BLIND LOVE.

What is my love? not I myself do know,
Its bound and limit stretching far and wide
Until the orient gates of dawn unbar
And darkness flees before the morning's glow.

It is a mighty sea where on I go
Sinking no lead, but following a star
Athwart its darkened waves. Its shallows are
Still secret like its hidden rocks below.

How dare I ask for light? Perhaps I drift
Even now upon sharp, hungry reefs. Perchance
When with the sun the shades of night shall lift

I, tossed by the mad tempest, shall bemoan
The old uncertainty, the bless'd ignorance—
Man is not happiest when the truth is known.

—Sydney Herbert Pierson in The Journalist.

HAGAR'S TEAR.

"Kaddour-Ben-Aieb, jeweler of Kair-el-Dinn, the cruel sultan of Algiers, on the Moorish coast that runs from Tunis to the kingdom of Tafilet, part of the empire of Morocco, was sleeping the sleep of the just.

"His bed was made upon a mat of Fass, soft and warm, and his head reposed upon a pillow embroidered with gold, for the jeweler of the cruel sultan was rich and of great renown.

"Kaddour slept a sleep calm and happy, through which, as the hours wore on, ran a beautiful and blissful dream. He dreamed in this beautiful dream that an angel had descended to him from the country of Allah to demand of him a hundred thousand collars of pearls, emeralds, topazes and rubies, with which to clasp the graceful throats of the houris, whose sight rejoiced the eyes of the saints and the elect in the Blessed Dejemaa, the Mohammedan paradise.

"All at once, through the silence of the night, rudely dispelling this wonderful vision, a voice called to him:

"'Kaddour! Kaddour-Ben-Aieb!'

"And the jeweler, still delivered over to his beautiful dreaming, leaped to his feet, crying aloud:

"'Yes, Lord, yes! Is it thou who callest me?'

"But as he opened his eyes and saw nothing but his chamber filled with a strange and blinding radiance, he began to tremble convulsively and his teeth to chatter in his head.

"'Fear nothing,' cried the voice again; 'fear nothing, Jeweler Kaddour-Ben-Aieb. I am the king of the Genii, created of a subtle fire, as thou knowest from the teachings of the Koran, and it was I who sent thee the dream thou hast had to prepare thee for my coming. Thy renown hath come even to me. I hear thou art an incomparable artist; that none can equal thee in the arranging of rare gems and precious metals, and that the works that come from thy hands are veritable masterpieces of art and skill.'

"'I am unworthy, O, Seigneur!' cried Kaddour, humbly prostrating himself before the spot whence the voice sounded, and striking the earth with his brow, 'I am unworthy of thy flattering eulogies; I am but a poor jeweler, the last of the workers of my profession.'

"'Thy humility pleases me,' replied the king of the Genii, 'and but adds another to the virtues I have heard of thee. I have come, however, to give an order that must be executed immediately for a collar of fine pearls of the greatest purity. Show me thy stock.'

"Kaddour hurried to obey, going with all diligence to open his coffers, closed by triple locks, and to spread before the royal customer his stores of gems and metals.

"'Bah!' and the king—for by this time the voice had become a handsome and knightly personage—made a face of disappointment, 'they are not what I wish; have you nothing better to show me?'

"'No, my lord,' said Kaddour, the sweat of despair moistening his brow; 'nothing else than these which I use in my work for the sultan.'

"'Humph! the sultan! My collar must surpass the sultan's, and be made of pearls from human tears. Have they pure at that, and sincere; none of those that run from anger, envy, jealousy or malice.'

"'Alas, my lord!' responded the jeweler, all disconcerted, 'I am ready to do thy bidding, but how shall I recognize if the tears thou hast directed me to collect for thee have the requisite purity, and even when I have recognized them, how arrange them into pearls for a collar!'

"'Readily; take this!' handing Kaddour a tiny whitish pebble. 'It is the touchstone of human sorrow and tears. Every time thou approachest a tear, if that tear be pure, it will change into a perfect pearl; if impure, into a drop of mud, black and nauseous. Get thee to work at once, for to-morrow night I return for my collar, and also to see if thou hast the address and skill that hast been ascribed thee.'

"Saying this, the king of the Genii faded from sight, leaving Kaddour-Ben-Aieb open mouthed with astonishment from all that he had seen and heard.

"'But how,' he pondered, 'how shall I go about getting these tears to form this collar?' and suddenly the idea came to him. He lighted his lamp, seated himself at his table and began to compose a number of placards, when completed running thus:

"Kaddour-Ben-Aieb,
Jeweler of the sultan,
Purchases human tears
1 douro apiece.

"The first pink rays of the morning were showing themselves upon the horizon as the work of distributing the placards in all the public squares and nailing them to the walls of the houses was ended. He returned to his dwelling then as hastily as he had left it, to make his ablutions, say his prayers and seat himself cross legged on the bench of his boutique to await the result of his proclamation.

"Soon—for he did not wait long, you may be sure—from all parts of the city the people began to come, first in twos and threes, then in hundreds, jostling and crowding to his dwelling; Spaniards, Maltese, Italians, Moors, Arabs, Kabyles and Jews; merchants, mechanics, fishermen, slaves and even usurers—a crowd that swayed and murmured like the sea before that queer, entrancing announcement. A douro for each single tear would make the poorest wealthy!

"At last a usurer, well known for avarice, bad faith and hardness of heart, spurred by cupidity, advanced to the boutique.

"'Is it true, Kaddour,' said he, 'that thou payest a douro apiece for tears?'

"'It is true; but know well, O Levi Abraham, in case thine eyes are still capable of furnishing them, that the tears I purchase must be pure, otherwise I take them not.'

"The usurer hesitated a little, but vanquished by his greed of gain, entered finally and seated himself beside the merchant. Nevertheless his eyes were dry, as I had been dry since childhood, for a thousand sorrows and pains, even personal ones, had been unable to move him. In truth, he was ignorant of how to cry, but to bring the tears for which he longed struggled with all his might, pinching himself in the tenderest places, tearing his hair and making a hundred useless grimaces, to the delight of the crowd always increasing on the outside. In default of other sentiments, rage and despair at last had the desired effect. Two drops of moisture sparkled upon his eyelashes. Alas, two drops of moisture quickly changed to black and nauseous mud!

"'Go to, wicked dog, go to!' cried the jeweler, angrily, thrusting the rascal to the sill of the door. 'I knew thine eyes, whence have come but looks of hatred, covetousness and envy, would bring forth naught but drops of impurity. Go to, I say!' and Levi Abraham, his tears abundant enough now, yet only tears of regret and spite, took to his heels and fled away, pursued by the derisive laughter of the people.

"No one now, in the face of the usurer's fate, would tempt a similar experience. Kaddour was soon alone upon his mat and the street as quiet as at the hour of prayer.

"'In the whole of Algiers,' he cried aloud, and lamenting, 'not a single pure and honest tear, nothing but water from the currents of self interest, envy, hatred and malice, and drawn from hearts torn by avarice and greed of gain! I see well that I shall have to renounce the making of the king of the Genii's collar, for never shall I find tears of requisite purity!'

"'And thou believest it, Kaddour,' cried a voice beside him—a voice this time that was both mocking and scornful; 'thou believest it? Verily, my friend, thou grievest thyself for every little thing! I had thought thee far more courageous and inventive.'

"'Courageous! inventive! dismayed! the Mussulman looked about him—his royal customer had doubtless forgotten something and returned ahead of time.

"'Who speaketh?' he cried; 'is it thou, my lord? And thou art—where?'

"'At thy feet,' replied the voice; 'stoop—pick me up.'

"Kaddour stooped, and there in the dust of the floor perceived a pearl, a pearl of the most extraordinary size, purity of color and luster.

"'Pick me up!' it cried; 'pick me up at once!'

"Kaddour, trembling in every limb, did as he was told, but to ward off evil influences and guard himself from occult powers began to recite in a high voice the profession of faith of his race—'La i ah ha il allah on Mohamed Rassoul Allah'—God is God and Mahomet is the messenger of God.

"'Fear nothing, Kaddour,' continued the pearl. 'I have no intention of doing thee evil; on the contrary, to give thee counsel that will help thee out of thy embarrassment. I ask in return only to be allowed to figure among the pearls with which thou wilt form the collar.'

"'Willingly,' cried the jeweler, his heart comforted by the words; 'but first tell me who thou art, for I am not accustomed to have the metals and precious stones on which I work converse with me.'

"'I am one of the Genii,' responded the other, 'and for 3,000 years and over I have been imprisoned with this pearl, but I merited the punishment for my hardness of heart and neglect of duty. It came about when Hagar was sent into the wilderness by Abraham, under the command of Sarah, and when the poor soul helplessly wandered in the desert, holding by the hand the little Ishmael. Perishing, as you know, with hunger, fatigue and thirst, they were at last compelled to stop, and Hagar, to spare herself the sight of her dying child, flung herself upon the ground and buried her face in the sands. I was near them; I saw and heard it all; but my heart was stone; my ears indifferent, and, though I knew that water was near them, and could easily have directed them to it, I held my peace in my pride of Genii, which forbade my going to the assistance of the human race. Ah, well, it was then that Allah, more merciful than I, had pity upon them and sent his angel to succor Hagar and her dying child, and afterward to punish me.'

"'Thou didst yield to pride,' the angel said to me, 'to pride instead of duty. Thy heart was adamant, thy ears as one deaf to the cries of misery and need. For thy sin Allah curses thee, and sends thee for a prison, this,' and he showed me, trembling upon the tip of his finger, a glittering tear. 'Hagar,' he added, 'the first of those tears shed when she believed Ishmael was dying—tears it was thy duty to have stopped from flowing. Thou shalt never come out from it until the king of the Genii, thy chief, shall inadvertently lay his hand upon thee.' For all these years, therefore, I have endured my punishment, but with thy assistance, Kaddour, this evening I regain my liberty. Place me among the pearls in the collar thou art going to make for my master, and—the thing is done.

"'Agreed!' said Kaddour, 'but give me the counsel promised.'

"'I will give it,' replied the other, 'but thou shouldst have known, thyself, that pure and honest tears are never bought nor sold. If thou wouldst find them, run the quarters of the poor, where they suffer and despair; listen at the doors, and when thou hearest sobs, complaints and groans, enter! Console the unfortunate, mingle thy tears with theirs, and there will come to thee more than ample measure of the gems demanded by my king. Lay me aside now, and get thee to thy work!'

"Kaddour obeyed, slipped his feet into his babouches, those beautiful red and yellow foot coverings from the lasts of Morocco and Tunis, and went out. As he followed the advice of the genie, when he returned at the going to bed of the sun, his eyes were red and swollen from the tears of compassion shed by him in comforting the poor and miserable, but the cabuchin of his burnous was filled with pearls of the greatest size and beauty.

"The collar completed was indeed a magnificent affair, three rows deep, the 'Tear of Hagar,' the masterpiece of the collection, forming the heart of a star that bound the rows together. And scarcely was it done when the dwelling filled with light as on the previous night, and the king was before him.

"'Behold, my lord,' said Kaddour, placing it in his hand, 'behold thy collar finished!'

"'Beautiful! Exquisite! This one in particular,' and the king placed his finger on the center pearl. Instantly the gem opened, and the captive genie fell upon his knees before his royal master, who lifted and tenderly drew him to his breast.

"'Resume thy place among thy brothers,' said he, 'for by the will of Allah thy fault hath been sufficiently expiated. And thou, Kaddour,' he continued, turning to the jeweler, 'in making this collar thou, too, hast learned a lesson—to distinguish the real from the feigned sorrow—to know for thyself how bitter are the tears of misery. But thy heart is good, for thy first impulse, when thou didst know the secret, was to console the miserable and to weep with those who had cause to weep. Forget it not, this lesson, for Allah's heart is open to those who are charitable and considerate of the misfortunes of others.'

"When Kaddour lifted his head again, bowed upon his breast in shame for duties so long neglected, the genie had gone, and the floor of his boutique had literally disappeared under a thick carpet of diamonds, pearls and precious stones.

"While Kaddour lived, and through the lesson taught him by 'Hagar's Tear,' misery was banished from Algiers, and when he died, as he did without issue, he left his wealth to be divided among the poor and needy.

"Thrice blessed are the children and the children's children of the truly faithful."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Stray Dogs of Boston.

After being taken in the luckless four footed prisoner is conveyed to headquarters, where he is put in a pen with a lot of other yelping unfortunates and kept until 2 o'clock the same afternoon and no longer. If a cur he is promptly executed at that hour; if a valuable animal his owner, who is always notified, invariably calls in time to save the poor creature's bacon. The process by which the victims are eventually disposed of is adopted for such purposes nowhere else than in Boston. In point of refinement—as might be expected in this highly civilized metropolis—it is far ahead of the systems practiced elsewhere. For instance, in Philadelphia the stray dogs are suffocated with charcoal fumes, walking about in stifling agonies for two or three minutes before they finally succumb. In New York they are lowered by the cageful into the river and drowned. In Cincinnati their brains are dashed out with an ax, save only the puppies and other little fellows, which are seized by their hind legs and smashed against a post.

Shooting and various unpleasant styles of inflicting the capital penalty are in vogue here and there, but only in the modern Athens is this sort of thing performed on a scientifically merciful basis. A poison of so deadly a nature that a few grains would kill a human being as quickly as a rifle bullet through the heart, is the sole destructive agent administered. Each cur, as its turn comes, is held firmly between the operator's knees, its jaws forced open, and between them is poured down the beast's throat a teaspoonful or less of a white powder. The condemned gives but one gasp and is dead as a door nail. In this manner no less than 750 good for nothing brutes were disposed of—as the dentists say, without pain—last month in this city.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Flirting with an Englishwoman.

I became interested in the conversation of the young Boston man and the haughty Englishwoman who sat beside him. The Boston man had grown plaintive.

"What always strikes me," he said, thoughtfully, as he turned his handsome and boyish face toward the stalwart girl beside him, "is the coldness and apathy of English ladies."

"Really," said the girl, looking into the Bostonian's big eyes with a stony stare, in which there was just a trace of admiration.

I forgot to say that the youngster is a tremendous masher on both sides of the water, and—what is more important—a thoroughly good fellow at that.

"Yes," he said, "it takes years and years for an American to find out whether an Englishwoman likes him or not. You, for instance, though I have known you for a year, met you twenty or thirty times, stopped at your house, and all that, you still talk to me about the weather, and look at me with the air of a countess examining the points of a fox terrier for whom she has no sort of admiration."

"It's such a ghastly thing," said the girl, with just a trace of a caressing look in her eyes, "to show ones feelings." Then she blushed.

"Well, if Englishwomen," said the youngster, beaming back at her happily, "were a little more ghastly, they would be a thousand times more lovable." Then he blushed, too. They glanced up, caught me in the act of eavesdropping, and I joined in.—Blakely Hall in The Argonaut.

To Make Your Own Perfumes.

Our grandmothers well knew the delight of stealing the perfume from the flowers, and their "still room," where were all conveniences for this, was a part of the machinery of every home. In our country vast quantities of flowers go to waste and we send to France for our perfumes, yet nothing is easier nor more womanly than to make the perfumes from flowers which we use. Into a large, flat, clean earthenware vessel pour some purified fat lard and suet mixed, warmed sufficiently to make it liquid. Throw into it as many scented flowers of one kind as it will contain. Let remain twenty-four hours covered, then strain off the fat and add more flowers, repeating the process every day for a week. The method of liberating this essence of flowers from the fat is very simple. Permit it to harden, cut it into small cubes and put into spirits of wine. The delicate odor immediately transfers itself from the coarse fat to the spirituous solvent, and such a strength of perfume is procured with little trouble as would cost a great deal at a perfumer's.—"S. S. E. M." in Chicago Herald.

Among People of Port of Spain.

Ashore, through a great sable swarming and a tempest of creole chatter, into warm, narrow, yellow streets.

White faces have begun to look almost unearthly; and one feels, in a totally novel way, the dignity of a white skin. When a white face does show itself it usually appears under the shadow of an Indian helmet; it is formidably bearded, austere—the countenance of one accustomed to command. Against the black and fantastic ethnic background of these queer little worlds, this calm, strong, bearded, aquiline English face takes heroic outline, grandiose relief; you involuntarily murmur to yourself, with pride of race: "I also am of such blood as these!"—Lafcadio Hearn in Harper's Magazine.

Constant Jar of Walking.

The constant jar of walking on city pavements can be prevented by imitating nature. The human heel is covered with an elastic pad. Now, as to walk barefoot would be out of the question, it is suggested that we replace the hard boot heel with one made of elastic rubber. It would cost but a few cents a month to keep in repair and would have the additional advantage of lessening the noise of hurrying feet and preventing, to an extent, broken bones in the winter.—Home Journal.

Wooden Structures Safest.

A series of earthquakes in Russian Turkestan last year destroyed 1,500 stone buildings without seriously injuring a wooden structure.—Arkansaw Traveler.

FARM AND GARDEN

The Proper Application of Manure.

HAYING IN WET WEATHER.

Manuring and Enriching Properly the Soil is the Foundation of Successful Farming.

To successfully keep up the fertility of a farm while cultivating it is something that lies very near the foundation of scientific agriculture. And farmers who understand this principle best and practice it most are, other things being equal, most prosperous.

Properly manuring and enriching the soil is the foundation of successful farming, and is deserving of the farmer's careful attention. The time once was when there was an abundance of rich virgin soil, when farmers could with some excuse neglect the saving and manufacturing of manures with which to fertilize their fields, and crop failures were seldom heard of. But such a condition of things, especially with much of the country, is past; there is a very great difference now, and a failure to a greater or less extent of crops is almost sure to follow, unless the very best modes of fertilization and cultivation be adopted. We advocate fall manuring where it is to be served to land by broadcasting, if over a firm subsoil and fairly level land, but not till in the spring if on very porous soils and hillsides. Neither is it a waste to manure thus or in excess of crops, unless on open or sandy soils. But it is not usually the best economy to make heavy applications, except it be to bring up exhausted lands, in excess of the demands of the crop. For with the farmer, as with the tradesman or merchant, he wants quick returns on his investments; therefore, he should apply just what he thinks the crop needs, and this over as much ground as can be well cultivated.

If too much fertility be gained by excessive manuring and the season be moist and favoring large growth, grain crops especially may be injured by this overfeeding of the plant. There is forced an extra growth of stalk or straw, which usually falls down, and the seed is thus prevented from properly filling and maturing.

We once sowed to wheat a small field, which before clearing had been the feeding place for stock of various kinds for years, their droppings rotting and mingling with the soil, and which was cleared, the ground well prepared and sown; the result was an extraordinary crop of straw—the stalks in many places grew to the height of seven feet—and not over twelve bushels of medium fine wheat to the acre. The field was afterwards taxed with the growth of two crops of tobacco, then again sown to wheat, and the yield was nearly twenty bushels per acre. We attributed the first result to too great manurial stimulant in the soil.

An excessive quantity of rich manure put in the hill—for instance, say a peck of hen manure in the hill for melons—and if a moist season follow, an excess of vines with little or no fruit is likely to be the result. But the manure well intermixed with the soil in the fall, or even very early in the spring, then the result will be not only thrifty vines, but fine fruit as well.

As manures made on the farm are of very unequal values, they should be thoroughly mixed together before applying to the land or crops. Some manures are very rich in one element, and some in others, and for the most part the richer the elements contained the less bulky they are, as, for instance, hen manure; and, on the contrary, the more bulky the less value in fertility. For this reason it is difficult to apply the less bulky, rich manures economically to land; hence it is advisable to compost them with the more bulky, such as barnyard manures; the rich elements will soon leaven the entire heap, and thus the richer manure can be evenly distributed over a larger surface than it could be if in smaller bulk; otherwise, too, the less rich manure might be cast upon the most sterile soil, where the best is needed.

As to applying manure in the hill, this method according to our experience is not safe as a rule. It is better that the manure used on all crops should be thoroughly mixed with the soil rather than in the hill, especially if in quantity or in lumps, for it soon dries out when the rains stop; then it injures rather than benefits the crop. Besides, some manures are too strong for young plants. They do not need so much nourishment at the start; but, when they have attained some size and have sent out rootlets all through the soil, then they demand plant food in abundance, and if it has been well incorporated with the soil, it will be found and taken up.

Sowing Buckwheat.

Buckwheat is the latest of the grains to be sown. It matures quickly, and should it be sown when spring grains are, or even at corn or potato-planting time, it would blossom during the hottest weather, and then could not fill well. Sowing too late exposes it to danger from frosts, though for a number of years fall frosts have done little damage to this crop. A more important point than anything else is to have the grain come up quickly and make an even stand. One-half bushel of seed per acre is thick enough, and if on rich ground one peck is enough, as the plant spreads and fills best when not crowded for room. It is much more often sown too thickly than otherwise.

Haying in Wet Weather.

It would seem that with modern facilities for cutting grass quickly and getting it into cock it ought to be more easy to preserve it in good order than in the olden times of scythes and hand rakes. We suspect, however, that so much more hay is now cut than formerly that the difficulty of curing in wet weather is little diminished. One modern appliance should, however, be in every hay farmer's possession, and that is a sufficient number of hay caps to put under cover all the hay likely to be in the field at one time. In cock and under cover the hay can be left a week without danger of injury.