

SILVER AND GOLD.

Farwell, my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free,
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

A puzzle this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lure flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize!
But I'm not sordid-souled;
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the Winter's bond slave,
You are the Summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
(Yet you grew never old)—
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold.

—Edith M. Thomas.

BACK FROM THE TOMB.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.



HE guests filed slowly into the hotel's great dining hall and took their places, the waiters began to serve them leisurely, to give the tardy ones time to arrive and to save themselves the bother of bringing back the courses; and the old bathers, the yearly habitués, with whom the season was far advanced, kept a close watch on the door each time it opened, hoping for the coming of new faces.

New faces! the single distraction of all pleasure resorts. We go to dinner chiefly to canvass the daily arrivals, to wonder who they are, what they do and what they think. A restless desire seems to have taken possession of us, a longing for pleasant adventures, for friendly acquaintances, perhaps for possible lovers. In this elbow-to-elbow life our unknown neighbors become of paramount importance. Curiosity is piqued, sympathy on the alert, and the social instinct doubly active.

That evening, then, as on every evening, we waited the appearance of unfamiliar faces.

There came only two, but very peculiar ones, those of man and woman—father and daughter. They seemed to have stepped from the pages of some weird legend; and yet there was an attraction about them, albeit an unpleasant one, that made me set them down at once as the victims of some fatality.

The father was tall, spare, a little bent, with hair blanched white, too white for his still young countenance, and in his manner and about his person the sedate austerity of carriage that bespeaks the puritan. The daughter was, possibly, some twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was very slight, emaciated, her exceedingly pale countenance bearing a languid, spiritless expression; one of those people whom we sometimes encounter, apparently too weak for the cares and tasks of life, too feeble to move or do things that we must do every day. Nevertheless the girl was pretty, with the ethereal beauty of an apparition. It was she, undoubtedly, who came for the benefit of the waters.

They chanced to be placed at table immediately opposite to me; and I was not long in noticing that the father, too, had a strange affection—something wrong about the nerves, it seemed. Whenever he was going to reach for anything his hand, with a jerky twitch, described a sort of zig-zag before it was able to grasp what he was after. Soon the motion disturbed me so much I kept my head turned in order not to see it. But not before I had also observed that the young girl kept her glove on her left hand while she ate.

Dinner ended, I went out as usual for a turn in the grounds belonging to the establishment. A sort of park, I might say, stretching clear to the little station of Auvergne, Chatel-Guyon, nestling in a gorge at the foot of the high mountain, from which flowed the sparkling, bubbling springs, hot from the furnace of an ancient volcano. Beyond us there, the domes, small extinct craters—of which Chatel-Guyon is the starting point—raised their serrated heads above the long chain; while beyond the domes came two distinct regions, one of them needle-like peaks, the other of bold, precipitous mountains.

It was very warm that evening and I contented myself with pacing to and fro under the rustling trees, gazing at the mountains and listening to the strains of the band, pouring from the Casino, situated on a knoll that overlooked the grounds.

Presently, I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I bowed to them in that pleasant continental fashion with which one always salutes his hotel companions. The gentleman halted at once.

"Pardon, me, sir," said he, "but may I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty if possible?"

"Certainly," I answered, and I offered to lead them myself to the valley through which the swift river flows—a deep, narrow cleft between two great declivities, rocky and wooded.

They accepted, and as we walked we naturally discussed the virtue of the mineral waters. They had, as I surmised, come there on his daughter's account.

"She has a strange malady," said he, "the seat of which her physicians cannot determine. She suffers from the most inexplicable nervous symptoms. Sometimes they declare her ill of a heart disease, sometimes of a liver complaint, again of a spinal trouble. At present they attribute it to the stomach—that great motor and regulator of the body—this protean disease of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. It is why we are here. I, myself, think it her nerves. In any case, it is very sad."

This reminded me of his own jerking head.

"It may be hereditary," says I; "your own nerves are a little disturbed, are they not?"

"Mine?" he answered, tranquilly. "Not at all; I have always possessed the calmest nerves." Then, suddenly, as if bethinking himself:

"For this," touching his hand, "is not nerves, but the result of a shock, a terrible shock that I suffered once. Fancy it, sir; this child of mine has been buried alive!"

I could find nothing to say; I was dumb with surprise.

"Yes," he continued, "buried alive; but hear the story; it is not long. For some time past Juliette had seemed affected with a disordered action of the heart. We were finally certain that the trouble was organic, and feared the worst. One day it came; she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. Physicians came in haste, but nothing could be done. She was gone. For two days and two nights I watched beside her myself, and with my own hands placed her in her coffin, which I followed to the cemetery and saw placed in the family vault. This was in the country, in the province of Lorraine.

"It had been my wish, too, that she should be buried in her jewels, bracelets, necklace and rings, all presents that I had given her, and in her first ball dress. You can imagine, sir, the state of my heart in returning home. She was all that I had left; my wife had been dead for many years. I returned, in truth, half mad, shut myself alone in my room and fell into my chair dazed, unable to move, merely a miserable, breathing wreck.

"Soon my old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last sleep, came in noiselessly to see if he could not induce me to eat. I shook my head, answered nothing. He persisted.

"Monsieur is wrong; this will make him ill. Will monsieur allow me, then, to put him to bed?"

"No, no," I answered. "Let me alone."

"He yielded and withdrew.

"How many hours passed I do not know. What a night! What a night! It was very cold; my fire of logs had long since burned out in the great fireplace; and the wind, a wintry blast, charged with an icy frost, howled and screamed about the house and strained at my windows with a curiously sinister sound.

"Long hours, I say, rolled by. I sat still where I had fallen, prostrated, overwhelmed; my eyes wide open, but my body strengthless, dead; my soul drowned in despair. Suddenly the great bell gave a loud peal.

"I gave such a leap that my chair cracked under me. The slow, solemn sound rang through the empty house. I looked at the clock.

"It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour?"

"Twice again the bell pulled sharply. The servants would never answer, perhaps never hear it. I took up a candle and made my way to the door. I was about to demand:

"Who is there? but, ashamed of the weakness, I turned myself and drew back the bolts. My heart throbbed, my pulse beat, I threw back the panel brusquely, and there, in the darkness, saw a shape like a phantom, dressed in white.

"I recoiled, speechless with anguish, stammering:

"Who—who are you?"

"A voice answered:

"It is I, father."

"It was my child, Juliette.

"Truly, I thought myself mad. I shuddered, shrinking backward before the spectre as it advanced, gesticulating with my hand to ward off the apparition. It is that gesture which has never left me.

"Again the phantom spoke:

"Father, father! See, I am not dead. Some one came to rob me of my jewels—they cut off my finger—the flowing blood revived me."

"And I saw then that she was covered with blood. I fell to my knees panting, sobbing, laughing, all in one. As soon as I regained my senses, but still so bewildered I scarcely comprehended the happiness that had come to me, I took her in my arms, carried her to my room and rang frantically for Prosper to rekindle the fire, bring a warm drink for her and go for the doctor.

"He came running, entered, gazed a moment at my daughter in the chair, gave a gasp of fright and horror and fell back—dead.

"It was he who had opened the vault, who had wounded and robbed my child and then abandoned her; for he could not efface all trace of his deed; and he had not even taken the trouble to return the coffin to its niche; sure, besides, of not being suspected by me, who trusted him so fully. We are truly very unfortunate people, monsieur."

He was silent. Meanwhile the night had come on, enveloping in the gloom the still and solitary little valley; a sort of mysterious dread seemed to

fall upon me in the presence of these strange beings—this corpse came to life and this father with his painful gestures.

"Let us return," said I; "the night has grown chill."

And, still in silence, we traced our steps back to the hotel, and I shortly afterwards returned to the city. I lost all further knowledge of the two peculiar visitors to my favorite summer resort.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial ear drums are a success.

Insect eggs have the greatest vitality.

The sour gourd trees of Africa are the oldest living vegetation.

The apple contains a larger amount of phosphorus, or brain food, than any other fruit.

The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.

Microscopists say that the strongest microscopes do not, probably, reveal the lowest stage of animal life.

There are 100 students taking the course of electrical engineering at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

It was twenty-nine days from the casting of the Lick objective glass before it had cooled sufficiently for safe removal.

The Electrical Review says the electrical purification of sewage "is a complete success, chemically and bacteriologically."

The South Sea Islands is the home of a worm which emerges from its hiding place only one day of a certain change of the moon in October.

The East Indian ship worm will in a few months destroy any vessel by eating out the interior of the beams and planks. They will be left a mere shell that can be shattered by the fist.

The onion has virtues to which thousands of people will swear. This is its ability to ward off attacks of malaria in any form, and to cure cases as rapidly as the strongest doses of quinine.

A New York lady has so contrived matters that she can, before getting out of bed, start a fire in the kitchen by turning on the current, and when she comes down stairs finds the kettle boiling and the place comfortably warmed.

J. J. Hogan, a mechanical student of Yale College, has invented a remarkable instrument, called the Kinestimeter, which is used to measure the slightest motion perceptible to the test of touch. The measure is one millimeter per second.

The important discovery has been made by Doctor Backeland that the addition of a minute amount of a soluble flourid to yeast will preserve it for more than six months. Doubtless other important applications will be made of this remarkable property of the soluble flourids.

Mr. Graham, the great British electrician, has invented a "loud-speaking telephone," an apparatus which gathers and materializes the wave sounds to such a wonderful degree that they can be heard any place in a large room, even after traveling over the wires hundreds of miles.

How Hard Times Make Soldiers.

It is an interesting fact that hard times usually bring plenty of recruits to the United States Army. A recruiting sergeant told me that it is easier now to recruit a good class of young men and plenty of them than it has been for years.

"You see," he said, "there are hundreds of young fellows who usually earn good enough wages in the mills and factories of New York, Newark and other cities in this vicinity, who have been out of work during the past winter. When every other resource seems to be exhausted many of these young fellows turn to Uncle Sam and enlist in his service.

"It isn't patriotism nor love of adventure that impels them to put on the blue. It is stern necessity. The pay is poor and the task is hard, but they enlist, many of them, rather than turn to beggary or theft."—New York Herald.

Strange History of a Cherry Tree.

In the management of a cherry tree the late Almeron Higby, of Watson, Lewis County, may be regarded by some people as wiser in his day and generation than the youthful George Washington. When nine years old he planted a cherry stone, from which grew a tree that was known by his parents as "the boy's tree." When it began to bear cherries he picked the fruit, sold it, and saved the money. This he continued to do during his entire life. Last summer, at the age of fifty-nine, his health declined, and the tree also began to decay. So he cut it down, had the trunk sawed into boards, and with his own hands made a pretty cherry coffin for himself. A few days ago he died, and all of his funeral expenses were paid from the money that he had saved as the proceeds of the sale of the cherries.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Oil of Eggs.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and the oil may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of South Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, etc.—St. Louis Star-Bayings.



PLANT BEETS AS COW FEED.

Sugar beets are worth more to feed to cows for milk and butter than the prices which the sugar-beet factories offer for them for making sugar. So it is not necessary that a farmer should be located near a beet-root sugar factory in order to make beet growing pay. If he has the right kind of cows he can make more money feeding beets to them than he can sell them for in any other way. The same is true of most of the grain products of the farm.—Boston Cultivator.

THE PELLICLE OF THE BUTTER GLOBULE.

The claim made in a communication from Dr. Hopkins, of Vermont, that he was opposed to the alleged existence of any pellicle on the butter globules as long ago as 1860, is cheerfully recognized. This opposition has long been common among physicians and physiologists, who know of milk as a simple emulsion, while those who have favored it have been persons who based belief on a very common mistake made by inexperienced microscopists, who ignored the effects of the refraction of light from glistening objects, thus viewed, and in this way imagined the supposed pellicle. Dr. Hopkins claims that when he made the discovery there was no such thing in 1860, when he published the fact. But hard work has been done since then to change the prevalent popular belief to the contrary.—New York Times.

FATTENING PIGS ON WHEAT.

Where maize can be grown to perfection it will probably continue to be one of the chief food materials for fattening swine, but in colder climates other foods must be grown for this purpose. H. T. French, of the Oregon Station, has continued the experiments of feeding wheat to pigs, and the results are especially interesting to farmers, who find the market price of wheat about the same as that of corn.

In the rate of grain produced, the results compare favorably with those obtained from feeding corn. Chopped wheat proved to be better than chopped oats, and there was 134 pounds of gain for each bushel of wheat consumed. The quality of the meat was all that could be desired in fat pork. There was a good thickness of fat, and, at the same time, a good distribution of lean meat. The pigs were eleven months old when slaughtered. The pigs were not in pasture at any time, but were in pens connected with small yards. They were fed twice each day, at eight in the morning, and at five in the evening. Each ration was weighed out, and allowed to soak until the time for the next feed. A handful of salt was added to each feeding, and charcoal was given to them twice a week. The breed was a cross of the Poland-China and Berkshire, with the Berkshire points predominating.—American Agriculturist.

SEED GRAIN.

Seed grain, whether barley, oats, wheat or flax, should be selected with great care. The Idaho Station advocates testing the grain before sowing. This can be done by the farmer, it says, and requires but a few days. The seed may be sown in a box of soil and the box kept in a warm exposure. The soil must be kept moist.

Another and easier way is to float a piece of thick sheet cotton on water. The grain to be tested is placed on the cotton and is covered with a similar sheet. On removing the cover the grain is exposed to view, and the sprouted grain can be quickly counted.

A good germinator or seed tester can be made out of a coal-oil can, a block of wood and two pieces of cloth. Cut one of the sides out of the can. Place the block of wood within the can, allowing it to rest on the bottom. The block should be two inches thick, about as wide as the can and three-fourths as long. Pour one to one and one-half inches of water in the can. Stretch one of the ends of the cloth to dip in the water. The other piece of cloth is used for a cover and is put on in the same way. The seeds to be tested are put between the folds of cloth. Capillary attraction keeps the cloth damp. Keep clean and fresh water in the germinator and set in a warm place.

To prevent smut use one pound of "blue-stone" to four gallons of water. Allow the grain to remain in contact with the liquid for five minutes.

Never sow seed that is foul with seed of weeds and other grains. The wild oats must be got out of the way. A great help in this direction is to destroy as much of the wild oat seed as possible. Every seed sown brings forth nearly a hundred more.—New York World.

IMPROVED PEACH ORCHARDS.

Every spring a large number of peach orchards are planted in different parts of the country, and nearly all are arranged in the old way of setting them in squares or in rows both ways for horse culture, and training them up to a head five feet high on a bare stem at that height. As many farmers and orchardists are now carrying out their plans for spring planting, a few practical suggestions may be of use.

The tendency of all peach tree growth is in running up and out horizontally into bare poles and arms, which gradually reduce the value of

the trees and lessen the excellence of the fruit. The duration of the trees is lessened, and they perish much sooner than under a better treatment. First of all, the superiority of broadcast cultivation should be appreciated, as compared with only narrow strips or circles of cultivated ground. The roots of both young and old peach trees extend from the foot of the trees to a distance of at least equal to the height of the trees. This we have proved by experiments, showing that the trees, ten and twelve feet high, send out roots thirteen feet in length and are increased in growth by manure placed at that distance. It is therefore of little comparative importance whether the narrow spot at the base of the tree receives manure or not. There could be, therefore, but little objection to the side branches extending nearly to the ground.

There are several reasons for such low headed trees. The annual pruning or cutting back is more easily performed, much of it being done while the operator stands on the ground. The thinning, which all heavy-bearing trees should receive, is more easily done. The fruit may be more easily gathered. There will be but little ground that may not be subjected to horse cultivation, for the shade of the foliage above will prevent much growth of weeds closely around the stem and a light and broad harrow will stir nearly all the soil by passing under.

Planters who wish to adopt the low-headed, compact training, should not purchase trees more than a year old, or which have heads already formed several feet high; but procure one-year trees from the bud, or else those which have already been trained within a few inches of the ground.—Country Gentleman.

A MODEL FARM.

Elmdale farm, owned by George W. Swett & Son, is one of the best farms in Hampden Corner, Me. In the large cow barn they have a silo (built on a level with the floor), 8x18 feet base measure and seventeen feet high, filled to about two-thirds its capacity with fine cut corn fodder, which they have been successfully feeding this winter.

The corn was cut, then carried by power and dropped into the silo, where it was leveled and trodden like hay in a mow. No weights were used. It is now carried in baskets to the cribs and the grain rations are scattered over it. Two quarts of grain fed in that way are as good as three fed alone. It is needless to say that Mr. Swett intends to fill his silo another season.

A tank is placed on the upper floor of the stable, so that water may be carried to the barns. The water is supplied by a windmill. There are two of these on the farm, one near the buildings and one in the pasture.

In front of the stable, running the whole length of the crib, is a covered trough, six inches each way, and lined with zinc. A little hot water put into the tank tempers the drink for the animals. It is carried by pipes to the trough. The stable, also, is very convenient and fitted for four horses.

The farm workshop is well stocked with wood-working tools, and has an anvil and forge. Cold and rainy days are spent here pleasantly and profitably.

Mr. Swett sets the tires as well as rims the wheels, and has invented a simple but effective device for that work. Other inventions of his are a drill, a punch and a machine to cut iron pipe.

Commencing in the milk business twenty-six years ago, Mr. Swett drove the cart himself for seven years, missing only three trips during that time. Twenty-four years ago he bought this farm of 100 acres, pleasantly situated at Hampden Corner, six miles from Bangor. The large convenient buildings are kept in thorough repair.—New England Farmer.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Patience is needed in teaching the calf to drink.

A good blooded colt may be made no better than a scrub by being half starved.

After the growth is made the meat hog or the lard hog is a matter of feeding.

It is calculated that with every 1200-pound steer there are 349 pounds of waste.

In raising strawberries keep the ground moist and mellow by frequent cultivation.

The food of pigs must, to produce good results, be largely nitrogenous or muscle forming.

Give the chickens plenty of mother, that is, do not give the care of too many chickens to one hen.

Every farmer should remember that pigs cannot digest properly sour milk or sour feed of any kind.

Excitable horses can generally be quieted by smoothing the head and rubbing down over the eyes.

Much of the distemper which prevails in spring months might be prevented by a little judicious care.

Usually the hog with coarse, straight hair will not fatten near so rapidly as the one with fine, soft hair.

The early habits of the colt will cling to it through life, hence the importance of teaching it from the beginning to travel at a brisk walk.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The play of color in the opal is due to minute fissures in the stone.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 7c.

A Beautiful Souvenir Spoon will be sent with every bottle of Dr. Hazzell's Certain Croup Cure. Ordered by mail, post-paid, 50 cts. Address: Hazzell, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shiloh's Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incontinent Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., \$1

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.



"I Could Not Walk"

Because of a running sore on my ankle, I was not able even to do anything. After the

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt a great deal better, and now after taking I am well. The sore has healed, and I am able to walk several miles without feeling tired. Mrs. BERRY, Box 88, Willshoro, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

A Queer But Gifted Bird.

One of the most interesting, and at the same time relatively most abundant, birds in the Zoological Gardens at present is a fowl which is known by the pseudo-classical name of channa. It is of unwieldy bulk, and has grumpy looking legs. But in spite of this, it is said by that accomplished ornithologist, W. H. Hudson, to soar and sing in a way that rivals the lark. It is also the most truly amphibious of all birds, as has been lately pointed out in the ibis.

Its swimming powers are apparently quite on a par with those of the duck, and it has this advantage over that bird that it is clothed in a kind of Boynton costume, which is furnished by innumerable air spaces in the skin. These various gifts, combined with an interesting appearance, render the bird one of the most striking exhibits in the Zoo; but the drawback is in the voice, which—possibly on account of the atmosphere of this metropolis—is far from being larklike as Mr. Hudson states of the channa when upon its native pampas.—London Daily News.

Killed by a Dream.

The burial at Altoons, Penn., of a young wife, Mrs. Mary Gruble, develops facts that illustrate most tragically the power of mind over matter. Mrs. Gruble went to bed and fell asleep, seemingly in her usual good health, remarks the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Fifteen minutes later she wakened a terrible condition of nervous shock and prostration, produced by a dream. As soon as she could speak, she related that in a dream she saw a man trying to kill her husband in the cellar. She regained her reasoning faculties to the extent of realizing fully that the horrible scene spoken of was the illusion of a dream, but the shock to her nervous organization was so great that she could not rally, and in a few hours she was cold in death.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.