THE CROAKER.

When it ain't a-goin' to blow, It'll snow. It'll snow! When the land with cash is hummin', There's a money panie comin'! When the sky is beamin' bright, There's a hurricane in sight! And you'll know. And you'll know. It was him who told you so!

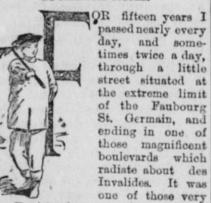
When the crops are growin' fine, They'll decline, They'll decline! When the weather's kinder sunny, All the heat will melt the honey! When it's lookin' rather wet, It will drown the eotton yet! And you'll know. And you'll know, It was him who told you so!

He's a great one in his way, Every day, Every day! He is always prophesying:

You are either dead, or dying : And no matter what you do, It's exactly as he knew! And you'll know, Know, know, It was him who told you so! -F. L. Stanton.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE,

BY FRANCOIS COPPER,



rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one abode even nore isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a graveled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's house nor porter's lodge-nothing but that nest in the foliage.

The pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always care-fully attended to, was a proof of that. will die of weariness in that cage in ery,—'It is better that it should be garden, gay with flowers, always care-In winter, the smoke from the chim-neys rose to the gray sky, and in the sing very rarely, since in the many death, the heirs no doubt would have evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in sombre livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right to go with some friends to Lower Norhad I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hosts of the closed house?

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit. mechanically turned my steps so pulmonary consumption." as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only had I heard that incomparable pnly by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was absowas dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetsilence of the night.

She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of ered in the gardens raked by professional maestri. Yes, it certainly was grief or fidelity. a folk song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue in which persons I met on the Boulevard was the words were written, but I felt Prince Khaloff. I told him how much there the plaintive inspiration, and I had been moved at the news of the fancied that I detected in them the singer's death, and I could not hide sad spirit of the North. The air was from him the instinctive antipathy thrilling, the voice sublime. It hard- which I felt toward Lobanof. ly lasted two minutes, but I never felt "Behold, you people of imagina-in all my life such a deep musical sention!" cried the prince. "You were

to make all haste to get home.

sian with whom I was very intimate. from the gun of a savage, will end the 'I shall never forget it," I said warm- poor boy's life and sorrows. Take

dear sir, in having had such a rare have been that of Stolberg, with whom would have become one of the great-that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof est singers of the century if she had is dead.'" not been suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all Yes, for two years we were without commission and left Russia without work of destruction had begun. saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden chance."

"So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Say rather for a great passion!" cried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous was there in the green room on the evening when Basil-who, I should tell you, is ashandsome as a god-was presented to her, and I saw the divapale with emotion, even under her powder and paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. But immediately he became ae jealous as a Mussulman-yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a

sombre look over the house. That look seemed to express pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot! desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil-sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagethat it is disease which gives her voice | There might be mushrooms within its wonderful power and extraordi- and even grass growing on the floor times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, end badly."

The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe mandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mlle. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of

I had never seen Stolberg. Once voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to lutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on me the fulfilment of Prince Khaloff's the trees in the garden. All nature dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been some notes were struck on a piano extinguished, deeply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, the windows were partly open, though also, sho was full of regrets for the not enough for one to see the interior former triumphs of her abandoned of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so sad to me that I fairly hated the man ness and power, burst forth upon the who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egotist, a brute. I was certain that he would soon console himself for the loss of his wife, that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unprimitive music which are never gath- worthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of

On my return to Paris, one of the first

sation, and long after the song had charmed for an instant by this wodied away, I felt still vibrating within man's voice, and you feel a posthume the final melodious note, sharp, mous love for her, and a retrospective penetrating, sad, like a long cry of jealousy of my poor friend. I own to pain. I remained there for a long you that I have always thought Basil time in the hope of hearing that de- a more sensual than sensible man, licious voice again, but suddenly a more passionate than tender; but I storm burst upon the city. The wind have seen him since poor Ida's death, shook the trees. I felt a large drop and he is a prey, I assure you, to the of rain on my hand. I was obliged most horrible and sincere despair. Some days afterward I was in the him, he cast himself in my arms, and Casino at Dieppe with some jolly com- repeated to me, as he wept on my panions, and took part in an anima- shoulder, that he could live no longer. ted discussion upon music. I praised And it was not pretence. He goes at popular airs, which spring spontane- once to Senegal, to join the Jackson ously from an innocent sentiment. In mission, a party of explorers, who aid of my theory, I related my adven- will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not "What do you think of this air?" I common, you will own. It is to be asked Prince Khaloff, a young Rus- feared that fever or cholers, or a shot

ly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, "Well," replied the young prince, he had before his departure an idea "you can congratulate yourself, my which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has treat. That melody is a song of the been so happy and so unhappy, besailors of Drontheim, away out in longs to him. Well, he has closed it Norway, and the beautiful voice must forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate we were all in love two years ago, that abode of love and sorrow. You when she made her debut in St. Peters-can pass there now, and see the burg-that Stolberg was the rival of house fall into ruin, and on the day her countrywoman Nilsson, and who when they put a notice upon it, on

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, kinds by her love for Count Basil I went to see the deserted house. The Lobanof, at that time my com- shutters were closed; the dead leaves rade in the Guards, when we of the great plane tree, half-bare (it were both cornets in the cavalry. was the end of autnmn), covered the grass of the lawh. Weeds forced their news of Basil. He had given up his way through the gravelled walk. The

Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of himself in Paris with his wife; but the great anxiety felt over the fate of we were ignorant of the piace of his Jackson and his companions, from retreat till you now revealed it by whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I say it decay, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster dirtations when she met Lobanof. 1 of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall; the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The lowers were not cultivated: the rosebushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geraniums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were disdained even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the

Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen ment. He married her- and since absolutely into ruins. The great tree then they have hidden themselves in | which was near the house, and whose Paris, in the retreat which you dis- foliage was no longer kept in check by covered. They must be dead in love. trimming, had thrust one of its im-But I will wager that Easil will get mense branches through the window. over it. He is built like the Farnese The shutters had fallen off, and the Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg | tree had pushed its way into the inis consumptive. They pretend even terior of the disembowelled house. nary sweetness and pathos. Her gift of the salon. Each time I passed beis the result of disease, like the pearl. fore the old ruin which had come to All the same, no matter how much in to the last stages of decay, I thought, caused steps to be taken at once for its that night of the storm. Well, it will | it open brutally, and let in the garish

restoration. They would have broken light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love-nest, and keeps it from profanation."

The other day I saw the ruin again; through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of First Secretary to the Russian Ambassador at Rome.

"The Count Lobanof is not dead!" I cried, stupefied. "On my last visit to Rome he was as well as you or L"

"He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man!" I cried, furious at my wasted sympathy. "I should have suspected him. It seems that he forgot his dead love at its cure, for some day the recipe misses once."

"Oh no," replied the prince, Basil is not so guilty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegambia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered-but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to a long time, he has consoled himself.

What does that comedy signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.

"How severe you are, my dear!" re-plied the amiable Russian. "It is not comedy, but it proves on the contrary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that voice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"-Translated for Romance.

Cloves grow wild in the Moluccas



Mulching of strawberries to retard them is done by placing manure over the ground when it is frozen, and then scattering straw over it. Care must be taken that the manure does not cover the crowns of the plants. Leave the covering of straw on quite late in the spring. The manure can remain permanently .- New York World.

CREAM THAT WILL NOT MAKE BUTTER.

It is often the case that the cream of the milk of a cow due to calve in two or three months will not make butter, but foams in the churn and rapidly becomes very sour. The milk of a cow undergoes a change about this time, and some cows are so affected that the cream will not yield spring pase crop, writes E. D. any butter. Every cow should be Coburn in New York Tribune. dried off, if the milk does not stop naturally, two months before the calf is due. At any rate, good butter cannot be made from the milk so near calving. This condition of the milk, of course, is at once evident in a single cow, but doubtless there are cows in herds in the same condition, but are not detected. It shows how needful it is that a strict watch should be kept on each of the cows in a herd .-New York Times.

SLOW OR FAST DRYING. It makes a great difference in the value of corn fodder whether it is cut during warm, dry weather, when it will cure rapidly, or later, when rains and cold make it dry out more slowly. All the time it is moist some waste is going on in the nutritive value of the stalk. When the drying is hastened the waste is small; when it is pro tracted by rains, especially with warm weather, the waste is much greater. It is not stopped entirely by cold weather. As the moisture freezes out of the stalks it is found that the woody fibre is increased and the nutritive value has decreased in like proportion. Every farmer knows that cornstalks after repeated freezing and thawing become of little value for feeding. They are dry, tasteless, and the stock will not eat them readily, as they do the partly-dried stalk at the beginning of winter. Much is said about the waste of nutrition by fermentation in the silo. There is such waste, but it is trivial compared with the waste of cornstalks by slow drying. The silo makes the nutrition more available by partly cooking the food.-Boston Cultivator

COLIC IN HORSES.

hours, long fasts and too great quan- think best, but do a good job, as if tity given at long intervals are fre- you desired success and meant to dequent causes of colic, says the New York World. Irregular work is not without its influence -a twenty-mile journey once a week is likely to be productive of more mischief than the same distance every day. A horse put to hard work at intervals cannot be kept in condition. Horses ought to the branches of the great tree came | be fed late at night and early in the morning; they should have at least two hours to consume and digest the morning feed before being taken out to work, and if not returned to the stable when the next feed is due,

should be provided with nose bags. Changes of food should be introduced gradually. Horses may be fed with impunity on what will make them seriously ill if care is not taken to make the change gradually. Thus, green food, when it first comes in. causes gripes, because fed too largely to the exclusion of the accustomed dry material. If a small quantity is and bins. cut with the hay chaff to begin with, the horse is less greedy about it when a larger quantity is allowed, and the digestive organs as gradually become accustomed to the change. Attention to the prevention of colic is much bet- the year following the planting. ter than the possession of a recipe for fire, and death wins the match. Apart from this, an attack successfully dealt with still means loss of service for some time-very often at a busy period.

FEEDING APPLES TO COWS.

There has long been a practical opinion among farmers that while sweet apples might be fed to cows with satisfactory results, sour apples were very injurious for them; but this opinion has been founded upon Europe, and since then, after waiting | very slight actual knowledge of the real feeding value of apples. At the "But then the deserted house? Vermont station apple pomace, ensilaged, and used supplementary to and in part as a substitute for corn ensilage, was found to be relished by cows, and the results of four tests found it to be about equivalent in feeding value to corn ensilage. At the Massachusetts station Dr. Goessmann found apples to contain about eighty per cent. of moisture, the apples having been gathered October 6th. The farther advanced apples are towards maturity the more sugar is found in them, and their value depends largely upon the amount of dry matter which they contain. Laboratory tests show that the feeding value of apples is somewhat higher than that of an equal be, pound for pound, one-third high- eggs which sell at good prices.

er than the the whole apple. Still apples areicient in nitrogen, and ought on faccount to be literally supplemen for dairy cows with wheat shobran, oil cakes, clover and good I To obtain the best results from ding them to cows, the early sortfuld be fed by itself, sour ones is quantity than sweet ones, fed n fully ripe, after the night's milt. The quantity should not exceed to six quarts to a feed. -Americaniculturist.

RYE A PASTURE CROP.

I have beed for twenty-five years

that most on in what is called "the

West," did sufficiently appreciate

the value ore as a late fall and early Where concons are at all favorable it furnishes astonishing quantity of rich, succul grazing just at a time of year what is most relished and most needed all kinds of farm animals, evenneluding poultry. It pieces out great advantage other feed that my be scant or poor, and while espedly agreeable to all the stock, it wimake poorly nourished cows practidy double their milk in quantity anjuality. In fact, I have never seen Kansas farmer so well fixed that a rod piece of rye pasture wasn't a guine bonanza to him. There has wer been a season in all the central lest when something of that sort wamore of a comfort to its possessor theit will likely be within the next ninmonths. Hence I would say to ever farmer who reads this, do not fail sow, and sow early (in fact just as son as the ground can be put in propr condition), a goodly area of rye fr pasture. Don't sow it for grain, at for pasturage; make the most o it for grazing, and if eventually also yields some grain worth harveting, well and good. If you can't seare the seed readily, sow wheat just s you would rye; if it is not a plump high grade article, that will cut bu a small figure if sound. If of small c shrunken berry I would not sow les than five pecks to the acre; if plimp a bushel and a half would be none too much; at all events, use plenty and don't be afraid of having too many acres. I haven't discovered anything that was a better regulator for the pigs, the colts, the calves, the cows or the old blind mare than a good bite of green rye or wheat. It is excellent in years of greatest abundance) in years whom other feed is scarce or poor, it is simply indispensable—really a benefaction. Sow Irregular feeding in the matter of it with a drill or broadcast as you serve it.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A little vaseline and carbolic acid applied to parts of the horse that he cannot touch with tail or head will give him much relief by keeping flies

Producers who have formerly depended on ensilage may be obliged to at least partially substitute grain to make their winter dairying for 1894 and 1895 profitable.

Professor Roberts, of Cornell, says the great difficulty with farming is too much or too little moisture, and too little cultivation, thus indicating the necessity of drainage.

Before storing articles in the cellar take a day for the purpose, use a peck and is young and succulent, often or more of sulphur, if necessary, and fumigate it two or three times, in order to purify the walls, floors, ceilings

> A. W. Pope, Wellesley, Mass., says of alfalfa: It goes down further and comes up faster than common clover. The quality of the hay is good, but it is hard to cure. I get three crops

Foals should be taught to eat grain while yet with the mares, and then the weaning process is not so likely to check their growth. Feed any spare milk to the weanings until they get well started on regular rations of grain and hay.

Dairymen should wake up to the fact that it is quite as easy, at a well-managed creamery, to make good butter in winter as in summer. When they realize this we shall not see so many idle establishments just at the time when they should be running at their fullest capacity.

It is not only unprofitable but cruel to let milch cows wander about in grassless fields under a merciless sun. Under such conditions keep them in a small, shady enclosure if you have one, and there feed them their forage and see that they have plenty of cool, pure water at regular intervals.

Select a bull from a good dairy family, and then breed the very best of your cows, feed the resulting youngsters well, and train them so that they can be easily handled when you are ready to put them in the dairy. This feeding and training is a necessary supplement to the breeding, in order to make a perfect dairy animal.

Cold weather shuts off the egg supply among poultry keepers who do weight of turnips. Apple pomace it not understand their business, and said to be equal to sugar beets, it better then they cry that there is no profit in ing a somewhat singular chemical fact fowls. But the wise man makes his that the pomace is richer in nitrogen- houses warm and snug, feeds liberally ous matter than the apple from which and a good variety of food, compels it has been produced, and the feed-ing value of pomace is assumed to his reward in a bountiful harvest of

Lockjaw From Chloroform.

A Norwich (Conn.) blacksmith, acting under the advice of a local veterinary surgeon, chloroformed a refractory horse in order to shoe him. The horse yielded reluctantly to the influence of the ansesthetic, but was finally brought completely under its power, and the shoeing process was accomplished with great case. A few days later the horse began to droop, then was attacked with lockjaw and died in a very short time. - Chicago Herald.

A Giant Cattle Dealer.

Will Brown, a young cattle dealer of Carter County, Kentucky, is only nineteen years of age, but measures six feet seven inches in height. His little brother, who is, however, the oldest but the smallest of the children, stands modestly at six feet two inches. -Atlanta Constitution.

Somebody's Good.

To make our own troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for good. A well illustrated instance of this kindly sympathy is shown in a letter from Mr. Enoch L. Hanscom, School Agent, Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He Marshfield, Me., an old Union Soldier. He says: "It may do somebody some good to state, I am a man of 60 and when 40 had a bad knee and rheumatism set in. I was lame three years and very bad most of the time. I got St. Jacobs Oil and put it on three times and it made a cure. I am now in good health."

The Thames pours 40,000,000 cubic feet of water into the sea every hour.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an infamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets infamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. Denfness Cannot be Cared

circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

When Nature

Keeds assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Boney of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., 51. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

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