

LIFE.

Dining and sleeping,
Laughing and weeping,
Sighting for some new toy
Loving and hating,
Wooling and mating,
Chasing the phantom, Joy,
Losing and winning,
Praying and sinning,
Seeking a higher life,
Hope and repining,
Shadow and shining,
Care, and worry, and strife.
Hoarding and wasting,
Lottering, basting,
Missing the golden mark,
Praising and flouting,
Trusting and doubting—
Taking a leap in the dark.
—Clarence Henry Pearson.

THE MARSEILLES CLOCKS.



hour—a tradition which is said to have had its origin in the following story:

There lived in the vicinity of that city a M. Valette, a gentleman of ancient family and of considerable fortune. He had married Marie Danville, daughter of the Mayor of the city, and, with their two sons and two daughters, dwelt in a beautiful villa near the city—a seat which had been the favorite residence of his ancestors. As his children grew up, however, he was induced to move to Paris, which place both he and Mme. Valette conceived to be more suited to the education of their family. The removal of M. Valette and of his family was deplored by his tenantry, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as M. Le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, of harsh and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris to adopt a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands for renewed remittances upon his factor; and the latter was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures to procure for his master the necessary means. The scanty vintage of the preceding year had made such demands doubly hard to obey, and Le Brun became as odious to the tenantry as Valette had been respected and beloved.

These circumstances were but little known to Valette, or he would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from his tenants almost all their hard-earned substance. One night, as he slept in Paris, the form of his factor appeared to him, covered with blood, informing him that he had been murdered by the tenantry on M. Valette's estate for rigor in collecting his revenue, and that his body had been buried under a particular tree, which it minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun requested, moreover, that M. Valette would immediately hasten to Marseilles and deposit his remains in the grave of his ancestors. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition at once disappeared.

The morning came to dissipate the gloom which the vision of the night had occasioned; and though he had been for some time astonished at the unusual silence of Le Brun, yet he could not help considering the whole as a mere illusion. Stories of ghosts he had always considered as fit only for the nursery. To take so long a journey on such an errand he knew would be regarded as the height of superstitiousness; and he made no mention of the incident.

"You are more thoughtful than usual, father," said one of his daughters to him next morning at breakfast.

"I am thinking, my dear," said M. Valette, "why I have been so long in hearing from Le Brun. I need money and my demands have not been met."

Night came again, and about the hour of midnight Le Brun again appeared. There was an evident frown on his countenance, and he inquired of Valette why he had delayed in fulfilling his request. Valette again promised immediate obedience, and was no longer disturbed by the unwelcome intruder. Morning came again.

"It must still be a dream," said he to himself "though a remarkable one, certainly. To-day will probably bring me the expected letters from Le Brun."

The third night the vision appeared with a terrible frown on its countenance. It reproached Valette for his want of friendship to the man whose blood had been spilt in his cause, and for disregarding the peace of his soul.

"If you will grant me my request," said the phantom, "I promise to give you twenty-four hours' warning of the time of your own death, to arrange your affairs and to make your peace with God."

M. Valette promised in the most solemn manner that he would set off next morning for Marseilles, to execute the commission; and the apparition of Le Brun disappeared.

Valette rose early next day, and, alleging to his family that business of the most urgent necessity called him immediately to Marseilles, departed for the seat of his ancestors, after an absence of ten years. There he found that the narration of the murder of Le Brun was too true. Under the tree that had been so minutely described to him he found the mangled remains, which he caused to be decently interred in the family vault. In vain, however, he made search for the murderers. The same causes which occasioned the death of the unfortunate Le Brun led the tenants to the most

obstinate concealment of the manner of it, and Valette saw, with horror and regret, the misery they had suffered that he might be furnished with the means of extravagance.

"Had I imagined," he exclaimed, "that my unsatisfactory pleasures would have cost so dear, I would long since have retired from Paris. I shall return to my estate immediately, that my children may learn to relish its tranquil pleasures."

M. Valette no sooner returned to Paris than he communicated his resolution to his wife. Mme. Valette, having accomplished the principal object of her residence in Paris—the education of her family—assented with pleasure to a return, and in little more than a year they found themselves again in the chateau of their ancestors.

About eight years after their return from Paris, the family mansion demanding repairs, they found it necessary to remove for some time to Marseilles, where they resided in the house of M. Danville, the father of Mme. Valette.

Time had effaced the impression of his dream from the mind of Valette. Sitting one night after supper in the midst of his family, a loud and sudden knocking was heard at the gate; but when the servant went to open it, he found nobody without. After a short interval the same loud knocking was again heard, and one of Valette's sons accompanied the servant to the gate to see who demanded admittance at so unreasonable an hour. To their astonishment no one was to be seen there. A third time the knocking was repeated, still louder and louder, and a sudden thought darted across the mind of Valette.

"I will go to the gate myself," said he; "I believe I know who it is that knocks."

His presentiment was too truly realized. As he opened the gate Le Brun appeared, and whispered to him that next night at the same time—for it was now the twelfth hour—he must prepare himself to leave the world. Then, waving his hand, as if to bid adieu, Le Brun disappeared.

M. Valette returned, ghastly as the phantom he had seen, to the family circle; and, upon their anxious and urgent inquiries as to the cause of his uneasiness, related for the first time the incident of the dream and the promised warning he had just received. A sudden gloom and melancholy was spread over the faces of all present. Mme. Valette threw her arms round the neck of her husband and embraced him with tears. M. Danville, however, obstinately declared his incredulity, and considered the whole as one of those unaccountable illusions to which even the strongest minds are sometimes liable. He declared his son-in-law must be the victim of some delusion, and, although he could not account for his dream, said that this last vision must be mere imagination.

No sooner had M. Valette retired to his apartment than M. Danville endeavored to impress the same opinion on the family of his son-in-law. Apprehensive lest the very presentiment of the event might occasion it, or at least be attended by disagreeable consequences, he thought of a device which, as Mayor of the city, it was in his power easier to accomplish. This was to cause all the clocks of Marseilles to be put forward one hour, that they might strike the predicted hour of twelve next night when it should be only eleven; so that when the time set by the ghost should be believed by Valette to have passed over without any event supervening, he might be persuaded to give up the fancies with which he was so deeply impressed.

Next day the unhappy Valette made every effort to arrange his worldly affairs, had his will executed in due legal form, received the sacrament, and prepared himself for the awful event he anticipated. The evening approached. From a large open window which looked into a beautiful garden, he saw the sun go down, as he believed, for the last time.

The lamps were now lighted in the hall, and he sat in the midst of his family and partook of the last supper which, he believed, he was to eat upon earth. The clocks of Marseilles tolled the eleventh hour.

"My dearest Marie," said he to Mme. Valette, "I have now only one hour to live. There is but one hour between me and eternity."

It approached. There was an unusual silence in the company. The twelfth hour struck, when, rising up, he exclaimed:

"Heaven have mercy on me! My time is come."

He heard the hour distinctly rung out by all the bells in Marseilles.

"The Angel of Death," said he, "de-lays his coming. Could all have been a delusion? No, it is impossible!"

"The ghost," said M. Danville, in a tone of irony, "has deceived you. He is a lying prophet. Are you not yet safe? The whole thing is the illusion of an unhealthy imagination. You should banish, my friend, a thought which so completely overwhelms you."

"Well," rejoined Valette, "God's will be done! I shall retire to my chamber and spend the night in grateful prayer for so signal a deliverance."

After having been nearly an hour in his chamber M. Valette remembered that he had left unsigned in his library a document of importance to his family, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed-chamber to the library he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs which led immediately down to the wine-cellar. At this spot he heard a faint murmur of voices below, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs to ascertain the cause. No sooner had he descended than an unseen hand stabbed him to the heart.

At this moment the clocks in Marseilles struck one in the morning, or, as it really was, twelve at night—the exact time predicted by Le Brun.

The celler of M. Danville had been broken into by robbers, who, perceiving themselves discovered, saw no other means of escape than by murdering the ill-fated Valette, by whom they had been surprised. These men were unconscious instruments in the hand of fate.—Argonaut.

Eria's Loss or Gain.

Much of the old joyousness of the Irish has vanished. The old stories and legends are rarely told now; politics and trade absorb all the conversation. The narrative of bygone glories and sorrows, of St. Patrick and Brian, of the great O'Neil, and of the Geraldines, and '98 and the famine, have given place to United Ireland, The Nation, and the vulgarities of Mick McQuade.

The crossroads are deserted where formerly in the long summer evenings the boys and girls gathered to dance to the fiddle's never-tiring music. You may still see the girls milking the cows in the crofts, morning and night, but you hear no more the plaintive ballad and come-all-ye to make the dhruim dhu let her milk down easily. To the non-politician it seems as if this were due to the all-pervading political taint. It appears to him the plan of campaign has banished the "good people," the rise and fall of the butter market put the milking song out of tune, and discontent made the heart too heavy for the heels to be light. To the less sentimental observer the signs are of brighter omen.

If the people have less of the old careless gaiety, they are grown staidier. If they are discontented, it is not mere grumbling shiftlessness; they want something higher than they have, and that, with the power of saving money, is what brings men and Nations to the top of the tree.—Westminster Review.

The Letter "J" as a Mascot.

Is the letter "J," like the letter "E," so indispensable that it is as difficult to find a list of names without the former appearing in it as it is to find a complete sentence in which the latter does not occur? Is the above the cause of its frequent appearance in the names of America's great men, or is it really a mascot letter?

Beginning with our Presidents I find it as the first initial letter in the names of eight; the only President of the Confederacy also began his name with the "little mascot." In the list of the Vice-Presidents I find it six times, divided equally between the Christian and the surnames. Among the names of the Presidents pro tem of the Senate it occurs twenty-two times, and among the Speakers of the House fourteen times. Thirteen of the Secretaries of State commenced their first names with "J," and one used it as the initial of his surname. In the realm of Justice the record is equally if not more startling, twenty-one out of a total of fifty-five Chief Justices and Justices beginning either their first or last name with it. Besides the above we find it in nearly all the multimillionaires of the country, viz: John D. Rockefeller, J. J. Astor, Jay Gould, J. M. Sears, J. S. Morgan, J. B. Haggin, J. W. Garrett, John Wanamaker, J. G. Fair, John W. Mackay, J. G. Flood, John Arbuckle, J. B. Stetson, John Claflin, Joseph Pulitzer and dozens of others.—St. Louis Republic.

Round Shoulders Cured.

A woman physician has recommended the following movements for the cure of all except very "severe cases" of round shoulders, when braces are also sometimes a necessity: 1. Raise arms before your shoulder high; extend arms sideways; throw head back; straighten head; move arms forward; lower arms, repeat ten times. 2. Stand erect; raise arms before you; rise on tiptoes, then throw arms as far backwards as possible; sink again on heels and drop arms to side; repeat ten times. 3. Raise arms with elbow bent shoulder high, bringing palms together in front of face; then, with elbows still bent, swing both arms vigorously backwards as far as possible, even with the shoulders, palms looking forward. This should be repeated several times, but as the position is somewhat fatiguing rest or change of exercise may be made between the movements.

Another simple movement designed to bring about a correct position of the shoulderblades consists of holding a cane or wand in both hands, throwing the head back and carrying the stick "from above the head back and down the hips."

As the clothing, if too tight or unyielding about or over the shoulders, may help to produce round shoulders, both the under and outside wrist should be comfortable and bands over the shoulder of garments made of elastic.—New York World.

How the Forget-Me-Not was Named.

Everybody knows the pretty little forget-me-not and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forget me not!") And ever since the flower has been looked upon as the emblem of fidelity.—Philadelphia Times.



BARLEY FOR HOGS.

Hitherto, corn has been looked upon as the food for hogs, but it has of late been discovered that too much of it, beside injuring the health of the animal, has a tendency to harden the flesh. Recent experiments have proved conclusively the value of barley for the production of pork, and the Canadian farmers have taken up the idea eagerly. They have shown themselves more progressive than the American, and it looks as if they would soon excel in the hog industry. It is time for our farmers to be up and doing.—New York World.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.

In making sorghum molasses the juice should be run into three vats of sufficient capacity to keep at least two hours ahead of the boiling. As each vat is filled stir in unslacked lime until litmus paper dipped in the juice will not change in color. The lime will neutralize the acid and cause more impurities to rise with the scum. After the lime juice has settled for two hours draw into a deflector and boil down.

When drawing the tap should be two inches above the bottom of the tank to allow the sediment to settle. After use the vat should be thoroughly cleaned. The boiling should be done as rapidly as possible. It is the slow and uneven boiling that colors the syrup. A good boiler will keep the pan filled with a white foam. Cool the molasses as rapidly as possible.—Farm and Home.

THE DEPTH TO PLANT WHEAT.

The result of an experiment made by the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station at Raleigh to test the best depth to plant wheat is as follows: The average yield per acre when planted at a depth of two inches was 24.5 bushels; planted three inches deep, it was 32.1 bushels per acre. It will be seen, therefore, that the decided preference lay with the three-inch planting. In this test, the seed was planted very late, on the 24th of December, after turnips had been taken off the land. The depth of planting was carefully gaged by a dibble. The best stand on the following 28th of March was noted on the shallow planting, and the more scattering stand on these last were almost as large and vigorous as the others. It is probable that with an earlier sowing the result of the deepest planting would have been more favorable.

ROLLING LAND.

The tests at the various Experiment Stations in the country give the following results:

(1) Rolling land makes the temperature of the soil at 1.15 inches below the surface from one degree to nine degrees Fahr. warmer than similar unrolled ground in the same locality, and at three inches from one degree to six degrees warmer.

(2) Rolling land by firming the soil increases its power of drawing water to the surface from below, and this influence has been observed to extend to a depth of three to four feet.

(3) The evaporation of moisture is more rapid from rolled than from unrolled ground, unless the surface soil is very wet, and then the reverse is true, and the drying effect of rolling has been found to extend to a depth of four feet.

(4) Observations on oats, clover, peas and barley seeds indicated that "in cases of broadcast seeding, germination is more rapid and more complete on rolled than on unrolled ground." The yield of oats was increased by rolling.—American Farmer.

HOW TO MILK.

It is to be feared that generally too little attention is paid both to the housing of the cattle and to their proper feeding and treatment, said Thomas Smith, Canadian dairy instructor, in the course of a demonstration on butter-making. To milk a cow "clean" has always been the ambition of the milker, and when the end was attained he was perfectly satisfied. But to milk a cow in a cleanly way, although of equal importance, did not, in a large percentage of cases, come within the scope of his consideration.

I have, for example, again and again, seen good dairy cows quite spoiled through bad and careless milking, and have been quite astonished to learn how few milkers comparatively there are who understand anything about the cow's udder or milk vessel. A word or two on this point may not be out of place.

The udder of the cow is divided into two chambers by an impervious membrane. This dividing substance runs in the same direction as the backbone and the milk from one chamber cannot pass into the other. For this reason it is advisable that the milker should operate, say, on the front and hind teats on the side next to him, and, having emptied one chamber of the cow's vessel, should then proceed with the other. This is not, however, the general practice.

It is customary to operate on the teats of different chambers simultaneously, on the ground that that method of procedure preserves the natural state of the udder, whereas such a contention is quite contrary to fact. I am fully persuaded that the method

of milking—according to this notion—is mainly responsible for much of the malformation in the udder of so many cows. This, of course, is a great evil, as it detracts from the appearance of the animals and lowers their money value when offered for sale.

CARE OF THE WEANLING'S FEET.

A correspondent in an exchange writes that one of the most important and yet most neglected features of the weanling colt are the feet during the first winter. The feet are to the future horse what the foundation is to the house. If the feet are defective it is certainly an abridgment to the usefulness of the horse, as his utility is largely dependent on his ability to get about, and good feet are of the very first importance in the general make-up of the horse.

If the colt's feet are properly cared for during the first winter, even only moderately well developed feet may be made quite promising. The feet should be trimmed often and kept quite free from foreign matter that may induce disease of any kind, and the trimming will have the greatest tendency to prevent pockets for the lodgment of foul material.

The feet should be kept level and the wall trimmed to almost even with the sole of the foot, with the edges of the trimmed wall nicely rounded to keep them from splitting and breaking. If the colt stands with his toes outward the outside of the foot toward the toe should be kept a little the lowest (shortest) all the time. If the toes turn inwardly (pigeon toed) then the inside toward the toes should be kept the lowest (shortest).

While the colt is young and his bones comparatively soft the position of his feet may be very much changed and defects almost completely remedied by carefully trimming the feet, whereas if allowed to grow in a defective manner it is next to impossible to make any radical change after the bones have solidified. Many very valuable horses have been radically ruined by neglect of their feet in early life. The majority of horse raisers pay little or no attention to the feet at all, thinking that they will come out O. K. anyway. This is simply trusting to good luck, and this alone will not always quite do.

Particularly the road horse is often ruined by the neglect of his feet during the first winter of his life. His feet are permitted to grow out of shape, which induces the bones to take on the form that afterwards makes him an inferior behind or a "knee-banger" in front, to say nothing of the danger to his tendons. How strange it is that we will go to so much pain to breed a good colt and then to neglect the most important points as to unfit him for the duties that his breeding naturally adapts him for, isn't it? Give the colt's feet the proper care and attention while young and very much will be done to endow the horse with a true and solid foundation—the most essential feature of his organization for usefulness.—Western Horseman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A slow milker will ruin the best cow. Give a horse drink before feeding grain. The best colts may be spoiled in breaking.

Nursing sheep is doing the work at the wrong end. No fruit is so sweet as that picked from your own vine.

Horses are often unconsciously ill-treated by their owners. A mixture of wheat and corn is good to finish off the hogs.

Young sows should not be bred until they are at least eight months old. When the pastures dry up the cows dry up, too, unless other food is provided.

Unskilful blacksmiths are responsible for a great proportion of the lameness. The best farmers abroad keep the land covered with something the whole season.

Sheep produce four crops—mutton, wool, lambs and manure. They also destroy weeds. The greatest improvement made in market stock has been the gain in early maturity.

When the horses are heated they should be covered with a blanket while left standing. It is said there never was a gray horse that did not have either a gray dam or a gray sire.

To dry horses' legs after washing, there is nothing better than sawdust well dried and then well rubbed in. Every owner thinks he has the best horse, but when it comes to buying a horse he always runs it down until the purchase is made.

The difference between good and poor care in many cases determines the difference between profit and loss in the keep of stock. It is said that a peck of naturally dried peaches given three times a day during the peach season forms an excellent feed for horses.

Some people object to bagging their grapes on the plea that the flavor of those so treated is not quite equal to those ripened in the sun.



California has women tramps. A Missouri girl has a foot fifteen and a half inches long.

Mrs. Annie Besant just now is interested in a profit-sharing laundry. Bret Harte's young daughter has inherited her father's literary tastes.

There are nearly 200,000 more women than men in England and Wales. Princess Louise, of England, is now at work upon a bust of Lord Tennyson.

There are seven women in the country who have received the degree of LL. D.

Blonde beauties revel in two ethereal shades of heliotrope, lobelia and digitalis. Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, of New York, is often referred to as the "queen of blondes."

A good stuff for inexpensive trammies is hop-sacking, made thick and matted with moire.

It is to be hoped that American women will not adopt the suggestion of Colonel Dodge that they shall ride like the Egyptian women, who use a man's saddle with shortened stirrups; then sitting as far forward on the saddle as possible they throw their feet to the rear and ride solely from balance.

The Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany is a victim of the photographic craze. She is having her photographs made in all sorts of costumes and upon all occasions. One of the latest was taken by one of her suite during a hunting expedition. It represents her with a large hunting knife by her side, a revolver in one hand and a lasso in the other.

Mrs. Catherine Mindock is the keeper of Roundout light, on the west shore of the Hudson River, just south of Kings-ton, N. Y. Her husband died one year after he had been appointed to the position during Pierce's Administration, and she at once took his place. The light is in a tower in the northeast corner of the granite dwelling in which she lives.

Miss Klumpke is a young woman astronomer at the Paris Observatory, who comes from California. With a staff of women assistants she has charge of the eastern tower. Her duty is to record the movements of planets, etc. Although only twenty-four years old, she has been a pupil in the observatory for five years, being the first woman to be so admitted.

A well known firm of fashion pattern manufacturers has lately bought from Miss Laura Lee, the young Boston artist, her designs for a reform dress for women. Miss Lee, who has an attractive personality, frequently wears this costume on the street. It consists of velvet trousers, artistically cut coat and waistcoat. It remains to be seen, however, whether other women are willing to follow this fashion.

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