

## AN OLD-FASHIONED FANCY.

BY MARY SHAW.

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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 caroled 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 regrettor.

Of the rail fence "going," and not by degrees.

Though far from farm

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 BLUNDER.

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 had the family good-night and locked herself into her room, in order to proceed to her night's task, it was with a dazed feeling and an aching head. Nervous 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 resolved, 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 carelessness, 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, 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 hopped, 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 the 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 me 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 in 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 unversed 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 night before. 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 corridor 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 was 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 is 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 you 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.

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 told 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 away 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 resembles the uncertain glow 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.

"I tell you I will not," replied the baronet, fairly purple from rage. "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 you. Please, then, be satisfied, and let that which had surrounded her.

"I do!" murmured the distressed girl.

"Will you obey?"

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 weep 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.

Her hope was vain!

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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.

This was, therefore, no escape from the disgraceful duty that awaited her, so at her usual time she took the lighted candle in her hand and started with tearful eyes to attend to the task before her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hoosier Philosophy.

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

A broken word is something that can not be mended.

Toys 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 doesn't make much difference in this country who a man is or what he makes; it is what he salts down that counts. —The Ram's Horn.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

From Field and Wood.

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

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BY MARY SHAW.

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But to me give the old-fashioned rail.

Luscious wild berries grew its angles be-

tween—

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 caroled gay,

And barb-wire—well yes, I know it is better.

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"Progressive," all that; yet I'm a regrettor.

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Though far from farm

Is a barb-wire fenced farm,

The children protest, and so do I.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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.