

SONG'S DOMAIN.

The poem well the poet knows
Is smothered where'er he goes—
Lips hidden in each word that flows,
Laughs in each wave,
Sighs from the bosom of the rose,
Wails from the grave.

And Orphic laws of lute and verse
All the symphonious words coerce,
That hour by hour their parts rehearse—
Winds, strings and reeds,
In this orchestral universe
The maestro leads.

But though all life and death and birth,
And all the heaven's ennobling girth—
Earth, and the waters beneath the earth,
Are Song's domain,
Near aught so lowly but is worth
The loftiest strain.

'Tis from these moods, in which Life
stands
With feet earth planted, yet with hands
Stretch'd out toward visionary lands
Where vapors lift
A moment, and aerial strands
Glean through the rift.

The poet wins, in hours benign,
At older than the Delphic shrine,
Those intimations, faint and fine,
To which belongs
Whatever character divine
Invest his songs.

And we could live more near allied
To cloud and mountain, wind and tide,
Cast this unheaving coil aside,
And go forth free,
The world our goal, desire our guide—
We then might see

Those master moments grow less rare,
And oftener feel that nameless air
Come rumbling from we know not where;
And touch, at whiles,
Fantastic shores—the fringes fair
Of fairy isles;

And had the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things—
The eternal courier dove whose wings
Are never furled;
And hear the babbling of the springs
That feed the world.

STOPPED CLOCKS.

There is a tradition in Marseilles that on a particular night many years ago all the clocks in that city were put forward one hour, a tradition which is said to have had its origin in the following story:

There lived in the vicinity of that city a M. Valette, a gentleman of ancient family and of considerable fortune. He had married Marie Danville, a daughter of the mayor of the city, and with their two sons and two daughters dwelt in a beautiful villa near the city—a villa which had been the favorite residence of his ancestors.

As his children grew up, however, he was induced to move to Paris, which place both he and Madame Valette conceived to be more suited to the education of their family. The removal of M. Valette and of his family was deplored by his tenants, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as M. Le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, of harsh and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris to adopt a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands for renewed remittances upon his factor, and the latter was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures to procure for his master the necessary means. The scanty vintage of the preceding year had made such demands doubly odious to the tenantry as Valette had been respected and beloved. These circumstances were but little known to Valette, or he would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from his tenants almost all their hard-earned substance. One night as he slept in Paris the form of his factor appeared to him covered with blood, informing him that he had been murdered by the tenantry on M. Valette's estate for rigor in collecting his revenue, and that his body had been buried under a particular tree, which it minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun requested, moreover, that M. Valette would immediately hasten to Marseilles and deposit his remains in the grave of his ancestors. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition at once disappeared.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

M. Valette promised in the most sol-

emn manner that he would set off the next morning for Marseilles to execute the commission, and the apparition of Le Brun disappeared.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Heaven have mercy on me! My time has come!"

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

"The angel of death," said he, "delays his coming. Could all have been a delusion? No, it is impossible!"

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

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

After having been nearly an hour in his chamber, M. Valette recollected that he had left unopened in his library a document of importance to his family, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed chamber to the library he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs, which led immediately down to the wine cellar. At this spot he heard a faint murmur of voices below, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs to ascertain the cause. No sooner had he descended than an unseen hand stabbed him to the heart. At this moment the clocks in Marseilles struck one in the morning, or, as it really was, twelve at night—the exact time predicted by Le Brun.

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

Affecting Incident.

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fireworks for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. is generally known. Amid the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into the ditches of the Rue Royale and the square, was a young man, with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but on the following day they were to be married. For a long time the lover, protecting his betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, and peril each moment grew. "I am sinking," she said; "my strength fails! I can go no farther!" "There is yet a way," cried the lover, in despair; "get on my shoulders!" He found that his advice had been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loved redoubled his ardor and strength. He resisted the most violent conceptions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forced his way through the crowd. At length he cleared it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turned round. It was a different person. "Another, more active, had taken advantage of his recommendation. His beloved was no more!"

Home from College.

He was the son of a worthy Manchester citizen, and had just returned from college. His father was a brusque, matter-of-fact man, who had no liking for anything pronounced, and he noticed with sorrow that his son returned with the latest thing in collars, and various other insignia of a dandy. The old gentleman surveyed him critically when he appeared in his office, and then blurted out:

"Young man, you look like an idiot."

Just at that moment, and before the young man had time to make a fitting reply, a friend walked in.

"Why, hello, Billy, have you returned?" he asked. "Dear me, how much you resemble your father!"

"So he has been telling me," replied Billy.

And from that day to this the old gentleman had no fault to find with his son.

And So It Is.

It was an old-fashioned spelling-class; that is, the little girls were standing in a row, spelling and "defining," and the visitor was looking on.

"Jewel," said the teacher, and one little pink-checked maiden spelled it correctly, and then gave the definition, "Gem."

On that word it happened that the teacher departed from her usual custom.

"How does a gem look?" she asked.

"What is a gem?"

The little girl did not know. The entire class looked puzzled. Finally one lassie brightened, and raised her hand triumphantly. When she was called on she almost "sang out," in the excess of her zeal:

"A little cake baked in a gem-pan."

Frost in Eggs and Apples.

An egg expands when it is frozen, and breaks its shell. Apples contract so much that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer is a foot below the chime. When the frost is drawn out the apples assume their normal size and fill up the barrel again. Some varieties are not appreciably injured by being frozen if the frost is drawn out gradually. Apples will carry safely in a refrigerator car while the mercury is registering 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes, being so largely composed of water, are easily frozen. Once touched by frost they are ruined.

Illimitability of Space.

The swiftest bird, at its utmost speed, would require nearly three weeks to make the tour of the earth. Light performs the same distance in much less time than is necessary for a single stroke of its wing; yet its rapidity is but commensurate with the distance it has to travel. It is demonstrable that light cannot reach our system from the nearest of the fixed stars in less than five years, and telescopes disclose to us objects probably many times more remote.

Textiles.

The best discovery in textile machinery ever made is just projected. It is almost human in its action. It is simple, and does the work which only human hands could do heretofore. It dispenses with the services of five weaves in six.

It will be simply terrible when the women get so they hypnotize the men into marrying them.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Black Knot, a Fungus Disease to Which Fruit Growers Should Give Attention—Clean and Secure Well House—Winter Bread-Raising Box.

Disease in Gardens.
The past season has been particularly favorable to the existence and spread of the lower forms of fungous parasites, and also for those still lower forms which now go under the general name of bacterial diseases. Under this latter expression we are now to class a twig blight in the apple and quince.

In fire blight in the pear and some of its allies, and, we believe, in similar cases connected with other fruit trees, the peculiar organism effects an entrance into a portion of the tissue and then sends its influence in the form of a ferment throughout the whole structure above the point attacked.

Black knot is a fungous disease that is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and fruit growers should begin to take active measures toward eradicating it. All twigs and branches of cherry and plum trees which are affected should be cut off and burned as soon as these knots are discovered.

Trees that have been neglected until badly infested should be cut down and burned at once.

Feeding Corn Fodder.

In a recent bulletin of the Maryland Experiment Station attention is called to the fact that the butts of the corn fodder are very nearly as digestible as the tops and leaves. The waste in feeding long fodder is considerable, but the idea that only the tips and leaves were valuable has been exploded by the experiments of this and other stations. At this time of the year when fodder is valuable, it is quite important that farmers should realize the real value of every part of the corn stalks. The cutting of fodder is intended to save waste more than to make it more digestible, although the latter process may also be somewhat helped by the operation. In bulletin 104, of the North Carolina Station, the loss occasioned by pulling over fodder and leaving the stalks to rot in the field is treated at considerable length. The simplest way, it says, to get the most food out of the corn plant, is to cut close to the ground. As far back as March, 1881, the Maryland Station published a bulletin on the same subject, in which it says that "an ordinary corn crop produces more dry matter and more digestible matter from an acre than a good crop of clover or diphthyl hay, the digestible matter in the fodder alone being found to be equal to the digestible matter in two tons of either clover or timothy hay. The corn fodder from one acre is worth more for feeding purposes, when properly prepared, than the corn ears from one acre."

Clean and Secure Well House.

The advantages of a tight, well-made well house are so many that it is a wonder that so few are seen upon the farms of the land. They shelter the pump and make its period of usefulness much longer than where it is exposed to the weather, and they especially aid in keeping the pump from freezing in winter. Moreover, where cattle or horses are watered at such a pump, they oftentimes set their noses into such contact with the spout that one's pleasure in drawing drinking water from the same channel is lessened, to say the least. Such a house as is shown in the illustration, is reproduced from the American Agriculturist, is inexpensive, but capable of serving its purpose admirably. It is just large enough to inclose the platform of the pump, and is constructed of matched boarding, nailed upon a light frame, two-by-two stuff being sufficiently stout for this purpose. A trough is located outside, which keeps the pump, and the platform of the pump, entirely out of reach of cattle or horses.

Spraying Apple Trees.

The so-called apple-scab is one of the serious pests of American orchards, not only because it causes misshapen and undeveloped fruit, but because the affected trees suffer from defective foliage. When it is remembered that the fruit-buds of one year are all started the year before, the necessity for healthy foliage every year is apparent, and it is plain that the fungus should be kept from trees on the off years, as well as on the bearing years. We have often given accounts of the effectiveness of the Bordeaux mixture against this disease, but it is a matter which every one ought to understand. Some late experiments made at the Agricultural College of Missouri seem to show that the weaker solutions were about

as effective as the stronger ones, and that the first spraying should be given very early, and be followed by at least three others. The second crop of scab, which appears on late apples, like the Jennings, seems in this case to have been entirely prevented by spraying—Garden and Forest.

To Make Beeswax.

After the combs have been put through an extractor or crushed and strained through a thin cloth, the wax is put in a copper or porcelain-lined kettle with cold water enough to cover it, and boiled for half an hour or longer, if it seems necessary. When the wax is taken from the stove it is strained and poured in a vessel previously dipped in cold water. To make a round cake of beeswax, pour the melted wax in a bowl that has been dipped in cold water. When cold it may be easily removed if the bowl was dipped in cold water. To make wax sheets, use a board three-eighths of an inch thick, dampened with warm water, then dipped in the melted wax two or three times. The board is next put in water to cool a little while, after which it is taken out, the edges trimmed with a sharp knife and two sheets of wax peeled off. To make these wax sheets the wax must not be too hot, or it will crack.—Ladies' Home Journal.

For Winter Bread-Raising.

There are few housekeepers in the colder latitudes who have not experienced much trouble in securing a proper rising in yeast bread on cold nights. The usual resource is a place for the dough behind the sitting room stove. If the fire is quite warm the raising process is either unduly hastened or a tough crust is formed over the dough, while if the fire goes out, as it frequently does, the dough is found in the morning entirely unrisen. A device for securing a constant and even heat about the dough is shown in the illustration, which represents a box, one side of which is a closely fitting door, within which is a shelf and a perpendicular partition, with an open space both above and below it. In one side are placed the dishes containing dough



BREAD-RAISING BOX.

and in the other a stone jug of hot water, the heat from which will rise and pass over the partition down around the dough, under the partition and so around the circuit again. A heavy lid or throw over the box will aid in keeping the heat in.

Wintering Idle Horses.

There are a great many horses that have little to do this winter. With most men who keep a horse this will be regarded as a condition when poor, humdrum food that will barely sustain life may be given without loss. This is a double mistake. The idle horse ought to be exercised daily, if he is brought out and driven a mile or two and back for nothing else than the exercise. Then he must have the kind of food that will make muscle. It is impossible to save muscle through the winter. Inaction makes it not merely flabby, but also wastes some of its substance. Two or three weeks' feeding and exercise after a winter of laziness will not fit either horse or man to do good work in the spring.

At Least One Pound a Day.

A good butter cow should produce at least one pound of butter per day. There are hundreds of cows which produce double the quantity, but where a farmer has a herd he can just as easily procure a pound of butter from each cow as not, provided he will raise his calves and breed for butter-producing qualities. Breeders of pure-bred stock would not keep a cow in the herd that even produced so small a quantity of butter as a pound a day.

Notes.

J. D. Hazen, of Leona, Doniphan County, is said to be the largest grower of apples in Northern Kansas. From an orchard of eighty acres he sold 18,520 bushels of apples this year for \$5,940.

In keeping apples the thermometer should be used. Heat destroys more than does cold. The cellar should be kept at near 30 degrees as possible. The object should be to avoid alternate freezing and thawing, as changes cause more damage than anything else.

An artery of the horse can usually be felt where it crosses the curve of the lower jaw, or in the bony ridge above the eye. It should beat forty times a minute. If more rapid, hard and full, it indicates fever or inflammation; if slow, brain disease; if irregular, heart trouble.

There is a wide range between good dairy cows and the average. The average cows in the United States make 130 pounds of butter per year, while the good dairy cow yields from 350 to 400 pounds. There are whole dairy herds that make 400 pounds per cow annually.

The horse trots faster with a pneumatic tire, not only because he has less weight to draw, but because there is lost that vibration which is usually carried along the shafts to the horse's body. These vibrations weary his muscles and hamper his movements to a considerable extent.

The Government of the United States took a hand in road building for the first forty years of its existence. The Cumberland pike, crossing the States of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and extending to Illinois, costing over \$6,000,000, was the work of the general Government.

TOM AGREED.

This, Tom, in Spite of the Fact that He Would Be a Loser.

Ogle Read not long ago had occasion to take a trip through Kentucky, and on his return was asked for some good story about Breckinridge.

"Don't believe I want to tell you any of the stories I heard about Breckinridge, and I don't believe you would print them if I did," said the popular author.

"I can give you a story about a better character than him, though," went on Mr. Read. "It is about a hog thief who went by the name of Tom. Nobody ever caught Tom stealing hogs, but there was a firmly settled conviction in the community that all the missing porkers were due to this cunning old rascal. Notwithstanding the general belief that Tom was the thief, and for all the fact that all kinds of schemes were laid to entrap him, the hogs continued year in and year out to disappear, but Tom was never caught.

"A prominent judge and the owner of a fine farm, residing near the town where Tom lived, was out in the yard one morning looking over his stock when he noticed Tom coming down the road. As he just then chanced to be looking at his hogs the sight of Tom naturally led him to speculate upon the safety of his stock.

"Howdy, Tom," said the judge; "fine lot of hogs, eh?"

"Maw'nin', judge; maw'nin'," answered Tom. "Deed an' dey is, judge, an' I 'spect dey is 'bout de finest lot o' hogs I evah did see, judge; 's'pec you'd mighty proud o' dem hogs, judge."

"Well, Tom, for a fact I do think a heap of these hogs. Now I want to make a bargain with you. I'm not alluding to anything in particular, Tom, but I just want you to take notice of these three shams over in the corner."

"I see 'em, judge, an' I 'spect dey is 'bout as fine as any shams I evah did see," replied Tom, with a broad grin.

"Well, now, see here, Tom, I am going to give you these three shams."

"You's gwine ter give me dem three fine shams, judge? I mus' say, judge, dat's monstrous kind—"

"Hold on, Tom, there's a condition. I am going to give them to you if you will promise me for sure that you will leave the rest of the hogs alone. Will you agree?"

"Well, judge," answered Tom, with a face as sober and solemn as the judge ever wore upon the bench, "you's been a good fren' of mine, an' you's done me a heap o' favors, judge, an' I see gwine ter agree; but, judge, an' here Tom began scratching his woolly head, "I tell you what, I see a gwine ter agree, judge; but I see gwine ter lose meat!"—Chicago Mail.

"Topsy-Turvydom."

Cats without tails may not be new, but how would you like to see horses that stand in their stalls with their heads to the street? What do you think of people who water their gardens from a little bucket with a wooden spoon, and who squeeze their own hands and not yours when you and they happen to meet? These are some of the things which the Japanese do, and which are described in "The Street of Hyman Habitation."

According to Hirata Anebane, devotion to the memory of ancestors is the mainspring of all virtues, and the very essence of it is filial piety. The father is the Ko Shu (House Master), and is an absolute ruler. He performs the part of family magistrate, and is an object of wholesome fear as well as respect to those urehins, his children. The mother governs more by love than fear, and in consequence of this somewhat bitter-sweet upbringing you will often hear the little rascals talking of the "strict father" and the "benevolent mother" while the four fearful things in the world are classified by juvenile Japan as "earthquake," "thunder," "conflagration" and—"father."

But in spite of all this, Dai Nippon is still "the Children's Paradise," the land where the babies never cry. They are loaded with toys and sweets, and once a year boys and girls have each a special festival, at which the elder devote themselves entirely to the enjoyment of the little ones.

The little girls often bear the names of favorite objects in nature, "Cherry-Blossom," "Snow," "Summer," truth compels me to add that, as it is the custom to name them after the first object the mother casts her eyes on after the little one is born, they run equal risk of having a very inappropriate name, not to say ugly appellation. "Frying-Pan" and "Dust-Brush" are the names of two such pretty little maidens over the way.

Hired Applauders.

"Knights of the Chandelier"—that is what they call the theater "claque," or hired applauders, in Paris. It appears that before theaters were lighted by gas, the seats immediately under the chandelier, whether it held oil lamps or candles, were by no means desirable. Those who occupied them were pretty sure to have their clothes soiled by the hot fat or grease that could not be wholly prevented from falling. The consequence was that these seats being usually vacant, they were in course of time assigned to the members of the "claque," who being hirelings, instead of patrons of the establishment, could be safely treated in this fashion. Thus the center of the pit beneath the chandelier became the recognized place from which the plaudits came at regular intervals with such monotonous uniformity, and after the introduction of gas, when the grease was no longer to be feared, they retained it from old habit and association.

Worthy Cause.

An appeal is being made for funds to be used in educating in English Hindoo widows, most of whom are girls doomed by caste to solitary lives. A new school is to be opened in Bombay.