

**Ancient Cemetery of St. Paul in Paris His Supposed Burial Place.**

One of the old houses of Paris, situated at 17 Rue Beautreillis, is about to disappear, and the place thereof will know it no more. It has been handed over to workmen, who will demolish it to make room for a workshop. Rue Beautreillis is an ancient and narrow street which the omnibuses do not penetrate, remnant of the times when the Place des Vosges was the Place Royal and the home of beaux, "peruked," and red-headed. In the garden of the doomed house, famous in times past as the residence of distinguished persons, is a grave which local tradition says is the resting place of that mysterious figure in history—the Man with the Iron Mask. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. One remembers that this remarkable person died in the Bastille in 1703 and the local register says he was buried in the parish of St. Paul. Now, this garden undoubtedly forms a part of the ancient cemetery of St. Paul, and the church, itself, is near at hand, set in the midst of a cluster of old houses. It is in the garden that the famous Iron Mask is said to have been buried, and the spot is the Mecca of daily pilgrimages. Outwardly, the place is unlovely enough, ragged and uncultivated. A few poor bedraggled flowers try to live on, cut off from the sunshine by the over-topping houses, and prematurely faded by the smoke from a neighboring wash-house, out of sheer respect for a great name. In a corner, where are the decayed trunks of some ancients, and where a pool of stagnant water gives an additional aspect of melancholy, is the reputed grave of the Iron Mask. The old attendant will tell you that the water does not run away because there is a vault beneath covered over with a thick bed of cement. In the middle of the garden there is a subterranean passage which leads by gentle descent direct to the cave of burial. The question which is agitating the minds of the "Old Paris" society which watches over these matters is whether the bones of this fascinating figure of a former century are really there. This will be settled, perhaps, when the tomb is opened. Will the strange instrument that he wore for so many years be found, rust-eaten, among the remains? Actually, there is on the grave a column which bears an inscription, cut with a knife. "Here lies Marchiali, the Man with the Iron Mask." It would appear that the inscription was copied from a stone, which was formerly in place there. The ancient cemetery of St. Paul is now almost built over. Here, however, if one may again believe the tradition of the quarter, have lain the ashes of Rabelais, of Mansard, the architect who built the Bank of France, and the hotel, now the Musée, Carnavalet, of Moliere and his spouse, Armande Bejart.

**Another Illusion Dispelled.**

Ruthless bacteriologists destroy one by one our fondest illusions. Now faith in the purity of glaciers must go the way of other popular fallacies. Hitherto the man in the street had imagined that were all the waters of every city and plain polluted he would still find immaculate springs in the Alps. But M. Binet, who presides over a chemical laboratory at the Pasteur institute, having no such faith, obtained some ice from the glaciers of Mont Blanc itself and placed it under his powerful microscope. His verdict shatters the dreams of mountaineers. It appears that even the summit, which so long remained untrodden by human feet, has lost its purity, if it ever had any. The ice in question, and water melted therefrom, were found, on bacteriological analysis, to be "peopled with colonies of microbes." The statement which follows is particularly terrifying. It appears that "the germs in question were found to belong to the most varied families of bacteria." M. Binet accounts for the pollution of the Mont Blanc glaciers, says the London Telegraph, by surmising that the microbes have been conveyed to the mountain peaks by the winds sweeping the cities in the valleys.

**Criminal Carelessness.**

A woman was recently robbed of \$3,000 in bills at 8 o'clock at night, her dress being literally cut from her body by the thieves. An unprotected woman has no business to be carrying \$3,000 at night anywhere unless she is prepared to take the consequences. Within the past year the newspapers have recorded hundreds of cases of murder, assault, torture, robbery and arson, all due to the criminal carelessness of people keeping in their houses or on their persons, large sums of money which should be safely lodged in the banks. Many people are prejudiced against the banks, but where there is one bank failure there are a hundred robberies. It is easy to take proper precautions but practically impossible to catch thieves.

**An Economical Parson.**

"Br'er Williams, all tho' de winter season you wuz preachin' red-hot sermons on hell fire, en now dat de spring come you ain't got a word ter say 'bout hell fire. How come?" "Br'er Thomas, de wayfarin' man, do' mighty foolish, mont er knowed why dat wuz. In de winter season, Br'er Thomas, coal wuz \$6 a ton."—Atlantic Constitution.

**Foreshadowings.**

"Somethin' is bound to happen to old Jones if he keeps on the way he's goin'." "Think so?" "Yes. He'll either git kicked by a mule or run for the legislature."—Atlanta Constitution.



**Treatment of Corn Smut.**

The illustration shows the effect of the corn smut on the growing ears, and it is evident that the disease needs attention each season if the corn fields of following years are to be free from this troublesome difficulty. Probably the only way of getting rid of the trouble entirely is to gather the smut pustules before they break and scatter the spores. This work should be done as soon as the trouble is noticed, going over the field two or three times during the summer and gathering the pustules carefully, then burning them. In this manner the disease will be gradually stamped out. It must be remembered, however, that if the spores are scattered over the field the crop of smut next year will be correspondingly greater. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture has not been fruitful of re-

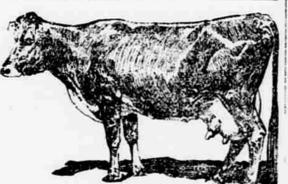


**CORN AFFECTED WITH SMUT.**

sults largely because the plants could not be sprayed at the proper time without danger to the pollen fertilization of the plant. Go through the corn field early and follow the plan suggested during the season, getting neighboring corn growers to do the same thing, and it will be comparatively easy to stamp out the disease in a section.—Indianapolis News.

**Typical Dairy Cow.**

An Agricultural Department bulletin shows an illustration of a dairy cow, whose general features, it is claimed, are almost perfect. She has a medium sized head and neck and a well defined shoulder and neck vein. The body or barrel is medium to long, but with a great depth through the digestive region and with a long, well developed hind quarter and a nicely shaped udder. She is short legged, close to the ground, angular and free from fleshiness. Her body shows symmetry, quality, correlation of parts and therefore stamina and great digestive capacity, and she exhibits every indication of the power to give a large quantity of milk. It is rare that any person purchasing a cow having such apparent constitution and conformation, and yet being a rangy, open jointed animal, will be disappointed in her as a money maker. There are exceptions to all rules, however, and no type can be de-



**AN IDEAL DAIRY COW.**

scribed that will meet every contingency and pass every swinish line unchallenged.

**Feeding Bran.**

With me stock always thrives when bran is fed in conjunction with grain. I had a young mare that got out of condition during summer, and I tried to 'treat her on corn. I gave ten ears three times a day. She did not do well at all. I cut the corn down to six ears, with a quart of bran, three times a day, and I saw improvement at once. I drove her to buggy right along, and in three months she was fat and in splendid condition. I am careful never to use stale feed. That is what does the mischief. Young stock do better on a mixed feeding in which bran plays a one-third part. I have known a great many extravagant feeders who are careless about watering stock.—Cornwall New Yorker.

**Cover Crops in Orchards.**

Instead of the usual cover crops in orchards some farmers prefer to have the land cultivated in summer, thus killing weeds and permitting moisture and air to enter the soil, the stirring of the soil protecting the roots of trees. In the summer, about August or after danger of drought is over, clover is seeded and left until spring, the scarlet or crimson clover being preferred. If the land is left in sod as a cover crop it is claimed that the demands of an grass crop for moisture and plant food in summer injures the trees.

**Watch Growing Chicks.**

If one is in the poultry business in earnest, with a view to making a profit from it, due attention must be paid to the growing chicks; not only to keep them in the best possible condition, but to know which are the most promising or future work, and to treat them ac-

**THE JEWELLED TALISMAN**

**PURITAN AND CAVALIER**

**MRS. CAROLINE ORNE**

**CHAPTER II.**

When Mildred Daeces had arrived within a short distance of the house Alice saw her and went out to meet her, for she was eager to inquire how she found herself after the frightful accident which came so near proving fatal.

"I have entirely recovered from its effects," was Mildred's answer.

"You don't know how frightened I was," said Alice.

"Were you? Well, you look happy now," and she looked down into the dark eyes, full of the heart's sunshine. "You are happy," Mildred went on to say, "and I think I know the cause. Come, Alice, let us walk a little while in this calm twilight, so that you can tell me all about it."

"I have little to tell you, dear Mildred," said Alice, with a smile.

"I know you haven't. All that you can say will not reveal to me more than your looks have done already. You have promised Clarence Harleigh that you will be his wife."

"No, not exactly that. Uncle Walworth says he isn't yet quite prepared to give his consent."

"Why need that stiff old Puritan know anything about it?"

"Mildred!"

"What a world of proof you sometimes contrive to throw into a single infliction of that sweet voice of yours! Well, I was wrong, and will never again call him a stiff old Puritan as long as I live, since you dislike to hear me."

"Uncle Walworth does what he thinks is just and right, and as he is my guardian, I am bound to respect his wishes."

"If you and Clarence are not betrothed, he has told you that he prefers you above all others. This much I am certain of; it is no use for you to deny it."

"I shall not attempt it, then."

"And in return for the precious boon, you are, doubtless, required to refuse all offers during his absence. If one of England's proudest nobles should sue for your hand, you will consider yourself bound not to listen to his suit?"

"I should have no wish to listen to it."

"And you imagine that Harleigh will prove to be insensible to the charms of the lovely and fascinating ladies that give grace and brilliancy to the court of the merry monarch? My sweet Alice, believe no such thing. I know Clarence Harleigh better than you do."

A troubled look stole over the face of Alice. As Mildred stealthily watched the effect of what she had said a strange smile hovered on her lips. After a few moments' silence, as Alice raised her eyes to Mildred's, she caught a gleam of their cold, glittering light.

"I think," said she, "that I know Clarence Harleigh well enough to trust him."

"Fine will prove which of us is right," said Mildred, as they entered the house. Through the open door they could see Harleigh in an apartment with Mr. Walworth. The latter, though tall and lean, showed marks of no inconsiderable muscular vigor, while certain lines, deeply traced on his countenance, were expressive of mental energy and great firmness of purpose. Being seldom relaxed or brightened with a smile, a stern, almost harsh, look had gradually settled upon his features. Harleigh, on the other hand, whose form was peculiarly fine, and whose whole appearance carried with it an air of true nobility, was a genuine representative of the cavalier.

As Alice and Mildred were about to enter the room where Mr. Walworth and Harleigh were, Gilbert Falkland, as if that moment returned from his hunting expedition, made his appearance at the outer door. Mildred, unobserved by Alice, fell back behind her a little and said to him quickly:

"I am going to have a little conversation with Harleigh. Remember that, meanwhile, you are to entertain Alice."

Harleigh, at their entrance, turned from the window, and was coming forward to meet them when Mildred, hastening towards him, placed her hand on his arm.

"Permit me," said she, "to command your exclusive attention for a few moments. I hear that you are soon going to leave us, and I have a few verbal messages to send to acquaintances, and some letters to my friends."

"Both of which I will undertake with pleasure," he replied.

"With respect to the messages, they will not burden your memory, for being merely complimentary, I will leave it to your own judgment and good taste to phrase them. As for your names, here is a list of them—a somewhat long one, as the candles which have made their appearance very opportunely will enable you to see. But you don't hear what I say."

"Not a word has escaped me."

"I ask pardon, but I thought that your attention appeared to be attracted toward my friend Alice. Doesn't she look charming?"

"She always does."

"True, but according to my taste, she looks uncommonly so this evening. I long ago gave up trying to persuade her to give a little more freedom to those magnificent tresses of hers, as I found that all I could say failed to move her."

"And now that you have ceased to persuade, she has done it voluntarily."

"Say, rather, that I was not as eloquent as your friend Falkland."

"Has Gilbert Falkland presumed to express a wish relative to a subject on which, as I knew her uncle's peculiar opinions and feelings, delicacy constrained me to be silent?"

"Softly, Harleigh—softly. I see an angry spark in your eye, for which there is not the least occasion. Falkland has expressed any such wish. He said nothing more than that he considered it a much more becoming way of wearing the hair, than to confine it by caps and fillets."

"And so Miss Dale acted upon this hint?"

"I will not say that she did."

"Yet think so?"

"Our thoughts are our own. There is one thing, however, that you and I both know."

"What is it?"

"That Alice Dale is scarcely more than a child, just old enough to be fascinated with a face almost femininely pretty, like Gilbert Falkland's. That true manly beauty, which is in reality more the expression of fine and noble traits of character than any particular complexion or set of features, has little attraction for her, because such is unable to comprehend wherein lies its charm. I don't speak of this as being any disparagement to her, for I love Alice as dearly as I should to my own sister. It is the same with all girls of her age. The mind must be formed and the taste cultivated before one is capable of appreciating the kind of beauty to which I allude."

"I have been deceived in her, then."

"Say, rather, that you have been a little bewildered. Look, Harleigh! Falkland is winding one of those soft brown curls of hers round his finger. I should imagine by his looks that he was begging it of her, as a memento of friendship, or, perhaps, love."

the time for him to acquire the necessary composure to appear towards Alice the next day if he had not listened to the insidious representations which had been poured into his ears. Now, his mind was in a state of tumultuous excitement, and to put on a calm exterior was all that he could well do.

**CHAPTER III.**

After Mildred Daeces had resumed her seat, an awkward silence had ensued for several minutes, when, without the ceremony of first knocking, the door was thrown open, and a man in drab-colored garments and a steely crowned hat was seen standing at the threshold. Judging from his appearance, he could have been only a few years younger than Mr. Walworth. His face was a coarse one, and so extremely pale as to appear almost cadaverous. His eyes were ordinarily dull and heavy, though, at times, as was at present the case, as they happened to fall on Harleigh, they blazed with a fierce, angry glare, which was absolutely startling.

"Peace be with him and his who dwell beneath this roof," said he, "but shame and confusion to those who have sought his hospitality for a season, and who have not refused to bow the knee to Charles Stuart, who, like themselves, is a feeble worm of the dust."

"Meaning you and me, Clarence," said Falkland, pinching Harleigh's arm, and speaking in an undertone.

"Gaiety, Gaiety, you are welcome," said Mr. Walworth. "Come in and take a seat with us."

Gabriel hesitated, looked first at Harleigh, then at Mildred, and finally fastened his gaze on Falkland.

"It is hardly meet that I should sit with idolaters and seorners," said he; "nevertheless, for the sake of others who may listen to wholesome proof, I will not refuse your invitation."

"I have been thinking," said Mr. Walworth, "why the king of England has been permitted to harden his heart against us, and to take away the governors chosen by the people, and in their stead, set over our New England province one whose administration already begins to be arbitrary and oppressive."

"Need you ask," said Gabriel Gaiety, "when there are such provoking sins in our midst? Even those from whom we might expect better things, have they not been enticed into following the example of the ungodly in other lands? Even now there is one present who, tempted by pride, wears ear-rings of gold and precious stones, such as were worn by the Ishmaelites, who fell before the sword of Israel, and which were given as a gift to Gideon. Those of the stronger sex, too, who should disdain the vanities of dress, array themselves in costly velvets, adorned with gold and silver, and with ruffles of fine lace. The number of such is increasing, and though now, Nathan Walworth, you have rich and goodly lands, which were lately overrun by the heathen, you and I may live to see the day when they will so mightily prevail and multiply, that it will be no marvel if we are put to the same straits as were the children of Israel, who were compelled to dwell in the dens which are in the mountains, and in caves and strong holds."

"It will be no more than our brethren of Scotland have been forced to do," replied Mr. Walworth; "but I have faith to believe, that in the hour of need there will be those raised up who will break asunder the cords of oppression as if they were burnt fax, and free the people from the power of the king, and his nobles, and his governors."

(To be continued.)

**Sir Henry Was Hungry.**

James K. Hackett, who is much interested in the relation of the actor to the character, said that he believes in a happy combination of the actor's own character and the role to be portrayed. "When I was studying the part of Basil Jennico," he said recently, "I was for a long time in doubt just how to act in the separation scene. I thought what I would have done under the same circumstances. I tried to think what Basil would have done in his day, and finally I decided to do as I would have done—that is, simply bow as she passed out."

"All this is illustrated in a little story told of Mounser Sully and Sir Henry Irving. The Frenchman and the Englishman had been having a violent discussion on the question of how far an actor should really feel his role. Sir Henry said he felt everything deeply. Sully said he never felt anything. When the discussion was over they adjourned to dinner."

"Are you hungry, Sir Henry?" said the Frenchman.

"Ravishingly hungry," said the Englishman.

"I am not," replied Sully; "now let us see who can give the best imitation of a hungry man."

**Why Buttons on Sleeves.**

Frederick the Great liked to see his soldiers smartly dressed. He discovered that many of the men were in the habit of wiping the perspiration from their face with their coatsleeves. This, of course, soiled the sleeves, and gave the coat an untidy appearance. In order to put a stop to this practice, Frederick ordered that a row of buttons should be placed on the upper side of each sleeve. In this manner the habit was broken up. But the buttons remained, and when their original purpose was forgotten they were placed on the under side of the sleeve, to be out of the way.

—New York Home Journal.

**Forearmed.**

"But," said the philanthropist from the North, "is there no remedy for the fearful evil of lynching?"

"I don't know of but one," Parson Woodman replied, "and I done hammer dat inter my flock ebbery chance I g s. I advise 'em all ter nevah leave home widout fust provin' a lib' an' takin' it wiv 'em fer an emergency."

**The Street Piano.**

The peripatetic musicians who push the piano organs through the streets must have a very poor opinion of human nature. They cannot love those who refuse to contribute, and they must have a supreme contempt for people who are willing to pay for the kind of music that is dealt out to them.—Boston Transcript.