."

The boy did look ill; even Ernest Hoffmann's shortsighted eyes could see how hollow the thin cheeks were and how darkly the shadows lay under the gray eyes.

Godfrith Ak laughed slightly and shrugged his shoulders. "I am well enough to play. I am always well enough for play. I am always well enough for that, impresario. Is your son very ill, Mr. Hoffmann?"

"Very ill," said Ernest, sadly. "Will you come, then?"

"I will come." Godfrith said, quietly. Signor Ludovico caught his arm angrily.
"I forbid it. Godfrith, do you hear? I

and—"

She lay listening in silence for some minutes, then the fear in her eyes kindled into a flame, and she caught at her husband's hand with the look of a terrified child.

"Brucat I."

"I will come." Godfrith said, quietly. Signor Ludovice caught his arm angrily.
"I forbid it, Godfrith, do you hear? I forbid it. Mr. Hoffmann, you persist in this at your own risk."
"I choose to play," Godfrith Ak said, looking at him with perfect coolness. "Maestro mio, you can do a good many things, but you cannot either make me play or stop me from playing when I choose."

The impresario's face was purple with anger as he answered: "You cannot go, and you shall not, Godfrith. You are ill, and you play in the Albert Hall to-night."
"I will go to play for your son," Godfrith said quietly, "or else I will not play in the hall at all."
"But you shall play," stormed the impresario, "or I will make you suffer for it, Godfrith A. I will not be cheated! I—"
"You cannot make me play, Signor Ludovico!" Godfrith said, still quietly, but with a flush on his sallow cheek." I will do as I please now. Up to this I have done as you pleased, maestro mio."
"You are an ungrateful little viper." ther husband's hand with the look of a terrified child.

"Ernest, I remember; it is the 'Dance of Death,' that the Bohemian gypsies play. Stop him—"

"My dear Clara—" Her terror made even unimaginative Ernest Hoffmann turn pale, and he turned yet paler when the music stopped in the middle of an airy dance movement.

* * "On the 26th inst., suddenly, of heart disease, Godfrith Ak, violinist." That was what the third paragraph of the Telegraph said, but Clara Hoffmann, sobbing over the newspaper cutting, cried: "I told you I knew that dance—and the gypsies say that death always comes to player or heare—one or the other. But one of the two can choose which it shall kill or cure, so they say. And look, dear, I am sure that Godfrith Ak knew the legend, and that he chose it should be Ulric who should be healed. I know it." And her husband did not say her nay.—

Black and White.

mio."

"You are an ungrateful little viper."
the impresario said, hoarsely, "and I will pay you for it, never fear, Godfrith Ak! And as for you, sir—"
"Take care how you bully Mr. Hoffmann, maestro," Godfrith Ak said, composedly. "There are policemen outside."

Lake Balkal, in Siberia, seems to be the deepest lake in the world. It is 4500 feet deep, its surface being 1350 feet above sea-level, and the bottom some 3000 feet blow.

The trouble with a young man who has a brillian future before him is that he so seldom catches up with it.

have little or no effect upon the growing stems.

The corn seed comes from Paraguay and is said to be drouth proof. The cost of sowing wheat and harvesting it, including the cost of the seed, is \$6.05 an acre, while even the most economical wheat growers of Kansas cannot harvest this cereal for less than \$865 an acre.

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Land that is to be sown in wheat is plowed in late July and sown broadcast in Kaffir corn. In October, after the Kaffir corn has grown several inches above the ground, the wheat is drilled in without any other cultivation of the ground.

Cattle are then allowed to run on the Kaffir corn until April. Meanwhile the wheat continues to grow, but cannot get high enough above the ground for winter frosts to destroy it. The cattle keep it eaten off at the top of the ground and it earns for the owners of these cattle a good profit in fat meat when shipping time comes.

The Kaffir corn when once eaten off does not come up again and thus does not interfer with the growing of the wheat in the spring. On the other hand, the dry under stubble crowds back the weeds, and gives the threshers a clean field of grain.

Corn planting begins in April. The cultivating is finished by early June. Then another double planting scheme is carried out.

Between the rows of corn, cow peas are sown. The cow peas do not need sunshine in order to grow, and by the time the corn is harvested the cow peas are ready for the cattle. Cow peas make excellent food for cattle and cost little.

The greet as feeding cattle is concerned, comes from the Kaffir corn. This costs about \$5.15 for two acres, and it will put \$10 worth of fat upon fister.

This costs about \$5.15 for two acres, and it will put \$10 worth of fat upon a steer.

Plowing and harvesting are carried recent invention in Vienna.

A FARM OF 50,000 ACRES on on a large scale. During the wheat cutting season, when 10,000 acres of yellow grain stand ripening in the hot sun, the managers of the ranch are on the lookout for men from every source. From 200 to 300 are employed, and they get \$2 a day. Four hundred mules Proof, Flood Proof-System of Double Profits—Novel Farming Plans.

A GREAT OKLAHOMA RANCH AND HOW IT IS RUN.

Great Yiely, anal Cover a vast Teartiser, The Hanch Drought Proof. Front Front Florid Proof—System of Design And The Troof Front Proof—System of Design And Troof Carta India Stocked with wild long-horned Texas steers and there are no fonces around the stocked with wild long-horned Texas steers and there are no fonces around the stocked with wild long-horned Texas steers and there are no fonces around the stocked with wild long-horned Texas steers and there are no fonces around the steers are the ranch of 50,000 are single for the steer around the owner of the steers and the whole placed under one management. It makes a farm the following the many big In Northern Chilaboma there are no fonce and the steer of possible in Texas. Considerable India S22.500 annually for the use of his land, \$12.50 and the for farming land the steer of possible in the Steep Steep

threaten to supplant even the Scottish kilt.—London Telegraph.

The Welsbach Mantle.

On the coast of Brazil is a large deposit of monazite sand, resembling sea sand, but somewhat more yellowish and brownish, which contains several per cent. of the oxides of thorium and cerium, says the Gas World. This sand is shipped principally to England and Germany, where these elements are extracted and sold as nitrades, which are scluble in water, and with them mantle manufacturers make solutions into which the knitted cotton fabric is dipped, subsequently dried and the cotton burned, leaving a net work of oxides of thorium and cerium in the proportion of ninety-nine parts of the former to one of the latter. To protect this delicate fabric from breakage it is dipped into collodion, which upon evaporation stiffens the mantle and is readily burned off after the mantle is put in place upon the burner.

Mistake of a Bridegroom.

Mistake of a Bridegroom.

An unfortunate mistake waz made by a bridegroom in Canada a week or two ago, says the London Express.

After getting into the train which was to take himself and his spose away on their honeymoon he noticed a shoe lying on the floor of the carriage. Thinking one of his friends had thrown it there during the send-off he picked it up and flung it out of the window.

picked it up and nung it out or the window.

A little later on he was surprised to see a commercial traveler who had awakened from a deep sleep peering under the seats and on the top of the rack, and inquiring if any one had seen a shoe, which he had taken off to case his corns.

a shoe, which he had taken on to ease his corns.

Then the bridegroom discovered his mistake, and the first purchase of his married life was a new pair of shoe for an absolute stranger.

Largest Cut Diamond.
The largest cut diamond in the world is that belonging to the Rajah of Maltan, in Borneo. Its weight is 376 carats.

Good Sport Hunting Bruin in Pennsy vania and New York.

wanis and New York.

"Bears are getting thicker every year in the Adirondacks, and in a few years, if the woods have proper care, there ought to be good sport bear hunting again," said one of the guidos at the recent sportsman's show.

"The same is true of Pennsylvania," he continued, "and they are thickey there in the mountain country now than they have been before in years."

"How do you account for it?" the guide was asked.

"It's mostly a matter of fires," he replied. "Of late years there's been special attention paid in Pennsylvania, and up in the north woods, to preventing any burning over of the ground, whether it has been lumbered or not, and this is the best thing that could happen for the bears.

"There's nothing will put bears out of business like a forest fire, and some years ago, when nobody cared much whether the woods were burned out of not, these animals were mostly wiped out.

"You see, a fire can't be dedged nor run away from once it gets a-going, and when a she bear and a couple of cubs get caught in a patch of woods that's on fire, it's good-by Bruin. The old one might have sense enough to get to a stream or a lake if there's one handy, and live through it, but the cubs get dazed, and are as liable to run straight into it as not. Bear cubs don't have much sense, anyhow, and some of the old ones, however much cunning they have in some things, are about the easiest fooled of any animal alive.

"When a fire is coming an old bear will sometimes make for a hollow log or a hole under a rock, and then, if it's much of a fire, the chances are that he gets so suffocated with smoke that he makes a break for the open, only to get singed and finally roasted. I've seen bears fight a swarm of bees or a big snake and get away with them, but I've seen lots of bear carcases on fresh-burned patches of woods.

"Another thing, which goes to show that bears aln't real cute, is that they have no end of curlosity, which is what used to do for the deer when they had jack hunting up in the North Woods. You take a lo

they were forty years ago. There's too many camps."—Philadelphia Times.

Great Heat of Meteors.

Ordinarily the meteors that flash across the sky at stated periods of time burn themselves out in the upper air, but occasionally a meteoric mass lasts long enough to reach the earth. One fell on May 15, 1900, at Fellx. Ala., Meteors were seen on the occasion referred to and sundry explosions were heard, while later on a mass of meteoric substance weighing seven pounds was discovered embedded in soft soil. This meteorite was analyzed and found to be built up of such minerals as olivine, augite, triolite, nickel iron and graphite carbon.

The dark color of the Felix stone is stated to be due to the presence in fair amount of the last named substance. The interest attaching to meteorites, of course, centres around the fact that they enable us to obtain glimpses of the composition of other worlds than ours. Astronomy is well agreed on the unity of chemical composition which-marks the orbs, and even the simple fact that it is hydrogen gas which blazes in the sun and gives us our light and heat is a testimony to this fact. Meteoric carbon and iron similarly display links between these erratic bodies and our own earth.

The Server of the Glacter.

The shrinking of the States.

The Retreat of the Glacters.

The shrinking of the Swiss glaciers is noted on many pages of Bacdeker. Some notes in a Swiss contemporary show how rapidy the diminution is proceeding. One glacier in particular in the Arolla Valley is declared to have lost more than 500 yards in the last quarter of a century. M. Anzevin, indeed, the well known hotel keeper, who deed, the well known hotel keeper, who has spent every summer at Arolla since 1860, expresses the opinion that the famous Col de Collon will presenting the case to be a glacier pass. Should that happen it will be an interesting reversion to the earlier state of things. The old chronicles of Evolena record that in the Middle Ages the inhabitants of the valley used habitually to drive their cattle over the pass to take them to market at Aosta.