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IN VAIN I SEARCH.

In vain I search like one distraught
My aches from dust to dust,
Till I am at the delirious thought
As one who has given up.

Vain search, for one is dead—is dead,
Her will return no more,
Alas! flowers fast and fast
And open still the door.

I start when rings the bell—I own
I hope to find her best.
Glad sorrow, sigh, when you are gone,
Oh, God! when she was here.

That evil has taken its upward flight,
I still before mind keep,
To view that silent face in the night
I stretch my arms and weep.

Pressed against the window, I repose
In dreams the days of yore;
All lost—that good sweet earth, alas
Which sang—I have no more.

—Victor Hugo.

RATU TANITO'S LOVE.

Ratu Tanito, son of the great King Tui Katuloa, dwelt in Viti Levu, which means said Fiji. He was in chiefs like to the tree tubaka, and a light shone in his young eyes, so that his presence could be known at night. His canoe sped with the wind; his dancing in the war dance brought forth a great shout from the people; his arm broke apart the strongest breakers, and man called him the "King's Arrow."

Now when the necks was ended that they had danced on the eighteenth birthday of Ratu Tanito, Katuloa called his son to him and said:

"My son, shall my loss end with you?"

Ratu Tanito answered, "Not so, my father, for I will marry."

Then the king said: "Ratu Tanito, choose a wife, observing these three requirements—First, that she be young; second, that she be strong, and third, that she be obedient."

"My father," replied the young man, "is it not also a requirement that she be beautiful?"

The king answered, "Obedience is beauty."

"Tui Viti," said Ratu Tanito, "I have chosen a wife. She is young for she was born on the day when I first stood erect. She is strong for she can slide the grasp of my hand without flinching. She is obedient for she has honored her parents. And she is beautiful as the day and lovely as the night. When I see her my heart is as a basin in which the springs carge lofty up and fall back in tumult."

"Who is the maiden?" said the king.

"Her name is Elesa," the youth replied. "She dwells in Vatuna Levu, and is the daughter of Savenaka, its king."

"Have you spoken to her of love?" the king asked.

"No," said Ratu Tanito.

"Go and speak with her concerning her parents," said the king.

Tui Katuloa having thus commanded, Ratu Tanito departed by night in his canoe to Vanua Levu. And on a day he returned and his brow was clear, and he came before the king and said, "Tui Viti, I have performed your commands and have spoken with the maiden Elesa concerning her parents."

The king received the words of Ratu Tanito, and looking on his son said, "Abide now with me and at the end of the seven days go again to the maiden and speak with her concerning war and combats with the sharks." And Ratu Tanito did as he was commanded and returned with a clear brow and said, "My father, I have done according to your commands."

And again the king commanded him to abide for seven days and returning to the maiden to speak with her concerning the gods. And it was done as he commanded.

Then said Tui Katuloa, "Go now, my son, and speak with the maiden concerning the government of men." And Ratu Tanito departed and came to Vanua Levu.

But when he returned there his brow was clouded and his eyes were angry, and as he reached his father's presence he stepped with a firm step. "Go now, my son," said the king, "for I know you not with a mischance and has been denied against a rock."

"Not so," the young man replied; "my canoe is safe, oh, father."

"I grieve, oh, my son," said the father, "that your safe departure has been opposed by the king of Vanua Levu, and that he has sought to make you a prisoner, for our vengeance will fall heavily on his people."

"Nevasaw, king of Vanua Levu, has sought to prevent my departure from his island," said the youth, "nor has he known of my presence there."

"And yet anger sits above your eyes," said the old king.

Then Ratu Tanito composed his features and said to his father: "Forgive, my father, that I have given way to another occasion of a trifle. Elesa, the maiden of whom I spoke, has said a foolish thing, and, troubling it, my spirit was disturbed."

"And what said the maiden?"

"Truly, she is of opinion that women are of equal spirit and understanding with men, and should divide the government of human affairs with them. I think such were her words, but of a verity I heard not certainly, being much provoked, and having drawn my foot against a rock as we walked.

"Then you have quarreled with the maiden?" said Tui Katuloa.

"No," said Ratu Tanito, "I am not a woman. I believe in answering her, and after she had spoken for an hour and seven she would marry . . . Man who held himself her superior, I felt her."

Then said Tui Katuloa, "Go now, my son, and take no counsel, and fetch Elesa before me."

"The king commands," said Ratu Tanito. "But, father, I no longer wish to marry the girl, lest the gods forbid that she should come to harm at my hands."

"No harm shall come to her," said Katuloa. "Do you as I command."

Accordingly, then Ratu Tanito took war canoes and went to vanua Levu and bore away Elesa by force. And returning to Viti Levu he brought her before his father, who sat in state, surrounded by his chiefs and priests. And seeing this array about her, as though to judge her, Elesa's eye flashed and she looked defiantly at King Katuloa. "Mighty monarch," she cried, "do not fear me, do not surround yourself with your chiefs. I mean you no harm, and indeed have come here against my will, being brought a prisoner by this youth, one of your people. See no fear and chastise him, and my father, Savenaka, will thank you and be your brother."

"I bring you, Ratu Tanito, who brings you here," said Katuloa.

"Are you Ratu Tanito?" cried the princess, turning to the young man. And she exclaimed with double force, "Then you are the great monarch!"

"Maiden," said King Katuloa, "be seated. No harm shall befall you. Yet it has come to our ears that in Vanua Levu the women are the equal of the men, and as this seems a strange thing to us, we have decided to see it for ourselves and especially to inquire whether the women of Vanua Levu are the equals of the men in Viti Levu. For that reason we have sent to bring you here. And we will listen to you. Then this which, if you answer rightly and justly, you shall depart home in safety and we will offer you gifts and, moreover, you shall lead my son home with you to be your slave as a reparation for the wrong done you. This I swear to you, and he shall compete with you in the trials."

Whereat the princess cried out:

"He is constant what they are to be," said the king. "'Tis a fair match. Behold, he is as much surprised as you are."

"And if—if I lose?" said Elesa.

"You shall marry him," said the king.

Then the king said, "Princess, are you ready for the first test?"

"But," said Elesa, "I have not yet accepted your conditions."

"Ratu Tanito," said the king, "behold your wife!"

"Nay!" cried the princess, "I am in your power. Propose to me your tests and let your son prepare for a life of slavery."

Katuloa thereupon caused two trees's eggs to be laid before the princess and said: "Maiden, of these two eggs which will bring forth a male turtle and which a female? This is the first test that we propose to you."

At this the princess crossed her arms upon her breast and laughed scornfully. "This is a test of folly, not of wisdom," she said. "Not all the men in the world could declare of which of these two eggs should be born a male turtle and of a female."

But Ratu Tanito stepped forward quickly and took the eggs into his hand and crushed them. "Of neither," he said.

Then Katuloa said, "Maiden, though in truth the question seems idle, yet the proof is staff, for a man must know when to act."

Next there were brought forth two bowls, each covered with a mat of woven grass. And Katuloa said: "This is the second test. Of these two bowls chooses that which is full of water."

Elesa trembled, but quickly stretched out her hand and lift it on the nearest bowl, saying, "This is it."

"Choose you, now," said the king to Ratu Tanito.

But Ratu Tanito crossed his arms upon his breast and said, "Not so; for who should say that both bowls are not empty?"

Then the king drew away the mats of woven grass and both bowls were empty. "Maiden," said Katuloa, "the youth is right, for a man should know when to speak."

Then Elesa bit her lip and said, "You juggle with me."

"Yet," said Katuloa, "the youth has detected our jugglery. But now is the third test and perhaps you will win him for a slave. Which loves a child better, his father or she who bore him?"

Elesa's eyes flashed and she drew herself up. "Of a truth, she who bore him," she cried.

Ratu Tanito turned and looked upon the girl, and slowly there came into his fashing eyes a tender light, but he did not speak.

At this Elesa called to the king, "Tui Viti, he does not speak!"

"And he is right," said the king. "For a man should know when to be silent."

Then Elesa stamped her foot and cried aloud in bitterness:

"It was a trap! You Ratu warned him what answers he should make and have plotted between you to shame me! Shame rather on you, Tui Katuloa!"

Ratu Tanito strode to her side and caught her by the wrist and said:

"Go back to your people. I will none of you. You have dishonored my father. Go back to your people. Make a way there for the princess," he shouted to the crowd. "Make a canoe ready and set her on the shores of Vanua Levu."

But Elesa's eyes fell and she did not move; only stood in her place trembling.

Then Katuloa said, "Elesa, my daughter, the Philosopher Raventa has asked, 'When should a woman disobey her husband?'"

And Elesa lifted her tearful eyes and answered, "Never, oh, my father, save when he bids her leave him."

And of the union of Elesa and Ratu Tanito was born the great King Ratu Caiom, whom men called the Best of Justice, and also Tuivaia, the Root of War.—Chicago Globe.

Sherbet.

No reader of eastern tales but has cherished fond dreams of sherbet, and he schoolboy but has fancied he possessed the real thing in the acidulated powder which "fizzes" so provokingly when you are thirsting for a drink. The real Persian sherbet seems to be simply a glass of cold water with a lump of sugar in it, but it may be flavored endlessly. Thus there are sherbets prepared with slices of raspberry or pineapple, with lemon, strawberry or pomegranate juice. The water must be always cold, and if possible have blocks of frozen snow floating in the cup, but the mixture should never effervesce. Thus persians another dilapidation. The most expensive of all sherbets, popular only among the higher classes, is made from the distilled flowers of a particular kind of willow.—All the Year Round.

Decisively Correct.

Camer—Well, Ebenezer, snowball, how did the lawyer treat you when you were on the witness stand?

Snowball—He made some very interrogatory remarks to me, sah.—New York Truth.

CORN FODDER.

Shall Farmers Feed Dry Cornstalks Whole or Shall the Same Be Cut?

The question, "Shall we cut dry stalks?" is considered in a recent number of The Rural New Yorker. A Vermont farmer writing on the subject thought that the variety of corn has an important bearing on the question and quoted trials at the Wisconsin experiment station, where it was found that the saving by cutting in the ears of yellow dent field corn was 36 and 31 per cent., while in the experiment with Illinois's Evergreen sweet corn the gain was only 9 per cent. A Massachusetts correspondent said: "My experience in cutting cornstalks for a dozen years convinced me that it did not pay to do it to stand. Where it can be done it advantage by horse power is a great one, as doubtless, especially if a good deal of the fodder would otherwise be wasted."

An Illinois farmer wrote: "The practice of cutting dry cornstalks has been tried repeatedly in this locality, and the emphatic decision of all who have experimented with it is that it does not pay. Cattle and horses will pick therefrom fodder wear, but there will not be more than one-half as much of it as there would be if they had been allowed to do it themselves. They might be starved to it, but there would be neither profit nor sense in such a proceeding. Young cattle will reach through the winter in good shape on sweet corn fodder with one good ration of corn a day. Young horses will do the same, but their grain rations should be oats and corn in equal proportions. If the corn is cut just as the grain is glazing the stalks will stay the longest green, and she cut three or four joints off the upper end. Occasionally they will find a stalk that is sweet or contains something they like and they will eat the whole of it. Give it to a milch cow that is fed a good grain ration twice a day and she will pick off only the tenderest leaves. Cutting and mixing it with bran or meal doesn't help the matter. She will not eat no more of it. Corn fodder, when the grain is ripe is no better than wheat straw. Steaming the stalks has never been tried in this neighborhood. It might possibly be made to pay on a small scale, but I doubt it very much. I have tried feeding good red corn fodder to work horses when the hay crop was short, and I knew of no sort of feed that will give them a dry, staring coat and generally rough appearance quicker than that with. Dry corn fodder may be a nutritious food, but the trouble is that the greater part of it is not in a form that cattle and horses like, or that agrees with them, and it cannot be relished by anything of a careful, scientific farmers and stock feeders who have fairly tried it, is that shock fodder makes good 'roughness' to feed with corn, and that is all it does make. For milk or beef it is not worth half as much as good timothy hay, and cutting does not increase its value in the least. The long stalks are a nuisance among the bedding and in the manure pile, but if they are placed where they are constantly trampled by cattle and horses they will soon be broken up. Cut stalks make very bad bedding in the absence of straw, but it will hardly pay to cut them up for that purpose. I think it is probable that the only method by which the full feeding value of corn fodder can be secured is through the silo."

The Richness of Milk.

A correspondent in the New York World writes:

Jersey cows and their grades are noted for the richness of their milk, but the good quality of milk does not depend exclusively on the dairy breeds, for cows whose pedigree cannot be traced are occasionally to be found that also give rich milk, and in much larger quantities than the Jerseys do. While much, no doubt, depends on the breed, a great deal depends on the food given to the cow. If one wants milk to sell and feels for quantity alone, then juicy grass, green cornstalks, roots that contain a good deal of water and bran slops will produce it. A constant supply diet is better adapted to the production of a large flow of milk than a dry one. If a man wants a cow to go dry soon, giving her all the dry straw she will eat is a good way to bring it about. Where rich milk is desired, at least a fair proportion of substantial as well as succulent food should be given, out of which it can be made. Well cured clover hay, corn fodder, cornmeal, with a little oil cake meal, along with a wheat bran mash, will make a good winter ration for a cow and increase the richness of the milk. Cows should have all the pure water they will drink, and while I don't think it pays to warm water for them through the winter as a rule, it ought not to be given them ice cold. Salting cows regularly is another important matter that ought not to be neglected.

Why Arctic Waters Are Yellow.

Arctic explorers never tire of telling how beautifully yellow the waters of the northern sea appear. To those who live on the seashore in temperate and tropical countries the shades of travelers concerning the yellow waters of Greenland and Iceland are taken with the proverbial "grain of salt," but scientists have declared that the ancients spoke yellow, and that it was Seneca by who first explained the cause of its peculiar color.

Perceiving that the waters were of an unusual color, he had some drawn up and examined it with his microscope. To his surprise he found that the color was due to the presence of minute animalcules, each so inconceivably small that a single drop of the water contained upward of 20,000 of the little creatures! At that rate a pint of the water would show 170,000,000, each sporting about in his place without disturbing or crowding his neighbor.—St. Louis Republic.

He Didn't Like to Be Kissed.

The Rev. J. Colquhoun, of Leight, was a man of extreme solemnity of demeanor. On one occasion of Sunday morning, his wife, being desirous to have him merry out for the occasion, had his coat tinged well brushed, his shirt white as snow and his hands imparting handsomely as to lotion, and when she surveyed her spouse thus, she was so delighted with his comely appearance that she suddenly took him around the neck and kissed him.

Thereupon the Rev. John was so affended by this carnal proceeding that he deserted his wife from the sacrament that day.—Cotton Factory Times.

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Ar. Ogden			
Ar. Denver			
Ar. Denver			
Ar. Mexico			
Ar. Pueblo			
Ar. Colorado Springs			
Ar. Denver			
Ar. Denver			
Ar. Kansas City			
Ar. Chicago			
Ar. Ogden			
Ar. Salt Lake			
Ar. Salt Lake			
Ar. Ogden