

COLUMBUS.

Columbus was, they tell us now, A man of flaw and fleck— A man who steered a pirate prow, And trod a slaver's deck; In narrow, bigot blindness curled, Cruel and vain was he— To such was given to lift a world From out the darkened sea.

AT SKELETON GRANGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



HE driver stood at the door of the coach, a leather memorandum book in one hand, a stumpy lead pencil in the other. "Lady for Towlins' Corners," he had checked off my camphor-scented neighbor in the coach.

"Skeleto Grange!" I cried, with a start that knocked the camphor bottle from the hand of my neighbor and seriously incommoded the fat gentleman in the opposite corner. "Lor', miss," said the man, a slow mile overpadding his countenance.

"Oh!" said I, sinking back into my seat with a little nervous laugh, while every eye regarded me with frozen stares of disapproval.

"It was necessary for some of us to earn our own bread, as my mother's little school had not proved a success, and both Elaine and Emily were younger and more timid than I was.

The preliminary arrangements had all been transacted through a mutual accommodation bureau in New York. I had been given to understand by the lady in charge that my position would be very desirable.

Well, here I was at last, en route for The Grange, my railway novel read to the last page, the contents of my lunch basket all eaten, and a crimson sunset flooding the beautiful surface of Lake Champlain with the loveliest of glows.

"Is this The Grange? Is Mrs. Pinkney at home? I am Miss Carrick, the companion from New York, please!" I faltered out the words in a sort of terror.

Then, stooping to lift one end of my trunk, she said, briskly: "Can we lift 't'other end ese? Eo ain't no menfolk about place an' I ain't overly strong meself."

I obeyed with alacrity, being young and vigorous, and the trunk not especially heavy, and thus I made my appearance before a tall, spare woman of sixty, with a dress of lustrous black silk, glittering gold eyeglasses, and a fine Roman profile.

"Ah," said the tall lady, "you are the reader and companion!" I made a quaint little courtesy, unconsciously infected by the proximity of the stiff Chippendale furniture and the family portraits.

Looking back upon the circumstances by the dispassionate light of the past, it seems to me that this was the longest evening I ever spent.

elves warm, while Mrs. Pinkney related to me in sepulchral whispers the history of her grandfather, Squire Skellington, whilom of Wales, who had built this venerable mansion, apparently without the slightest reference to the modern fads of drainage and ventilation.

"He was a man of unusually strong mind," said Mrs. Pinkney, "and to show his scorn of popular opinion he built the house on the site of a former graveyard, which partly accounts for the way people have of calling it 'Skeleton Grange,' instead of using the proper appellation.

"Oh, not at all!" said I, with chattering teeth and ashy-white face. Old Hannah had brought her knitting in, after the tea things were removed, and sat at a respectful distance.

"If ee missus likes to live over dead-an'-gone folks, I don't," said Hannah. "I'd rather have live neighbors than dead uns any time."

"You old goose," said Mrs. Pinkney, with a superior smile. "All the bodies were taken away years before my grandfather built the house, and re-interred beside Saint Sulpicius' Church, three miles down the lake."

"To-morrow," she said, "I will show you my books and curios, and your duties will commence." At eleven o'clock precisely some hot lemonade and crackers were produced, and we went to bed, Hannah guiding me with a candle in an old-fashioned silver sconce.

"Hannah!" I cried, clutching her arm as I look at the dim old chamber with its carved high-post bedstead, its polished wood floor and the dim sheets of mirror that seemed to glisten everywhere, "where is your room?"

"Just ee first one as ee came doon the stair, miss," said Hannah, "with ee little round door. Don't ee fret, dear; ee'll sleep rare and well, see if ee don't." And wishing me good-night, she withdrew.

I sat crouched on a chair in front of the antique toilet table, looking piteously at my own white face and the reflection of the glimmering candle. All of a sudden I became unpleasantly aware that a dim, opaque sort of face was peering over my shoulder.

"One glance was enough. I opened the door and fled wildly into the hall without waiting for my candle. At the foot of the winding stairs I looked around for the little round-topped door of which Hannah had spoken; but there was no door there.

"Take me back home! Take me to mother and Emily!" was my piteous murmur, as I once more regained consciousness and became aware that Mrs. Pinkney was drenching my forehead in lavender water, while old Hannah stood by with a sheaf of burnt feathers and a pitcher of iced water.

"Hannah, hold your tongue!" said Mrs. Pinkney. "The trouble is purely nervous, and nervous can, and must, and shall be controlled! Now, Miss Carrick, brace yourself up and tell us what frightened you."

"No, he didn't!" said Mrs. Pinkney. "How could he, when he's only stuffed, poor creature! I put him there every night since Don, the watch dog, was poisoned, to startle any thieves who may make their way in. Goodness me! we poor, solitary womankind are driven to all sorts of contrivances to protect ourselves, in a lonely place like this."

"Why didn't you tell me this," I demanded. "Bless ee dear heart," said Hannah, "I never once thought o't!"

"But don't fret," soothed Mrs. Pinkney. "We won't need the old boots and my grandfather's stuffed tiger after to-day. My nephew, Colonel Halkott, and his man, Giles, are coming this evening to stay six months, and they'll bring a new gardener, and two St. Bernard puppies. Then you shall see! For Giles makes a crack butler, and my nephew is a great geologist, and can tell you the Latin name of every bug and beetle he sees."

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Yes, I ought to have married the colonel. But how could I? He was forty, and wore a wig. Moreover he was a greater old granny than both Mrs. Pinkney and Hannah put together.

"From a literary point of view the majority of successes in this line are atrocious, while their sentiment—if they are of the sentimental order—is generally inclined to be both insipid and mawkish.

"A well-written piece of verse, conveying an unconventional sentimental idea, would have about one chance in a thousand to succeed. The quality of the entire composition must be moderately bad, viewed from a high-class standpoint, but exactly how bad only the fates can decide.

"In comic songs that catch on original ideas are absolutely necessary, though any humorous baited in which the characters are knocked down and dragged out with great frequency appeals strongly to the popular fancy."

"Some song writers make a great deal of money from their compositions. The author of 'In the Gloaming' raked in about \$15,000 from it, but the greater number do not realize much from their work.

"But it is like gambling in a way, and the knowledge that some day they may stumble on a song that will bring them fortune if not fame—for nobody ever remembers the author of a popular song—keeps them at it. And it's almost a certainty that they'll never be able to repeat their first success."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Australian journal gives the following case, which is nearly as remarkable as the crowbar accident to Mr. Phineas Gage: "Robert Campbell, a young man connected with the Postal Department, was admitted to the Melbourne Hospital with a pistol ramrod through his brain.

The story of the accident is that Campbell was out shooting with a muzzled home charge the weapon exploded, and the ramrod, which was composed of fencing wire, with a lead plug at the end, made by the victim, was sent through his cheek across the eye and came out at the top of his head.

"Dr. Harris stated that when the man was admitted to the hospital it was found that the ramrod had passed through his cheek, on the left side of the nose, into the infraorbital plate of the superior maxilla, right through the eye, going in its course through the superior orbital plate of the frontal bone, the brain, and coming out at the top of the skull, about the middle of the internal portion of the parietal bone. The wire portion of the ramrod was sticking out of the skull about six inches.

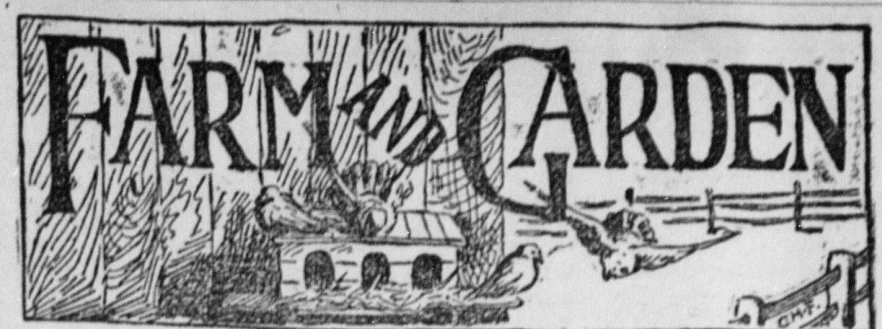
"Dr. Charles Ryan, assisted by Dr. Harris, trephined the skull, having first cut out of the wire. When the bone was removed the leaden base came with it, and the eye, which had been completely destroyed, was taken out. Antiseptic lotion was then syringed through the eye socket, along the course the ramrod had taken, and by this means the wound was well washed. Campbell is now convalescent."—Medical Record.

All the millstones used in the United States formerly came from France, where they were made of a silicious rock found in great blocks near Paris. The stone is mostly quartz, but has a regular cellular structure, is extremely hard and compact, and of all shades of color, from a whitish gray to a dark blue.

A fashionable fuel.—For what is there nowadays that has not grades of elegance—is the "spectrum wood" of the drawing room hearth. This is freplace lengths of the timbers of old whaling vessels which, seasoned by rainy a voyage and saturated with accumulated drippings of whale oil, offer a beautiful blaze as they burn themselves out in glittering andirons.

Whether the ordinary check rein is of any benefit may, perhaps, be considered an open question. There are arguments both for and against its use. On some horses it may be useful. On others it is probably an injury.

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DUCKS AS SCAVENGERS.

Ducks are great farm scavengers, eating much that cannot be otherwise utilized. Vegetable trimmings, potato parings, bread scraps and meat, all, if mixed with a little bran, make a dish highly relished. It does not matter how much water there is in it. They will fish out all the goodies. They will eat shells and gravel, when put in a pail of water, and if any grain is fed, throw it into the water also and let them hunt for it. A fine flock of thoroughbreds, fishing for grain in a trough of water, is a novel and interesting sight.

TWO VIEWS OF CHECK REINS.

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CUTTING CLOVER EARLY.

This year of all others in the West the farmers should cut their clover early. Be sure to cut it before the seed has formed. There is a physical law in this that will help the farmer if he is wise enough to observe it.

BEANS FOR PROFIT.

In carrying out a system of rotation beans can often be grown with profit. One advantage with them is that they occupy the ground but a short time, and all the work necessary can be done without hiring much extra help.

CARE OF THE HEIFER CALF.

The idea in past years, by the many, has been that a cow was a cow and, if one was better than another, it was a case of "cow luck." This left fine breeding in the hands of the few.

BEANS FOR PROFIT.

While beans will grow in almost any kind of soil, yet to secure the best results a good soil, well prepared, is necessary. They should not be planted until all danger of frost is past, as they do better if they can make a steady growth from the time they are planted until they are matured.

A Fashionable Fuel.

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The Poet and the Sausages. Poets really do not feed on air. Indeed, though they may be hungry in a distraught and absent-minded way, they probably eat as much as other men.

Heine, when a student at Gottingen, was invited with a fellow student to take supper with Professor Hugo and his hospitable wife. The fare was simple, and not too plentiful, but one dish was viewed with conscious pride by the hostess, who evidently felt that nothing could be better for the occasion.

This was a small plate containing four fat sausages, with tempting gravy and garnishings of green. The choice dish was passed first to Heine who was in the full tide of a long and animated discourse, setting forth his opinions and some question which had been started by the professor.

Coming to the end of his speech at about the same time that he had finished the last sausage, he looked at the empty faces about him, then at the empty dish, discovered what had been the meaning of certain spasmodic attempts on the part of Professor Hugo and his distracted spouse to interrupt his flow of language, and of course made profuse apologies. But he was never invited to that house for supper again—the chance of being left supperless themselves was too great for his hosts to risk it a second time!—Yankee Blade.

A town down in Florida has abolished an ancient ordinance forbidding the hallooing of snakes in the streets.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for anyone who can furnish a cure for taking Halls Catarrh Cure.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness.

Dr. T. J. Williamson, Euclid, Fla., says: "The bottle of Brydycycoline you sent me was given three ladies who were suffering from headache. They said the effect was instantaneous and very satisfactory." All druggists, fifty cents.

In the Spring

Nearly everybody needs a good medicine. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled or when the mild days come, and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by debility or some serious disease.

"It Is Invaluable."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Where other preparations fail. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is Peculiar to Itself.

Ely's Cream Balm. WILL CURE CATARRH OF THE EAR. Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril.

MUSHROOMS FOR THE MILLION. There's money in growing Mushrooms. Constant demand at good prices.

BED BUGS. Drive out the BUGS! This quick remedy is especially adapted to the warm weather situation. BUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT is a powerful killer of bed bugs, and is a promoter of "Sleep in Peace."