

THE STORY TELLER

THE SONG OF THE CLOCK.

Stay, master, a moment, and hear me,
And mark what I say;
For years I have bided you by day and by night,
To bid you do right, do right,
Do right.

Yet little you heed my monotonous song,
Which warns against wrong;
You forget that you have with each moment
Less time to repent and do right,
Do right.

From daylight to darkness, from darkness
to dawn,
I continue to warn;
I'm a time-piece, 'tis true, but my chiefest
delight
Is to bid you do right, do right,
Do right.

Each vibrating pulse of my being is fraught,
With serious thought,
With serious thought;
For I know that each tick of mine heralds
the flight
Of a soul into darkness—do right,
Do right.

What though the heart's sorrows, and pas-
sions, and strife,
Cloud darkly your life,
Gaze steadfastly onward, where promises
bright
Beam calmly for those that do right,
Do right.

Though fameless, I'm sinless, industrious,
true,
And so should be you,
And so should be you;
Would you have a heart cloudless and joy-
ous and bright;
Try, try to do right, do right,
Do right.

Then scorn not my pleading, good master
and friend,
For you may depend,
That the dawn of true happiness follows the
right
Or the day of resolve to do right,
Do right.

—W. B. Seabrook, Youth's Companion.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

It Was Settled to the Satisfaction
of All.

Young Versueil had just received his
commission as Lieutenant in a cavalry
regiment garrisoned at Metz. Versueil
was a rich, handsome and courageous.

His epaulettes, the sword which gleamed
at his side, and the uniform which set
off his fine figure so admirably, thrilled
him with joyful anticipation. But now
the time has arrived for him to join his
regiment, and he must bid farewell, per-
haps forever, to his dear, sweet Ernestine,
whom he loves more than fame,
more than life, almost more than honor.

Ernestine resided at Chalons with her
mother, Madame de Barville, their mod-
est establishment being under the
charge of one old servant. These two
ladies were interesting through their
morals, and also on account of their situ-
ation, which was unfortunate. Ernestine
embroidered in secret, in order to
procure for her mother those luxuries
which she had formerly been accus-
tomed, and which she now found neces-
sary.

Versueil saw Ernestine and could not
help loving one so amiable and beau-
tiful. He was generally admired and
esteemed, and Madame de Barville saw
no reason to forbid his attentions, es-
pecially as the young man was entire
master of his own actions and fortune
and had fully explained his intentions.
However, Madame de Barville, a lady
of prudence and delicacy, consulted
some delay. "My dear Versueil," she
said, "you should not, without thorough
consideration, thus bind yourself for
life. Of course you feel deeply honored
by your love for Ernestine, but, al-
though poor, I could not take advan-
tage of your inexperience, to assure to
my child a position which you might
one day regret having given her. A
career of distinction lies before you.
Serve your country and your King, and
when you understand your sentiments
and find that your mind approves them,
I will not oppose a love intensified by
time." Versueil, with the most heart-
felt emotion, assured Madame de Barville
that his affection for Ernestine would
endure while life remained.

During his journey to Metz he thought
constantly of Ernestine. On his arrival
he was welcomed with the utmost cor-
diality by all the officers of the regi-
ment. This reception flattered his self-
love, and his spirits, which had been de-
pressed since his parting from Ernestine,
recovered something of their natural
gayety. In the evening he attended a
military banquet. The repast was
excellent, the wines of the best, and that
disregard of conventionalities prevailed
which is always noticeable in sold-
iers' gatherings. Soon the mirth became
excessive. The spirits of the guests
sparkled like the wine which flowed un-
ceasingly. They strove to intoxicate the
new-comer, who thought himself obliged
to respond to every toast.

Versueil, unknown to his friends, of a
kind of life began to lose his self-
control, and ere long was far gone as to
know nothing of what he said or did.
Excited by the champagne and the jests
of his friends, his recklessness soon
passed the bounds of propriety. Facing
him at the same table was an old officer,
who, though seventy-six years of age,
still held only the position of Lieuten-
ant. This was the Chevalier de Mont-
luc, a worthy man full of honor and sim-
plicity, but perhaps, a little peculiar in
dress and manner. Throughout his
fifty years of service he had been ad-
mired by the officers of his regiment and
had won the respect of all, although
poverty had always kept him in an in-
ferior rank.

The Chevalier de Montluc smiled in-
dulgently at the talk of the young men,
and replied pleasantly to their rail-
eries so long as they remained within
proper bounds. The almost rustic sim-
plicity of his appearance struck the mid-
dled fancy of young Versueil, and he ad-
dressed some impertinent remarks to
the respectable officer, forgetting his age,
and not yet aware of his merits. As-
tonished that a youth and a stranger
should accost him with such unwar-
ranted freedom, the Chevalier de
Montluc endeavored by a stern
look to command that respect

which was his due, and which had
never before been denied him. But
poor Versueil was no longer himself.
The countenance of the aged Montluc,
far from seeming to him imposing,
struck him as in the highest degree
ridiculous. He gave unreserved sway
to all the foolish ideas suggested by
chance and champagne, and at last
gave expression to a witicism which
delighted him at the time, but was fated
to cost him dear.

Soon after the hour for retiring ar-
rived and the company dispersed. Ver-
sueil went immediately to bed and fell
into a sound sleep, like a man at the
close of a well-spent day. The next
morning he rose early, but his mind
was not so cheerful as usual. His first
thoughts were of his dear Ernestine,
and he reproached himself with having
while far from her, yielded a moment
to forgetfulness. He felt a present-
ment that he should never see her
again, and a vague unrest, for which he
could find no cause, troubled and per-
plexed him.

His servant entered and handed him
letter; he recognized the hand of Ma-
dame de Barville. With what haste he
opened the welcome missive! He would
hear of Ernestine, who, perhaps he
added a few words. He was filled with
delight and all sad reflections were ban-
ished. This was the letter:

Pardon me, my dear Versueil, for hav-
ing until now withheld from you a secret.
You certainly merit our entire confidence,
but my circumstances have demanded a re-
course for which my heart has reproach-
ed me. In believing me the widow of a veter-
an soldier you were mistaken. My husband
still lives, and is near you in your regi-
ment. I beg of you, Versueil, to show every at-
tention to the Chevalier de Montluc. He is the
best of men, honest and joyous person. He
is dearer to me than all the world beside,
and if so many reasons do not suffice to
make you love and respect him, he is the
father of your beloved Ernestine. This in-
formation astonishes you, and you ask,
doubtless, why I am not known by my hus-
band's name. It is an honorable name
which we consider it our duty not to be-
sides we are without means to maintain it
properly. Losses without number have de-
prived me of the wealth which was my in-
heritance. The Chevalier de Montluc is
your son, and has no property. But I
possess the lofty pride of his race. It
suffers for my poverty, but I shall not
blush or let it be known to the world
almost a crime. Some day, perhaps before
long, this cruel state of things may be
changed. Then we will resume our name
and position, but meanwhile Ernestine
I must live in that seclusion befitting the
fortunate. Therefore I reserve and love
de Montluc as a father. He needs care,
for he is old; he is perhaps somewhat sen-
sitive, for he is poor. Beware of allow-
ing him to suspect that you know his
secret. He would never forgive his
laughter or my as long as he lives. I
had not intended to confide in you, but
after your departure Ernestine begged of me,
and the consideration of intruding her
father to the care of her best friend.

To her mother's letter Ernestine had
added these words: "I will measure the
love of Versueil by the care he gives to
my father."

It would be difficult to describe the
impression made by this letter upon
Versueil. He blushed and was dis-
tressed while he yet but imperfectly
remembered the scene of the previ-
ous evening and scarcely understood the
reason of his remorse. What! this old
officer whom yesterday in a fit of drunk-
enness he had treated with such want of
consideration the father of Ernestine!

Gradually he recalled all his foolish
jests and realized how inexcusable it
was for a young person thus to address
an estimable and unfortunate old man.
As he was reflecting upon the means of
repairing this injury he heard a knock
at the door and the servant announced
the Chevalier de Montluc. At this name,
at this unexpected visit, Versueil was
almost petrified with astonishment.
He would have greeted Monsieur de
Montluc, but found no opportunity.
The chevalier seated himself without
ceremony, and assuming a stern and
severe expression, gazed fixedly at Ver-
sueil. After a moment of oppressive
silence De Montluc said in a calm,
glad manner:

"Monsieur de Versueil, I have seen
fifty years of service; I have fought for
my country and my King; I am cov-
ered with honorable scars. Though
fortune may never distinguish me from
the crowd, though I die in obscurity,
at least honor will accompany me to
the portals of the tomb. This honor, Monsieur
de Versueil, has served as my guide through a
long and painful life. The only wealth
which remains to me, it is my consola-
tion for the innumerable hardships im-
posed upon me by fate. You, Monsieur
de Versueil, at twenty years of age, have jeer-
ingly insulted me, regardless of the
deference which is due to my gray
hairs."

"Ah! Monsieur!"

"Do not interrupt me! If you find
this discourse over long, I will abridge it.
You insulted me, Monsieur de Ver-
sueil, and I have come to demand satis-
faction."

"You! Good Heavens!"

"Yes, I," continued the old officer,
coldly. "Did you think, sir, that you
were attacking a weak and defenseless
old man? You were greatly mistaken.
Honor is never powerless. It can al-
ways find means to punish insult, and
force respect. It can render futile all
the advantages of which youth is so
boastful. I do not propose a fight with
swords; you could not desire it; you
would not wish to oppose your
strength and skill against a man whose
hand is trembling and whose sight is
dimmed by age. It is my privilege to
make conditions and select arms. We
will throw dice, Monsieur de Versueil,
and he who throws highest shall blow
out the brains of the other."

"Blow out your brains! Better a
thousand times perish," cried Versueil,
beside himself, walking the floor in vi-
olent agitation.

"You need not spare me," replied
the old man proudly; "should fate
favor me I will not spare you. Mon-
sieur de Versueil, good morn'g. This
evening at eight o'clock we will meet
upon the rampart; bring a friend."

With these words the Chevalier de
Montluc departed, slamming the door,
and leaving the unfortunate Versueil in
the deepest distress. Alas! against
whom was he about to fight? Against
the man whom he ought most to revere
and protect; against an old man
against the father of one so dear to
him!

"No, no!" he said to himself. "I will
not accept the duel, I can not; I must
not accept it, but what would my
comrades say? What would Monsieur
de Montluc think of me? Alas, what
can I do?"

The inexperience of Versueil added
still more to the difficulty of his situa-
tion.

At first he thought of seeking

Monsieur de Montluc, humbly acknow-
ledging his fault, making every apology,
and offering any reparation except the
fatal one. "But no," he reflects, "it is
too late. The Chevalier de Montluc
has fixed upon a combat where neither
side has advantage, since the decision is
in the hands of fate. Excuses would
be seen to arise from fear. I would be
cowardly in the eyes of my comrades."
He shuddered at the idea.

"Well," he said after a moment of
thought, "I have decided. I accept the
duel with all its conditions. Heaven is
my witness that the dread of death had
no part in the cruel decision which
tormented me, and I swear—"

He formed at this moment a gener-
ous resolution which calmed the tumult in
his soul.

But new reflections soon plunged
him into new anxiety. "What will
Ernestine say when she learns that her
lover has died by the hand of her
father? How she will grieve! How
criminal she will think me! Oh, if she
could only know all that is passing in
my heart, and the firm resolve I have
just formed!"

"Instead of giving the Chevalier de
Montluc the care and protection which
my darling wished, I have publicly out-
raged him. What misery! If I die I
shall bar to the grave the scorn and
haired of Ernestine. The thought is
insupportable." He formed the plan
of writing at once to Madame de Mont-
luc, and explaining the true condition
of affairs. "When I am dead," he
said, "she will read my letter to Ernestine;
Ernestine will weep for me and
will not despise me. But why should I
inform them in advance of a sorrow
they will learn too soon? Why hasten to
carry de-pair to my darling's heart?"

Finally he went to his writing desk
and made a will, giving all his wealth
to Madame de Montluc and Ernestine.
After signing and sealing this docu-
ment he left the house, to find, if possi-
ble, some relief from the anguish which
overwhelmed him. He walked through
the streets of Metz, not caring whether
he went, the more unhappy that he
had no friend in whom to confide his
sorrow.

He must find a second. What officer
of the regiment will render him this ser-
vice? He is a stranger, while the
Chevalier de Montluc possesses the gen-
eral regard. He sought the First Lieut-
enant of the regiment. "He is a wise
man," he said; "perhaps he can give
me some advice."

The First Lieutenant received him in
a cold and reserved manner. Versueil
commenced the conversation by saying:
"you see in me, Monsieur, the most un-
happy of men. I have at the very outset
of my service in the regiment
incurred the bad opinion of all.
Yesterday I forgot myself so far as to
treat with unbecoming disrespect the
oldest of the officers. I have failed to
show the consideration due to his age
and his excellence. To-day I fully un-
derstand my fault, and would give my
last drop of blood in reparation."

He then spoke of his interview with
the Chevalier de Montluc, and the duel
which was to take place, and added: "I
had not before seen the Chevalier de
Montluc, and did not know that he was,
of all men, the one to whom I most
owed honor and deference, and now
that I know it, I must be held up to ridi-
cule or must die by his hand."

"There is no alternative," said the
First Lieutenant. "You have insulted
the Chevalier de Montluc. He requests,
he demands reparation; nothing less—
excuses would not satisfy him; and you
would be lowered in our estimation.
With us, Monsieur, apologies are only
allowed to men who have proved them-
selves courageous. Moreover, I will not
conceal from you, that if you refuse the
duel you must leave the regiment, and
if you kill the Chevalier de Montluc,
whom we all love as a father, then also
you must leave the regiment."

"What," cried Versueil, have you no
other advice to offer me? I came to
Metz filled with the brightest hopes. I
thought that I could win the regard of
my comrades. I knew that I merited
their esteem and friendship, and now,
from the first day I am forsaken—an
outcast! If blood would satisfy you,"
he went on in a sort of fury; "if I had
to fight, Monsieur, against you, against
the bravest officer in the regiment,
against you all, you would see if I
lacked courage; but the Chevalier de
Montluc!" He ended in a torrent of
tears.

The First Lieutenant, who until then
had appeared unmoved, was deeply
touched by the situation and grief of
this interesting young man. He knew
him to be brave, and understood that
fear of death was not the cause of his
distress and tears. He took the hand
of Versueil and said to him:

"Monsieur de Versueil, you have won
my sympathy and may rely upon my
friendship. I will try to arrange this
unfortunate affair, but I can not assure
you of the success of my endeavors. The
Chevalier de Montluc is the best of
men, but he is extremely sensitive where
his honor is involved. His age renders
him all the more exacting on this point.
The older I am, he is accustomed to
say, 'the more I should be respected.'
Go to your room, Monsieur de Versueil,
and seek to recover your tranquility, I
will soon rejoin you."

The First Lieutenant did not lose a
moment. He went to the Colonel's
quarters and found all the officers to-
gether. After some time he de-
lating it was agreed that young Versueil owed
full reparation to the estimable Chevalier
de Montluc, and that he should make
public apology for the ill-timed
jest which had offended the brave of-
ficer. They then summoned the Chevalier
de Montluc. The Colonel, as
sake-man for the entire regiment, repre-
sented to the Chevalier the youth and
inexperience of Versueil, the drunken
condition into which his comrades had
beguiled him, the remorse of the young
man, who promised to make amend-
ment, and finally the hardness of the terms
imposed—a duel where one of the two
must perish for an unimportant offense,
simply a youthful imprudence. The
Colonel ended by begging the Chevalier
de Montluc, in the name of the regi-
ment, to condescend to accept Ver-
sueil's apology, and not exact so cruel
an atonement for so slight an injury.

Monsieur de Montluc listened impass-
sively to this speech, and replied calmly:
"Colonel, if I were rich and young I
could pardon him, but I am old and
poor, and, therefore, more than other

a target for insult from those who can
do so with impunity. I have for the
protection of my name only my
courage and my honor, and I will main-
tain them while one drop of blood flows
in my veins. The youth of Monsieur
de Versueil is no excuse. If he were of
my age I would not exact from him a
respect which he would not owe me.
His inexperience has need of a lesson,
and that which I will give him may
prove of some value if he does not de-
spise the victim of his own temerity.
As to the duel which I have proposed, I
acknowledge the conditions to be se-
vere, but could I find any more gen-
tle, and at the same time as just? They are
the only ones where the weapons be-
come equal in the trembling hands of
age and the firm grasp of youth. Be-
sides, what is in question, Monsieur
Colonel? The death of Monsieur de
Versueil or myself. If I preserve my
honor I count for little the life of a
man, and I count my own for nothing.
Therefore, gentlemen, do not urge me
to accept the apology of Monsieur de
Versueil; honor does not permit it.
Chance will this evening decide which
of us will perish."

At this assertion spoken steadily and
without the slightest indication of ex-
citement, the officers lost hope of
softening the severity of Monsieur de
Montluc.

The disappointed Lieutenant returned
to Versueil, who awaited him in great
agitation. Versueil saw from the ex-
pression of his friend that the old man
persisted in his fatal resolution. "I see,
Monsieur," he said, "that no arrange-
ment can be made."

"No, my young friend," replied the
Lieutenant; "you must prepare to sat-
isfy the Chevalier. I regret it, for as I
said before, if you kill him you will be
obliged to leave the regiment."

"We will see about that," said Ver-
sueil. "But listen a moment, Monsieur;
you are an honorable man and I be-
lieve I can, with confidence, tell you
a secret, the more important that it is
to my own. The wife and daughter
of the Chevalier de Montluc live at Cha-
lons in the deepest retirement, under
the assumed names of Madame and
Mademoiselle de Barville. I love the
young Ernestine desperately, and she
returns my affection. Madame de
Montluc approves of our mutual
love. Ernestine at the end of
this campaign, in which I had hoped to
harvest some laurels, would have re-
ceived my name and fortune in grant-
ing me her hand. Monsieur de Mont-
luc is ignorant of my love and my plans,
and by a strange fatality he will, per-
haps, destroy this evening the man who
had hoped to call him father. You now
understand, Monsieur, the cause of my
sorrow, and the tears you have seen me
shed. Should chance pronounce my
death warrant, which would be the
de-pair of Ernestine? What would she
think of her lover killed in a duel by
her father? I beg of you, Monsieur,
write to her for my sake when I have
ceased to live, and explain the details of
this catastrophe. Above all, portray
me as more unfortunate than guilty,
and be sure to say that I died loving
her."

With these words, drawing from his
bosom the will which gave all his wealth
to Madame and Mademoiselle de Mont-
luc, he placed it in the hands of the
Lieutenant as a sacred charge. The
First Lieutenant pressed Versueil to
his heart and promised to fulfill
his last request, when sud-
denly the clock struck eight.
It was time for the fatal meeting. Ver-
sueil heard it calmly; he relied on the
promise of the Lieutenant. Ernestine
would know all. Moreover, the thought
of his death would inspire her all the
benefits hitherto denied by fate, and
the thought that in dying he would enrich
her as he would have enriched her had
he lived, did not fail to afford him some
comfort.

He soon arrived with his new friend
at the appointed place. All the officers
of the regiment were already there and
had made renewed but vain attempts to
alter the decision of Montluc. To the
arguments of his comrades the old sol-
dier had but one reply: "Honor de-
mands it." At the appearance of Ver-
sueil, impressive silence reigned among
the spectators. All eyes were directed
toward the young man, whose counte-
nance, full of sweetness and dignity,
preluded a noble spirit, and whose
firm bearing showed a heart free from
all fear. Versueil went up to the
Chevalier de Montluc and said to him,
smiling: "Monsieur le Chevalier, this
is my first attempt at the game of
chance."

"You may not find it altogether
amusing," replied the Chevalier, "I'll
tell you. We are playing for large stakes."
The two seconds loaded the pistols,
the Chevalier's second held the de-
vice; he was to make the first trial, and
the one of the principals who claimed
the highest point should blow out the
brains of his adversary.

The Chevalier's second shook the dice
for a long time before giving them their
fatal liberty, but finally they escaped
and rolled upon the rampart. The two
seconds and all the officers hastened to
see what point the Chevalier had thrown.
It was the number ten. All eyes were
bent in deep sadness upon young Ver-
sueil, who appeared unmoved, although
there were ten chances against two that
he must die. The First Lieutenant,
Versueil's second, took the box and dice
with a trembling hand; he shook the
dice with an almost convulsive move-
ment, and let them suddenly escape
from the prison. All look with trep-
idation; they hardly breathe; Versueil
has also thrown the number ten. They
must again solicit chance, who seems
unwilling to pronounce upon the fate of
two beings equally interesting, one
through his age and character, the other
through his personal advantages and
youthful promise.

Just at the moment when De Mont-
luc's second took up the dice to re-
new the terrible game, a letter was brought
to the Chevalier. He glanced at the ad-
dress and deep emotion was depicted on
his countenance. It was the writing of
his wife. He asked Versueil's permis-
sion to read this letter from one so dear.
When he had finished he returned to
Versueil and said quietly: "I am ready;
let us make another trial."

Monsieur de Montluc's second took
the dice and shook them thoroughly;
they rolled on the sand and showed the
number seven. The uncertainty was
new; all wished to stop so long and
narrowing contest, but it was too late.

Versueil's second took the dice in his
turn, and threw the number nine.
At this decision all hearts were thrilled
with deep horror. Versueil's second
placed a loaded pistol in his hand, and
the old Chevalier de Montluc approached
his adversary and said calmly: "Mon-
sieur de Versueil, make use of your
privileges."

"Yes," cried Versueil, flinging his
pistol over the rampart. "Yes, Monsieur
de Montluc, I will make use of them.
Come, gentlemen, come, you who were
witnesses of the involuntary indignity
which I offered to this respectable gen-
tleman at a time when I was deaf to the
voice of reason, be also witnesses of the
complete reparation which just ce-
mony, and all the sentiments of my
heart oblige me to render him! Mon-
sieur de Montluc," he said, addressing
the old man, "the victory which I owe
to chance gives me the right to confess
to you my fault. I acknowledge it
humbly, and implore you to pardon
me."

The old officer could not resist the
appeal. His eyes filled with tears, and
in a transport he could not control, he
threw himself in the arms of Versueil,
who cried: "O my father!"

This exclamation was followed by a
moment of silence, then Versueil added,
in tones earnest and compassionate:
"Yes, you will allow me to call you by
that dear and sacred name; you do not
know, Monsieur de Montluc, what ties
bind me to you; they can not be broken
save with those that attach me to life.
You have at Chalons a daughter—ah! do
not blush; it is with pride that you should
hear the name of Ernestine. You should
be especially proud of the title of husband
and father. May it be permitted the
tenderest affection to repair the wrongs
of fortune toward our dear Ernestine?
I love her, we love each other. I am
free and have the disposal of my estate.
Crown our mutual affection."

All the officers were deeply moved by
this unexpected scene; they crowded
around the aged De Montluc, who
seemed to be reflecting upon Versueil's
offer. At last the brave and venerable
soldier, taking Versueil's hand, said to
him: "Monsieur de Versueil, your con-
duct has been that of a generous and
honorable young man. I can under-
stand now what your position must
have been. Love forbade your taking
my life, and the serenity with which
you came to the rendezvous proved
that you would have nobly sacrificed
yourself. I approach myself for all
you must have suffered, but honor com-
manded it. However, I can but
recognize such delicacy and greatness
of soul.

"A few days ago I would not have
given you my daughter. I was poor,
and this pardon, which I now grant
with all my heart, would perhaps have
seem'd interested, but now, thank
Heaven, my position is changed. At
the moment when we hazarded our
chances for life, you saw me receive a
letter over which I grew pale and
troubled. That letter was from my
wife who has just arrived here with
my daughter Ernestine."

"Heavens, Ernestine!"

"My older brother," continued Mon-
sieur de Montluc, "my older brother,
who has ever treated me with profound
affection, has just died childless, and
I am his heir. My daughter, therefore,
is rich. For this reason, Monsieur de
Versueil, I do not hesitate to give her
to you. Otherwise Ernestine could
never have been yours. Honor would
not have permitted it. But let us hasten
to embrace those so dear to us."

Monsieur de Montluc then took Ver-
sueil's arm, calling him son, and they
went together to join Madame and
Mademoiselle de Montluc.

After the first expressions of paternal
affection De Montluc related to his wife
and daughter the story of the duel, at
which recital they shuddered with ter-
ror. Versueil depicted in his turn the
agitation of his soul, and they wept in
sympathy. Some time after, the regi-
ment of Versueil was called to Germany.
There the young man covered himself
with glory, and when the campaign was
over he married Ernestine. Their hap-
piness continued as long as their virtues
endured, that is while they lived, and
the sweetest peace blessed and adorned
a union solemnized, as it were, on the
battle-field.—Translated from the French, in
Albany Journal.

CARE OF COLTS.

How They Should Be Treated and Housed
During the Winter Season.

The future value of the colt depends
much on the care it receives during its
first winter. If kept in comfortable
quarters and properly fed, it will thrive
and grow rapidly, while on the other
hand, if exposed to the cold and fed
sparingly it is likely to receive a check
that it may never recover from. This
very unprofitable method of treating
colts is practiced on many a farm, and
brings its accompanying loss, the colt-
showing the effects of the neglect when
spring comes. If it was more gener-
ally realized how much is lost in this
way, more pains would be taken to see
that the colts have comfortable quar-
ters, with an abundance of good, nour-
ishing food. Due care should be taken
to see that the colts have a chance for
plenty of exercise. There should be a
well-sheltered yard adjoining their
stable, where, when the weather is not
so severe, they can run out for some
time each day. Their stable should be
well ventilated and kept clean, for
good fresh air is very essential to the
health and thrift of young stock.—
National Live Stock Journal.

A Cheerful Hack-Driver.

An invalid from Boston came to Flor-
ida for his health. He was confined to
his bed at first, but soon recovered suf-
ficiently to take a ride in a hired hack.
The hack-driver was very polite and at-
tentive, and when he helped the invalid
out on their return to the hotel, the latter
said:

"I am very much obliged. I think
shall require your services again pretty
soon."

"You bet you will. I drive the only
horse in this town."—Drake's Travel-
er's Magazine.

LES MISERABLES
When Victor Hugo wrote his
book with this title he was
over the civilized world. The
other human beings who were
arrested by the attention of the
large. But there is a good deal
in the world which might be
rid of. Thankful reports
bles show what a large and
Compound Oxygen has had
misery out and bringing
fort and joy in its place.
been almost ready to destroy
have been brought up from the
means of this wonderful
who have been the victims
misery of nervous prostration,
made bright and hopeful
Women almost helpless
feet and arms, and
who was utterly prostrated
infirmly grateful
weeks treatment am
Do not have such terrible
an more comfortable
ing, and am beginning
My mind is brighter,
more joyous and fresher."

For all you want to know
method of escaping from
DRS. STARKLEY & PALMER, 1124
Philadelphia, who will mail you
treasure giving full information.

Orders for the Compound
Treatment will be filled by H. A.
615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

If four feet thick in
are hunting moose on
Maine. Potato planting in
Florida, and California reports
toe and nose, strawberries
berries in market, and
of grapes and garden as

A CHANCE FOR HEALTH.

Is afforded those fast sinking
of hopeless debility. The
In the form of a general medicine,
Stomach Bitters embodies the
qualities of a blood purifier and
tonic and an alterative. While
digestion and assimilation, and
appetite, has the further effect of
life current and strengthening the
tem. As the blood grows richer and
its use, who they resort to this
agent, acquire not only vigor,
substance. A healthy change in
is effected by it, and that sure and
solidly, taking Versueil's hand, said to
him: "Monsieur de Versueil, your con-
duct has been that of a generous and
honorable young man. I can under-
stand now what your position must
have been. Love forbade your taking
my life, and the serenity with which
you came to the rendezvous proved
that you would have nobly sacrificed
yourself. I approach myself for all
you must have suffered, but honor com-
manded it. However, I can but
recognize such delicacy and greatness
of soul.

"A few days ago I would not have
given you my daughter. I was poor,
and this pardon, which I now grant
with all my heart, would perhaps have
seem'd interested, but now, thank
Heaven, my position is changed. At
the moment when we hazarded our
chances for life, you saw me receive a
letter over which I grew pale and
troubled. That letter was from my
wife who has just arrived here with
my daughter Ernestine."

"Heavens, Ernestine!"

"My older brother," continued Mon-
sieur de Montluc, "my older brother,
who has ever treated me with profound
affection, has just died childless, and
I am his heir. My daughter, therefore,
is rich. For this reason, Monsieur de
Versueil, I do not hesitate to give her