

AN OLD-FASHIONED FANCY.

BY MARY SHAW.

I remember fondly the zigzag rail fence
Inclosing the vast farm, hill and dale;
Bristling barb-wire is now of more consequence.
But to me give the old-fashioned rail.
Luscious wild-berries grew its angles between—
It was easy to climb or creep through;
The golden grain had always a ridge of green
By the rail-fenced fields that childhood knew.
Nooks to claim 'thout pre-empting,
Offered wild-berries tempting—
And in those days—ah, who could pass by?

The ones I recall had corners the rarest,
From which wild roses nodded good-day,
As clover-caps lifted, from meadows the fairest,
Where wild birds nested, or carolled gay.
And barb-wire—well, yes, I know it is better,
Lasting, not easily blown by the breeze,
"Progressive," all that; yet I'm a regretter
Of the rail fence "going," and not by degrees.

Though far freer from harm
Is a barb-wire fenced farm,
The children protest, and so do I.
MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

ETHEL MAKES A STRANGE REVELATION.

Ethel did not entirely recover from the effects of her fright until after the night's sleep had served to calm her nerves, and all the evening that followed she was excited and scarcely able to control herself.

When she bade the family good-night and locked herself into her room, in order to proceed to her nightly task, it was with a dazed feeling and an aching head. Nerving herself for her duty, however, as well as she could, she proceeded to light her candle, and, taking the indispensable knife, she passed through the wardrobe and passageway into the corridor beyond.

Possessing herself of the basket of food, she remembered to fasten the door with the iron hook, a precaution that the baronet had charged her always to observe, that by no possibility could she be surprised while accomplishing her task, then, passing onward, she opened the panel as usual, and placed the plate of food upon the shelves.

As she did so, she heard distinctly a movement on the other side, which, being rather unusual, for silence alone ordinarily reigned, startled her already excited nerves so much that she gave the shelves the required shove, and, just as they whirled away, she saw, to her horror, when it was too late to stop them, that she had dropped the knife from her hand, and it had gone around with the food.

Breathlessly she waited for the return movement, hoping that the creature within would not observe it, and that it would come back with the plate.

As she waited, a singular, loud, shrill noise or cry came from within.

The next moment the shelves had revolved, and the plate alone appeared. Appalled with her own carelessness, and fancying she knew not what as the result, the terrified, half-frantic girl could only draw shut the panels with all the expedition possible, and then hastily return the basket, fasten the door, and seek the safety of her own apartment.

Oh, how she blamed herself for that careless, blundering act, and the more she blamed, the more she could not foresee the result of her first false move.

What was now her duty?

Should she immediately seek the baronet, who was probably asleep by this time, and, telling him the mishap, ask what was to be done?

No! she could not think this course a wise one.

The baronet was an exceedingly passionate man. Such a tale, at this hour, would throw him into a whirl of nervous anger, that might cause damage to the broken hip, the bones of which, all hoped, had by this time commenced to unite.

She saw, then, at once, that this course would not answer.

But would it be well to tell him on the morrow?

What could he do if acquainted with the nature of her disaster?

He could not move from his bed. He could not, or would not crave assistance of any person he knew. It would only distress him, and prove of no avail in the end.

Perhaps, after all, the ape, or whatever the creature was, would do no harm with the knife. He probably would handle it a little, then drop it, and where it fell, it would lie, unremembered and useless.

Certainly this must be the result.

She felt she must consider it so, and trust that Providence would direct it all on this way, and so allow no harm to be done.

No sleep visited her weary eyes, until long after midnight, she was so unhappy and so unmoved by all the events of the last twenty-four hours, and again and again she prayed that all might go well, and nothing terrible result from the loss of that dreadful knife.

Rising with the alarm of the usual bell that rang to awaken the household, the poor girl again commenced to review the problem that had presented itself to be worked out the next morning. Once more she asked the question:

Should she worry Sir Reginald by telling him of the accident that had befallen her, or should she not?

Before deciding positively, she resolved to pay the baronet a morning visit, and by listening, study out if all was going on as usual.

This resolve she instantly carried into effect.

Turning once more from her room, down the corridor, she placed her ear close to the panel, and listened intently to hear if any movement could be discovered within the concealed room.

All was still. Not the faintest motion was perceptible; therefore, feeling greatly relieved, she returned, quite sure that all must be well, and firmly resolved to say nothing of what had happened, and while keeping silent endeavor to drive the entire circumstance from her own mind, and so be at peace.

The day passed on as usual, and when night brought her to the shelves she once more found to her satisfaction si-

lence reigning, and felt that now, indeed, all was right.

Poor Ethel! She little knew the fearful consequences yet to ensue from her first blunder.

The third afternoon had arrived, and nothing had transpired to lead her to apprehend the least trouble from that unfortunate occurrence.

She had, therefore, regained the courage she had lost, and was fast driving the entire circumstance from her mind.

This afternoon Sir Reginald had expressed a wish for music, therefore she had brought her guitar to his bedside, and had sung several ballads for his amusement.

"I think," at length he said, interrupting her, "that it grows cloudy. Please look out, and tell me if a shower is approaching."

Ethel arose at his bidding, and, after examining the sky, returned, saying, as she resumed her seat:

"There is, indeed, A very black cloud lying in the west, which foretells a hard shower."

"Then put aside your instrument and draw close to me, as I have some private instructions to give you in regard to a new work to be done to-night. Are we entirely alone?"

"We are." Mrs. Fredon left the room to prepare for some nourishment, and your wife and niece are in the grounds," replied Ethel, trembling, she knew not why.

"Then listen intently to my instructions. If that storm rages about half-past nine or ten o'clock to-night, you must visit the Haunted Tower and put in motion some machinery I have erected there."

"Oh, Sir Reginald," murmured the shrinking listener, "please do not ask that of me."

"Shut up! You just attend to my orders, and do what I tell you to do. Never dare dispute my will!"

The baronet then proceeded to give minute directions for the lighting of each light, and also for the movements of the frightful and hideous image there concealed.

At its conclusion he remarked:

"Do you think you understand every particular of the work I now require to be done?"

"I do," replied Ethel; "but, sir, my soul revolts from the whole thing. I consider it a wicked deception, and I beg you to excuse me from undertaking it."

"Who cares what you think about it! No one asked your opinion. Do it you shall, so do not dare to utter another word against it."

"Sir Reginald, I have faithfully performed your wishes in regard to feeding the animal, whose life you value so highly, knowing that to preserve the life of even the least of God's creatures is a duty, but I can see no possible necessity for striving to impose upon the credulity of the inhabitants of this quiet place."

"That, I tell you is my business and not yours," was the angry reply. "You are here simply to attend to my work and I have well paid you for doing so."

"I know that; but surely I am at liberty to point out an error in your wishes and judgment. Sir Reginald, this thing that you ask me to do is wrong, and I entreat you to carry it no further. You say you have done this yourself for twenty-five years; surely that can answer any purpose you may have to effect by it. Please, then, be satisfied, and let this thing rest!"

"I tell you I will not," replied the baronet, fairly purple from rage. "Do you not see that your obstinacy is throwing me into a terrible and injurious excitement? I command you to obey my wishes. If you dare refuse, you shall leave my house this night, even though I know you have nowhere to lay your head. Do you hear?"

"Will you obey?" murmured the distressed girl.

No answer came, the only reply she could make being a burst of tears.

Maddened by her silence and sobs, the baronet started up, until leaning upon his elbow, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, as it would jar his hip, he shook his fist violently in her face, while he demanded in fury:

"Will you obey?"

"I will!" she at last gasped, between her sobs. Poor girl! Seeing his violent excitement, and remembering her aunt's last charges, she dared not refuse.

"Then see that you do it," he returned, more calmly, as he sank back with a groan upon his pillow.

Mrs. Fredon having by this time reappeared, Ethel withdrew from his side, and repaired to her own apartment to watch over her unfortunate lot, and to watch the clouds, hoping that the expected shower might pass around without reaching the spot in which she resided.

But her hope was vain!

As the evening came, the dreaded cloud approached nearer and nearer, and when 10 o'clock struck, thunder, lightning, wind, and rain were riding furiously upon, above, and around the earth.

There was, therefore, no escape from the disagreeable duty that awaited her, so at half-past nine she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DR. ELFENSTEIN MAKES A MOVE.

After Dr. Elfenstein had asked permission of Sir Reginald Glendenning to search the Haunted Tower he felt exceedingly puzzled over his future course.

Resolved as he was to penetrate the mystery of that place, he could not understand how the thing was to be accomplished.

Sometimes he thought he was foolishly interested in this ghostly visitant, but again his promise to Mr. Rappelye to examine all the premises, penetrate to the mystery included in that sacred charge.

In all his visits to Sir Reginald, although reserved in manner, his every nerve had been on the alert. He had been told that the room occupied by the present baronet was the one where Sir Arthur had met his sad fate.

Knowing this, he fairly studied that room.

He noted its width, height, and breadth; the height of the two windows from the floor, the size of those windows, and particularly he noted the one from which the rope had dangled that had been used to lower the body to the ground.

He had several times walked to that window, as if meditating over his patient's case, and looked out, surveying the ground below, and the distance from it to the lake, which was visible through the trees.

Then he scrutinized every article of furniture the room contained, from the massive black-walnut bedstead to a large, tall wardrobe, of the same material, that stood opposite the door, and which he observed was always locked.

Several times he caught himself wishing

he could see its contents, but smiled at his own curious nature.

From this house, which he visited daily in his professional calling, he often drove around, examining the stables and outbuildings, and sometimes slowly went around the tower to view the ruined part and to see if he could effect an entrance.

One day—it was the one on which Ethel started for the eventful walk, he in such a drive noticed a small, well-trodden pathway leading up to a clump of bushes. Instantly the thought struck him that behind those bushes, concealed from view, might be an open passage to the place, although he felt certain there was no doorway.

The more he thought of this the more he was sure it must be the case.

Why that well-used path through the grass if not for some such purpose?

Yes; some human feet were in the habit of entering there, and he resolved to return to the place, under cover of darkness, and investigate those bushes.

Full of this discovery, and full of hope that he might yet penetrate to the mysterious tower, he touched his horse with the whip and drove hastily away.

But just as he emerged again into the ramble, he saw Miss Belle Glendenning gazing at him from an upper window, and felt mortified that she should have noticed his ride around the premises, as conscience whispered that it must speak to her of a prying nature.

Feeling, however, that it was done, and could not now be recalled, he passed on, and proceeded to visit the homes of several sick persons who need his advice and assistance.

On his return it was that he suddenly heard a wild shriek of terror, and looking around, had seen Ethel in that dangerous situation, while the nearing train took of the death awaited her.

Springing to the ground, he had rushed to her assistance, and had, as we have already said, wrenched apart those stiff fastenings, and drawn her from her peril.

Then, with her fainting form clasped in his arms, he had carried her to a place of safety, and, placing her upon the grass, had held her against his breast, while he removed her hat, and by fanning and rubbing had sought to restore animation.

How lovely she looked to the young man as she thus lay so quietly in his embrace, her golden hair, which had become disheveled in his awkwardness, floating around her, with her white cheeks, upon which the long, black lashes curled, nestling so closely against his heart.

He could scarcely refrain from pressing his lips to hers, in his deep joy, that she was saved from the horrible danger that had surrounded her.

But he did refrain, and after she had recovered, and the shoe had been replaced, and her hair and hat rearranged and restored, he could not overcome a feeling of longing to have her in his arms once more, before he must yield her back, and again banishing her sweet remembrance, must return to the stern duty he had so solemnly undertaken.

Oh, how this spring of love resembled the uncertain glory of an April day. Which now shows all the beauty of the sun, and by and by a cloud takes all away.

Too well he remembered that he had promised, in the most sacred way, to give himself to the cause of another, to act for him, and to let nothing stand in his lawful way, in order to unravel this mystery.

No love, then, must enter his breast! No maiden must divert his mind from his life work, and his vow!

But one thing he would do: he would gather her in his arms just once more, place her in his rig, and carry her safely back to the Hall, and after that work alone should be his portion.

This, then, he proceeded to accomplish, but her startled look as he caught her up had frightened him, and the fear of her displeasure had led to the half apology he had uttered in his own defense.

After he had left her at the Hall it was hard to recall her his truant thoughts to their proper sphere, but with set teeth and a firm resolve he plunged into study and active work in order to be at peace with himself.

He then returned to the remembrance of the little pathway he had discovered to the ruins, and determined to visit the place that very night.

But a writer has well said that "Man proposes, and God disposes," for he did not go near the place that evening, as a sudden call to visit a person in great agony, several miles away, sent him into an entirely different region, and detained him there awhile.

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth, and not until

The first opening of the gorgeous east did he return.

The great suffering of this new patient even detained him by his side until after midnight the second evening, and a third time had night folded the earth before relief came to the weary one, and Earle Elfenstein was at liberty to pay the lonely ruin the desired call.

HOESIER PHILOSOPHY.

If you are a good man, what are you good for?

A broken word is something that can not be mended.

Toy pistols kill more people than sixty-four pounders.

If you haven't much you can double it by being thankful.

Life is not worth living, unless you live for somebody else.

Money lost can be recovered, but an hour lost is gone forever.

The most dangerous sinners are the most respectable sinners.

A really good man never wants to climb a tree to be looked at.

A vacant mind is a standing offer to the devil for free house room.

Thousands of people fail because they are afraid to make a beginning.

The quickest way to become rich is to learn to be contented in poverty.

People who never think of anybody but themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

Long faces and cheerless hearts in church members have done as much to keep the devil in good spirits as the distilleries. — Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

They Look at the Money.

In jogging through life, you often shake hands with a college graduate of brilliant talents in whose pockets silver seldom jingles, while Cincinnati, it is said, has a newsboy worth \$20,000. It don't make much difference in this country who a man is or what he makes; it is the *what he salts down that counts.* — The Ram's Horn.

NEVER stamp on your wife's bonnet. You'll have to buy her a new one.

RURAL READING.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS INTELLIGENTLY DISCUSSED.

An Inexpensive Root Cellar Built Wholly Above Ground—The Stock-Ranch, Dairy, and Garden—Helpful Hints to Housekeepers, Etc.

THE FARM.



make an excavation to the depth of about four feet, and a length and breadth sufficient to hold the anticipated crop. This is easily done by figuring on 2,800 cubic inches as the space required by one bushel of potatoes or other root crops.

Lay up a good stone foundation to one foot above the ground, using a liberal amount of mortar. The stairs of five steps may be located upon the outside, as shown in the engraving, or placed inside the cellar as desired. The superstructure may be of wood; the corner posts need not be over six feet in height.

If a balloon frame, the studding should be covered with matched lumber, both outside and inside. This is to be covered with heavily tarred paper, and sheathed with matched lumber. The expense of four thicknesses of matched stuff is not heavy, and a building is secured that is quite frost proof. The windows, which are placed upon the side, two feet above the wall, are double sashed, with a four-inch air chamber between. The door is double, with a space between. The ceiling should be made as impervious to cold as the side walls. A heavy application of mortar should be applied where the sills rest upon the wall; besides, the sills should be laid in mortar. The roof may be of any material desired. The interior should be divided into bins, located so

that they may be reached by a long wooden trough, one end of which can project out of either window, into which the roots are scooped direct from the wagon. Windows should be arranged so as to be readily opened or closed for ventilation.

A building with a capacity of 300 bushels can be substantially built at an outlay of from \$40 to \$75, owing to the amount of work the owner performs himself.

Orchard Grass.

W. J. Beal, in his "Grasses of North America," says: Orchard grass is perennial, lasting for many years, two or three or even five feet or more in height, rather large, coarse, rough, of a light green color, and grows in dense tufts, unless crowded by thick seeding. The lower leaves are sometimes two feet or more in length. The clustered spikelets make dense masses on the small spreading panicle. The flowers appear with those of early red clover. It is a native of Europe, and is also now found in North Africa, India, and North America, and perhaps in other countries. Although it came to this country from Europe, it did not attract much attention in England until sent back there in 1864 from Virginia. So far as quality is concerned, if cut in good season or pastured when young, it stands well the test of cattle and the chemists. It is very nutritious, the seeds start quickly, and makes a very vigorous growth, and if the grass is not a very valuable one it is certainly not from the lack of testimonials from practical farmers. The stems are not very abundant when compared with the leaves, hence the plant is more suitable for pasture than for meadow. It is the first to furnish a bite for the cattle in spring; is little affected by the droughts of July and August, and continues growing until the severe cold of November blocks up the sources of nourishment. When cut or grazed it starts up with great vigor. No man should sow it in his lawn, for it would need cutting every day before breakfast. If cut while in blossom, both cattle and horses are exceedingly fond of the hay and do well on it. If left to stand until the seeds are mature it becomes more tough and woody than even timothy, and cattle will need to have their teeth sharpened to eat it in this stage of its growth. Orchard grass loves a deep, rich, moist soil. Grown on poor, dry land by a lazy farmer, it will not give satisfaction. It may be cut two or three times a year, producing large crops of the very best of fodder, just as long as the fertility of the land can be maintained by top-dressing.

Use of the Roller.

The farm roller is a most important and valuable implement for those who exercise good judgment as to when it is used. It is just what is needed to press winter grain firmly in the ground after the surface has dried sufficiently. It is also excellent on clover in spring to press down small stones that might be in the way of close cutting with the mower. But it should not be used on spring grain until the latter is up three or four inches, nor on corn ground at any season if the soil be at all heavy. Corn ground needs to be light as possible, and it must be made mellow by harrowing up, not by rolling down. — New York Herald.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

From Field and Wood.

When well arranged, dried grasses and flowers are always beautiful. As much of their beauty consists in the graceful

forms of delicate stems and tiny seed-pods, that arrangement is best which allows this dainty tracery to be seen.

An ornamental panel made of the treasures gathered from field and wood is something new and pretty, says the Country Gentleman. It is much to be preferred to the old-fashioned "dried bouquet," where delicate grasses, soldierly cat-tails and everlasting have been packed tightly together, effectually destroying the distinctive beauty of each.

To make a panel like the one illustrated herewith, there will be required a thin board of the desired size (board on



PANEL OF DRIED GRASSES.

which certain kinds of dressed goods are wrapped answer nicely, and can be had at almost any dry-goods store for the asking), a cup of well-cooked flour paste, a sheet of wadding, enough pongee or China silk of a cream shade to cover the board, sufficient plush of a bright golden brown to make a border two or three inches wide around the panel, and a paper of the smallest-sized double-pointed tacks.

From the wadding cut a piece the exact size of the board, and fasten it on by pasting along each edge; do the same with the silk; join the four plush strips at each corner with a bias seam and turn the edge under, around the inside of the oblong thus made. It is best to fasten the turn by hemming with long stitches.

The plush must be cut large enough to turn over on to the back of the panel for a quarter of an inch. Carefully put some paste on the border at each corner and along both edges, place it right-side down on a table and put the panel on it, pressing softly in places out a square out of each corner of the plush where it projects beyond the board; then turn down the projecting edges on to the back of the board. A piece of heavy brown paper, cut a trifle smaller than the panel, should be pasted over the back to conceal raw edges and give a finished appearance. Drive a tack on each side of the panel near the top, on which to tie a cord to hang the panel by. Great care should be taken that all edges are cut perfectly straight and that all joinings are exact.

The panel is now ready for the grasses, cattails, etc., which should be arranged gracefully on it and firmly fastened into position with tacks. These will not show if a leaf or full head of grass is skillfully allowed to drop over them. The panel should be hung almost flat against the wall, and on a level with the eye of a person standing. This is the manner recommended by artists for the hanging of all pictures.

Hints to Housekeepers.

RELIEVE pains in the sides by the application of mustard.

FOR nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.

SANDPAPER applied to the yellow keys of the piano will restore the color.

THE best thing to clean tin ware is common soda; rub on whisky with a damp cloth, after which wipe dry.

FOR coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and wash it out with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best.

COFFEE pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room, are excellent deodorizers.

TO INSURE paste from molding, put into it a proportion of alum and resin. A few drops of any essential oil will preserve leather from mold, and a single clove put into a bottle of ink will have the same effect upon it.

POWDERED borax mixed with a little powdered sugar and scattered about in spots will prove certain death to cockroaches and to ants, and if that is not handy, a few drops of spirits of turpentine sprinkled here and there will be as effective in the case of these nuisances as it is in the case of moths.

WHEN linen has turned yellow cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle or bottle. When the soap has completely melted put in the linen and boil it half an hour, have ready a lather of soap and water, wash the linen in it, after which rinse it in two cold waters with a very little blue in the last.

DO NOT use eggs for frosting? Don't do it. Take five tablespoonfuls of milk, one cup of granulated sugar, flavor nicely with lemon or vanilla, then boil five minutes. Beat it hard until it is cool enough to spread on the cake. The beauty of this frosting is that it is ready to cut as soon as thoroughly cold. It is very nice with cocoanut or grated chocolate stirred in it. When eggs are high it is quite a saving.

THE GARDEN.

Early and Late Potatoes.

The advice is being widely copied to plant all potatoes, and especially to plant the earliest varieties, at least likely to be affected by blight and rot. There is something in the theory that the longer a variety of potatoes is maturing, the greater chance disease has to attack it. The same principle favors early planting and early varieties in order to escape attacks of the potato beetle. The old-fashioned near-blow potato was so extremely late that it furnished food for successive crops of potato larvae all through the summer until frost came. For this reason probably it was the first to run out when potato beetles began to be numerous.

Yet it is an unquestioned fact that the larger proportion of potatoes grown for market are of late varieties, and late planted often at that. The very early

price is often much higher, and a few are planted as soon as the ground can be prepared, to meet the demand about the 1st of July, when \$1.50 to \$2 a bushel is the ruling price for a few days. Yet these very early potatoes are such light yielders that no large grower ever thinks of planting them extensively. They usually sell all the early potatoes they have, not reserving even for seed, which they can obtain from more northern regions in better condition for planting next spring. What is the use of keeping over from July to April potatoes that in the first-named month will bring fancy prices for early, and which it is almost impossible to keep through the fall and winter without sprouting till their substance is wholly exhausted. If farmers want to grow their own seed potatoes of early varieties they should plant as late as the first to the middle of June. By the time the potatoes are setting the weather will be cooler, and the fall rains will usually have begun.

Late varieties of potatoes are often better crops when planted quite late. An early planting for them means forming the tubers during the hottest and driest season of the year. But seasons differ in this respect, and it is impossible to foreknow which planting shall be the best; but for early potatoes two plantings, the early for market at higher prices, and the later for seed and a larger crop, would seem to be advisable.

THE DAIRY.

Care of Milk for Cheese-Making.

Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, of the Guelph, Ontario, Agricultural College, is the author of a valuable little pamphlet bearing the above title. After giving a number of practical suggestions the Professor gathers their gist into the following short paragraphs, which are well worthy of a careful reading.

1. Milk from healthy cows only should be used, and not until at least four days after calving.

2. Any harsh treatment that excites the cow lessens the quantity and injures the quality of her yield.

3. Cows should be allowed an abundant supply of wholesome, suitable food, and as much pure water as they will drink.

4. A supply of salt should be placed where cows have access to it every day.

5. Cows should not be permitted to drink stagnant, impure water, nor to eat cleaning from horse stables, leaks, turnip tops, nor anything that would give the milk an offensive taint.

6. All milk vessels should be thoroughly cleansed; first being well washed, then scalded with boiling water, and afterwards sufficiently aired to keep them perfectly sweet.

7. Cows should be milked with dry hands and only after the