

The Tick of the Old Clock

When I bought my country place I made an offer for it and everything on it just as it stood, and the deed was thus made out. The house was 150 years old and there was some very old furniture in it, including a clock reaching from the door of the hall nearly to the ceiling. It had not kept time for many years. The works were rusty, and the pendulum, which had been detached, stood in the corner of the case. While the party from whom I made the purchase and I were looking at the old clock he gave me the following reason for the pendulum being in that position: He said that there was a tradition that one of the former owners of the premises had been warned that the clock would foretell the hour of his death. How this ghostly information was to be conveyed was not designated, but the warned man, hoping to disarm the ghost, detached the pendulum and set it in the corner of the case. One night in autumn, when the winds were blowing and the rain falling, he was lying wide awake when suddenly the old clock in the hall below began to tick. What induced him to count the strokes from the very first one he didn't know, but he did count them till the three thousand five hundred and fortieth stroke, when a sudden sinking sensation came over him, and he called for assistance. He died one minute later, or on the three thousand six hundredth stroke—that is, in exactly one hour from the first stroke.

I thanked my informant for this gruesome tale and told him that if he would verify it I would sell him the property I had just bought from him for one half what I had paid him, but the days of ghosts had passed and such stories no longer affect people as they once did.

Nevertheless, conscious as we are that there are existences beyond our ken, one must be superstitious. The seed had been planted in me, and often afterward when I lay awake at night I would fancy the slightest sound to be the tick of the old clock. I was tempted to sell it, but, in the first place, my wife greatly valued such old trinkets; in the second, I was ashamed to confess even to myself that I was afraid of it. You laugh at me, but how many people are there who do not prefer to first see the new moon over the right shoulder? This alone indicates that we are all in a measure superstitious. Whether by nature or inheritance, I don't know.

One autumn my wife left me to be gone a few days. There was only a servant at home besides myself. The night following my wife's departure the house seemed unusually still—indeed, it was unusually still. I can't say I felt unwell, but I was what I may call discomposed. My usual hour for going to bed was 10 o'clock, but this night I sat up till 11 and even then felt no inclination to seek my lonely couch. I got to sleep, however, in about half an hour after going to bed.

During the night I awoke suddenly. Sometimes we awake at night feeling comfortable, lie awake for a short time and go to sleep again. But this night I knew the moment I awoke that I was in for a season of wakefulness. It was a bad night. The wind was stiff, and a slow rain had been coming down all day. I felt a terror creeping over me, though at what I could not divine. I was not afraid of the dark or of the wind or of the rain. Nevertheless I was in an uncomfortable condition.

I had been awake only a few moments when I heard a tap, tap, tap, tap, for all the world like the ticking of a clock. Why I did so I can't explain, but I counted each tap or tick from the first. Then it occurred to me that the ticking came from the clock in the hall below. The works had not been cleaned, the pendulum still stood in the corner, but if ever I had heard any sound coming from a certain direction I heard that clock ticking, and the ticks seemed to me to be exactly one second apart. I kept on counting, not from choice, but from some unexplained compulsion. I tried some unexplained compulsion. I tried some unexplained compulsion. I tried some unexplained compulsion.

There I lay, every minute growing more and more discomposed, counting the seconds by sixties, knowing that at every sixtieth second another minute had elapsed. The story that had been told me about the clock thus warning a man of his death would not be banished. By the time I had counted 1,200 strokes I was in a terrible condition, and at the three thousandth I knew I was nearing collapse. I remember counting 3,000 beats, after which I must have become unconscious.

When I came to myself it was coming dawn. I was weak as a kitten. I wished to get up and call a servant, but had not the strength. Later I heard one in the hall and called. A doctor came, my wife was telegraphed for, and—well I was not out of bed for a month. When I went downstairs again the old clock was not there. My wife had removed it.

Six months later one rainy night I heard the ticking or tapping again. I awakened my wife and called her attention to it. She listened for a moment, then said: "Is that what three you into collapse?"

"Yes, the same sound."

"You silly man, that's nothing but dripping water."

I would not go to sleep till I had made an examination and had verified her statement.

The old clock, cleaned and repaired, stands in the hall, to my wife's great pleasure, but I don't fancy it ever much.

A Matter of Spelling. "This is the age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."

AUSTRIAN-POLES ROUSED

In Conflict With Ruthenians in Galicia

RESULT OF ASSASSINATION

Of Governor of Province—Spanish Anarchist Condemned to Death—Found Guilty of the Authorship of the Barcelona Outrage.

Vienna, April 15.—The whole of Galicia is in a state of feverish excitement over the assassination at Lemberg April 12 of Count Andreas Potocki, the governor of that province, by a Ruthenian student named Mieroslav Szejnyski while the count was giving an audience to a delegation of students. The "young Ruthenians" and the Austrian Parliament declare that such crimes are of national necessity in order to put a stop to Polish oppression. The Ruthenian students of Vienna openly rejoice over the assassination at Lemberg, and last night thousands of Poles participated in anti-Ruthenian demonstrations. They gathered in mobs and broke in the windows of the Ruthenian clubs of the city.

THREE SPANISH ANARCHISTS ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Barcelona Court Dooms Alfonso's Would-be Assassins.

Barcelona, April 15.—Jean Rull and his associates, who were Monday convicted of complicity in the attempt to assassinate King Alfonso at Madrid and Paris and of various bomb outrages in different parts of Spain, were sentenced here yesterday. Jean Rull, Herman Rull and Maria Queralt were condemned to death and Jose Rull was given seventeen years, Amadeo Trilla twenty-four years, and Francisco Trigueros fourteen years at hard labor. Raymundo Burguet was sentenced to imprisonment for four months, and Perello and Peralas were acquitted.

BLOW FOR THE PRINCE.

English Court Declines to Enjoin Miss Moffitt's Talk.

London, April 15.—Judge Sir Thomas Rolfe Warrington of the chancery division of the high court of justice yesterday refused to grant the application of Prince Victor of Thurn and Taxis for an injunction restraining Joseph Moffitt, the American show girl, and the Daily Express from repeating the statements made in an interview, in which Miss Moffitt, who had just arrived from New York, said that the prince had married her in America and had left her owing to the opposition of his family and the importunities of his New York creditors, and that she had come to Europe to find him and have a talk with him where his creditors could not molest him.

MUST BE A CATHOLIC.

King Insists on This For The Abruzzi-Elkins Match.

Rome, April 15.—The king's consent to the marriage of the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins was obtained conditionally upon Miss Elkins' conversion to Catholicism, which Monsignor Baccaria, the court chaplain, is now negotiating. The conversion may take place in America. The Duchess of Aosta, personally or by proxy, will stand as godmother at the convert's baptism.

MOSCOW SPECIALIST GOES TO HELP TOLSTOI.

Noted Russian's Ailments Have Not Yielded.

Moscow, April 15.—A specialist of this city left here yesterday for Yasnaya Polyana to visit Count Leo Tolstoi, who is suffering from certain stomach and internal maladies which fail to yield to treatment.

WILLIE EDOWIN, ENGLISH COMEDIAN, DEAD IN LONDON.

Had Been in Poor Health Since His Return From America.

London, April 15.—Willie Edwin, the English comedian, is dead. He had been failing in health since his return from the United States. He was born in Brighton in 1841.

MAC DONNELL RESIGNS?

Report Is Current That Under Secretary For Ireland Will Quit.

London, April 15.—The Dublin correspondent of the Evening News says he has the highest authority for saying that the Right Hon. Sir Antony Patrick MacDonnell, under secretary for Ireland, has sent in his resignation.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pain in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble and want a certain, pleasant, safe relief for women's ailments, try Mother Gray's Kidney and Bladder Remedy. It is a safe and sure relief for women's ailments, and is sold by druggists or sent by mail for 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Energy is well-nourished muscles plus well-nourished nerves. Uneeda Biscuit are the greatest energy-makers of all the wheat foods. 5c In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk. NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WOMAN'S WORLD

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Do not forget that washing the scalp occasionally with lemon juice will make white hair glossy and of a pure color. A woman who suffers with any form of nervousness should never take a cold bath. A hot bath is soothing, but weakening, and should be taken at night just before retiring. Eyes may often be strengthened by several times each day lightly pressing the eyeballs. Always rub from the nose toward the temples; also dash the eyes frequently with cold water—in fact, whenever the face is washed.

The woman who likes a perfumed bath should throw a few drops of benzoin into the water, to which are added a teaspoonful of borax and enough flowers of lavender to make the water fragrant. The bath should not be heavily scented.

Three very essential things that deserve more attention than is generally accorded them are good and well-made corsets, dainty shoes and boots and a supply of well fitting gloves. No girl or woman can ever claim to be well dressed, who neglects any of these three important points.

No one can ever have a good looking hand if the fingers are broad at the tips. Get into the habit of pressing down on the ends of the fingers from the first joint to the tip. Do this many times a day, and you will be surprised how the shape of your fingers improves, even if you are forced to flatten them by pounding the typewriter.

Tearing, pulling or breaking the hair by rough combing and brushing is injurious to the scalp and may in time destroy the hair follicles. If the hair is fine and mats easily, always thread it first with the fingers before using either a comb or brush on it. Do not brush jerkily. Instead give long, even strokes, parting the hair down the middle and brushing to each side.

The Centenary of the Waltz.

It is said in Paris that this year of grace 1908 marks, among other anniversaries of more or less interest, that of the waltz, or rather, a certain M. de Trenis, "the irresistible Trenis," as he was often called, is credited with the introduction of the waltz, having for his partner a beautiful creole named Hamelin.

After stately minuets and solemn quadrilles everybody climbed on the chairs and tables to see this pair perform, and when it was over De Trenis would define the art as "requiring the amalgamation of two dancers who ought to flow over the floor like ever polished marble."

It seems, however, to have been some time before society took to waltzing, both men and their partners being somewhat shy of an exhibition which was apt to end in a disaster, such as that which happened at Mme. Recamier's when an impetuous novice upset a chandelier covered with precious porcelain.

Poor M. de Trenis himself was never destined to see his invention popularized. He had turned so often and so swiftly in the mazes of his waltz that he lost his brain.

Caring For Dishcloths.

Dishrags are the great difficulty that beset the careful housekeeper in her efforts to keep a clean and tidy kitchen. They are drying on the hook and hanging on the sink, and somehow a towel used for pots and pans is always damp. Then time must be taken from the general work to wash them out and dry them, and altogether they are most extremely annoying.

All these things, and more, too, were discovered by a careful young housekeeper, so she arranged to have a dish in the outer kitchen filled with good clear water and some washing soda, and into this mixture the cloths were dropped immediately after using, and there they hung up where they might dry overnight.

Of course enough towels must be on hand so that the same one need not be used more than once a day, but at least they are always clean, and the kitchen is always in order.

THE AGREEABLE WOMAN.

Any One Can Be Pleasant When Life Is Merry.

Whatever else you are in life, be agreeable.

There is so little sense in being anything else.

It doesn't pay in any kind of coin to be snappy or sarcastic or backbiting. Whether you are in business, pleasure or wisdom bent you will find the woman who goes out of her way to be nice to others carrying off the prizes of social, literary or financial life.

It's really no more trouble to be agreeable once you get into the way of it than to be disagreeable. If it does not come natural to you to say or do the pleasant thing (unfortunately there are some of us who are downright "ugly" by nature), then practice it.

Don't put off that practicing either till another time when you are feeling more in love with your fellows.

Begin at once.

Any one can be pleasant when life is as merry as the fellow who has just been paid a bad debt, but remember:

"The man worth while is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

So begin trying to be agreeable the next time existence seems to have just about as much humor as some comic operas. You will be surprised how much better you will feel, not to speak of those who must put up with you.

It isn't really hard to be agreeable, especially if your digestion has not been trifled with. All that is necessary is to think pleasant thoughts and then put them into working order.

If you can't be agreeable, be as agreeable as you can.

You will be surprised to find how soon it will become easy to be pleasant all the time instead of snarly and generally hateful.

It will be an equal surprise when you find you are liked instead of detested and that the popularity you once professed to despise makes this world a much more agreeable place to worry along in.

In Nameless Graves.

Not far from Hamburg, on the island of Westerland, is a small graveyard to which pathetic interest attaches. Here the bodies of those washed up by the sea—bodies unrecognized and unclaimed—are buried. The cemetery was dedicated to this use in 1855, and from then up to now over sixty nameless ones have found their rest. In 1888 a stone was raised bearing the dedication "The Home of the Homeless," and each little mound is further marked by a simple black cross.

Like the Parrot.

"Thumper occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."

Of High Degree.

"What kind of a dog have you got there, my boy?"

"Dat's a mouse hound, mister."—Judge.

The Unconquerable King.

The friends of old King Barleycorn are looking mournful and forlorn; And well, say I, they may— For look! there's a plan new-grown To send the old King from his throne And pluck his crown away.

It started with the C. T. U. And, laws-amusing, how it grew! Just like man's thirst for drink; And disaffected subjects cried: "Old Barleycorn must step aside— We want another King!"

Of course, pretenders soon arose, And which will win out, goodness knows— The long lines never stop; But those whose friends seem least Are gallant young Prince Lemonade And Princess Ginger Pop.

To throw out poor King Barleycorn They plot away from night to morn, From soon to very late; They'll get him yet, but this is plain! Though he may be expelled or slain, He'll never abdicate. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Italian Strangled to Death.

New York, April 15.—Another murder in Brooklyn came to light yesterday, when the body of an unknown man, an Italian, was found in a vacant lot. He had been strangled and the rope was still knotted about his neck. The head and upper portion of the body was covered by burial bags.

GRAY WANTS NO PLEDGES

He Opposes Instructions for Delegation

ADMITS THE NOMINATION

Would Be a Proud Distinction—It Is, However, Outside of His Ambition—Nevertheless He Was Indorsed by the Democrats.

Dover, Del., April 15.—Prior to the afternoon session of the Democratic state convention yesterday, a letter, written by Judge Gray to Thomas F. Bayard, chairman of the state committee, was shown the leaders, in which the judge requested emphatically that the convention refrain from indorsing him for the presidential nomination. The letter in part is as follows:

"It would indeed be a proud distinction to be the standard bearer of the Democratic party at this time and for such a cause. There are many reasons, however, why such a distinction is outside the range of my ambition, and these reasons compel me to say that I am unwilling that the delegates from this state to the Denver convention be instructed for me, as I cannot, under any circumstances, consent thereto.

"You will, therefore, please convey my wishes in this respect to the convention which is to assemble at Dover April 14, and express to it my most positive and emphatic request that delegates to be elected shall not be instructed to present my name to the Denver convention. In saying this I am not unwilling, as I have already assured you, of the long continued kindness and partiality of my friends in the Democratic party of this state, but I owe it to myself and to them to speak with perfect frankness, as I have done."

In spite of Judge Gray's declination the convention indorsed him and instructed the delegates to vote for him.

TAFT RESOLUTION FAILED IN TWO CONVENTIONS.

Sidetracked in 5th District Assembly and Defeated by Vote of 48 to 42 in the 3d District.

Boston, April 15.—Taft men failed to put through resolutions, indorsing their candidate for the presidency, in two Republican district conventions yesterday. In the fifth congressional convention at Lawrence, resolutions were side-tracked, and in the third district convention at Worcester resolutions were defeated by a vote of 48 to 42.

HUGHES NOW GUNNING FOR JOHN SANFORD.

Racing Commissioner Active in Defeating the Anti-Gambling Bills.

Albany, N. Y., April 15.—John Sanford, the racing commissioner, who took so much interest in the defeat of the racing bills in the Senate that Senator Wemple, known as Stanford's senator, voted against the bills, is said to be in trouble at Albany. His presence in the Senate when the bills were voted on and his active work against them have left Governor Hughes in a mood to entertain charges against him.

It is believed that the governor does not believe that one holding such a position as Sanford does should take such an active interest in legislative matters.

RELIGION FOR INDIANS.

4,000 Prayer Books to Be Distributed Among Sioux Tribe.

Grand Forks, N. D., April 15.—Four thousand prayer books have been printed in the Sioux tongue and will be distributed at Point, Ridge, Rosebud, Cheyenne, Stephen and Standing Rock agencies. The typesetting and press work were done by Indians at the Fort Totten Mission and a local bindery completed the work. The Rev. Jerome Hunt of the Catholic Mission at Fort Totten is the publisher and translator.

WHAT MORE COULD HE EAT?

Woman "Not Ornamental but Useful" Thinks She Has Found Affinity.

A St. Albans man has received the following letter which will be interesting reading, no doubt, and some may take courage by a perusal of it:

"My Dear: Having so frequently noticed your good looks and quiet manners, I fear unless you are looked after your bloom is to be an old bachelor. So, as the year for marrying has come around, the year the lady takes the part of a gentleman, that is, in popping the question, I thought I would be the first one to take pity on you, as I find myself climbing the shelf. Of course, you cannot blame me for trying to keep off. No doubt, you will wonder who I am, so I will describe myself as best I can: When in my teens was considered extremely handsome, but truly like the flowers have faded, although I am not ornamental yet am very useful. Should our marriage prove to be a large one there will be no unnecessary expenses, as I can cook, wash, iron, and make new things out of old. I can also sew and mend trousers and do everything a woman is expected to do. Should you accept, our marriage will be a happy one, so think seriously of the matter. Should you refuse me there will be one broken heart.

"Yours until death and a week after."

Fair Faces

A Few Hints on How to Take Care of the Complexion.

There are so many "beautifiers" on the market and so many "treatments" recommended for the complexion that one would think Dame Nature was extremely stingy with her gifts. Unfortunately, many of us, when our complexions are not all they should be, try to improve them by artificial beautifiers. Rouge, powders, enamels and many of the "beauty lotions," while of temporary benefit, ultimately leave the skin coarser, more sallow and with more of a faded look than before we began their use.

There is no use fighting Dame Nature; what we should do is to assist her. One of the most effective aids to the complexion is a simple wash which can easily be made at home. In fact, it is best to make it yourself, so as to be sure you have the right ingredients.

Obtain at your drug store Rose Water, 2 ounces; Cologne Spirits, 1 ounce; Epsom's (skin food), 4 ounces. Put the Epsom's in a pint of hot water (not boiling), and after dissolved, strain and let cool. Then add the Rose Water and Cologne Spirits.

Apply the wash freely night and morning to the face, neck and hands. It will be but a short time before the plainest complexion will take an immediate and decided change for the better, and the powder puff and rouge jar can be relegated to the closet.

You need not be at all afraid of this simple home remedy. It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin.

MOB OF 3,000 FILL THE STREET IN STRIKE RIOT.

Strike-breakers and Troops Rout Citizens to Fury in Chester, Pa.

Chester, Pa., April 15.—The appearance of strike-breakers from New York here yesterday so maddened the striking street car employes that rioting broke out with much more violence than that of Monday.

A mob of fully 3,000 men and women charged through the streets and the destruction of property is estimated to be heavy.

The Chesler Traction company Monday asked for a detail of state constabulary to preserve order, but the appearance of the troops late in the day only tended to infuriate the rioters to frenzy. All through the night pickets were kept on guard to see that the cars were not operated. The only object of the company in running the cars is to attempt to weaken the spirit of the strikers, for none of them has carried a passenger for twenty-four hours. The people are afraid to ride in the cars for fear of being injured by the flying missiles.

At dawn yesterday the company made another effort to get their cars in working order, but the strikers tore up great sections of the track.

Made Good—As We Could—And we don't believe anyone "knows how" better than we. A really superb quality flour—Milled from choicest grade, hard, Northern Spring wheat. We know you'll be pleased with—"Duluth Imperial" FLOUR The Spoon Is FREE. Any Grocer—All Grocers—Pleased with the flour—With the air-tight package—sealed, secure—With the beautiful gift you'll find in every package—This heavy, pure silver plate spoon—Handsome design—good for many years wear. We couldn't afford it, if you didn't keep on buying—"DULUTH IMPERIAL"—But you will.

For Sprains or Strains Sloan's Liniment. Acts instantly, relieves all inflammation and reduces swelling. For Lameness, Backache, Stiff Neck, Cramp or Colic, Bruises, Cuts, and any Soreness, Sloan's Liniment is unsurpassed. Price, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.