

## A REVERIE.

BY EDWARD G. ALLANSON.

I am drifting away in a beautiful bark,  
Far out on a boundless sea.  
And the sweep of the waves o'er the sound-  
ing deep  
Has a mystical charm for me.

But the heart that is sheltered with purple  
and gold  
Is cold in its splendor and pride,  
And the waves in their revelry mock as  
they pass,  
And bitterness sweeps with the tide.

There are beautiful isles and bowers of love,  
And glistening fountains of tears,  
And pitiful wrecks of sorrow and shame  
That pass with the fleeting years.

There are treacherous depths where the  
waters whirl  
Where hate and sorrow stay,  
Where the shattered wrecks on the breakers  
of fate  
Are silently drifting away.

They are drifting away to rest with the  
years  
Where the sunlight has faded and gone,  
To wake in the morn at the judgment bar  
In the light of eternity's dawn.

Oh, voices of love, that falter and break,  
And speak of the past ever more,  
Your echoes lead on 'neath the day-star of  
hope  
Till they break on eternity's shore.

ANITA, IOWA.

## Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

### A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE EVENING TASK.

As an elegant clock, with old cathedral  
chimes, struck the hour of ten, Ethel,  
with a pale face, and trembling hand,  
lighted a candle, possessed herself of the  
strange-looking knife, then opening the  
wardrobe, and drawing back the bolt,  
stepped into the passage and from thence  
through the small door in the opposite  
wall.

As this opened, she looked timidly  
around for the entrance to the ruined  
rooms in which she was to find the  
basket of food.

She found herself as soon as the small  
passage was left, in a long, straight,  
dark gallery or corridor, that led di-  
rectly to what Sir Reginald assured her  
was the Haunted Tower. At the end  
where she stood, however, on the left-  
hand side, was a door, fastened with an  
old-fashioned iron hook. This led to  
ruin, and with a beating heart she  
opened it.

Close by the door she found a small  
covered basket that she knew must con-  
tain what she sought.

Grasping it quickly she again fastened  
the door, as Sir Reginald had instructed  
her to do, and passed down the corridor.

There she found the entrance to the  
tower, and resolving to take some  
bright, sunny day to visit this spot,  
she turned, as she had been directed, to  
count out the number of panels on the  
left-hand wall, and immediately dis-  
covered the faint crack that she knew must  
be what she sought. Inserting the point  
of the knife, she turned three times,  
when the panels parted and there lay the  
shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found  
food in small pieces, consisting of broken  
biscuits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and  
quite a quantity of meat cut in mouth-  
fuls. This she placed on the shelves  
upon the wooden plate upon which it  
was heaped. Then gently shoving the  
shelves, they slowly whirled around, and  
when the same side returned to her the  
plate stood upon it empty, ready to be  
placed again in the basket.

"That ape must have been trained,"  
she thought, "to empty the plate and  
return it!"

Then she inwardly smiled at his in-  
telligence.

She listened for a moment, but all was  
still. Shoving to the panels, she found  
that they relocked themselves, so taking  
up candlestick, knife and basket, she  
placed the latter against the outside door,  
fastened it securely, and reached her  
own room in safety.

Once bolted in, the poor girl gave a  
sigh of relief, and dropped into a chair  
to calm herself before she could proceed  
to return the candle and knife to their  
places.

The task required of her had been a  
singularly unpleasant one. She was a  
brave young girl, and had endured but  
few feelings of fear, but she had trem-  
bled, because the thing required so much  
secrecy.

She disliked mysteries of all kinds, and  
her honest, open nature revolted from the  
whole work.

Had she not solemnly promised her  
aunt to assist the baronet in any service  
he might require, in order thus to  
secure a safe home and just guardianship,  
she would never have consented to the  
task she had now formed.

"However," she reflected, "there is  
certainly nothing wrong in a man's  
keeping secret his possession of a valu-  
able animal as long as he could attend  
to his wants himself." But when he  
could not, she thought his best mode  
would have been to send for its owner.

But where was the owner?

Probably so far off that the creature  
would die unless cared for, therefore  
there really seemed no other way.

All this did not distress her so much as  
the words Sir Reginald had said about the  
Haunted Tower. This duty was  
easy and simple, and as far as she could  
see, silly, but not wicked; but pre-  
tending a place haunted, and using strange  
lights and machinery to keep up the evil  
appearance therein, she felt was deceit-  
ful and wrong, and she shuddered as she  
thought of his words, that after awhile  
he should require this assistance at her hands.

She did not fancy, as has been said,  
any part of her evening tasks, but that  
was almost more than she could under-  
take.

But how could she avoid it now, when  
her word had been pledged? how refuse  
at the time, when urged by a nervous,  
suffering, and unstrung human being  
justly terrified, whose life almost  
depended on being kept perfectly quiet?

In view of his fearful situation, she  
felt that she could do no less than under-  
take to relieve him of his intense anxie-  
ties on the subject, and could see no way  
of shirking the obligations laid upon her.

One thing, however, she decided to do,

she should take some morning hour to  
explore the ruins, and that Haunted  
Tower, so that she might become ac-  
customed to all the dangers and peculiarities  
of the place before other offices were re-  
quired at her hands.

With this resolution still in her mind,  
she restored the candle and knife to the  
secret drawer, and then sought the luxu-  
rious bed that awaited her, and there  
fell at once into a pleasant sleep,  
from which she never aroused until the  
bright rays of another morning sun stole  
into her room.

Springing up, she dressed as soon as  
possible, and opening her door found,  
by questioning a maid, that the family did  
not rise until late, as their breakfast  
hour was from ten to eleven.

All being quiet in the room of the in-  
valid, she returned to her own apart-  
ment, and fastening the door securely,  
resolved at once to start upon her ex-  
ploring expedition, as she felt that she  
would be for at least an hour and a half  
unobserved and mistress of her own time  
and motions.

It was now half after eight.  
With a little of the trembling nervous-  
ness of the night before the brave girl  
opened the intervening doors and stepped  
into the corridor.

All was folded in the same solemn still-  
ness that made the place oppressive on  
the previous night.

She resolved to explore the ruined  
parts before she sought the tower, there-  
fore unhooked the door and stepped out.  
As she did so she noticed that the cov-  
ered basket was still there.

The door opened directly into a small  
rickety hall that led into several large  
rooms, all dusty, moldy, and more or less  
dilapidated. Broken windows, torn wall  
papers, bare rafters, seen through im-  
mense places where ceilings had fallen,  
were everywhere visible. Some rooms  
were filled with broken furniture, pieces  
of old china, and fragments of time-worn,  
cast-off clothing.

All over the floors, were in an ad-  
vanced state of decay.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated ob-  
jects and found herself wondering why  
Sir Reginald had not had the whole  
pulled down and removed? Its destruc-  
tion certainly would heighten the value  
of property, while its presence only spoke  
of neglect and untidiness.

One thing she observed in her ramble  
there was an easy mode of egress and  
ingress to this part into the hall, and  
marks of recent footsteps on the floor  
told that this formed the entrance place  
to the person who prepared and bought  
the food she was nightly to place on the  
iron shelves.

Another thing struck her: In all the  
premises there was not the slightest ap-  
pearance of the concealed room, in which  
she knew the treasure was secreted.

Only a bare, blank wall appeared upon  
the side where she knew it must be.

Retracing her steps after all had been  
examined, she unfastened the door, and  
then sought the Haunted Tower.

The door leading to this was closed,  
but not bolted, so she opened it, and  
crossing quite a large square place, she  
began ascending a long flight of stairs.

The steps were steep, and not at all  
easy, and she became very tired before  
she reached the top, but pressing on, she  
did reach it, but before she paused to  
rest upon a broad, flat landing; paused,  
too, with horror, at an unexpected sight  
that there presented itself.

It was the stuffed image of a man,  
fixed upon wires, that worked upon the  
same principle as the jumping-jacks  
often bought to amuse children.

This, however, was nearly as large as  
life; its head was hollow, with red glass  
in place where the eyes would be, so  
that a lighted glass lamp, placed within,  
would give a flaming appearance to those  
eyes.

From each side horns projected, and  
she could easily imagine what the whole  
terrible effect must be to an outside be-  
holder. This figure, she saw, could be  
elevated and put in motion by winding  
up a crank to which it was attached.

Arrangements for different colored  
lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the ma-  
chinery until she perfectly understood  
its workings and the whole wicked plan  
to give supernatural appearance to the  
tower, Ethel passed upward until she  
could gaze without hindrance upon the  
tall windows of this lofty place.

Then exclamations of delight escaped her,  
for there she could catch an unob-  
structed view of the grand panorama that  
stretched for miles and miles away on  
every side.

But she did not linger, fearing she  
would be seen by some of the villagers,  
and her presence reported to Sir Regi-  
nald.

This visit she knew would be displeas-  
ing to him, if he wished it to be a place  
that should fill every heart with fear, in  
order to keep visitors from it by day as  
well as by night.

After, then, one more glance around  
on the glorious scene that lay before  
her, she descended, glad that she had  
been there, had seen the true inward-  
ness of the place, for now it certainly  
could never have a feeling of terror with  
which to inspire her heart.

Let any person ever speak to her of the  
fearful sights seen in that lonely Haunted  
Tower, she could turn away un-  
knowing the whole thing to be a de-  
ception, a heartless imposition, a wicked  
fraud.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### DAIRY PROCEEDS.

Day after day passed, during which  
Ethel became quite accustomed to her  
routine of work, and quietly persevered  
in her duties.

Nothing difficult to accomplish was  
required at her hands; nothing beyond  
spending a couple of hours each morn-  
ing in her own room, writing letters, of  
which an abstract was taken from Sir  
Reginald's own lips; then an hour or  
two, just as he felt inclined, reading the  
daily papers for his amusement.

Very often would he find a chance to  
whisper the question:

"Do you perform your evening tasks  
regularly and well? Does all go on as  
safely as I could wish?"

Then when the answer came, "All goes  
well," he would seem so satisfied and re-  
lieved that she felt almost happy in giv-  
ing the information.

About a month after her arrival at  
Glendenning Hall, she had been reading  
one afternoon a work in which he was  
particularly interested, when she was  
interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Elfen-  
stein.

As the baronet motioned to her to re-  
main where she was during the inter-  
view, the regular nurse being absent,  
and as the doctor might need some things  
from her hand, she became interested in  
the conversation which ensued.

Now, Dr. Elfenstein was rather a  
small talker, and this natural reserve  
tended to make his professional inter-  
views at the Hall brief, and usually con-  
fined closely to his medical work.

But this morning he seemed to linger  
and converse quite freely upon many of  
the topics of the day. Finally he com-  
menced giving an account of the severe  
storm that had swept over the country  
the night before the baronet's accident  
and ended by relating his own adventures  
and what he had seen in the tower.

"Sir Reginald, I thought I would tell  
you this and ask if you can explain the  
meaning of the spectacle then mani-  
fested?"

"I cannot," was the reply Ethel  
watched with anxiety. "I am told by  
people far and near of strange appear-  
ances in that tower, but I have never  
seen anything of the kind there myself,  
therefore put no faith in the story."  
"But you may believe me, sir, when I  
assure you such things are really to be  
seen there. Now, in order to satisfy my  
mind and perhaps enable me to explain  
the mystery to the frightened inhabi-  
tants, I crave your kind permission to  
visit the premises. Have I that per-  
mission?"

"It is impossible for me to grant it.  
When these things were first whispered  
about twenty-five years ago, we, as a  
family, were exceedingly annoyed by  
constant visitors to the spot, and the  
thing became so much of a nuisance that  
it was closed forever from all inspection.  
No, you must not ask this, Doctor, as I  
cannot consent to the place being entered  
after being so long sealed. As it is, take  
my word for it and be satisfied. It is  
merely a vagary of the brain, an optical  
delusion, something better to be for-  
gotten."

Dr. Elfenstein said no more, but in-  
wardly resolved to pay a surreptitious  
visit there, if not a permitted one, as  
this mystery he determined should be un-  
raveled.

As he rose to leave, he happened to  
glance toward the young girl opposite to  
him, and saw her head bent low over the  
book she held, while a sad and pained  
expression had floated over her speaking  
face.

Bidding them good-morning, he rode  
away, wondering "why Miss Nevergill  
should have seemed so deeply moved?"

After the reading had concluded, the  
baronet said he would excuse her further  
attendance upon him, therefore she  
started out for a ramble over the grounds.

She had not gone far before she re-  
gretted having done so, as she was joined  
a short distance from the house by Robert  
Glendenning, a man she instinctively  
disliked.

This afternoon he seemed particularly  
disagreeable, as he fell into his usual  
patronizing way, only embellishing it by  
gross, and fulsome flattery.

The truth was this young man was a  
great admirer of a pretty face, and from  
the first look into Ethel's speaking eyes,  
and upon her rare beauty, he had ac-  
knowledged that he had never seen a  
person that so exactly met the standard  
of the beautiful he had raised in his soul.

But her proud bearing in his presence,  
her shrinking from his approach, gave  
such evidence of her dislike that he felt  
irritated, and consequently determined  
to annoy her in every way possible dur-  
ing her stay at the Hall, through a spirit  
of teasing.

This flattery, he saw at once, was ut-  
terly distasteful, therefore persevered in  
its use.

"O my dear Miss Nevergill, the fates  
certainly have befriended me, this time!  
To think that I should have met thus  
your beautiful self, just as you start on  
a ramble, is too fortunate for belief!  
Which direction shall be go, for I at once  
constitute myself your devoted attend-  
ant?"

"Mr. Glendenning, you will excuse me,  
if I decline your services. I came out  
for a quiet walk by myself, and there-  
fore shall not certainly trespass upon your  
time."

"Pardon me, my angel, my time is of  
no consequence at all. I must insist  
upon accompanying you, as I could never  
allow so lovely a lady to stroll around  
without a protector."

"Sir," said Ethel, now really losing  
patience, "there is no danger certainly  
to be met with in your uncle's grounds.  
But since you aver otherwise, I shall in-  
stantly return."

"So saying, the young girl wheeled  
about, and began rapidly to retrace her  
steps."

"You will do no such thing," was the  
insolent reply, as Robert sprang to her  
side, seized her hand, and drawing it  
firmly under his arm, held it tight, and  
thus drew her back to the walk. "When  
I propose walking with a charming girl,  
I usually do it."

"Whether your presence prove agree-  
able or no?"

"Whether my presence prove agree-  
able or no."

"Sir, release my hand. I have no de-  
sire to go further. I shall merely add  
that your presence is disagreeable, and  
your words of flattery almost insulting."

"Notwithstanding that, my dearest  
girl—"

"I am neither your 'dearest girl' nor  
your 'angel,' and you have no right to  
address me in that style. I am your  
uncle's secretary and amanuensis, and  
am here merely to carry out his wishes,  
and work, not to be attended by you in  
any way whatever," returned the  
indignant Ethel, once more disengaging  
her hand, and retreating toward the  
house.

"Miss Nevergill, go, since you are so  
determined, but remember, although you  
decline my friendship, nothing you may  
do will provoke my enmity, and before  
many days you will spend hours in my  
company voluntarily."

Ethel made no answer, and the next  
moment re-entered the hall, leaving the  
chagrined youth to his bitter reflections.  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### An Amateur Detective Agency.

Sweet Girl—"Pa, the house next  
door was robbed last night."

Pa—"Mercy! Next door?"

Sweet Girl—"Yes, and the burglars  
have been in two or three houses on  
this block within a week."

Pa—"I know it. I know it. It's ter-  
rible! But what can we do?"

Sweet Girl—"I was thinking it might  
be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and  
me to sit up a few nights and watch  
for them."—*New York Weekly.*

#### Old and New Schools.

Small Boy—"I'm too sick to go to  
school to-day."

Mamma—"Then lie down and I'll  
send for a doctor."

"Dr. Pellet?"

"No. He's a homeopath. I shall  
send for Dr. Castor, the allopath."

"Never mind, mamma; I feel better.  
Where's my books?"—*Good News.*

#### We Don't Know.

Somebody wants to know why circles  
please the eye. We don't know, any  
more than we do why rings control in  
politics.—*Ram's Horn.*

## FOR THE FARMER.

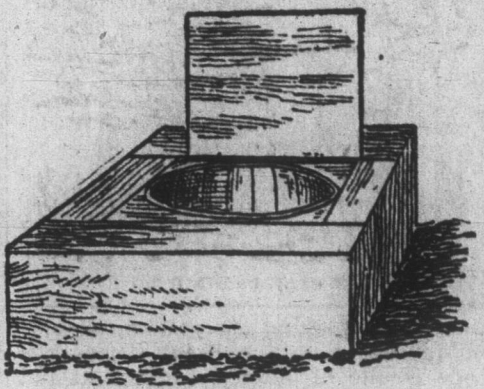
### A FEW FACTS OF ESPECIAL IN- TEREST TO THEM.

A Winter Swill Barrel—A Strong and  
Cheap Pair of Bobs—A Remedy for Fear  
Blight—Overfeeding Fowls—A Home  
Creamery—Some Useful Recipes.

#### THE FARM.

##### A Winter Swill Barrel.

The accompanying illustration, en-  
graved after a sketch sent us by A. H.  
Sheldon, Iowa, shows an easy and ef-  
fective way to prevent the freezing of  
swill during cold weather. Dig a pit  
two feet deep and four feet square, in  
which place eighteen inches of fresh, hot  
horse manure. On this place the barrel  
and pack the heating material around  
the sides until the top is nearly reached.  
Then place a frame or box without a

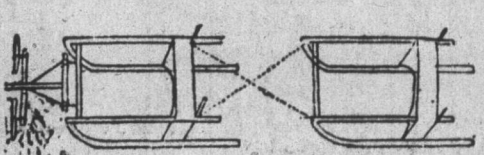


FROST-PROOF SWILL BARREL.

bottom over the barrel, with a cover  
which can be lifted up when the swill is  
removed. Pack this box full with care,  
and but little frost can get in. A pail  
full of hot water poured in the barrel,  
when half filled, will make the pigs a  
warm drink at noon, which will be ap-  
preciated. The heat will last about six  
weeks, when the manure should be re-  
newed. If the barrel is placed under a  
shed, or where it will be protected from  
wind and snow, the cold will have still  
less effect on it. There is no advantage  
in feeding frozen swill; pure water is  
much better, and the hogs need all they  
want to drink.—*American Agriculturist.*

##### A Strong and Cheap Pair of Bobs.

The home-made sled illustrated here-  
with, after sketches sent to the *Ameri-  
can Agriculturist* by Fred C. McConkey,  
Niagara County, N. Y., has runners four  
feet long, natural crooks, hewn out six  
inches broad and four inches deep and  
placed the same distance apart as those  
of an ordinary sledge. The benches are  
six-by-eight-inch timber hewn out in the  
middle to four-by-six inches. The raves  
are two-by-six-inch plank four feet long.  
The whole is fastened together by two  
two-inch pins on each end passing  
through the raves, bench, and runner,  
and firmly wedged at both ends. A  
notch is cut in the top of the bench at  
the end two inches deep, and six inches  
back to receive the raves, leaving the top  
perfectly smooth to receive the bolsters  
which are fastened on by an inch-and-a-  
quarter bolt passing through the bolster  
and bench, and keyed. The draw pieces  
are three-by-four-inch timber, fitted to  
the inside of the crook, and fastened with  
an inch-and-quarter pin passing through  
the raves, runner, and draw-piece, and  
wedged as before. The tongue is a  
round pole, with a head-block of three-  
by-four-inch timber with slots cut in the  
ends to receive the brace irons which  
pass through about six inches with a  
hook that fastens in an eye in the draw-



HOME-MADE BOB-SLED.

piece and can be taken off. They are  
coupled together with chains about six  
feet long, with a hook on one end and  
fastened to a ring in the bench of the front  
bob, and can be taken up or let out at  
pleasure. Any farmer handy with tools  
can easily make such a pair of bobs, the  
use of which will soon pay him for his  
work.

#### THE DAIRY.

##### A Home Creamery.

An exchange says, on the subject of  
having good creamery butter at home:

"Persons who have but a few cows and  
are not on a cream route of some cream-  
ery, or the milk route of some cheese  
factory, may make good creamery butter  
at home with little expense for utensils."

"If dairy supplies are sold near you,  
get a few 'setters'—tall pails, or have  
any tinmer make you some. They hold  
about four gallons each. Have a box or  
tank that will hold water, in which to  
set the pails when filled with milk. Fill  
the tank with cold water and cool the  
milk thoroughly; draw off the water and  
refill; if the tank is in the shade, this will  
keep the milk, in ordinary weather, in  
good condition for twenty-four hours. It  
should then be skimmed."

The cream should be thoroughly  
stirred whenever additions are made to  
churning, and the whole kept in a cool  
place till ready to churn, which can be  
done as you are accustomed to do. You  
will be surprised at the improved quality  
of your butter over the old method of  
settling in shallow pans, uncovered and  
in the open air. It will save a vast  
amount of dish-washing, too.

If the milk, when skimmed be too cold  
for young calves, it can be warmed by  
placing the tin pail in a kettle of hot  
water, or if not wanted for immediate  
use, will become warm enough if left a  
short time in the sun, though we do not  
think it is relished as well by young  
calves when warmed in the sun.

#### Dairy Notes.

For cracked teats use old boiled lin-  
seed oil.

In selecting dairy cows, beware of  
small eaters, weakly built frames and  
fleshy animals.

An even milking habit for 300 days  
will prove a cow to be more profitable  
than a big record for a few days.

In a state of nature cows give milk but  
a limited time; this time has been ex-  
tended by man's art. But by forcing na-  
ture we have produced an animal which  
is more liable to disease and accident.

Prof. W. A. HENRY recently made an  
experiment with three cows fed on a ra-  
tion costing seventeen cents per day  
which resulted as follows: A grade  
Short-horn made thirty-four cents worth  
of butter per day; a half-blood Jersey,

forty-five cents, and a Jersey of pure  
blood fifty-six cents. They were all in  
about the same stage of milking.

DAIRY farming, like every other  
branch of agriculture, has advantages  
peculiar to itself, which make it in many  
places and under many circumstances,  
the most desirable and remunerative em-  
ployment for the farmer.

A CITY young man, who, while sum-  
mering a week in the country, fell in  
love with a pretty dairymaid, proposed  
and was rejected, told his friends when  
he returned home that he got only one  
"milk shake" while he was away.

The live weight of a cow decides her  
ration of support. It should be equal to  
two and one-half per cent. in dry food  
matter, or not less than thirty pounds  
per day of good hay or its equivalent in  
grain, straw, ensilage or roots for a 1,000  
pound cow.

It is claimed now by good authority  
that the age of cream has much to do  
with the time needed in churning, so that  
if cream that has just been taken off is  
put in the churn with a lot which has  
set a few days to ripen, the new cream  
will remain in the buttermilk after the  
old cream is sufficiently churned. This  
has been shown by churning the butter-  
milk from mixed cream.

A WRITER in the *Dairy World* says that  
mice know butter from oleomargarine.  
Dishes soiled with pure butter and oleo-  
margarine were left during a night where  
they were inspected by mice. They  
"licked the platter clean" where pure  
butter had been, but the plates greased  
with oleomargarine were untouched.  
Further experiments were made, and in  
every case the mice feasted on butter  
but left the oleo for rats and men.

#### THE POULTRY-YARD.

##### Overfeeding Fowls.

Many ills in the poultry-yard come  
from causes least suspected, and it often  
happens that birds in what are con-  
sidered well managed yards do not  
thrive. They first get lame, then get  
droopy, then lose color in the comb, and  
in two or three weeks get very weak.  
They generally die. If opened their  
liver will be found to be affected, and  
sometimes it is enlarged. This is the  
result of overfeeding. This was the first  
cause which debilitated them and made  
them susceptible to other diseases. They  
take cold, indigestion follows, and then  
a diseased liver kills them.

Fowls should be made to hunt for  
their feed during the greater part of the  
day. This gives them exercise and keeps  
them in health. Of course they should  
not be starved, but too much food, with  
no work to obtain it, is sure to cause leg  
weakness and liver complaint, and make  
the systems weak and susceptible to  
more malignant diseases. A variety of  
feed in moderate quantities and good  
exercise in hunting for it during the day  
time, will prevent such maladies. Dur-  
ing winter a feed of shelled corn may be  
given just before going to roost. This  
may be given to them in such a way that  
they can readily pick it up if they have  
been made to scratch through the day.—  
*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

##### Poultry Notes.

If your runs and house are too small  
don't try to keep a large flock and won-  
der why you are not successful.

Don't be afraid to give skim milk to  
the hens; it may make them lay, but that  
is a desirable effect when eggs are worth  
present price.

CONTINENTAL countries last year sup-  
plied England with 1,000,000,000 eggs.  
Last year 14,000,000 dozen eggs were  
sent from Canada to the United States.

At the present price of grain will it  
pay you to carry a raft of cockerels till  
spring and then sell them as "old  
roosters"? Don't go to sleep and lose  
your head; set with judgment.

In our own flock of poultry the remedy  
we find a sure cure for all diseases and  
ailments is to bleed, with one blow of  
the hatchet, directly back of the ears.  
It is very inexpensive and effectual.

If you have a lot of fat old hens, what  
are you going to do with them? Feed  
them all winter, and get no eggs