

THE COMING OF NIGHT

The lettering Day looked backward, smiling,
And slipped out through the west,
Where rosy, misty forms beguiling
Besought her for their guest:
"Oh, follow, follow through the west!
Our golden portals wide are swinging
For thee alone, for thee.
And wistful voices clear are ringing
Across the darkling sea,
In eager welcoming to thee."
Aloft her silver censers holding,
The star-eyed Night drew close,
Her mantle round the hushed earth folding,
More sweetly breathed the rose,
As Night with tender tears drew close,
Her dusky sandals softly gleaming
With wandering threads of gold,
Broidered by vagrant fireflies, seeming
Beneath each wing to hold
A fairy spinning threads of gold.
With silent footfall, weaving slowly
A mystic, slumb'rous spell,
She came; and something sweet and holy
The weary earth befell.
When woven in the slumb'rous spell,
—Celia A. Hayward, in Lippencott.

ON THE BRINK.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.



HEN Lucien de Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the remainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized with vertigo and narrowly escaped falling to the floor.
With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a long leather sofa which surrounded the gambling table.
For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recognized the worn features of the different gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of his father, General de Hern, when he was a captain; then, only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a profound sleep.
When he awakened, his mouth dry and parched, he ascertained by glancing at the clock that he had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour of midnight. As he arose and stretched himself, he remembered that it was Christmas eve, and with an ironical play of the memory, he saw himself a little child and putting, before he went to bed, his shoes in front of the fireplace.
At this moment, old Dronski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approached Lucien and muttered these words through his gray beard:
"Lend me five francs, sir. It is now two days since I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my right hand if, soon, at midnight, this number is not the one."
Lucien de Hern shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place called "les cents sous du Polonais." He passed into the anteroom, took his hat and coat and went down the staircase with a feverish agility.
Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went into the club, the snow had been falling steadily and the street—a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high houses on either side—was white with snow. In the calm, black-blue sky the cold stars scintillated.
The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turning over always in his mind those hopeless thoughts and dreaming more than ever of the box of pistols which awaited him in the drawer of his commode; but after having taken several steps, he stopped suddenly before a heart-rending spectacle.
Upon a stone bench, placed according to an old custom near the large door of a private house, a little girl scarcely six or seven years old, dressed in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had fallen asleep there despite the cruel cold, in a pitiful attitude of fatigue and dejection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into corner of the wall and were resting upon the icy stone. One of the old wooden shoes with which the child was shod had fallen from the foot, which was hanging down, and lay drearily before her.
Mechanically Lucien de Hern put his hand to his vest pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he did not find even a franc, and that he could not give a cent to the club waiter; nevertheless, pushed by an instinctive sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started, perhaps, to raise her in his arms and to give her a place of shelter for the night, when he saw something glisten in the shoe which had fallen from her foot.
He bent over it; it was a twenty-five-franc piece.
A charitable person—a woman, no doubt—had passed that way, had seen that Christmas eve that shoes that had fallen in front of the sleeping child, and recalling the touching legend, she had carefully placed there

a great gift, so that the little abandoned child could believe yet in Santa Claus, and should retain, in spite of her unhappiness and misery, some confidence and some hope in the goodness of Providence.
Twenty-five francs! There was in it several days' rest and wealth for the beggar, and Lucien was upon the point of awakening her to tell her of it, when he heard near his ear, like an hallucination, a voice—the voice of the Pole with his thick and drawing accent—that murmured low these words:
"It is now two days that I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. I will cut off my right hand if, soon, at midnight, this number is not the one."
Then this young man, twenty-three years old, who was descended from a race of honorable people, who bore a superb military name, was possessed with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted street, and bending his knee and pushing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the twenty-five-franc piece.
Then, running with all his strength, he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircase with a few strides, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached it just as the clock was striking twelve placed upon the green cloth the gold piece and cried:
"I stake it all on 'seventeen'!"
Number seventeen was the winning number.
With a turn of the hand Lucien faced his double funds on "red."
Red was the winning color.
He tried all of his money again on the same color.
Red came the second time.
He doubled his preceding stakes twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a cup of gold and banknotes, and he scattered them over the table frantically.
All the combinations brought him success. It was a chance never heard of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little ivory ball jumping into the pigeon holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetized by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, which he had lost at the beginning of the evening.
At present covering with several hundred francs at a time, and served always by his fantastic luck, he was in a fair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so few years squandered.
In his haste and desire to play he had not taken off his overcoat; already he had filled the great pockets with rolls of notes and gold pieces; and not knowing where to heap up his gains he thrust paper and gold into the pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, every place that could serve as a receptacle. And he played always, and he gained always, like a madman, like a drunken man and he threw his handfuls of gold upon the table at hazard, with a gesture of certainty and disdain!
Only there was something burning in his breast like a red-hot iron, and he thought constantly of the little beggar from whom he had stolen.
She is still in the same place! She must be there! Immediately, yes, when the clock strikes one, I swear to myself that I will get away from this place. I will take her, asleep, in my arms. I will take her home with me; she shall sleep in my bed to-night; I will bring her up and I will settle a large amount on her; I will love her as my daughter, and I will take care of her always, always!
But the clock struck one, and a quarter past and half past, and a quarter to two, and Lucien was still seated at that infernal table.
At last, one minute before two, the head of the house got up abruptly and said in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for today."
With one bound Lucien was on his feet and, pushing aside recklessly the curious who surrounded and regarded him with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down the stairs and running to the stone bench there. From a distance, by the light of a gas jet, he could see the little girl.
"Thank God!" he cried, "she is still there."
He approached her, and seized her tiny hand.
"Oh, how cold she is. Poor little thing!"
He took her in his arms, and raised her to carry her. The head of the child fell back without awakening her.
"How one sleeps at her age!"
He pressed her against his breast to warm her; and, seized with a vague inquietude, he tried, in order to draw her from this heavy sleep, to kiss her on the eyelids, as one does to awaken gently a loved one.
And then he perceived with horror that the eyelids of the child were half-open, and that the eyeballs were glassy, set and sightless.
His brain whirled with a horrible suspicion; he put his mouth close to that of the little girl; not a breath came from it.
During the time Lucien had gained a fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child without a home had died, died from exposure to the cold.
Feeling in his throat a horrible choking sensation, Lucien tried to cry out, and in the effort that he made he woke up from this nightmare and found himself on the club-room sofa, where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight, and where the waiter of the gambling room, in going out

about 5 o'clock, had left him sleeping, out of pity for the ruined man.
A misty December sunrise lighted up the window panes.
Lucien went out, pawed his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and went to a recruiting officer, where he signed a voluntary engagement in the First African Infantry.
To-day Lucien de Hern is a lieutenant, he has only his pay to live on, but he gets out of it very well, being a steady officer and never touching a card; it would seem also that he finds it possible to save something out of it, for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades walking a little behind in a hilly street of the Kasps, saw him give something to a little sleeping Spanish girl in a doorway, and he had the indiscreet curiosity to see what Lucien had given to the child.
The inquisitive one was much surprised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant.
Lucien de Hern had put in the hand of this indigent child a twenty-five-franc piece.—Translated for Boston Transcript.

His Hair Turned White.

Andrew Lindsey, who has lived near Pease Bottom, Montana, for many years, was strolling through the Cochran. He was topped out in a sombrero, and had a Western flavor to his speech. Said he: I want to tell you a yarn about how a man's hair was turned gray in one week. It was just after the Custer massacre that an old fellow named Pease—we called him Major Pease, because I believe he had been in the great and only Civil War—well, he pressed forward several miles beyond the hog-back where the famous fight took place, and built a stockade at what came to be called after him, Pease Bottom. He and his men were carrying on a very thriving trade with the redskins, but at that time this business had to be conducted with great caution, because the savages were ugly and scalp hungry. Two miles from the stockade was a high point, from which a survey of the country could be had for miles in all directions. A lookout was kept here for Indians, and suspicious circumstances or warlike demonstrations were at once reported to headquarters. One afternoon in the summer a man named Paul McCormick and his partner, named Edwards, were sent out to the observatory. They were riding along at a gallop through the tall grass, and were approaching the mouth of a little coulee. Edwards was a tenderfoot, but he was a new comer in that region. As they careered along, McCormick said: "Edwards, what would you do if the Indians should bounce out of that coulee?" "Well, I'd either fight or run." These words hadn't fallen from his lips before bang! went a rifle and war-whoops rent the air. Poor Edwards dropped from his horse, and Mac, hard pressed by a band of Black-foot Sioux, made for the stockade. The people there knew what was up, and the pursuers were picked off as they came within range of the lead. The gates were opened and McCormick rushed in. His hair was white, and he continued so. The body of Edwards was found lying in the bloody and disordered grass, and the scalp was missing. It was buried on the spot, and the legend of Edwards' Coulee is one of the best known in the West. The folks at the stockade put up a rude headboard, but this has long ago gone to decay.

A Mining Opportunity Missed.

"Speaking of gold excitement," said George W. Beal in the presence of a little social gathering in West Park street a few evenings since, "reminds me of a chance I once had to purchase a placer claim in Confederate gulch. The men who owned the bar offered it to me for \$400 cash and were anxious to sell at that figure, but I hesitated. Finally I told them I would have an expert examine and test the ground and if it was what they represented it to be I would purchase it. This was satisfactory, and my expert made the test and reported unfavorably upon it. That settled the deal, and I went on my way in search of other fields. About two months later I returned to Confederate gulch and found a six-mule team and a wagon behind it containing two tons of gold taken from a portion of the bar those men wanted to sell me for \$400. The team was ready to start for Fort Benton with the gold and was surrounded by thirty armed men, who were to guard the metal on the way. After I refused to purchase the ground the men concluded to work it themselves, and from a space of 100 feet square had taken the two tons of gold. I have not seen the 'expert' since then." —Bette Miner.

The Arab at Home.

Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of the expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1888 to explore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, "I lived with many of the wild tribes around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most depraved race, robbing, cheating, lying and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twenty cents a day for diggers and guards I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache his friends burn him with red-hot irons, and many times I have seen wounds carefully filled with iron rust. Their government, or rather lack of government, is a practical exhibition of anarchy."



COLD BRIDLE BITS.

During the bitter, cold weather in winter much suffering is thoughtlessly inflicted on horses by putting cold bridle bits into their mouths. If the person who does this will apply his tongue to a piece of iron on a frosty morning he will understand at once what the suffering to the poor brutes is. To slightly warm the bits before putting them into the horse's mouth would require only a small expenditure of labor. This can be done by rubbing them with a blanket or other cloth a moment or two if other means of warming are not at hand. The beneficial results in the gentleness of the animal will amply compensate it.—Detroit Free Press.

BANKING UP THE HOUSE FOR WINTER.

In exposed, bleak situations farmers and others find it very beneficial to bank up the north and west sides of their dwellings, as a means of keeping, not only the frost out of the cellar, but adding warmth to the rooms adjoining the banking. More particularly is this advisable in old houses that have not been provided with a covering of building paper, and in which the cellar wall is more or less dilapidated and open for frosty air to enter. A cleanly plan is to drive down stakes eighteen inches from the wall, attaching boards to a foot or more in height, filling in the space with clean straw, hay or even corn-stalks, which should be firmly trodden down and the whole covered with loose boards. This looks better than half-rotten manure piled along the wall for the chickens to scratch away. There is also no staining of the painted surface with which it may come in contact.—American Agriculturist.

COLORING WHITEWASH.

An inquirer who has been in the practice of simply whitewashing his fences and outbuildings, wishes information for giving the work a light brown or drab, more nearly white than many which he sees, which are so dark as to be positively gloomy, and he inquires for the best way of making the lime into the wash. Procure fresh or caustic lime, put a peck or more into a tub or barrel, and cover it six inches above with hot water; cover it to keep in the steam. When cold, add enough water to reduce to a wash which may be easily applied with a brush. Two pounds of rice flour will make it spread more easily, mixing it with cold water before it is put in; stir thoroughly. Or, instead of the rice water, add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and a pound of salt; this will harden it better on exposed wood-work. To give it the right color, add a pound or two of yellow ochre for cream color, or two pounds of amber, or less if lighter is desired, or for a light slate color or gray, add half a pound of lampblack, or a h. quantity. We have found a durable wash for outdoor work of a peck of water-lime, half a peck of fine clear sand, or as much as the water will hold in suspension, with enough water to apply it.—Country Gentleman.

TO KEEP GATES LEVEL.

A gate that sags is an eyesore on a farm, and makes the place look as if there was no one to take care of it. Besides this, it is a source of inconvenience to those who must use it and is always likely to be left unfastened. The following idea, communicated by some practical and ingenious correspondent of the Farmer's Voice, is worthy the attention of those who would like to cure the evil at a moderate cost:
Take two pieces of three by four scantling, one piece four or five feet long, according to the height of the first; and the other twice the length of the first; then let the boards into the uprights their dovetail a brace into the notches already cut, running from the top of the latch end to the bottom of the hinge end. This brace can be made of a three-fourths strip of board, and should be about four inches wide. After putting the gate together put on battens and nail them firmly to the scantling; also nail battens in the centre, and for these wrought nails should be used. To give a support, a three-eighths rod of iron should be fastened at the top of the hinge scantling and extend down to and pass through the top of the latch end, with a nut upon the end, so that the rod may be drawn tight. After tightening, cut the end of the rod off even with the nut. The rod support may be used upon a picket gate, as well as upon one of boards.

EDUCATION OF COWS.

Is there such a thing as educating cows to be rapid milkers? And can all cows be educated thus? asks the Farming World. When a boy the writer worked on a dairy farm, the proprietor of which had the reputation of being a rapid milker. He broke in a number of heifers each year, and always milked these himself. His claim was that it was this early training largely that made the difference in the time required for milking. His method was simply to begin milking as soon as seated, and continue rapidly and uninterruptedly until all the milk was drawn from the udder, and to do so stripping. The last part of the milk was sometimes drawn by pressing from

the upper part of the udder downward, upon first one side of the udder and then the other, with one hand, drawing the milk from the corresponding teats with the other. With some cows not even this was necessary. He claimed that the habit of giving down milk rapidly and completely, with no retention of the strippings, was easily formed with heifers if they were always milked thus; that if the milker dawdled over his work the cows would get in the habit of giving down their milk in the same manner. His cow certainly supported his claim, and little stripping was necessary in his herd. Occasionally a cow was found which was a hard milker, and a test slitter was usually employed to render the operation of milking easier. Isn't this part of the subject—the proper training of the heifers—worthy of more attention than it generally receives?

UNCULTIVATED HONEY PRODUCERS.

It is a singular fact that many of the best honey plants are what are characterized, in common language, as weeds. But whether it will pay to cultivate weeds for the honey which they produce is a point that yet lacks demonstration. Among these weeds there is none that takes higher rank as a honey producer than the motherwort. The bees make patches of motherwort very busy during its season of blossoming. The figwort is another excellent producer. Catnip, wild mustard, milkweed, teasel, bopset, snapdragons, smartworts, Spanish needles, wild sunflowers, golden-rod, wild asters, borehound, sage, and bergamot, are all honey producers of varying excellence. In New England the goldenrod is esteemed for both the quantity and quality of the honey from its blossoms.
Of trees, the best honey producer is, probably, the basswood. It blooms in July, and a basswood tree is one constant murmur, when in bloom, from the numerous bees busy in its top. But there are few basswood trees grown, and the supply from this source is necessarily limited. The same produces a good supply of honey, as also does the tulip tree. Some willows, the silver, red and rock maples, aspen poplars, locusts and fruit trees—peach, plum, pear, cherry, apple, quince—all are honey producers; but the honey from them comes so early in the season as to be used, generally, in building up the broods. They are rather an indirect than a direct source of supply of stored honey, for they produce the producers rather than the product. For this reason only is mention made of them in this connection, for the fruit trees are really cultivated, not uncultivated, honey producers. In some seasons, from fruit blossoms, and particularly from apple blossoms, a small amount of delicately flavored honey, of very inviting appearance, is stored, but, as a rule, the nectar and pollen thence derived are used in strengthening the colonies, so as to have a strong body of workers when the real flow of the season begins. Without such a body of workers to gather in the harvest, the surplus store of honey would be small.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Sheep, in prime order, yield the strongest staple.
Fresh manures often excite the trees to a too rapid growth.
With young stock, much depends upon the first year's growth.
Even the hardiest strawberry will do better if it has a winter mulch.
It will pay to churn twice rather than mix cream in different stages of ripening.
Cows that are for any reason imperfectly milked, soon degenerate into worthless animals.
Sheep, like all other stock, want good food regularly to do their best and return a profit.
If the salt is not evenly distributed the butter will present a streaked and mottled appearance.
Feed cows twice a day—only twice. Let them chew the cud well between meals. They are built that way.
When a cow leaks her milk badly, wetting with milk thoroughly after milking her will sometimes stop it.
An old rubber shoe wrapped around a tree just above the roots is said to act as a preservative against grubs.
Wash and cook the potatoes that are too small for market or table use. They are good for pigs or chickens.
The comb of a fowl is a serious indicator of the health of the bird. As long as it is red and full size there is not much danger but the health is good.
Stone floors or those made from cement are not to be used in a hen house, on account of it being too cold. It chills the hen so as to retard her laying qualities.
Never let any animal get in poor flesh. If you do your profit upon it is gone. The expense of restoring it to good condition is greater than the profit in any sort of stock will warrant.
Too much washing of butter occasions a loss of flavor. Freezing damages butter, but if it is to be held long in storage it is better to freeze it, as it will go off flavor faster when held unfrozen.

Electric.

There ought to be an electric machine to fog the memory; we forget too much and learn too little. We know what's best but forget it at the wrong time. Brain action should be like a flash. There are thousands now suffering intensely with neuralgia. Let them remember the cure, St. Jacobs Oil. Its effects are electrical.

"Sweet Sixteen."

Hood's calendar, always a welcome guest, has made its appearance for 1894, and is more beautiful than ever. The head is that of a lovely girl just "sweet sixteen," in delicate and natural colors. Besides being a thing of beauty, it is especially valuable for the general information presented. The figures are plainly printed in pleasing and harmonious colors, and the effect is most satisfactory. The calendars can be obtained of any druggist, or by sending six cents in stamps for one and ten cents for two to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Over eight millions of them were printed to supply the immense demand.
These calendars are issued by the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the well-known medicine which has gained such renown by its wonderful cures in cases where the blood was poisoned or impure. The great laboratory in which it is made, has a capacity for fifty thousand bottles a day, and is the largest building in the world devoted to the manufacture of a medicine. The sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla in all sections of the country are enormous. The proprietors have never claimed that it would cure every ailment, but they show by thousands of testimonials that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood, builds up the system and cures those diseases caused by impure blood and debility, such as scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. It is a great preventive of the grip, and it restores the wasted vital forces after a sleep of that dreaded malarial, torturing the system against future attacks.
The fact that great care is exercised in the preparation of this medicine, and that nothing has ever been claimed for it except as warranted by previous cures, has much to do with the confidence felt by the public in its curative powers. The motto of the proprietors is, "It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story," and it is what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, as shown by the published statements of persons whom it has cured, that has placed it at the head in the field of medicine in the present day.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured.

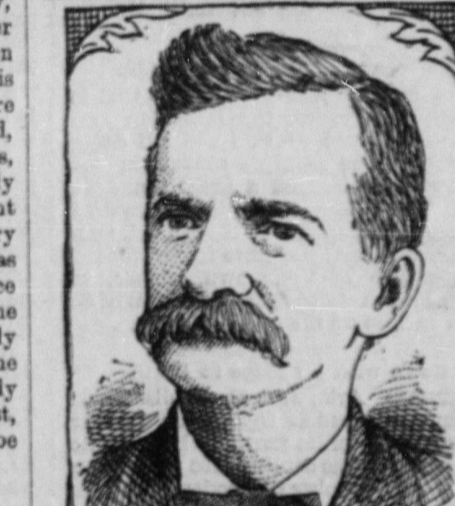
With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh—a blood-poisoned condition, disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

The Most Pleasant Way.

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.
"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are an exceedingly effective. Christian World, London, Eng.

A Beautiful Scented Spoon.

Will be sent with every bottle of Dr. Hazzell's Certain Croup Cure. Ordered by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. Address, Hazzell's, 211 E. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



A DUTY TO THE PUBLIC.

"I felt it a duty to the public to send this certificate. I had the grip in the winter of '91 and '92 so severely that it deprived me of the use of my arms so that my wife had to dress and undress me. I tried five doctors and not one accomplished anything. Then I determined to try
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Before I had taken one bottle I had the use of my arms, thank God. These facts can be verified by many persons here. I am pastor of the M. E. Church," Dr. CLAFIAN, Church Creek, Md. Get only Hood's.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills.
S. Y. N. C.—4

Thin Children Grow Fat on Scott's Emulsion, because fat foods make fat children. They are thin, and remain thin just in proportion to their inability to assimilate food rich in fat.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is especially adaptable to those of weak digestion—it is partly digested already. Astonishing how quickly a thin person gains solid flesh: by its use Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Brown, N. Y. All druggists.

BAD BLOOD

Is a source of much suffering. The system should be thoroughly cleansed of all impurities, and the blood kept pure and free from acid. S. S. S. removes all kinds of whatever origin, and builds up the general health.

For three years I was so troubled with eczema that I could not get any rest. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped me. I made a cure of my skin and feel better than ever. S. S. S. is the best. RICH, Ottawa, Kan.

MADE PURE

Our Bunch on Blood and Bile. Druggists marked here. ANTON SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.