

## A TRANSLATION BY BROWNING.

[In the English translation by Mrs. Clara Bell of Wilhelm von Hillern's novel, "The Hour Will Come," there is a little poem rendered into charming English verse. The translator appends a note saying that the English version of the poem was done by a friend. This anonymous friend is none other than Mr. Browning.]

"The blind man to the maiden said:  
"O thou of hearts the truest,  
Thy countenance is hid from me;  
Let not my question anger thee!  
Speak, though in words the fewest!

"Tell me, what kind of eyes are thine?  
Dark ones, or light ones rather?"  
"My eyes are, a decided brown—  
So much at least, by looking down,  
From the brook's glass I gather."

"And is it red—thy little mouth?  
That too the blind must care for!"  
"Ah! I would tell it soon to thee,  
Only—none yet has told it me.  
I cannot answer, therefore!

"But dost thou ask what heart I have  
There hesitate I never!  
In thine own breast 'tis borne, and so  
'Tis thine in woe and thine in woe,  
For life, for death—thine ever!"  
—Whitehall Review.

## A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

"For value received, I promise to pay to Robert Simms the sum of—"

Alice Bird's lip curled and her face flushed—a miserable flush that would have touched any one that loved her; but her younger sister, Susie, who lolled in an easy chair, only said, languidly:

"What displeases you, Alice?"  
"For value received," began Alice again, angrily, as she threw the promissory note upon the old-fashioned writing table—"yes, that has been mamma's ruling principle through life; and I must say that she has discovered in many most ingenious, if not always creditable, ways the fine art of getting the worth of her money. Am I worth the money? I wonder will Robert Simms think I am worth these notes that mamma has given from time to time? I wonder how they came here, anyway? When I am Robert Simms' dear wife, would it not be well to put on my new barouche under Robert's crest, the motto: 'For value received?' Oh, Sue," she cried, suddenly, in an appealing voice, "how could mother borrow money from that man? How I hate the few luxuries that we have had lately, now that I have discovered their source! We, who are so poor, ought to be ashamed to dress above our means." Big tears fell slowly upon the offending notes. "Oh, what a blind fool I have been to have suspected this!"

"Quite true, my dear Alice; you are a fool to take a trifle so seriously," said the lazy voice of Miss Susan. "If Cousin Robert chooses to lend a little of his surplus money to three charming ladies whose circumstances are somewhat straightened—"

"For shame, Susie," cried Alice, indignantly. "How are we to pay it, I should like to know?"

"You do know, my very dear Alice; but don't be so emphatic—you are, in fact, almost violent. That last most unladylike stamp of the foot quite suggested an earthquake."

"Oh, if there could only be an earthquake that would swallow us all up together!"

"Now you are childish, Alice. An earthquake? No, I thank you; leave me out of it, please—I have not yet worn my new plush costume. Any way, postpone it till after the next promenade concert."

"If the costume were mine, I should send it with my compliments to Cousin Robert, as you call him, although I could never make out why; his money of course paid for it."

"Give back my brown plush costume! Alice, you are certainly insane. There is the tea-bell! Let us go down my much-troubled elder sister; and try to smile upon your future husband for his generosity."

Alice moved away, followed leisurely by Susan; and in the pleasantly-lighted parlor a daintily-spread little tea-table was awaiting them. Mrs. Bird sat at the head, and "Cousin Robert," laying down the evening paper, looked up approvingly at Alice's flushed cheeks as she entered.

"M'lemoiselle, you are brilliant tonight!" he said, with rather an awkward attempt at a courtly bow.

Alice could not force a polite smile, but grimly took her seat; and her thoughts were none too amiable.

"Robert Simms has an air of proprietorship," she thought. "However, he is not quite master of the situation yet. Mamma's sale is by no means effected. What a red face he has! And such teeth! He probably chewed tobacco before he was rich enough to buy such good cigars, as well as a wife. Oh, how hard I feel towards everybody!"

"Cousin Robert" ate his muffins and admired Alice; Susan discoursed placidly about various topics of the day; Mrs. Bird, with an occasional anxious glance at her eldest daughter, endeavored to make herself agreeable to her guest. Her flattery was most delicate and subtle, and her watchful tact made even the commonplace remarks of Robert Simms seem almost brilliant. Alice, in spite of the tempest of troubles, could not but admire her mother's cleverness.

"Yes," she thought, "mamma ekes out the m's ideas as she does a scanty old silk dress, and makes them nearly bearable."

When, after a most wearisome evening for one, at least, of the quartette that looked so cosy as they sat around the fire, Robert Simms had gone to his club and the two girls to their rooms, Mrs. Bird sat thinking till the embers faded to a sullen glow; her reflections were far from agreeable.

"If I have overrated my influence with Alice," she thought, "if she should refuse Robert—she certainly had a defiant air to-night—what will become of us? The neighbors say that he is a hard man; but that may be from jealousy of his attention to us. I have striven all these years to give the girls a chance to

make a good marriage; and now, when the hope seems near fulfillment, to have that chit dare to defeat my plan! Oh, it is too harassing! Was ever a mother so wretched as I?" she ended, wearily, as she went slowly to her room.

Susan was sleeping the sleep of an elastic conscience and an easy, luxury-loving nature; while Alice, with her head between her hot hands, was maturing plans which she soon set about carrying into execution.

She wrote a tear-blistered letter to her mother, telling her how she had found notes of Robert Simms' by mistake as she was searching for a bill—for indeed mamma must know she had not meant to be dishonorable; how she was wretched in her present life, with its shame and attempts to keep up a lady-like appearance before a world of people richer than themselves; how she could not marry Robert Simms if he asked her, as she knew was expected of her; so she would go to a school-friend on whose help she could rely, and try to get some employment. She would save every farthing she earned, and send it to Robert Simms to pay the disgraceful debt.

"And please, dear mamma," was the beseeching end of this midnight epistle, "do not, by the love you bear your children—which I know has urged you to this false step—please do not borrow any more money! I am very sorry for some hard thoughts I have had of you, and already repent the unkind things I have said of you in my anger; and I have left Susie all the things of mine of which she can possibly make use—I know she has always admired my seal-skin jacket. When you read this I shall be on my way to Auburndale Station. Don't write to urge me to change my mind, for I am fully determined on my present course."

Kissing the letter, she put it with careful step on her mother's dressing table, and then stole back to her room. Between sobs and tears she packed the remnant of her wardrobe, and in the dawn of the gray autumn day left her home.

Her courage rose as she sped along in the train, and morning showed her the beauties of the landscape. Nature brought its never-failing balm to the turbulent young soul, and she was almost cheerful when, late that evening she arrived at her destination.

The station was dimly lighted, and the few lamps flickered with the wind. Alice, in her search for her trunk, stumbled over a queer little bundle sitting on a satchel, and a sacred voice came out of the bundle saying:

"Please, you did not hurt me much. Papa left me here so long ago, and I am afraid he is gone away!"—and the child began to cry.

Alice lifted the little thing and comforted it with soft, coaxing words. She kissed the thin face, and held the child tenderly until a gentleman came in search of it.

"Bertie, where are you?" he called.

"Here, papa with a kind strange lady; I was afraid you had gone away."

"Gone and left my little boy! That is hardly likely. Thank the lady, Bertie; and, madam, accept my gratitude also for your goodness. I was detained by some confusion as to my luggage. Can I be of any service to you?"

"No, thank you," replied Alice; and, as the gentleman disappeared in the darkness, and Alice trudged along, followed by the boy who bore her trunk, she rather regretted her refusal of assistance for the stranger's face had interested her.

Alice's school-friend, Julia Lawrence, had married soon after leaving Mount Holyoke, where the two girls had grown very fond of each other, and had often written to Alice asking her to come to her, to admire her husband, her new home, and all the delights of a young wife. Unfortunately, at the time of Alice's sudden departure from her mother, Mrs. Lawrence had gone on a few days' visit to her new relatives. So, when the traveler arrived, expecting a hearty welcome, she found only a dull-faced servant to receive her. Nevertheless, the servant showed her to her room, and left her a prey to the most melancholy reflections.

Mrs. Lawrence would be home in three days, Bridget had said; but three days seemed a century to Alice, who, at last, to keep from crying outright, set to work to empty her trunk. Lifting the lid, instead of her own familiar belongings, she saw before her a cigar-case, a pile of snowy shirts, an embroidered smoking-cap, and in one end the little socks, collars, and suits of a boy.

Alice stared while she mechanically lifted the masculine effects one by one, until a pile of letters suddenly reminded her that she was an intruder, and she hastily put the things back with womanly precision, tenderly smoothing the child's coats, and thinking a photograph of a lady that lay among them was one of the prettiest she had ever seen. Then its likeness to the thin little face at the station struck her, and it all flashed into her head at once. This trunk must belong to the gentleman with the nice eyes; and not withstanding her depression, she broke into a merry laugh as she thought of his astonishment when he should find petticoats, slippers, ruffles etc., instead of his own well-known garments. The laugh however, ended in a despairing thought in respect of her own predicament. What was she to do with all those sensible, useful things she had selected with such care?

"After all," she thought, "Dale's Station is not a very large place; and I will send that brilliant-looking maid early to-morrow morning to ransack one part of it for a man and boy, while I myself will search the other."

After an early breakfast and interview with the servant, to whom she explained her dilemma, Alice set forth with determination; but, as she turned the corner of the street, she saw the gentleman whom she was seeking, coming towards her.

"Oh," she cried, "you must be the gentleman I want!"

"And you," he said, smiling down on her and interrupting her, "you must be the lady I want. I have come to throw myself on your mercy, and hope that you have not been seriously inconvenienced by my mistake."

"Oh, no!" cried Alice, forgetting somehow all her troubles in the presence of this comparative stranger, "But your son—did he not need some of those dear little things?"

"The poor child is ill to-day, I am sorry to say, and has spoken several times of the kind lady at the station."

"Oh, how I should like to go to see him!" said Alice, impulsively. Then, conventionally asserting herself, she added, "But I beg your pardon; perhaps—"

"Your offer I accept as frankly as it was made; besides, I know already that you are alone in your friend's house. The lady with whom I am stopping is an acquaintance of Mrs. Lawrence; and Bridget has, even at this early hour, made her and your dilemma a subject of gossip with my friend's servant. We had no difficulty in drawing conclusions as to your identity. Will you kindly come at once? And in the meantime I will see to the restoration of your property."

This was but the beginning of a series of little courtesies exchanged between Mr. Carlton and Alice Bird. Under various pretexts he sought her society; and, when Mrs. Lawrence returned, she was surprised to find two persons chatting comfortably together in her drawing-room. She kissed Alice, who introduced her to Mr. Carlton, and told her of her visit to his little son.

"But indeed," broke in Mr. Carlton, laughing. "I can no longer pose in the character of a devoted father, Bertie is my brother, and not, as Miss Alice has insisted all along, my son."

"But the photograph of the lady in your trunk? Surely, she is your wife?"

"She was a dearly loved sister who died a year ago and left her delicate little son to my sole care. I have brought him with me here for change of air and scene."

Alice's face had during this explanation grown terribly red, which she would have given worlds to prevent; and, when Mr. Carlton looked at her with a meaningful look she could scarcely understand, she turned suddenly pale, and would have fallen but that he held out his arm to support her.

"The poor darling is over-tired!" cried Mrs. Lawrence, sympathetically. "I will call John to help her to her room, and she shall be made to go to bed at once."

But, before John could be found, Mr. Carlton had kissed Alice and begged that she would send him away because he had loved her so short a time.

"I think I must have loved you from the first," she said, simply. "But I must tell you how bad I am. I have run away from mamma and Robert Simms."

"Robert Simms," cried Mr. Carlton—"the scamp who is a notorious land-shark, and trying this minute to cheat me out of the very prettiest bit of property in the world! What claim can he have upon my Alice?"

"We owe him money," said Alice with downcast eyes.

"Very well, my darling; we will promptly pay him, and be married with clear consciences as soon as the law allows."

The recreant John having at last been discovered, Mrs. Lawrence on coming to take the tired guest to bed, found her resting happily against Mr. Carlton's shoulder.

## THE FLAMES OF ETNA.

Phenomena Attending the Eruption of the Sicilian Volcano.

A correspondent of the London Times writing from Naples, gives some interesting details of the eruption of Mount Etna:—"At Reggio and Messina showers of sand and lapilli fell. But so dense was the smoke and fine ashes in which the mountain was enveloped that even at the foot of Etna, only occasionally, when there was an opening in the cloud, a vast column of fire could be seen ascending from the principal crater. The obscurity however, in which every thing was involved, served to render the scene more alarming. The eruption commenced on the night of the 20th of March, and from 3 o'clock in the morning till six o'clock on the following morning, 91 undulating shocks of earthquake were felt. They continued after that time, though with less violence, till, on the night of the 22d, two terrible shocks were felt at Nicolosi, and another on the night of the 23d. It would appear that this great commotion was the prelude to a yet greater eruption, and, indeed, eleven new mouths were opened above Nicolosi, which vomited forth sand, scoria, lapilli and a dense smoke with fearful roarings. The activity of these months is not very great, which is regarded as an indication of yet greater disasters. Many families have abandoned the points most threatened, as Nicolosi and Belpasso, and those who remain sleep in the open air and the troops who have been sent are engaged in erecting tents or breaking down walls and houses that are in danger of falling. Great exertions are made to keep the people from the churches, which on the occasion of such awful events are always sure to be crowded. A sense of security is felt within these sacred buildings, though there are no places where there is greater insecurity. Happily no human victims are reported up to the 23d, and this may be explained by the fact that the shocks of earthquake occurred principally by day, when people were on the alert. But much damage has been done to property. In some of the small villages on the middle of the mountain houses have been thrown down, and a little chapel at Macchia has fallen. At Zaffarana six houses were ruined, and the facade of the church while the barracks of the carabinieri were fissured. Other churches and houses are reported to have been damaged, but it would be an endless task to note all. Wherever buildings are in a dangerous state orders are given to demolish them directly. Further intelligence is anxiously expected; for though there was a short cessation of the shocks, and people in some places were resuming their usual occupations, the mountain was discharging its contents abundantly, and no one could say that the danger was entirely removed."

"Very few electric light companies," the American Architect says, "have prospered in the last year, and little of the capital invested returns dividends."

Pero Hyacinthe, of Paris, is coming to America in the summer to deliver lectures.

## FARM AND HOUSE.

### Farming Notes.

Glanders has become epidemic among horses in southern Illinois.

The drive of cattle from Texas this year will be 240,000 against 350,000 last.

At the late meeting of the New Jersey Hort. Society, Worden was spoken of as a much finer grape than Concord. Brighton was said to produce many bunches nearly a pound in weight. Early Victor was said to be no earlier than Moore's Early, though the quality is pure and good.

A writer in the New York Tribune says that it is often a question whether recourse to seeding ground with a special view to green manuring will prove profitable in a given soil. Even clover, plowed down deeply in clay soil, while in tenderest, freest growth, has been known to "sour" the soil so fatally as to render it infertile for many years so far as the green stuff was turned down. We do not see the force of this, as an application of lime would quickly sweeten such a soil.

White willow cuttings may be set out at any time now, and even when in full leaf, by cutting the shoots off. Limbs several inches thick will root, become trees, and fence-posts cut now and set will root and grow. It is best for a hedge to set short cuttings not more than 1 inch thick and not over a foot from the ground, so that the cuttings will branch low and form a close fence.

Glanders are terribly afflicting horses and men in Whiteside county, Ill. All horses known to be afflicted with the disease have been ordered killed. In Carroll county, Wellington Conaway and his son have died of this dangerous and contagious malady, which causes the flesh to actually drop off the face in putrid chunks. The boy, a lad of eighteen years, was the first to succumb. A very large number of people attended the funeral, no one knowing the true nature of the fatal complaint of which he died. Several persons attended him in his sickness, and as the symptoms of the disease are not always visible for some weeks after infection those people are being closely watched.

### Between Hay and Grass.

No season of the year is more trying to sheep and cattle than that which occurs after the snow leaves the surface of the ground in the spring, and before the grass makes any considerable growth. Animals that have been confined in the stable and yard and fed on dry food are impatient to get into the pastures and enjoy a taste of green grass. There is enough of it to tempt but not to satisfy the appetite. They will wade through mud and water to get the little there is, and will often expose themselves to rain for hours sooner than come under cover and eat dry hay and straw. Not infrequently animals lose in weight and fall off in condition during the month of April. Especially is this case with females that are heavy with young. It may be well to allow sheep and cattle to go into pastures where the turf is tolerably firm before there is much grass to eat, but those that are in an enfeebled condition should not be exposed to rain or allowed to sleep on the damp ground. Roots are well relished at this season of the year, and with a supply of turnips the flockmaster will find little difficulty in keeping his sheep in good condition. The diet of hay and straw should be varied by oil meal and grain, and every attention paid to the wants of the animals. Many animals suffer more from dampness during the spring than they do from cold during the winter. They should be kept under cover during storms, and be allowed not only a dry but a clean place to lie down.—Chicago Times.

### Early Vegetables.

Dr. F. M. Hexamer gives in the American Garden this helpful hint toward securing early vegetables: "Tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, cabbage, cauliflower, melons, corn and almost every kind of vegetables, may be started in pots, and transplanted with the entire root-ball as soon as the danger of frost is over. By this method a gain of several weeks is often secured, and at a trifling expense. The pots may also be used for pot layering strawberry plants, and when once purchased will last a life-time. Boxes may be used for the same purpose. The plants in those should not be placed closer than three inches apart each way; and, to prevent the roots from interlacing with each other, a sharp knife is drawn between them through the soil, about every two weeks. Each plant may then be taken up with a solid block of soil attached."

### The Secret of Raising Turkeys.

One of our most successful breeders remarks upon this point: "One great secret of raising turkeys is to take care, and take care all summer; and even then you cannot always raise them, for sometimes they will not lay or they will not hatch, or something will befall them. Sometimes we raise turkeys without much care, when the season is specially favorable, but generally the measure of care is the measure of success. A boy ten or twelve years old, with a little direction from his father, can easily take care of 200 young turkeys, and he cannot earn so much money on the farm in any other way. It is an old maxim that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. Some may think this constant care is too much trouble to raise turkeys. This is a free country, and you can omit any part (or the whole) of these suggestions. If you know a better course, by all means pursue it. This painstaking has made turkey raising about as sure as any other branch of farm industry. I have usually kept from eight to eleven hen turkeys for breeders, and have raised from ninety-one to 137 in a summer. In 1865 I sold my turkeys for twenty-seven cents a pound, and they amounted to \$180.40. In 1869 I sold for

twenty-five and twenty-seven cents a pound; gross amount of sales, \$308.18. That year I kept an account of expenses and calculated the net profit at \$213.58. In 1870 I sold for twenty-five cents a pound; amount of sales \$311.32. In 1871 I sold for eighteen cents a pound; gross amount of sales, \$286.13. I would rather raise turkeys and sell at fifteen cents a pound than to raise pork and sell at ten cents a pound.—Connecticut Corr. Country Gentleman.

### The Queen of Women.

When you want to get the grandest idea of queen, you do not think of Catherine, of Russia; or of Anne of England; or of Maria Theresa, of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together, soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands, with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariot of God went down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundation of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother! mother!" Ah, she was the queen!—Talmage.

### A Chapter on House Cleaning.

Much as house-cleaning is dreaded, it is a positive relief to have it come and then have it over. Dust has accumulated in nooks and corners behind book-cases and under immovable furniture, the air has daily made its deposits on walls and paint, the carpets struggle in vain to give up their stores to the broom and send out clouds of dust that only settle back into them again. The very house cleaners to be turned down and inside out, that it may permit the free access of whatever broom and duster and scrubbing-brush and soap and water.

Time is a very important element in house-cleaning. It is folly to work against time in this most trying of all work. Far better take it comfortably, doing one room a day thoroughly and well, and having intervals of rest between, than to "rush it through," and be utterly exhausted in mind and body when it is finished. The closets and drawers, the shelves and pantries, the trunks and chests, must all be gone through and put in order, and this is slow and tiresome work, but quite as essential of that which shows more for the time spent on it. Beds must be taken to pieces and cleansed, bedding put out in the sun, blankets and quilts washed, if need be, and put in perfect repair. If one begins this work when the buds begin to swell, and concludes it when they are in full leaf, she does well. It is an indignity to spring coming so royally, with tassels on the trees and birds singing her welcome, to be so engrossed in our sordid work that we have no time to note and enjoy the deepening green on the hillsides, the bursting blossoms on the apple trees, the steady rising from the dark soil of lily leaves and the unfolding of the whorls of the honeysuckle.

Those who have gone through the mill for twenty-five years have exhausted the current knowledge concerning methods, but young housekeepers may be glad to be reminded that whitening and warm water are good for cleaning paint only slightly soiled, that ammonia water is best for dirty paint, that pumice stone will remove spots from hard-finished walls, that cold tea is the best for cleaning grained and varnished woodwork, that a solution of ox-gall is excellent to brighten carpets with, that coppers dissolved and poured into white-wash used for the cellar and for out-houses will keep insects away and remove odors, that hot alum-water is good to wash bedssteads with, and to pour into the crevices where insects harbor, that coppers water or lime water or a solution of carbolic acid will disinfect and deodorize cess-pools and waste pipes, that cayenne pepper sprinkled along the floor under the edges of carpets will keep moths away, and that three good meals a day, with an interval of rest after them, pay well for the investment of time and labor. Working horses are well fed, and no reasonable man expects them to "snatch a bite" and keep right on all day long. Many women, however, treat themselves more unreasonably and cruelly than they could find heart to treat dumb animals, and in consequence are old and broken-down when they should still be fresh and vigorous.

### Two Loud Voiced Frenchmen.

A Paris correspondent tells an amusing story of the actor Dumaine, who is said to have the most powerful voice in France. One of his fellow actors, Machanette, disputed the honor with him one day, and after much wrangling they agreed to settle their claims by actual test at the Porte St. Martin cafe. "I'll lay a wager that I can break a pane of glass by simply calling 'come in,'" said Machanette. "I'll wager that you will not be able to do it, and that I will," said Dumaine. "Done," Dumaine commenced. The window rattled, but did not break; but there was a panic among the waiters. Then Machanette tried and lo! ten panes of glass were shattered. Dumaine owned that he had lost; but it was not long before they both found out that two of their friends, overhearing the wager, had placed themselves outside the cafe and smashed the window with their canes at the moment of Machanette's bellowing.