From day to day. Take no thought for the morrow, Why hope or why remember, Or in the white December Run idly out to borrow The roses of the May?

From day to day. This moment is the lever With which to lift the mountain. And loosed the prisoned fountain That flows and flows forever, And quenches thirst for aye.

From day to day. There is no wider measure. Bravely as you may will it, Striving you cannot fill it, So, life's immortal treasure Is hidden in the Day. -Annie L. Muzzey, in Youth's Companion.

"MERRYGOOLS."

PRIZE STORY BY JULINA O. HALL.



accomplished my errand with an ease steps were not from stand any more.' languor, but a

going in-doors and again putting architectural barriers between me and the free airy undulations of the sea-

St. Patrickses Church is?"

The voice had in it some of the clear gratitude, but I still detained her. rustic jubilant ring of the sleigh-bells minded me of the eddying pools of a the season is out." trout-brook in their fascinating unin a midwinter aurora.

for the question was repeated. "St. Patrick's!" I replied, medita-

is on? "Oh, yes; they tells me it's on ington topography were the rarest mild philanthropy. joke in the budget.

nalled to her to follow.

"But the trouble I'm giving ve. mum." A little touch of alarm shaded her face for an instant.

"You can't have been long in Washington?"

"Oh, yes! It's going on two years.

I don't just git on to how they go.' "Your mistress ought to give you a holiday oftener than that," I said, with a sudden stir in the blood that quickens the indignant pulse of there

Again she laughed, setting all the mirthful possibilities of her face into brisk concerted action.

"She's me own mother, mum, but | the family history. she's sick in her mind, daft like, since she got hurt. Why, she's wild if I'm out of her sight, so I almost never

"How could you get out to-day?" I asked, not without inward remon-

music into my tone that echoed whether he's dead or alive." through hers with such infinity of sweet variations.

wide experience in wedding days. She'll know how to make her daughter's a brilliant one later," I said, the best results followed. A week bewith most reprehensible familiarity. deepened to the dignity of a cathedral chime as she answered:

"No, mum. It's likely I shan't never to wait, but something may happen. Ye can't tell." I should have looked

the story of her mother. stay with mother. She looks like my mother's bridesmaid, they say. Some upward into the sunny air blended way she always puts mother in mind with their own wordless "Te Deum." of that day. The minute Ann Ryan comes in mother gets out her old weddin' dress and puts it on. We stick up turned her luminous face full upon the old paper flowers over the mantel me and said: "Twould be mighty and pin sheets over the chairs to make queer if I should ask you another fa-everything look nice for the bride. vor still, when I ought to be down on named Mal, ving near Milan, came She kind o' forgets about me then, my knees a thankin' the Lord for Killarney' and 'The Four-Leaved Shamrock to' Glenore' I slip out for an hour. That's how it is, mum."

"Doesn't she get impatient for the guests to come or for the service to be | them.

"Elegantly, always, She always street quite too narrow for vehicles the country .-- Picayune.

She's sort o' dazed like, when we give her her supper and get her to bed. I put away all the weddin' things, and next day she's forgotten it all.'

At that instant a boy with a tray of flowers in his hand passed us on the O'Moore." other side. Only a gleam of the yellow daffodils reached our eyes.

"Saints be praised!" exclaimed the girl, as she stood stock still with her hands clasped rapturously together; "Be they merrygools, mum?" "I'm afraid not. Did you want

new burst of emotion could nean. "I've wanted some for years and years," she said, and the bells in her tone were muffled now, and a tear-

drop rolled down her cheek. "They are hard to find, I'm afraid. Florists do not raise them. Few people want them. You might perhaps find them in some country garden," I might as well have suggested her I was a rapturous picking a celestial nosegay of amaspring day. I had ranths and asphodels. All were equally out of her reach.

"Mebby ye think I'm daft too," she and facility which said, with a return oi the old sunshine put me on the best to her face. "Mother's always talkpossible terms with | ing about merrygools. There's somemyself and all sales- thing she wants to tell us-Danny and man-kind, and was me. She begins, 'Listen, my chilsauntering home- dren. It was a great time. I'd picked hit me. Oh-h!" She looked around ward up Eleventh all the merrygools'-and there she the room in terror of the shadows street. My lagging gets crazed, like, and you can't under-

"Does she mean the dark velvet mere reluctance to ones, or the daisy-like ones?" "Just like velvet, mum. I

some when I was a little girl." We had reached St. Patrick's and even been standing by the steps of "Please, mum, can ye tell me where the terrace. She had thanked me for my guidance with warm ebullient | the significance of the document thus

"Come to see me on your mother's under the star-lights. It was liquid next wedding day," I said, giving her with laughter as the bob-o-link's ec- my address. "Some one will help static twitter over meadows of butter- you find the place. I'll go this minute cups and daisies. The face of the to Twelfth street to see if I can not speaker was of the Irish-American buysome marigold seeds. My gardentype. The curves of her mouth rip- er shall plant some to-day. We may pled into smiles; her limpid eyes re- get some blossoms in that way before

She caught up my hand impulsively certainty of depth; and the warm and gave a resonant smack to the back rich color came and went in her of my glove, and vented the surplus plump cheeks like the flashes of flame of her overflowing joy at the anticipation in another clear ripple of laugh-"Please, mum," she began again. I ter a little solemnized by our proxmust have gazed in her face too long, | imity to the sacred walls, along whose gray surfaces she slowly raised her eyes heavenward. A moment later tively. "Do you know what street it she disappeared within the wide door-

I found with delight that fashion in Tenth, between 'F' and 'G,' but I flowers had not exterminated all the don't know how how to find any of antique pets of the garden. I accomthese streets." A perfect trill of plished my purpose with no other hin- into its legal channel again and make laughter followed this confession, as drance than a little amiable home though her own ignorance of Wash- ridicule at the eccentricity of this

"Ah, I remember. I can show it to lowed I watched the tiny sprouts un- awaitin' too long," she said, pointyou from the next corner," and I fold into deeply incised or palmate ing out the tall figure that had turned in upon "H" street and sig- leaflets, and the morning of the fif- cast its shadow over us many teenth found the little plants tall times as it had passed up and enough to wave at the touch of the gentle breezes. Early in the aftermore blooming than ever. Her happiness touched into even deeper dimples all the angles of her mouth and But I don't step my foot in the street eyes, but her laughter was reserved but once a month, and I'm that stupid until I took her into the garden and

showed her the thriving growths. "Sure they be merrygools, mum?" "Oh, yes? The gardener knows the order of the plant, he says.'

She was down on her knees in an informer when a new case of tyranny stant, burying her face in the dark comes to his ear. her delight had expended itself we sat down under a magnolia near by, and it was then I heard another part of

"Yes, mum, my father died six months before his father did. Then mother and Uncle Mike had to go over to the old country to see about the property, for grandfather was a rich man, but close, like, with his chilstrance at my own inquisitiveness, but dren. Something dreadful happened I felt myself to be in touch with a to mother while they were gone. They rare character and longed to deter-mine its constitutional elements. | say how something hit her on the head. She can't tell and Uncle Mike "You'll laugh when I tell you, but wouldn't. Mebby he was in drink and she's havin' another weddin' day and don't know any more than we. But thinks I'm after the priest." Indeed, they came home worse off than ever. I would have laughed long and loud Couldn't get a cent. And now Uncle if anything could have infused the Mike's gone off and we don't know

The hour of our chat was short and the month that followed was long. "You speak as though she'd had That flower bed was my clock and my calendar. Every forcing process known to horticulture was used and fore the 15th, velvet buds began to The sleigh-bell ring in her voice unfold, and when the longed for day arrived there were scores of rich, cheerful looking blossoms, sending out their strong, pungent odor upon get married myself. I can't leave her the hot, sultry air. The sun had while she lives. Larry, he's promised scarcely begun to settle into its afternoon decline before the supreme moment had arrived, and my guest and I in vain for a blush on her already went down the steps with scissors and another guest some distance off. rosy face, but she went on simply with basket. The birds hovered and "Tye dropped a quarter is seemed excited by the metallic click of "It's the 15th of the month and Ann | the steel, and almost burst their tiny Ryan's always at home when they stop throats with song. Perhaps they felt the mill to clean it. She comes in to in their downy breasts that the young

When the basket was filled and the moment of departure had arrived, she and while Ann sings 'The Bride of what He's made ye do for me already." They were met by his son, a youth of

wish frankly.

read?" I asked, feeling the intense pathos of this dried-up and withered though I would not have suggested the obeyed, and on the father's return the mind clinging so tenaciously to its intrusion for the world. We proceed- help of the police was required to one supreme memory. "How does it ed far out toward the higher grounds make them give up the corn again. to the north and turned into a little The son thought it prudent to leave |

gets tired trying to think of things to pass each other. Up the stairs we gone by and just falls asleep in her climbed, past Ann Ryan's door, and chair and sleeps till it's almost dark. entered. There, sure enough, sat the perennial bride in the midst of the ghostly or nuptial array of whitedraped furniture. She was fast asleep in her old arm-chair, and was still crooning the last strains of "Kathleen

"Mother, darlin'! Wake up. I've brought ye something," said the girl, giving the wrinkled brow a kiss. The old creature started up wildly and gazed about bewildered.

some?" I asked, wondering what this but I do smell merrygools." "I do believe ye this time. here, and here, and here!" and the jubilant maiden tossed handful after handful in her mother's lap. The poor dazed creature rubbed her eyes and pressed her head with her hands and sat for a long time in silence. Then she began turning over the

> underneath. "Where did I put that paper? 1 hid it in my lap under the merry

"When was it, mother, darlin";" asked the daughter, calmly, but with an intensity of eagerness hard to subdue into such magnificent quietness of manner.

"Before the fight began? Then he memories that came back to her. Her weak mind was strained to its utmost tension. Suddenly she got up and went to the little trunk which usually contained the wedding dress, and parting a little slit in the lining with her finger pulled out a yellow paper and almost shouted in the intensity of her delight. Of course I did not know curiously brought to light. I slipped out quietly and came away. It was not till months later that I learned the outcome of it all.

One bright starry evening in October, after my return from a long mountain sojourn, I was summoned below to find my old "merrygool" friend, who was waiting upon the side verandah to see me. We sat down under the flaming woodbine, in its gorgeous autumnal hue, and had a long Great changes had come to the little household. The mother's vitality had declined from that triumphant moment when the paper had been found, and she died a few weeks later. My friend and her brother had both been to Dublin, and the violent dealings of a wicked lawyer had beer brought down upon his own pate so far as to dispossess him of the estate he so unrighteously held, and to turn the current of monetary transmission my Irish friends comfortable for life.

"And now I want to tell ye one thing more," added the girl as she During the entire month that fol- rose to go, "and I musn't keep Larry lown outside the gate. "We're ing to be married in a week. He's noon my new friend appeared looking foreman of the mill now and Danny's got a shop of his own, but he'll live with us till he gets a home for himself." This combination of happy circumstances called out one of the old peals of laughter. Even the katydids stopped their harsh dispute to listen.

> "Wouldn't you like a bunch of marigold's to-night?" I asked.

> "It's kind indeed you are," she said, with a smile that showed her dimples even in the dim light from the street. but I've got a little garden of my own now, and there are three buds of merrygools in blossom yet. Ye'll think it's queer, I'm afraid," she added, with a soft organ-stop modulation in her voice, "but I've got 'em growin' on my mother's grave. She thought so much of 'em, you know."

> I assured her that other flowers than white roses and day lillies might be made a sacred tribute to the dead. "And maybe its queerer still," she added, in a half whisper, "but I'm goin' to trim up the house with 'em and wear 'em myself when I'm mar-

ried."-Washington Pathfinder.

The Chicago Style.

"Maybe it's a chestnut worked over," remarked the drummer to the hotel clerk, "but I heard a story the other day which illustrates the kind of men some Chicagoans are."

"Let her go," said the clerk en-

couragingly. "One of those rich fellows there," continued the drummer, "had a closefisted friend of his with him at his country place, and during the evening the friend dropped a quarter in the grass and immediately went down on his knees to find it.

"'What are you looking for?' inquired the host, who was talking to "T've dropped a quarter in the

"'Here, let me help you with a little light,' said the Chicago man, and he kindled a \$5 bill with a match and held it till the friend found his lost quarter."-Detroit Free Press.

Told Them To Help Themselves.

A queer story of anarchism comes from Italy. Not long ago the laborers to his house with the harvested grain. I implored her to speak out her twenty-three, who made them a speech, telling them that the grain "If only ye could come with me and they had sown and cut was theirs by see the old mother when she gets natural right, and bidding them to natural right, and bidding them to take it home and shout "Long live



A HINT TO FRUIT GROWERS.

"Yes, I do!" she said, with a slow, stern voice. "You never believe me, The lesson for fruit growers to learn is that quality, not quantity, is wanted. The markets, in their season, are generally glutted with secondclass fruit, but the supply of a firstclass article never equals the demand. and watch the sales. The best goes else, there is room at the top. -American Agriculturist.

BYE FOR GRAZING.

It is the general practice to sow rve broadcast for grazing, but experiments at the Arkansas Station show that when planted in drifts and cut and fed green it affords a very much greater quantity of food in a better condition, and injury from cattle trampling the soil in wet weather is avoided.

It is best to have the seed in a narrow drill for two reasons-first, rye is inclined to spread flat upon the surface of the soil in its early stages of growth, and second, when planted in a narrow drill it is much more easily cut by hand, not only on account of its more upright growth, but because it it free of trash, sand, etc.

BEDDING FOR PARM ANIMALS.

A great variety of bedding materials are employed in different localities, and each farmer will, of course, select for his own use such of these as are the cheapest and most available, writes M. S. Perkins in the American Agriculturist. In lumbering districts, where saw-mills abound, farmers find cheap bedding in the sawdust and shavings that are produced in so large quantities. Sawdust makes clean, tidy bedding, but the impression is quite strong among farmers that its effect upon the soil is not desirable. Certainly it decays very slowly. The common beach sand near the seashore possesses, when dry, good absorbing power, and affords a comfortable bed for stock. It is, however, very heavy to handle, and its application, in the manure, to land already too sandy, as is much of the land bordering upon the seacoast, is not a good practice. Meadow and salt hay, and the straw of our small grains, supply excellent bedding, and by their decay return a large amount of humus to the soil. Their use should be supplemented by the employment so that all the gases and liquid manure may be saved. It is a simple matter for every farmer to lay by a supply of dry absorbents. By stirring the soil frequently over a small area, the earth rapidly dries out, and becomes dust under the heat of a summer's sun. All that is left to do is to gather the dry material and store it in a dry place. Every autumn our shade and forest trees shed their leaves, a wealth of the best of bedding, that, having absorbed manurial substances, decay into the best of manure.

MONEY IN APPLES.

The failure of the English apple crop and the somewhat reduced supply at home have sent prices up and caused such an active demand for apples that the farmer has begun to realize the possibilities of profit to be obtained from his orchard. Indeed, from present appearances it looks as if the apple crop might be made the best on the farm. But before this can happen the farmer will have to go through his orchard and cut down or graft many of the trees now found in clean quarters. What fowl or anithere. In setting out the orchard in mal can? many cases very little judgment was exercised in the choice of trees. Many of the varities are almost worthless as market apples. There are too many inferior seedlings, too many summer and early fall varieties, and too many kinds unsuited to the various localities. The early apples, which often predominate, are perishable and almost unmarketable. The fruit which is in demand is the kindthat possesses keeping qualities.

It will pay every farmer to find out the varieties that are most desirable in the home and foreign markets, and that are suitable to his climate and will help in cleanliness and healthfulsoil. He should then go in and improve his old orchard, regrafting those trees which have sound, vigorous tle oil meal mixed in the morning stock but bear poor fruit, and remov- feed will help through the moulting ing those with decayed trunks. He season. should also set out an orchard of young trees.

But it will not do to stop here. Most orchards are half starved. A crop of apples is taken off, the trees grow in size, limbs are removed, and yet the soil of the orehard is not fed. If we expect large returns we must supply the necessary food, either by cultivation or by the application of fertilizers.

If food is necessary for the production of apples, spraying is requisite for their protection against insects and fungous diseases, which have, unfortunately, become very common, and thinning, by reducing the strain caused by the production of seed, will aid in the greater development of the fruit. It cannot be too often repeated that there is always a surplus of com-mon fruit, and a scarcity of the best. The profit comes from the first-class article. This is only to be obtained frosts during the winter.

by proper thinning and spraying .-New York World.

WINTER CARE OF COWS.

To give an idea of what I believe to be not only a sensible but also a humane method of caring for cows in Stand in any good commission house the winter, says H. S. Matteson, I will give my way, which is this: My stable first and speedily-the last to go is is seven feet six inches in the clear; the poorest stock, which buyers who the stalls are six feet wide, each havcannot do better, or who have a cheap | ing two cows fastened with a chain flowers as though seeking something trade, must use. As in everything around the neck; the manger is eighteen inches wide on the bottom and can be cleansed easily from an alley in front of the cows by stepping in between them; the stalls front the south, and on that side of the stable are windows so that there is an abundance of light-enough so that any moonlight night in winter one can see without a lantern whether the cows are all in order. In the stable I have a well with a two-inch pump and the stock is watered with pails twice each day.

The first thing in the morning they have a feed of hay and then are milked, after which they are watered, then the grain or carrot ration is fed and some more hay given. This feeding is all they have until the evening chore-time comes, when they are watered and fed again as in the morncan readily be grasped with one hand ing. The stables are cleaned both and cut with the other, thus keeping morning and evening and the manure from horse stalls put behind the cows and a sprinkling of plaster thrown on it and around the stalls, if any are soiled or wet.

The stalls are filled with stone pounded up and covered with clay loam, with a plank for the hind feet of the cows to stand on. Behind the stalls is a space seven feet wide filled from the ground with stone and cement, with an eight-inch drop. The partitions between stalls reach back as far as the drop in the floor and as high as the cows. In the middle of each pleasant day the stock are all let out in a dry yard for a short time.

The yard is never muddy nor should it be for either stock or men to trample around in. If the yard gets soft scrape it up in heaps and draw it out on the fields for a top dressing. I never put the stock out in the yard and go away and leave them to take a chance of a storm coming on while I am gone. In fact, they are never allowed to get wet from fall to spring and are never let out in a storm if they have to be kept in for days at a time.

Each cow always has the same place in the stable as long as she remains on the farm, and always knows enough to take her place, which does away of some dry material, such as loam dust, sifted coal ashes, or land plaster, the stable in the way of hooking and yelling of the one who puts them in.

Now as to whether my methods are sensible and reasonable I will give my experience for a long term of years. So far I have never had to call a veterinarian to attend a sick cow and have never lost a cow from disease of any kind. Abortion is a thing unknown in my dairy. True, I have cows with caked udder and other slight ailments, but have never yet had anything that I have not successfully treated myself. Every animal I have was born on the farm, and buy cows or horses I will not, for if I cannot breed and raise one better than I can buy I will leave the farm and take a book agency or something of the kind .- Hoard's Dairyman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Breed the kind of fowls you like

Except in the severest weather let the fowls out for exercise.

Wheat, cracked corn, peas, rice and oatmeal make good feed for pigeons. A goose can not be at its best unless

Better late than never. Get up some earth for dust-bath purposes before it freezes up. If beginning in the poultry business

be sure you get healthy stock or eggs from healthy stock. Give the ducks an airy coop even if

it is low, and give them an occasional fresh bed of clean straw. Tempt the appetite of the fowls you have shut for fattening. Give them a

variety; vegetables, grease, corn. Plaster or slaked lime sprinkled on the poultry-house floor when cleaned

A little chopped fresh meat or a lit-

Where rats are plenty a rat-proof hen-house is a necessity. To make one sink twelve-inch boards their full depth around it, and see that no trash accumulates near or is piled against it.

If you are crowding poultry at fattening time clean out the troughs each time after they have eaten. Feed three times a day if you wish but do not keep food before them all the

If you have an idea that the poultry business will run itself you are mistaken and if you go into it with that mistaken idea you will find to your sorrow that you should have paid attention to it.

Well-cured corn fodder is more fully digested than timothy hay, and i

Connecting Metal to Earthenware.

The portion of the earthenware with which connection is to be made being unglazed, or the glaze having been removed, it is coated with plumbago, and placed in an electrolytic bath, whereby a firm metallic coating is obtained. The lead pipe is then soldered to this coating by a plumber's "wiped" joint. By this means are avoided the imperfect joints made with india rubber sleeves, washers or putty.—Scientific American.

The perfume of flowers is more clearly perceived, just before or just after rain, because the air, being then laden with moisture, better conveys the essential oils that constitute the

Never Too Late or Too Soon.

There is more lost in life from putting off from to-day till to-morrow what might be done on the instant than from any other cause. Fortune and fame have been thus wrecked, and in minor things it will not do to delay or triffe. A man hobbling on crutches for the rest of his life, caused by sprain, would have been a well, sound man, out of misery, if he had used St. Jacobs Oll when the mishap occurred. It is never too soon to get it; never too late to use it. The great remedy for pain never tarries; it will do its work in ten minutes if it is allowed to do so. pain as you would a mosquito-knock it out

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Needs 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.

Success in Life depends on the little things. A Ripans Tabula is a little thing, but taking one occasionally gives good digestion, and that means good blood, and that means good brain and brawn

and that means succe Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays vain. cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

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