

## A Q-UIET SPELL.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.



MAN with a very red face,  
And legs that were some-  
what chafed.  
Tried to blanch out his  
nose  
And to straighten his  
toes  
By a hundred mile walk  
every week.  
But he struck a big keg  
with a luge,  
Which speedily made him  
to rick  
With the odor of gin  
That quite sucked  
in  
Until quite unable to  
spike.

When Noah was sailing his ark  
He never walked out after dark;  
He knew if he did  
The world would be rid  
Of the builder of that noble barque.

But once, just by way of a lark,  
He hailed in a mighty big shark;  
To prove this is true  
The remains you can view  
On the lake shore, just down by Hyde  
Park.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

## A PESSIMIST'S SONG.

BY ROBERT JULIE TOOMBS.

What is worth living for, anyway?  
Inventory your sweet by-and-by,  
Think over to-day and yesterday—  
What can the world give to satisfy?

Money and wine, and woman and song—  
There is the lot; they are all fools' toys.  
We prate of right and we prate of wrong,  
And ignorance craves till knowledge cloy.

Money and women while sought are dear,  
Once tasted, bright wine leaves pain be-  
hind.  
The sweetest love-song wears the ear—  
Life is cruel, and death is kind.

## Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

### A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

#### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"How that garment came left in that  
condition, or how that dagger left the  
case in his dressing bureau, ever re-  
mained a mystery to Fitzroy Glenden-  
ning.

"All he could conclude, after the deep-  
est study, was that some unknown en-  
emy had struck the fatal blow, and after  
stealing these articles from his private  
rooms, had left the dagger purposefully  
upon the floor, and returned, the torn  
and bloody gown to the closet, in order  
to fasten suspicion upon him, and thus  
shield himself.

"It did shield them effectually, while  
the poor, innocent youth was arrested  
and committed to prison on the charge  
of murder.

"To make a long story short, in due  
time the trial took place, and Sir Reg-  
inald Glendenning, who had succeeded  
to the title, testified to the bitter feeling  
that had existed between the brothers.  
He also identified the dagger and dress-  
ing-gown as belonging to the prisoner.

"Antoine Duval testified as fully to the  
threatening language used to the de-  
ceased, on the day previous to the mur-  
der by his brother.

"The trial was quite lengthy, but re-  
sulted in his acquittal and discharge  
from custody.

"But although freed by law, the popu-  
lar opinion remained unchanged, and, un-  
able to endure the cold, averted looks  
of his former friends, he left his home  
and embarked for America under an as-  
sumed name.

"Arriving in New York, the strain of  
grief that he had undergone so laid upon  
his nervous system that he was laid upon  
a bed of severe illness.

"Then it was that your father sought  
him out and nursed him so tenderly.  
After his recovery, he resolved to devote  
himself to business, and thus forgot his  
troubles and misfortunes.

"Things began to mend with him after  
this and business prospered, and before  
six years passed away speculation had  
so enriched him that he found himself  
the possessor of millions.

"Retiring then to private life, he  
bought this place in Yonkers, in order to  
enjoy himself in a quiet way. But ill-  
health visited him; a stroke of paralysis  
rendered one side comparatively help-  
less, while the asthma, which he had  
been subject to for many years, increased  
to an alarming extent.

"During all this time one wild wish  
has been his, and that was to solve the  
mystery of his brother's fate, and so clear  
his own good name of the unjust suspi-  
cions that still clung to it.

"His object was, before this, to have  
returned to his native place, in some dis-  
guise, and so work unknown toward the  
accomplishment of this desired end.

"But his return was effectually pre-  
vented by his ill-health and helplessness.  
Late this wish has become uncon-  
trollable. He prays that he may not die  
with this stain still clinging to his  
name. He has therefore decided to ask  
you to undertake the case for him."

"But," here interrupted the amazed  
listener, "there must be some mistake.  
I am no lawyer, simply a physician, and  
as such, what can I do?"

"Everything," replied Mr. Gray. "Of course  
you would have to sell your practice in  
New York and settle in England. There,  
as a growing physician, you would gain  
the confidence of the people. You would  
be admitted to places where no one else  
would, and could study the characters of  
rich and poor.

"Sir Richard Glendenning married, two  
years after the disappearance of his  
brother, the same lady who was to have  
been his bride, Miss Constance, and they  
now occupy Glendenning Hall. You will  
probably be called to attend their family,  
and so can see the room where poor Sir  
Arthur met his sad fate, and can study  
the location of the place.

"For all this trouble Mr. Rappelye, as  
we will still call him, will pay you hand-  
somely. Five thousand per annum shall  
be yours as long as he lives, and at his  
death you will, if successful, be munifi-  
cently rewarded, as his will, still un-  
signed, can testify.

"Are you willing to serve him as he  
wishes? Will you undertake the task of  
clearing his good name of the foul asper-  
sions cast upon it?"

There was a long pause, during which  
the pale face of the invalid seemed to  
grow a shade paler under his eager gaze.  
At length the silence was broken by  
Dr. Elfenstein, who said, in a calm,  
steady tone:

"I will undertake it."

"Thank you," murmured the sick man,  
as he reached forth his hand to clasp  
that of his visitor. "May God bless your  
efforts!"

"Amen!" was the low response. "I  
am sure He will. A great wrong has  
evidently been done, and I bind myself  
by a most solemn vow to endeavor to  
right that wrong and restore an honest  
name to an honest man. I solemnly  
dedicate myself to your cause to act for  
you and let nothing stand in my lawful  
way in order to unravel this mystery and  
discover the fate of your unhappy  
brother."

"For this, your solemn pledge," slowly  
returned the invalid, "I as solemnly  
promise to place in your hands, through  
my banker, the yearly sum of five thou-  
sand dollars, and I will also provide for  
your future, should my death occur be-  
fore your task is completed. This will of  
mine is already dictated, and only awaits  
my signature. Mr. Gray, I will now  
summon Mrs. Stebbins and one of my  
servants to act as witnesses while I write  
my name to my last will and testa-  
ment."

Mrs. Stebbins and Harriet Bevier then  
placed their names opposite as witnesses to  
the solemn transaction, and again  
withdrew, after Mr. Rappelye had de-  
sired them to bid the coachman prepare  
to carry Dr. Elfenstein back to the  
depot, as he had declined passing the  
night with them.

"When shall you be ready to leave for  
England?" asked Mr. Rappelye, as he  
held his hand at parting.

"In about one week's time I think I  
can settle my own affairs and arrange a  
home for my mother during my absence.  
I shall take the first steamer I can, and  
will come again to receive further in-  
structions before I leave, if you wish it."

"I do; till then, my dear friend, au  
revoir."

Thus ended an interview which was  
destined to be the cause of bringing to  
light events of the most startling char-  
acter, the development of which would  
place our hero amid scenes and circum-  
stances so terrible and tragic in their  
nature that could they have been fore-  
told might have caused many moments  
of hesitation.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OUTWARD BOUND.

Dr. Elfenstein did not see his mother on  
his return, on account of the lateness of  
the hour, but at the breakfast table he  
met her.

"My son, good morning," she said,  
pleasantly, on his entrance; "so you have  
returned in safety!"

"I have; and in a peculiar point of  
view, the visit brought a great change  
for the better."

"Indeed! that is good news." "From  
this day I am to receive five  
thousand dollars annually, as I have  
entered into an engagement to that  
effect."

"My dear Earle, you do surprise me!"  
"I fear, however, my next remark  
will not like so well."

Mrs. Elfenstein's bright looks faded on  
he instant.

"This engagement obliges me to sell  
my practice, and sail in about one week  
to settle in a country village in England."

"Oh, Earle, you surprise me!"

"Mother, dear, you shall have your  
choice now: whether to accompany me  
at once, or allow me to board you at your  
brother's in this city for a few months,  
until I can survey the ground, and fully  
establish myself. In case you remain, I  
can at any time come for you, after I see  
whether it will be a permanent home.  
Perhaps I shall not care to remain after  
a few months."

There was a long pause, broken at  
length by the mother.

"Earle, I dread the ocean, and I shall  
dread a foreign home. Perhaps I had  
best remain, as you say. It is your  
opinion that I had better remain?"

"If you think you can endure the separa-  
tion, I shall dislike it as much as you."

"I know that, dear."

"You like Uncle John's family?"

"Oh, yes."

"And would be happy there?"

"As happy as I can be, away from my  
son."

"It may not be a long separation."

"I will hope so."

By the close of the week, Mrs. Elfen-  
stein was comfortably established in a  
room furnished with her old familiar  
things, while the son succeeded in dis-  
posing of the rest, as well as his practice,  
and had engaged a passage on the  
Oceania.

A short visit was then paid to Mr.  
Rappelye, who gave him full directions  
how to proceed, and many minute de-  
tails of the place and inhabitants.

Promising to write weekly, keeping him  
informed of every movement, the young  
man bade him farewell, and in a few  
hours later was upon the outward-bound  
steamer.

Standing there alone, surrounded by  
strangers, it is not a matter of surprise  
that a feeling of weariness and almost  
desolation crept over him.

With a desperate effort, the young man  
at length succeeded in dissipating this  
gloom. He knew full well that it would  
not answer to faint on the very threshold  
of his new duties.

He knew, also, that, to accomplish his  
work, he must be courageous and brave, so  
he turned away from his post of observa-  
tion on deck, and sought the more lively  
saloon.

Taking a book from one of the tables,  
he effected to read.

Presently his eyes rested upon a mid-  
dle-aged lady, who seemed in feeble  
health, as she leaned back languidly in  
an easy chair, while her pale face and  
attenuated figure spoke of prolonged  
sufferings, but a patient spirit.

She was evidently waiting for the ap-  
pearance of some person, as her dark  
eyes continually wandered towards the  
door.

Dr. Elfenstein looked at her with in-  
creasing interest.

Silently he recalled face after face of  
his friends and patrons, in vain; he  
could not place the likeness that had so  
suddenly attracted him, and his failing  
to do so caused him both annoyance  
and chagrin.

Suddenly a brighter look floated into  
the lady's eyes.

Following the range of her vision, he  
was surprised at beholding the most per-  
fect picture of youthful beauty he had  
ever yet beheld.

It was all embodied in the person of a  
young girl of about twenty summers,  
who smilingly drew near.

Small, with a figure exquisitely mold-  
ed, and movements of perfect grace, a  
pure, white skin, with the rosy tint of  
health just tinged each soft cheek, eyes  
of a languid hazel, large, dreamy, yet  
full of intelligence and gentleness, a  
sweet mouth whose tender red lips dis-  
closed, when speaking or laughing, teeth  
even and pearly white, with, as the

crowning beauty of her whole appear-  
ance, a profusion of golden hair, that  
uncommon golden shade that is seldom  
seen, yet never disregarded, on account  
of its very rareness.

She spoke, and the melodious accents  
of her voice filled Earle with delight.

He had always placed great stress upon  
the tones of the human voice being a  
reflection in a great degree of the nature  
of its possessor.

"Aunt Gertrude, are you weary? I  
stayed out longer than I intended, but I  
could not bear to lose sight of the faint-  
est speck of the land we have left behind  
us. It has all disappeared now, and the  
sea, the sea, the deep blue sea," at this  
moment is on every side, rising and sink-  
ing in all its beauty. Shall I lead you to  
your state-room, auntie? Perhaps it  
would be as well for you to lie down be-  
fore you become sea sick and faint."

"I feel rather dizzy, now, my love, and  
will take your advice."

Rising slowly, the feeble woman leaned  
on the strong young arm of her niece,  
and so passed to a state-room quite near  
the one engaged by himself, and the  
young physician smiled contentedly,  
that they were to be close neighbors dur-  
ing the voyage.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Several days passed in rather an un-  
eventful way, brightened occasionally  
by a glimpse of the young girl, whose  
name he found to be Ethel Nevergall, as  
she flitted out and in the state-room of  
her aunt, who seemed ill and restless.  
Dr. Elfenstein had not sought an intro-  
duction, as he knew the admiration he  
involuntarily felt, while she remained  
unknown, might ripen into a warmer  
feeling upon a closer friendship.

Providence, however, had planned  
differently, and had decided that these  
two should be, at least, friendly.

One rough and stormy day was draw-  
ing to a close, when leaving the damp  
atmosphere of the deck, where he had  
passed a couple of hours watching the  
lead sky and the storm-lashed waves,  
together with sea-gulls that skimmed  
over their surface, Dr. Elfenstein, in  
passing by his state-room, was startled  
by a low cry of dismay coming from the  
room of Mrs. Nevergall, followed imme-  
diately by the pale, frightened face of  
her niece, who, on seeing him so near,  
exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, something dreadful is the  
matter with my aunt. Do you think  
there is a physician on board?"

"I am one myself. My name is Elfen-  
stein, of New York. Shall I see her?"

"If you will be so kind." "Stepping  
inside, our young friend ad-  
vanced immediately to the berth, where  
he found Mrs. Nevergall in a fainting  
condition, caused by extreme exhaus-  
tion.

With the greatest sympathy, the Doc-  
tor instantly comprehended the situa-  
tion, and turning quickly to his own state-  
room, reappeared with his small med-  
icine wallet, and at once applied proper  
restoratives, which fortunately had the  
desired effect, and soon the young girl's  
fears were calmed, and she had the  
pleasure of again seeing her aunt com-  
fortable for the time.

"Your aunt is better now, and I think  
immediate danger has passed. But I  
will not deceive you, her case is beyond  
human skill to cure."

"I know it, Doctor, and she also is well  
aware of her condition. My uncle died  
in New York a few months ago, and in  
taking care of him she contracted the  
cold that has ended in consumption. Our  
family physician, Dr. Munsey—perhaps  
you know him as you also are from New  
York—thought she might live to reach  
the only relatives we have on earth, re-  
siding in Liverpool and vicinity. She  
was eager to return to her native land,  
in order that I might not be left entirely  
alone after she is taken away. Do you  
think, Doctor, that she will survive until  
our passage is made?"

"Trust so. Good nursing often ac-  
complishes more than medicine. We  
will do all we can, and perhaps the good  
Lord will favor us with his blessing."

"I pray that he may. It would be ter-  
rible to have her die at sea, and I all  
alone with her, not a single friend near  
to aid me."

"Allow me to correct you, Miss Never-  
gall, for you see I know your name. You  
have one, surely, if you will allow me to  
be such to you. Anything I can do,  
either as physician or friend, rest as-  
sured shall be done."

"Thank you, I shall accept your  
proffered advice and friendship gratefully.  
The thought that I have one kind  
friend on board this steamer, in this  
emergency, is the greatest comfort."

"Our state-rooms are fortunately near  
each other, so any time, by night or day,  
that I can be of service, do not hesitate  
to inform me," said the Doctor, as he  
left the narrow quarters. "I will stop  
in again, in one hour, to see how she ap-  
pears on waking."

One afternoon as Earle was standing  
upon deck looking out upon the vast  
ocean, he became conscious that a light  
step had approached and halted quite  
near.

It was Miss Nevergall.

While hesitating to consider whether  
his presence would be acceptable to her,  
an exclamation of terror startled him,  
and glancing toward the spot where she  
stood, he saw that she was striving to  
keep her head, being dizzy from a sudden  
lurch of the steamer.

Springing to her side, he instantly  
offered his arm, saying, as she gratefully  
accepted it:

"Allow me to assist you to a more quiet  
place, where motion will not be so per-  
ceptible."

"Thank you," returned the young girl,  
"I suppose I ought not to venture upon  
deck alone, unused as I am to the sea,  
but I am so completely fascinated by all  
this restless scene. Aunt is sleeping."

"I never look upon a scene like this,"  
said Earle, thoughtfully, "without feel-  
ing my own littleness, when compared to  
the all-ruling hand that holds the billows  
in its grasp, and rules the winds and  
storms. But it seems quite calm again.  
Will you not join me in a promenade?  
The fresh sea-breeze will do you good  
after your confinement to the sick-room  
of your invalid aunt."

Placing her hand once more upon his  
arm, the two turned and quietly paced  
the deck, while an earnest and interest-  
ing conversation ensued, which occupied  
them for another half hour.

Dr. Elfenstein found his young com-  
panion an intelligent and brilliant con-  
versationalist. Where she was not an  
awkward pause could ensue, and the  
fascination of her cultivated manners  
imperceptibly wove a feeling of intense  
admiration around his heart, of which he  
was ignorant, until too late to avert  
what, had he realized the mischief it  
would bring to future feelings, he would  
have made it a duty at once to suppress.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## RURAL TOPICS.

### INFORMATION FOR THE HUSBANDMAN AND HOUSEWIFE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Farmer,  
Stock-Breeder, Poultryeer, Nurseryman,  
and Housekeeper.

#### THE FARM.

##### Fences.

The making and keeping up of the  
fence on the average farm is a very con-  
siderable item of expense. On many  
farms much more so than is really ne-  
cessary or economical. But the item of  
keeping up the fences is not all the ex-  
pense. They occupy more or less ground,  
depending on the character of the fence.  
Generally this strip is allowed to grow  
up in weeds, sprouts or briars; this adds  
more or less to the work with the crops,  
but in addition affords a good harboring  
place for vermin. With a little plan-  
ning, a considerable part of the fencing  
can readily be dispensed with, and to a  
good advantage. Where there is no  
stock law, and where selling is not fol-  
lowed, outside fencing along the roads  
and lines between farms must be kept  
up, with sufficient inside fences, to pro-  
vide good pasturage. Outside of this,  
all the rest of the fencing should be dis-  
pensed with, as it adds to the expense of  
the farm with no corresponding benefit.  
With a good system of rotation planned  
and carried out, there is but little benefit  
to be derived in pasturing the cultivated  
fields. Taking the benefit of plowing  
under the green growth, and the ex-  
pense of making and keeping up the  
fences, the better plan will be, in a ma-  
jority of cases, to keep the stock off the  
cultivated land.

My plan is to take considerable pains  
to have good pastures. I prefer two, as  
more stock can be kept in proportion to  
the acreage, with better results, than is  
possible with only one pasture. Have it  
seeded with a good variety of grasses,  
and keep down the weeds and sprouts.  
Have the balance of the farm into just as  
few fields as the condition in which the  
farm lies will permit. It can be divided  
into plots or fields for cultivation, num-  
bering each one so as to be able to plan  
better, both in keeping up the system of  
rotation and of manuring. Much of the  
inside fencing can be readily dispensed  
with by this plan, and the farm work be  
carried on to better advantage. A sup-  
ply of rails or panels of plank fence can  
be kept for making temporary fences  
when needed, as it will sometimes hap-  
pen that it will be advisable to pasture  
the cultivated land a short time. As  
with a field of oats, that have fallen  
down so bad as to be difficult to harvest;  
or wheat and rye can often have sheep  
or calves, even the hogs, pastured on  
them during the fall, and occasionally  
during the winter. Have enough of the  
necessary fencing, of posts, plank and  
wire, so as to take up as little land as  
possible, lessening the cost in the waste  
land and also in the work of keeping  
clean. By taking pains to do thorough  
work and by using good material, a fence  
can be made that will cost but little to  
keep in repair each year. And at the  
same time prove fully more effective than  
any other.—N. J. Shepherd, in *Practical  
Farmer*.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### Dairy Notes.

If one wishes to please his cows and  
earn their gratitude and increase the  
yield of butter let him give the cows a  
peck of ripe apples sliced and mixed  
with two quarts of fine corn meal every  
day at noon.

Whatever may be the low condition  
of the general market the best quality of  
butter is always in demand. Market  
prices in their variations never affect the  
highest quality. It is only the second  
rate kinds that are drawn down by the  
always excessive supply of the poorest  
qualities.

We have got to reach the keeping of  
one cow to every acre of cultivated land  
before we reach the greatest possible  
profit. The sooner we reach this the  
better it will be, and then we may try to  
do better with less. And with this econ-  
omy of feeding we must be ever striving  
for increased yield by the improvement  
of the dairy stock.

Much feed can be saved through the  
winter by a liberal use of it now. Al-  
though the fine weather has kept up the  
pasture, it is not nearly so nutritious as  
in the summer, so that some extra food  
should be given now. A bit of hay at  
milking time with a quart or two of  
meal will keep up the flow of milk.

Dehorning cattle is not supposed to  
wholly change the nature of the animals.  
There are vicious beasts which still re-  
tain their natural vices, which however  
are rendered less dangerous when the  
horns are removed. That one bull out  
of many thousands may kill its owner  
even after its horns are removed is no  
argument against a practice which ren-  
ders ninety out of 100 practically harm-  
less.

Don't put any faith in methods of im-  
proving bad butter or cheese after it is  
made. The right way is not to make a  
bad quality of either. It is better to  
keep out the imperfections than to take  
them out, even if it were possible. But  
it is not. The badness is in grain. It  
may be covered up for a short time, by  
various arts, but like the rottenness at  
the core of a fair-looking fruit, it will  
very soon become apparent, and worse  
than at the beginning.

Much harm is done by the prevailing  
unwise excitement in regard to diseased  
milk. One of the Ohio inspectors, and a  
doctor (?) goes so far as to say that the  
Jersey milk is made unfit for use, by the  
pampering—as he calls it—of the cows;  
the carding and brushing and the blank-  
eting of them, which he says makes them  
subject to disease. This is strange talk  
for a physician who would, or should at  
least, encourage the most perfect cleanli-  
ness and protection against cold and  
chills, which really are the most frequent  
causes of diseases in cows.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

##### Artificial Hatching.

When once the farmer fully compre-  
hends the value of an incubator for rais-  
ing chickens for the market, few will be  
without them. Properly handled, broiler  
raising is very profitable, requiring a  
moderate amount of space within a  
brooding-house and a few modest runs to  
successfully bring them up to that age  
when you can ship to market. Success  
depends upon the care bestowed every  
time—neglect is certain of failure; mark  
this, and don't be foolish and think all  
will be sunshine, for it won't. A wise  
head, methodical and economical, should  
mean abundant success, and it will come  
if you only say that it must. Determina-  
tion is a wonderful hoisting-jack in up-

holding this busy world of ours, and its  
meaning must be well understood by  
even the farmer among his flock of fowls.  
Those who raise broilers must keep away  
stray cats, rats and wandering dogs;  
they all do sad work at times among  
your chicks. Plenty of wire fencing will  
be needed and all avenues of ingress  
from marauders closed up securely.

Those who do not wish to raise broilers  
can keep a flock of hens for eggs profit-  
ably in a house 10x12 feet, and with good  
handling find both profit and pleasure  
the result of his labor, with but little  
expense. If you do either, be in earnest,  
waste no time, but do everything up  
well, and you can't say poultry-keeping  
is a failure, for it's false and can be  
proven a success in a multitude of cases  
everywhere.—*Correspondence Farm, Field  
and Stockman*.

#### Poultry Notes.

SAWDUST is an excellent litter for duck  
coops.

OVERCROWDING is a fertile cause of the  
breeder's worst enemy—roup.

CHOOSE, if possible, for a poultry  
ranch a slope to the south or southeast.

The daily consumption of eggs in the  
United States is estimated at 45,000,000.

COOL, sweet water is one of the most  
important factors in the health of the  
flock.

THERE is nothing better for your tur-  
keys than curds squeezed dry and  
crumbled.

A SMALL lump of pine tar in the drink-  
ing water supplied to the fowls will be  
found beneficial.

BETTER throw the grain feed among  
straw or leaves and make the fowls  
scratch for a living.

It is a bad plan to clean out the poul-  
try houses and throw