

BURIED TREASURES.

BY MARY SHAW.

Gone is summer's rare vivid glory,
The roses of June died long ere its noon;
Yet they live in my heart's throbbed story,
With "pains" for thoughts—sacred to hold—
And May's cheery buttercups of gold.
But, ah, 'tis time in cool, calm September,
When hills afford no man's chill,
To bid that yearning heart be still;
That hope-blooms may haunt me not with past hallored hours,
And perfumes may taunt me not with June-gathered flowers.
Radiant blossoms, just to remember,
Now, when sober autumn-blooms
Spring from sweet summer flowers' tombs.
Autumn's just autumn, not will I bring
Inte its days the manner of spring;
But why banish balmy scents, ring-ring yet,
Or sadly name remembrance, regret,
Deeming autumn days lack all blithesome scope,
Because nigh gone is the nectar of hope?
I cannot let my gathered treasures go;
Heart will stay warm through stern winter,
I know.
Deep in mine's depths—eternally bright,
Safely sheltered from curious sight—
I will keep roses to recall—
The joys of summer's sweetest thrall.
SOUTH KAUKAUNA, WIS.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Not a word was spoken by either, all though, to her dismay, Ethel found that he kept perseveringly by her side.

As they emerged from the woods, Robert grasped her arm firmly with one hand, while with the other he produced from his pocket a pistol, which he instantly pointed at her.

"Now, Miss Nevergall," he said, "you stand still and hear what I have to say, or take the consequences."

Then, seeing that she turned deadly pale, he added, quickly:

"I do not intend to harm you, if you keep perfectly quiet, but I do intend to show you that I am master of the situation at this time. You need not look round for assistance, for I assure you no soul comes this way at this hour."

"Robert Glendenning," at last issued from the girl's pale lips, "put up that pistol instantly, and allow me to pursue my way unmolested. Sir Reginald requires my presence immediately."

"So do I, and what is more, I intend to have it, so he must wait. Do you see that horse and phaeton behind those trees? They are there expressly to take you riding. I ask you, therefore, politely, will you favor me with your company?"

"No, sir."

"Yes, sir, you mean. If you do not mean it, it makes no difference, as ride with me you will. Go forward now at once to that conveyance, and let me assist you in. I assure you I will bring you back to the Hall in good season. Go on; I am determined you shall obey me!"

These words he enforced by planting the cold mouth of the weapon against her forehead.

Now this pistol, though it looked formidable, was not loaded, and he knew it, but for the sake of carrying his point he intended to fully frighten her into complying with his strange wish.

But Ethel was a brave girl, and though pale, she never even shuddered.

Fixing her eyes fearlessly on his, she said in a firm, stern voice:

"If you think it manly or wise to shoot, shoot away! But I will not stir one step toward that phaeton."

Thrusting the pistol quickly in his pocket, the young man sprang toward her so suddenly that she could not defend herself, and clasping her slight form tightly in his strong arms, he lifted her at once to the waiting conveyance, placed her in it, then leaping to her side, seized the reins and drove rapidly off, while the poor girl was in almost a fainting condition from disposure and fright.

After a few moments of intense stillness, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as he bounded on, Robert turned to her with laughing triumph in his eyes, and exultingly exclaimed:

"You know, my charming young friend, that when I say I will do a thing I intend to do it. Now I decided this afternoon to have you for a companion on a little drive, and here you are, seated cozily by my side, while we are dashing away in grand style. Confess now, is not this just splendid?"

"It is not, sir. I think your conduct ungentlemanly and cruel in the extreme!"

"Not at all! I assure you, I regard you as the cruel one, when you declined to favor me with your company. Why you treat me so strangely is an enigma. You ought to feel honored to be allowed to ride with so well-known, wealthy and kind-hearted a man."

"It is no honor, sir, but a deep insult, to be thus forced to do what is disagreeable."

"I suppose it would be very disagreeable also to have me kiss you."

"Sir!" was the indignant exclamation that fell upon his ear.

"Well, disagreeable or not to you, it would be extremely agreeable to me. I tell you candidly, I would like to do it, you are so sweet and beautiful, but I will refrain and deny myself that pleasure, if you keep perfectly quiet and just try to enjoy this ride while you have the chance. If you do not—if you make the least fuss, I vow I will do it!"

"You vow you will kiss me, sir," queried Ethel, looking sternly in his laughing, saucy eyes as he spoke.

"Yes! And you know me well enough to believe I mean what I say. I see pistols make no impression upon your mind, so I will see what threatened kisses can do. Let us understand each other, Miss Nevergall. I will not touch you, or make myself offensive in the least, if you keep quiet and just enjoy this ride. You may as well do so, for this horse goes like lightning, and you could not possibly escape. If you scream, as I see you are inclined to do, no one will hear you, as this road is seldom used, and there are no houses on it for miles. If you rest assured, if you make the least movement, you shall instantly pay the penalty by being kissed. Do you understand?"

Ethel made no reply. She realized fully that the eccentric individual beside her had her in his power, therefore acknowledging to herself that it was best

under the circumstances to make no further resistance, she sank back in her seat and remained silent and motionless.

Away they flew over the long and lonely road, passing brooks, ponds, trees, rocks—indeed, everything but houses and inhabitants.

During the whole drive not one word more was spoken by either victor or vanquished.

Ethel's face was deadly pale, however, during the hour that ensued before the head of the horse was turned homeward, while Robert's was illuminated by a glow of intense satisfaction and triumph.

When at length the shades of evening began to gather, they once more neared Glendenning Hall.

Stopping the horse before they reached the place, in a sheltered and obscure spot, Robert jumped out, then turned to assist Ethel from the vehicle.

As he did so he remarked:

"I really wish you had not obeyed directions so implicitly; it would have been so sweet to have—"

Springing past him to the ground, Ethel darted away before he could finish the sentence he had teasingly begun, and with a saucy smile still upon his lips the egotistical and fun-loving young man entered once more and drove toward the stables.

Breathing a prayer of fervent thanks-giving to God for her safe return when she had once more reached her room, the poor girl brushed away the tears that had relieved her excited feelings as soon as she had entered, and then, with a sinking dread at her heart, at once repaid to the sick man's room.

A volley of spiteful, hard words saluted her entrance from the irritable invalid, and it was some time before she could utter one word in her own defense.

When at last he gave her an opportunity to speak, she informed him truthfully of the outrageous conduct of his wife's nephew.

"Robert! Do you say Robert did so insolent a thing? Was he guilty of so unpardonable an act?" exclaimed the astonished baronet.

"Do not believe her, uncle," immediately interposed Belle, who had made it her business to be present. "What she says is utterly false. I do not doubt but that she spent the time riding with some beau; but, I assure you, it was not with my brother, for he was with me the entire afternoon. She is a wicked girl to impose such a falsehood upon so sick a man."

As Belle uttered this cruel fabrication she glanced spitefully, yet with ill-concealed triumph, towards the amazed Ethel, who was not at all prepared for such an artful and malicious attack.

"Sir Reginald, I assure you I speak only the truth. It was Robert Glendenning who forced me into his carriage, and thus detained me against my will."

"You lie, you good-for-nothing jade! You know better," roared Sir Reginald. "I will never believe it. Leave the room instantly. I do not wish to see your face again until morning."

With a cold, dignified bow Ethel left at his bidding—left, too, without another word, knowing well that contradictions would only enrage and excite the passionate and unjust person before her.

After she had disappeared Belle also at once took her departure, chagrined that her uncle had not instantly dismissed her from his service and house.

She did not know that this lordship would on no account do, as he had intrusted to her keeping a secret which made her services far too valuable to be easily dispensed with. He might be enraged, and so dismiss her for a night; but no fault she might be forced into part with her while all went well in the concealed room.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The next afternoon Ethel felt that she could safely start to the village to make a few purchases for herself, as at the lunch-table Robert had told Lady Constantine she should leave home two that afternoon to visit a young friend, and lifting her into the seat, sprang lightly to her side.

"You must not be startled at my presumption, Miss Nevergall. Remember physicians have privileges others have not. You are my patient now, and until I see the color re-established on your lips and cheeks, I am in duty bound to care for you. You are not offended?"

He bent to gaze into her eyes as he asked the question, and his earnest look brought the tell-tale blood back to her cheeks.

"Oh, no, no! That would be ungrateful indeed!" was the low reply.

The ride really revived her, and as the Doctor took her quite a roundabout way, in order to prolong it, assuring her it would be beneficial to do so, she was able to give a natural spring as he held out his hands to assist her to the ground, when at length they drove up to the entrance of Glendenning Hall.

There was a happy smile still upon her lips, as after thanking and bidding her kind friend adieu, and seeing him lift his hat as he drove off, she ran up the piazza steps to pass to her room.

But the smile vanished instantly as Belle came forward from behind the heavy screen of vines, and with an angry look in her eyes exclaimed:

"What does this mean? I wish to know if Sir Reginald pays you a salary to ride around the country with young men? I shall inform him of this ride, again, to-day."

"As you please, Miss Glendenning. It certainly is not my intention to keep secret the fact that I have just narrowly escaped death by being crushed by the cars. As Dr. Elfenstein risked his life to drag me from danger, and then employed his skill to bring me from a dreadful swoon, he certainly thought it no harm to restore me safely to your uncle's aid, as I was too weak from fright to walk."

"How differently Dr. Elfenstein impresses me with his manly bearing, his open countenance, and kindly eyes, even though his manners are reserved and quiet, from that vain, egotistical Robert Glendenning," she thought.

"I cannot understand exactly why I test that person so thoroughly, nor why I admire the young physician so much. One thing, perhaps, influences me; I always loved usefulness in a man; Dr. Elfenstein labors for the welfare of others; young Glendenning is an idle spendthrift, living merely to gratify the pleasures of his own handsome self. One, constantly doing good, the other—I should judge by his looks and acts—evil disposed, and reckless in all his ways."

While thus thinking, she passed the willow grove and the railroad track, and soon reached the stores, where the purchases were made to her entire satisfaction.

Then she retraced her steps, walking in, in order more fully to enjoy a cooler breeze that was springing up; as she neared the railroad she quickened her steps, for she knew that a train was near due.

Soon the place was reached, and in stepping over it to her horror she found the heel of her shoe fastened tightly in one of the frogs.

With a desperate haste she strove to loosen it, in vain! Every struggle only made it, as it seemed, more firmly wedged.

Hark! what was that rumbling? With pallid lips and trembling form she heard a distant whistle tell of the swiftly coming train.

In despair, she stooped to unbutton the shoe; but it was a new one, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastening, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.

On, came the engine.

She could feel the rails vibrate with their motion, and still her foot was fast, and therefore hard to manage, while her trembling fingers sought to undo the fastening, but she found them powerless to accomplish the task.

Then, one wild shriek of terror rang out upon the air, and even before it died away a man's feet came running to the spot.

"Be calm! I will save you! Do not struggle—stand perfectly still!" said a voice in her ear.

On came the cars; even then they could be seen in the distance.

One moment more and she would be under the fearful wheels; but a strong hand caught the foot, wrenched open the buttons, then, as the hot breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position, and knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on the green grass, a short distance from the spot, while her head reclined upon the buttons, then, as the hot breath of the engine was almost upon her, she was drawn from the perilous position, and knew no more.

Looking up, she met the earnest eyes of Dr. Elfenstein bent upon hers, and saw that he was thus kindly supporting her.

"It is all right now, Miss Nevergall. You are safe, and will be yourself in one moment," he said, in answer to the inquiring look she gave him.

"Oh, Doctor, I can never thank you, for I know now that it was you who saved me!"

"Do not thank me, Miss Nevergall; I will not thank you. My right, I assure you, was nearly equal to your own."

"How did you get the shoe off?" she asked, at length, as she raised herself from his arm, and glanced at her foot.

"I never can tell; it was so stiff and tight it took all my strength. But now, since you are better, I will see what has become of that obstinate little boot."

In a few moments he smilingly returned with its dilapidated remains in his hand.

"You will scarcely know your own property," he remarked, "it is so crushed and torn." The action of the heavy train loosened it, and thus I came off with the spoils."

"My poor, poor shoe," said Ethel, a faint smile hovering around her pale lips.

"Well, it may better be crushed than my foot; but, really, though scarcely wearable, I must put it on," and she reached out her hand for the torn object.

"Nay, allow me to restore it to its place," said the Doctor, kneeling beside her. "My poor child, you have scarcely strength enough yet for such a task."

In obeying this law there is no necessity of descending to that base prudence which stabs all generous sentiments, all benevolent impulses; rather it furnishes the means by which they may be fostered. The wasteful housekeeper has nothing left for service to others if she lives to the full extent of her ability day by day.

Lucretia Mott wrote her letters upon scraps of paper, unfolded envelopes, and such bits as another would have cast away. She saved that others might be blessed from her frugal store; saved to carry glad tidings and great truths to the poor and enslaved. In such prudence subsists more generosity than careless wealth can ever show.

There is no room in a large heart for that prudence which adorns the Rule of Three, which never subscribes, which never gives, seldom lends, and asks but one question of any project: "Will it do bread?" It is a prudence which aims at the highest culture through the highest justice, the only way in which that can be reached.

Hint to Housekeepers.

CONSUMPTIVE night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body at night in salt and water.

A HARD cold is oftentimes cured by a cup of hot lemonade taken at bedtime, as it produces perspiration.

A HALF teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

TEETHING children may be relieved of convulsions by being immersed in a warm bath, and cold water applied to the head.

WHEN going from a warm room out into the cold air, close your mouth and breathe through your nose to prevent taking cold.

FOR nervous headache, when the pain is over the eyes and the temples are throbbing, apply cloths wet with cold water to the head, and hot baths to the feet.

THE JUICE of red onion is a perfect antidote for the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, etc. The sting of the honey-bee, which is always left in the wound, should first be removed.

WARM mustard water should be given to one who has accidentally swallowed poison; this will cause vomiting; after that give a cup of strong coffee; that will counteract the remaining effects.

FOR croup or pneumonia, bruise raw onions, lay on a cloth with powdered gum camphor sprinkled over it, and apply to chest and lungs, and cover with hot flannel. This is a sure cure if taken in time.

THE FARM.

Too Much Shade.

In a recent number of the *Santarian*, Dr. W. T. Parker protests against the thick planting of trees very near the house. Not only do they prevent the free access of air and of sunshine or even light, but they also injure the character of the soil as suited for permanent occupation.

"A soil," says the writer, "loaded with roots and densely shaded is unfit for man to live upon constantly."

Vegetation produces a great effect upon the movement of the air. Its velocity is checked, and sometimes in thick clusters of trees or underwood the air is almost stagnant. If moist and decaying vegetation be a coincident condition of such stagnation, the most fatal forms of malarious diseases are produced. A moist soil is cold, and is generally believed to predispose to rheumatism, catarrh, and neuralgia. It is a matter of general experience that most people feel healthier on a dry soil.

"In some way, which is not clear, a moist soil produces an unfavorable