CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

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CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

THE house passed the senate resolution appropriating $200,000 to suppress the yellow fever.

LANDS well drained make spring earlier and autumn later, so far as opportunities for tilling are concerned.

IN Germany two hundred thousand marks have been subscribed for the expenses of an expedition to search for Emin Bey.

ANDREW LANG has written an introduction to the forthcoming English edition of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley.

RUSSIA does not care to receive a visit from Gen. Boulanger. Russia has all the disturbers that she wants within her boundaries.

HOG cholera is prevailing to a most alarming extent in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. More than two thousand died in one week.

FOUR hundred Irish stevedores have been discharged from the Glasgow harbor service and their places will be filled with protestants from Belfast.

LORD WOLSELEY refuses to pay the slightest attention to Theodore Roosevelt's attack on him in *Murray's Magazine*. Wolseley never was much of a fighter.

NEWTON LODGE, of London, offers for sale one of the silk stockings worn by Queen Victoria the day she was crowned. Does the Order of the Garter go with it?

RICHARD E. BURTON, son of the late Rev. Dr. Burton, of Hartford, Conn., is to become editor of the *Churchman*. Mr. Burton has won an enviable reputation as a poet.

THOMAS A. EDISON is engaged in studying the problem of aerial navigation. When his baby begins to walk the inventor will learn a thing or two about heir locomotion.

MAJOR BARTELLOTT, leader of the expedition in search of Henry M. Stanley, was betrayed and shot by his African followers, and it is feared that Stanley has met a like fate.

WILLIAM REDMOND, member of parliament for the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, has been convicted under the crimes act and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and Henry Herman, author of "The Silver King," have formed a library partnership and will write novels and plays together. They are now at Ostend working on a story of contemporary London life.

IT is now believed that Charles W. Waldron, the defaulting banker of Hillsdale, Michigan, took $500,000 in currency on his person when crossing to Canada. He is now in England, where a Chicago attorney will shortly meet him and endeavor to effect a settlement.

IF the market becomes overstocked with poultry, as is sometimes the case at this season of the year, the farmer can use the surplus at home at less cost than to sell. Fresh meat can be provided for the table the entire year by hatching chickens from early spring until fall.

THE animals on Houghton farm, in Oswego county, New York, are valued at more than $500,000. It was never expected that the farm would pay. It is designed to promote the pleasure of its owner and his friends and for the purpose of trying experiments in agriculture, horticulture, and stock-raising.

GOOD farmers are aware that thinner lands require larger amounts of seed in sowing winter grain than do alluvion or well-fertilized soils. Six pecks and even more in a hard winter are not too much. It is suggested by the Purdue university that a dense growth of thickly-sown wheat acts as a mulch, protecting from freezing and thawing alike.

WHEN Bishop Doane, of Albany, Y., was in England, not long ago, he called upon the new Duchess of Marlborough. They were old friends in the days when Lily Price was a member of St. Paul's parish, Troy, N. Y., and one of the most active workers in the Albany diocese. He reports the Duchess as extremely happy in her new position and very popular in society.

TWO writers estimate the French wheat crop at 10 per cent and 25 per cent worse than last year, when 37,000,000 qr. were grown. The crop of 1888 may be taken at 33,300,000 qr., while a continuance of an untoward season for harvesting may reduce even this quantity. France, in August, 1888, was in a position of needing a maximum of 3,000,000 qr. foreign wheat, to-day she probably requires from seven to eight millions.

MRS. AGNES B. MARSHALL, of London, the Miss Parloa of England, was a recent guest at a Chicago hotel. Her school of cookery occupies two large buildings on Mortimer street, London, and last year was attended by 10,000 persons. Mrs. Marshall is a brunette of fine form and bearing, under the middle age, with the ruddy complexion that characterizes English women. She is a fluent talker and speaks with a marked English accent.

SPEAKING of the reigning family of Austria a recent writer says: "Empress Elizabeth, who was fifty last Christmas, has long been renowned as a huntress, and, although at present in bad health, has not yet retired from the field in which both her hunting and skilful equestrianism have been greatly admired. She has followed the chase on every chosen ground in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Germany, Italy and at home, and makes pets of the equine and canine races wherever met. Fondness for this kind of sport has been her specialty during the better part of her life, although at court she was considered beautiful enough to eclipse all other beauties."

UNCLE HUGH'S SECRET

The way was long and tedious, the day warm and oppressive, and I wearied almost beyond endurance. If Uncle Hugh had had his way, every visitor to Mount Graham would have come all the way by carriage, but fortunately it was beyond even his power to enforce that. What he could do he had done, however. Several years before, there had been a prospect of having a railway station within ten miles of the place. The very idea made Uncle Hugh frantic. Tooth and nail he fought it, and, alas, was successful. The railway was turned aside, and though the struggle had left him straightened in circumstances, almost impoverished, I do not believe that he had ever felt one regret.

As the carriage swayed and jolted along, and the old coachman nodded on his box, with full faith in the time-tried fidelity of his fat horses, I tried to beguile the tedium of the way by recalling the incidents of the one summer which I had spent with Uncle Hugh in my childhood.

Mount Graham was a quaint, old-fashioned place, built long before the Revolution, and the queer stories which were told about it had been the romance of my childhood. Of course it was peopled by ghosts of every shape and hue. There must have been a regular colony of ghosts, for there was one devoted to every spot in the house from cellar to attic. There was the spectral carriage, which was heard, but never seen, to stop at the front door in the middle of the night. A British officer haunted one bedroom, and a White Lady another. (It would be interesting to know whether they ever met, and upon what terms they were in private.) Black Nancy held possession of the garret, where she still groaned and clanked her chains as she had done a hundred years before when she was a living maniac. Indians and negroes had played a part in the early history of the house. It was before the Revolution, when the country was still an unbroken forest, that old Colonel Graham conceived the idea of building a homestead here. He went himself to select a site, and left a gang of black men behind him, with provisions enough to last through the summer and autumn. But, alas! the winter came that year with unprecedented suddenness and severity, shutting in the poor black men to what seemed certain death. Vainly were exploring parties sent to their relief. The cruel cold baffled all efforts, and the negroes were, perforce, left to their fate. In the spring Col. Graham went to the scene of the tragedy. He expected to hear only the moan of the forest and the dash of the waterfall. He heard these indeed, but mingled with them were the ring of hammers and the clamor of cheerful voices. He expected to find ten moldering skeletons, perhaps with the mark of the cruel tomahawk upon them. He found instead ten of the fattest and joliest darkies that his eyes ever rested upon. Instead of fighting the Indians they had fraternized with them, and as soon as the weather allowed red and blackmen went cheerfully to work upon the new house. And that was why ghostly negroes and Indians stalked amicably through hall and corridor.

The house was a plain one enough—a long, low, rambling building, with a pizza whose roof extended above the second-story windows, wonderfully shaded with grape-vines and trumpet-creepers. Inside all that was queer and cramped, according to our modern ideas. The rooms were tiny, and opened oddly out of each other by narrow folding-doors. The ceilings were low, some plain, others crossed by huge beams. There deep cushioned window-seats in the small-paned windows, which still bore upon their faithful transparent breasts the name of by-gone belles. "Miss Polly" and "Miss Betty" had been dust for many a year, but the names which their admirers had scratched upon the fragile glass were as fresh as the day they were cut. And there was not a decent closet in the house. That, of course, was quite absurd, but Uncle Hugh never could be made to see it.

"It served my fathers, and will serve me," he said, and never could be induced to make the slightest alteration.

The furniture suited the house. There were great hair-cloth-covered sofas with frames of solid mahogany, some with brass trimmings, others curiously carved into the form of scaly dragons. There were bureaus with claw feet and brass handles on the drawers, and great clumsy four-post bedsteads, with heavily carved legs and shrouding curtains. The tallest man could not open the upper drawers of the bureaus or step into the beds unaided. Therefore step-ladders were provided, small but massive mahogany affairs, neatly carpeted, and made to serve a double purpose, as the top lifted up and showed a receptacle for night clothes. There were stiff-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables, tall slender candle-stands, and quaint little work-stands, with fluted sides, and faded satin bags suspended beneath, and all the rest of the odd old furniture, which in these days would set a collector mad with longing, but at which we privately turned up scornful noses.

There was not much fault to be found with the garden, for all it was prim and old-fashioned. Never were box borders so tall and trim and glossy. Never were limes and catalpas so fragrant as those which overhung it. Never were there such beds of lilies-of-the-valley and violets and periwinkle as grew at their feet. In June it was a true garden of delights, when the catalpa showered its delicate, tea-like fragrance from all its violet-veined bells, and the limes rained scent from their golden tassels, and the roses made the place glow with their splendor, as they rioted everywhere. Later came larkspur and sweet-pea, sweet-william and mignonette, hollyhocks, stately and tall, dusky wall-flowers, purple pansies, stock-gillies, and all the rest of the dear old floral friends. No modern plants were ever allowed in Uncle Hugh's domain.

There was one spot which always excited our curiosity. It lay exactly in the center of the garden, and equalled in space four or five of the flower beds. For years no spade had touched it, and it was a mere tangle of weeds, in curious contrast with the rest of the trimly-kept garden. Every one wondered about it, of course. A few were even bold enough to ask questions, but met only a stony stare or at best a polite evasion from Uncle Hugh.

My first special remembrance of this plot went back to the day when Philip and I decided that our happiness and well-being required that we should have a garden of our own. Philip was Philip Graham, Uncle Hugh's great-nephew, who, with his brother and sister, was also spending the summer at Mount Graham. This uncultivated spot struck me as entirely suitable for a garden, and we went to work at it with a will.

"How pleased Uncle Hugh will be when he sees it!" said Philip, as we paused a moment to rest.

Just then Uncle Hugh came in sight—a stately figure in the dress of his youth, to which he still clung. He was walking with his head bent down, and his little queue stuck out curiously above his high stock. As he came near us he looked up, and at sight of our occupation an expression which we had never seen before flashed over his face. It was a mixture of surprise, indignation, and incredulity, curiously blended with what seemed almost like terror.

"What are you doing there, children?" he cried, in a stern voice, such as we had never heard from him before. "Come away this instant. Never set foot in that spot again. Do you hear?"

"But why, Uncle Hugh?" asked Philip, standing his ground boldly.

"Never mind why," said the old man, stamping his foot. "Come away this instant, and never go there again—never.

We came away, too thoroughly frightened at Uncle Hugh's most unwonted outburst to think of rebelling. Two days later a stout fence surrounded the place. Philip and I were deeply hurt, for it was the first time that Uncle Hugh had ever, by word or deed, shown the slightest distrust of any one of us. We heard him murmur as he looked at the fence: "The children could hardly have found out yet. But they will grow older, and— Yes, it was safer."

The next scene in that visit which I remembered well was the rainy day when we children had to amuse ourselves within-doors. A game of hide-and-seek was in progress, and Philip was the seeker. Nanny and I went off together, and the place in which we elected to hide was under Uncle Hugh's great four-post bedstead. Nanny lifted the ruffled valance carefully, and I crept in, whacking my head violently as I did so against some long black object thickly studded with brass nails.

"A treasure-box," said Nanny, who was always romantic.

Just then a flash of lightning lit up the room. Through the chink in the valance the light fell upon the box, and I scrambled out with a yell of terror. Had it been ghost I should have thought little of it, but a coffin was a real tangible, blood-curdling horror. We flew down-stairs, our eyes starting from our heads, and plunged into the very arms of Philip. Our story burst at once from our trembling lips, and Philip listened with the overpowering gravity of his twelve years.

"It's queer enough," he said when we had finished; but I'll tell you what it is, you'd better not talk about it. People say now that Uncle Hugh is a little cracked, and if they knew this whew! how they would go on! He's a bully old uncle to us, and we're bound to stand by him through thick and thin. So mind, not a word to anybody."

Nanny and I promised faithfully, and I believe we kept our word.

"Uncle Hugh," said Philip, a few days later, "do you know there are chicken thieves about?"

"Chicken thieves?" said Uncle Hugh "And pray how do you know that, Master Philip?"

"I reckon you'd know it too if you'd been out this morning," said Philip. "There are tracks all over the place, and holes dug."

"Chickens don't grow underground like potatoes," put in Charley, contemptuously. "They're no chicken thieves. But I'll tell you what it is, Uncle Hugh. It's some good-for-nothing loafer digging for treasure. It's all over the country that Capt. Kidd's treasures are buried here. Or else that the old Grahams buried their plate and jewels in the revolution and forgot to dig them up again People don't seem quite sure which, but they'll take their oath it's one or the other. And since you fenced in that place in the garden, they're just cock-sure it's there."

"What!" cried Uncle Hugh, in a voice which made us all jump in our seats.

Charley knew nothing of Philip's and my attempt at gardening. We had been too much ashamed to speak of it, and he had no idea that there was anything taboo in the subject. Now he was too much scared to speak, but simply stared at Uncle Hugh, who recovered himself slowly.

"So they say there are buried treasures, do they?" he said, with a queer, constrained sort of smile. "Well! well! There is no limit to what people will say and believe. But I am glad you told me, Charley, boy—yes, very glad, I must see about it."

Ten days later the fence was taken away. Andrew, the gardener, and John, the coachman, had kept watch with loaded guns since the first alarm. A substantial summer house, which had been made in the neighboring village and brought over piecemeal, was put up on the spot. Uncle Hugh, Andrew, and John did the whole of the work, and no one else was allowed even to look on. It was set so low that no one could possibly creep under it, and Uncle Hugh rubbed his hands when it was done.

"There!" he said' "I think that will puzzle them. I defy them to pull it down and they can hardly burn it without wakening some of us. I think we are safe at last."

Our arrival at the gate of Mount Graham brought my memories to an abrupt conclusion. Twilight had already fallen when we drove up the long avenue. The door stood hospitably open, and Uncle Hugh awaited me upon the steps.

"Welcome to Mount Graham, Elinor, my child," he said, as he led me into the parlor. "It was good of you to come. The place has few charms for a young thing like you, but I felt strangely lonely, and longed for the sight of a fair young face. Ah! the old man is failing, my dear."

I looked up, surprised at his tone. As the light fell upon my face Uncle Hugh started. Then he glanced at a portrait which since my earliest remembrance had hung over the high narrow mantel-piece.

"You have grown strangely like—" he said and paused abruptly.

I know what he meant. The portrait was that of my own great-aunt Elinor, whose sudden death, just one year after her marriage to Hugh Graham, had left him a broken and shattered man. I had often been told of the likeness, and it was with relief that I now saw that its recognition was pleasure rather than a grief to him.

The next day I renewed my acquaintance with the garden, and with Andrew, the old gardner. Apparently not a plant had been added and not one removed since my former visit. The box borders were as trim and glossy as ever. Darkspurs, jasmine, marigolds, all grew just where I remembered them. There was the row of hollyhocks, trim and straight against the garden wall, and there was the summer-house. I laughed out as I saw it.

"Andrew," I said, "the summer-house is standing yet, I see."

"Lord love you, yes, miss. That'll stand there until Master Hugh and me both turn our toes up. It was a queer thing to put it there, but Master Hugh wanted it, and that's enough for I."

"It is curious that this spot should never have been cultivated," said I. "It seems as if it should have been the prettiest spot in the garden."

Andrew scratched his head thoughtfully. "So it do seem, miss, and so it was once," he said. "The beautifulest bed of lillies, all white and gold. That war many a long year ago, though, before ever you was born; before Miss Elinor, Master Hugh's wife, died. Beg pardon miss! but I knowed her first as Miss Elinor and Miss Elinor, she always was to me, bless her sweet heart! It was her lilly-bed. Mornin' and evnin' she used to come out and watch the lillies a-blowin' and a-swingin' on their green stalks. Said it minded her of Heaven, it did, with the white robes a-gleamin' and the golden harp a ringin,' and the praises goin' up like fragrance forever and forever. Oh, she was a lovely young lady! After she died Master Hugh seemed to go just wild like—clean distraught. Said he'd no call to live now, and might as well get ready for death. So out he goes and buys his coffin, 'Andrew,' says he, 'I want to lie right here, among the lillies she loved,' says he, 'and to make sure I'm going to make my bed now.' So then he began, and he dug and he dug and he dug, right smack in the middle of the lily bed. Oh, but they are beautiful lilies! He dug and he dug, and at last, after a while, he seemed to forget what he was diggin' for, and just kept on. He got so deep that— They do say, miss, some does, that the—the fire, you know, is down there, and I was mortal afraid he'd come to it. Day in and day out he dug and he dug. So at last he made bold to send word to his brother, Master Philip; young Master Philip's father he was. So he came, and brought a friend with him. I never had no opinion of that young fellow from the time I saw him moonin' round the edge of the hole, a-pokin' and a pryin'. And when he goes down into it, and comes up with a broad grin on his face, why, I makes up my mind about him then and there. So then he goes into the house post haste, and presently out comes Master Hugh in a towerin' rage, and Master Philip with him, tryin' to quiet him like, but Master Hugh wouldn't be quieted, not he. 'Fill up that hole, Andrew,' says he. 'Or here! I'll do it myself.' And with that he whops down into the hole and digs away at the sides till he buries himself nigh up to the waist. So then he hauls him out, and I fills up the rest myself, and glad enough to do it, so long as he wasn't at the bottom of it. 'Mind, Andrew,' he says, when it's done, 'a spade is never to be put into that place while I'm above ground.' So then they goes into the house, and after a while Master Philip and his friend they drives away. So that's all I know, miss; and if you can make anything of it, why, I'm free to confess I can't. But, ah! they was beautiful lilies."

Andrew's story, instead of clearing up, had only deepened the mystery of the spot, and a weird and uncanny feeling crept over me as I turned away.

In my childhood I had never fully realized the peculiarities which had given Uncle Hugh his reputation of being a little cracked. Looking at him now with eyes purged from their childish films, I could readily understand how he might be so regarded. His horror of anything like innovation was certainly wonderful. All the water used in the house was brought from a well an eighth of a mile away, not even a pump in the kitchen being tolerated. The rooms were lighted solely by wax candles in an old-fashioned candelabra or heavy silver candlesticks, as was reckoned genteel in his youth. Of course it was useless to suggest such horrors as gas or kerosene; but at one time a bold effort was made to effect a compromise. A visitor with some regard for his eyesight brought with him as a present to Uncle Hugh an old-fashioned astral lamp, in which sperm oil burned with a villanous odor. In spite of its antiquity, however, Uncle Hugh was made very uneasy about it. Politeness caused him to tolerate it during his guest's stay, but not an instant longer. Hardly had the carriage borne him from the door than Uncle Hugh turned with a beaming face, crying: "Thank the Lord the villain has gone! Now for a return to the good old ways!" And straightway the lamp was banished to the lumber-room, the windows flung wide to purify the room, and the wax candles, with their glow-worm light, again reigned supreme.

The winter came soon and cold that year. It is hardly necessary to say that not a lump of coal was ever burned in Uncle Hugh's domains. It was a sight to see the great kitchen with its huge open fireplaces, where the monster logs were consumed, the cranes, spits, and bake-pans, and the queer oven on the side of the chimney-place. All over the house open wood fires cracked and snapped and roared; but however agreeable as accessories, I found them wretched substitutes for the furnace heat of modern days. Colder and colder grew the weather, and vainly I strove to fancy myself thoroughly warmed by the ruddy glare.

"Uncle Hugh," I said at length, rendered desperate by despair, "why do you not burn coal?"

I knew that I ran the risk of offending Uncle Hugh, but I was by no means prepared for the scorn and indignation in his face as he dropped the Rambler and turned upon me.

"And why should I burn coal young lady?" he asked in a cool, incisive tone which was worse than an outburst of rage. Is not the fuel that my fathers used good enough for me? If the Lord had meant coal to be used by man, would he have shut it up in the bowels of the earth? He has put our enemy under our feet, and there let it stay. There let it stay!" he cried again, staming his foot as if he were trampling upon the very old dragon himself, while a curious blaze of triumph shone in his eye.

I stared at him mutely for a moment, too much astonished to speak. Then the memory of the soft encircling warmth of the coal fires in my own home came over me once more, and urged me on:

"All modren ways are not barbarous," I persisted. "When the Lord was ready for men to use coal he brought it to light. If you would but try it once you would never go back to wood. It is cheaper, to."

"If it were cheap as dirt it should never be burned in my house!" cried Uncle Hugh, hotly. Then, mastering his emotion with an evident effort, he added, with his old-time courtesy: "I crave your pardon, Elinor. These subjects I would willingly avoid; but this I will say: Your last argument is false, for cheaper it is not. The wood lies at my door, but how far must the coal be fetched?"

I had forgotten that point, and vexation at my slip, joined to the effects of the miserable cold, nearly got the better of my temper. I tried to turn it off with a joke. "You have only to dig up your buried treasures"—but I stopped short in dismay. For Uncle Hugh had started to his feet, his face white, his eyes glaring, his hair fairly bristling in spite of his tightly tied queue.

"What! what!" he stammered, scarcely able to speak. "Who has been telling you! Who has been putting notions into your head? What do you mean, girl?"

"Dear Uncle Hugh!" I cried, terrified at his emotion. "Sit down! Do calm yourself. It was only a miserable joke. The country people used to say that Captain Kidd's treasure was buried here, you know, and it just happened to come into my mind. It was stupid of me to speak of it; but do, do forgive me."

Uncle Hugh sat down, weak, unnerved, trembling in every limb. Gradually the color returned to his face, and he regained the self-control which he had so strangely lost. That I lost myself in wondering conjectures need hardly be said. In vain I strove to pierce the mystery, to piece together my childish recollections and old Andrew's story. They were like two halves of different puzzles. Do what I would I could not fit them to each other. If one aided me to a plausible solution, the other came up and undid all my work, until at last I did what it would have been wiser to do at first, simply gave the whole thing up and tried to turn my attention to other matters.

I had enough to think of just at this time. If I have not spoken before of the part which Philip played in my life it was because it seemed that every one must know of it. It seems impossible for any one to think of me apart from Philip or of Philip apart from me, so completely one have we been since our earliest childhood. When I went home, early in the spring, it was to make preparations for my marriage, which took place in August.

The old proverb in regard to the course of true love had not been verified in our courtship. Therefore, perhaps, it was but just that our married life should not move on altogether smoothly, as far as outward events were concerned. If there was an unlucky investment possible our money was in it; if a bank failed or a company went to smash there were we in the midst of it. When we were reduced to living in a low-priced flat, and Philip was a bookkeeper for Grogram & Co., we thought the worst had come upon us. Then Grogram & Co. failed, and we sat down and looked at each other, not exactly in despair, for we still had each other, but certainly in dire perplexity.

"I wonder whether Uncle Hugh would let me dig up some of his buried treasures if I went on my knees to him?" I asked ruefully.

Just then we heard the postman's signal, and Philip went to see what he had brought.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest," said Philip, as he came back reading a letter.

"What is it, Philip?" I asked, and looked up a little pale and shaken.

"Uncle Hugh is dead," he said, quietly.

It was not a shock, for we had long been expecting the news. The poor old gentleman had been failing fast, and for some time had been confined entirely to his bed. He had passed away quietly in his sleep, without a sound or sigh. When we had talked of it for a little while I remembered Philip's observations, as he came in, and asked him what it meant.

Philip smiled, "You know, of course," he said "that we—Nanny, Charley and I—are Uncle Hugh's sole heirs."

"Well," I said dubiously, "it will not be much divided among three. You know he spent most of his money fighting the railroad company."

"You forget the buried treasures," said Philip, with a curious twinkle in his eye.

"Philip!" I cried, indignantly, "I shouldn't think you'd go making stupid jokes now."

Philip became grave instantly. "It is not a joke, I assure you, my dear. The simple fact is that Mount Graham stands over a coal bed. My grandfather had always suspected the fact, and he once took up a mineralogist to make sure, but the effect on Uncle Hugh was so dreadful that he never dared to allude to it again. He told my father of it, however, making him promise to keep it secret as long as Uncle Hugh should live. My father, in his turn, told me, under the same restrictions. Uncle Hugh, as we all well know, was half insane, and any attempt to use the knowledge would infallibly have pushed him over the brink."

"But how can we use it now, Phillip I asked, "when—" I paused, but Phillip knew what I meant.

"It is very strange," he said. "But a few months ago I received a letter from Uncle Hugh, written apparently in anticipation of his death. It was a strange, rambling letter, inspired he said, by the spirit of his lost Elinor. He said that she had convinced him that the Lord had buried His treasures in the earth, to be disclosed in his own good time for the use of man. Therefore I was to consider myself at full liberty to do as I pleased with the old place."

"How strange!" I cried; remembering my last talk with Uncle Hugh. It is as if the words had been put into my mouth. Who knows whether they were or not?

I have never seen Mount Graham since. Phillip and I talked of going up before operations were begun, but I decided that I would rather remember it as it was when I knew it first. And now there is no Mount Graham to see.

—H. H. HOLDRICH,
in Harper's Bazar.

Affected Piety.

The Congregationalist.

Some people can not, or at any rate do not, talk about religious subjects except with the use of a special phraseology and a peculiar tone of voice, neither of which they ever adopt under other circumstances. We know some who never walk up the aisle to their pews in church except with body bent, head drooped between the shoulders and slightly bowed, and a tetering, tip-toeing sort of gait, as if a natural, upright carriage were an unhallowed thing. These peculiarities usually, if not always, are due to a reverent spirit. but are the illustration of a mistake as to what is essential to the exhibition of such a spirit. In most instances they do harm to others, and sometimes they react mischievously upon those in whom they appear. Nothing is more important as an element of influential personal piety than naturalness. When one who has become a professor of religion is perceived by his acquaintances to be stiff and formal in speech, they distrust him a little. Words or phrases in regard to religious subjects which are not natural to him, and which evidently do not express any real feeling or actual experience of his own, inevitably have a parrot-like, sing-song effect, which repels because it suggests a doubt of their sincerity. Whatever causes us to seem artificial robs us of power over others. Even if it represent an actual and proper frame of mind, and is effected only in appearance, it does no good; indeed, it does positive harm. Naturalness, therefore, straightforward simplicity, must be preserved as much as possible. The danger of losing this lies largely in the fact that young Christians often suppose that they are expected to speak and act like those who are much older, and their elders often treat them as if this were desirable. But it is not. Boys and girls, young men and women, on entering the service of Jesus Christ, are to remain young people, and should not be encouraged to put on the manners of greater age. The chief thing for them to aim at is to be consecrated young people, to think and talk and behave with the same unaffected naturalness as ever, but with a holy purpose and spirit which may sweeten and ennoble their whole conduct and influence. They should not even think much about being natural, for studied naturalness is almost impossible. We all ought to think littl about ourselves, and much aboue the Lord Jesus Christ. When our attention is fixed on him we are the simple, natural, and useful disciples that we ought to be.

Is It for Jay Gould?

There is a certain rich man of New York, currently reported to be out of health, who is spending his summer in cheerful mortuary pursuits. The architects who design his houses and yachts for him are just now hard at work on the drawings for a tomb that is to be at once the biggest, most ornate, and most thoroughly burglar-proof last resting-place in this country. It will reach some hundred or more feet in the air, cover nearly half an acre of ground, require something like three years to complete the rich and beautiful sculptures with which it will be adorned, and the vault to contain the ashes of the dead plutocrat is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity.

In the first place, the ponderous slabs of granite forming the four sides of the receptacle for the coffin are nearly three feet in thickness. The upper one moves on springs as smothly as a door, but only when certain intricate combinations have been carried out upon the lock, and any fumbling with the fastenings by a hand that does not know the proper springs to be pressed and pulled awakens certain engines of destruction which will make it decidedly uncomfortable for the fumbler. But the hardy body-snatcher would have first to penetrate through many obstacles and difficulties before he reached the place where he could satisfactorily blow himself into smithereens.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Widow of a Celebrated Man.

From the Buffalo Courier.

A Buffalonian writes from Orr's Island on the coast of Main of a pleasant morning spent with Mrs. MacGahan, the widow of the famous correspondent whose accounts of the Bulgarian atrocities had a large share in the work of changing the map of Southeastern Europe. Mrs. MacGahan is a Russian, and at the time of her marriage could speak no English. As her husband could speak no Russian, they used to converse in French altogether. She now talks to her little boy of thirteen one week in Russian and the next in French. She is the American correspondent of two St. Petersburg newspapers, and is engaged upon a novel of Russian life she is writing in English. At Orr's Island she has been with the family of Nathan Dole, of Boston, the accomplished translator of Tolstoi's novels. It will be remembered that Buffalonians were somewhat taken aback last winter when Charles Williams the English correspondent, spoke of MacGahan as a fellow-countryman. He regarded the fact of the latter's birth in Ohio as a matter of no consequence.

She Refused $150,000.

The tenacity with which people love to hold to their homesteads is illustrated in a piece of land which is at Bar Harbor, the fashionable watering-place, and which has "a view" and would be a splendid site for a cottage. It is owned by an old Irish washerwoman who has a hut and dries her clothes there. All persuasions to sell it have failed to move her, and it is said that $150,000 was offered for the property this summer. The simple-minded Bar Harborites have always resented the inroads of "the swells" and the way they have appropriated the place, and many of them have similarly refused to sell their birthplaces.—Philadelphia Times.

Lawyer (to prisoner)—"You look as if at one time you might have been a respectable member of the community." Prisoner—"Yes, sir; but appearances are often deceptive. I practiced law until whisky knocked me out."—Epoch.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Water in Feeding Sheep.

It is a very common notion that sheep need very little water, some going even so far as to assert that they do best if entirely deprived of it when at pasture, and given but a scanty supply when kept on dry feed. Nothing could be more erroneous. Of every 100 pounds live weight, no less than 75 are simply water, and every article of the solid part is taken up by the "absorbents" only as dissolved in water, and the process of digestion can be carried on only when the forage and grain are floating in water. The fact is, few animals drink more, in proportion to their weight, and none drink so often as sheep when the water is accessible. Even when fed two full rations of roots per day, they will be found, though drinking but little at a time, drinking many times a day.

The water must be clean that is given for drink to any kind of stock to have them do their best. But while cattle, or even horses, can be so accustomed to dirty water, or that quite foul with the soakage of the manure piles, that they will temporarily drink it almost in preference to pure water, sheep will never become used to such water, and will absolutely suffer from thirst before they will drink even a limited quantity. They are quite as particular about the cleanliness of their drinking dishes. Let a sheep put merely its foot into one of these, or let the shepherd wash only his hands in one, or let the least particle of manure fall into it, and no sheep will do more than "snuff" the water until the vessel is cleansed and filled afresh. It is, therefore, essential that the drinking vessels should be so placed that no droppings can fall into them and that the sheep cannot put their feet into them, and at least twice each day every one should be looked at, and if any way fouled it should be emptied, scrubbed out and refilled with clean water.

It is a common practice to compel sheep to take what moisture they must have by eating snow, or by drinking water from ponds or troughs out of doors, and often containing ice, or frozen over. This is not only cruel, but foolish as well. Nothing taken into the system as food or drink can be appropriated or even digested until it is warmed to the temperature of the stomach, which is full blood-heat or a little more. And as all the animal heat comes from the consumption of food, and at a great disadvantage to its generation, it seems absolutely foolish to pump water from wells (from which source most stock water is supplied) usually at a temperature as high as 60°, and allow it to cool down to 32° before it is drank by the lambs.

The rule, then, in watering feeding lambs is to give them plenty, to furnish it clean and in clean drinking vessels, and either to pump it directly into the troughs from the wells or to keep it in tanks in the barns, where it will remain at least as warm as it came from the well, and, better, if it could be artificially warmed to about 70° or 75° before it is given to the lambs.—*Practical Farmer.*

Fall Work on the Farm.

Spring is not the real busy season. It is a time when work must be hurried, in order to take advantage of the early rains, and allow the plants as long a period as possible for growth, but the fall is the season when the work of winter must be done before severe weather approaches. Fall work is often done too hurriedly, the consequences being that many things are neglected that should receive careful attention. Certain kinds of work are postponed until winter, but work that can be done now must never be put off until later, as it may never be reached. When a farmer is so busy that he can not do all that should be done he needs more help and should procure it. To attempt to do in the future that which should be done now will entail greater labor and expense than are demanded.

The mending of the fences and repairing of the ditches and drains are usually laid aside, along with cutting the supply of wood, for winter employment, but, though this has been the custom in the past, yet it is doubtful if such work can be economically done in winter. Digging post-holes when the groung is frozen, and hauling wood over rough roads, or being caught with a load in a snow-storm, are more laborious than doing the work in the fall, when the materials for building can be more easily procured and the work done in a shorter time. All the outdoor work should be done before the winter comes on. The winter will give ample employment with inside work. Manure making and stock feeding are jobs for winter, and much of the grain can be threshed and cleaned later on. If any of the work to be done is to be postponed let it be such as can be done under shelter.

All land intended for spring seeding should be plowed in the fall, not only for the purpose of avoiding the hurry of work in the spring, but also to assist in getting the land in better condition. There is no surer remedy for destroying cutworms in the soil than fall plowing, which opens the soil to the frost, thereby not only destroying the worms and other insects, but also assisting to pulverize the soil by alternate freezing and thawing, the expansion and contraction causing all lumps and clods to fall to pieces. Where the soil is well drained no plowing will be necessary in the spring, if the ground be well broken late in the fall, but on some locations a one-horse plow may be used crosswise on furrows that were made in the fall. If the outside work can be done before winter the spring will open with the heavest portion of the work done, leaving only such as can not be done at any other season except in the spring.—*Philadelphia Record.*

How Much Stock Can I Winter?

This is a very important question to be settled upon every farm and it should be settled now. Why at this time? Simply because each farmer for himself should make an accurate invoice of the food in sight upon the farm, and, if he does not intend to buy more, he should thin the live stock down so that the number to be kept may tally properly with the food provided for the approaching winter months. Stock sold in the fall, when in good condition, just off grass, will generally bring fair prices, and it will be found to be materially better to err in one's estimate in the direction of surplus of feed than in having a surplus of cattle at the close of the winter. The feed will be salable, while the cattle hardly will be except at the buyer's own low figures. Feed if not sold, if prudently taken care of, will keep, while the loss of one beast or a material shrinkage on all should settle the question with every farmer as to repeating this ruinous sort of live stock husbandry. When men cast about toward spring for the purpose of buying their cattle, they know very well that the intending buyer occupies in this case the position of the intending seller who has good cattle well fed. In other words, within certain limits he can dictate terms.

Depression in live stock interests has an opposite effect to what it should have. I refer to the almost invariable neglect of animals on the farm when prices range low. Under these circumstances it is only the best that are readily salable. When a merchant has a line of goods that sell at sight—are in active demand—he is indifferent as to whether he keeps them under the counter or on top displayed at their best, while such as are not in demand require to be brushed up and put in an attractive form. Hence, farm animals of every sort can receive their proper deserts by being carefully assorted, divided into classes according to the feeding capacities of each, and stabled with care, or in a measure indifferently, as they show more or less sensitiveness and tendency to shrink on exposure. A shed open to the south is more to some beasts than a warm stable is to others, and if the average farmer would discriminate between his beasts as he does between his potatoes and certain sorts of fruit, as to their capacity to stand cold, he will have taken a step in advance.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Farm Notes.

Spinach and salsify are very hardy, and are really winter plants, as they require but little protection in winter other than a light covering. Spinach seed may be planted now, but spring is the period for planting salsify.

The great preponderence of testimony shows that soft food is better for cattle than is dry feed, and that in the dairy there is no trouble, with plenty of ensilage, to keep up a summer flow of milk all the year.

September should be late enough for the sows to farrow the fall pigs. It is of but little if any advantage to have pigs come in the fall, but, if such be the case, they should have time to make considerable growth before cold weather sets in.

Parsnips and carrots are not injured if stored outside in mounds, and in sections where the winters are not severe they may be left in the rows, with only a slight covering. The proper way to store them, however, is in a cellar, in bins, so as to easily handle them when they are wanted for feeding.

Ladies should make preparations for taking in the flower plants for the winter window garden. Frost may put in an appearance at any time at this season, and the location for the plants should be made and the supply of pots procured. Slips can be made now with better advantage than later on.

If the ground is damp a one-horse plow should be run through the spaces between the strawberry rows in order to allow the surplus water to flow off in winter. Strawberries are partial to somewhat damp location, but in the winter and early spring, when heavy rains cause the water to stand on the plants, it is injurious. The frost will also heave up the plants if the ground is too wet.

The most of the small fruits are less unfavorably influenced by a somewhat shady location than are vegetables. Protection from too much sun seems to be a decided advantage. This is especially the case with gooseberries, currants and blackberries. The largest and most luscious of blackberries are generally to be found hidden under the densest foliage.

In developing cows for butter the feeder should be sure that he does not overreed, but as he finds they eat with a good appetite he may add a little more to each feed, and so continue gradually to increase the feed as they will bear it. This power of digestion will increase, and he may gradually increase the milking capacity of his cows and their production of butter. The skill of the feeder has much to do with the result.

Reports from breeders who have given the mutton breeds a trial show that it is not unusual to produce wethers that will weigh 200 pounds when 1 year old, and lambs can be easily made to weigh 60 pounds when 3 months old. There is also a fair crop of wool secured, but it is more profitable to produce mutton. The mutton of a well-bred sheep not only gives a profit by reason of the extra weight attained, but a higher price is also received owing to better quality as compared with the ordinary common sheep.

Economy with the corn crop means that the fodder should be stored under cover and not left standing in the fields as is often practiced. Good fodder is valuable and highly relished by all classes of stock, but it can be injured by exposure as easily as hay. No matter how much care is taken the shocks will plow over in winter, by which means a large share of fodder is ruined by being on the ground. If cattle are turned in on it they will trample a portion of it also. The barn is the proper place for it.

The Household.

A DREAM CAKE.—Make a rich batter and bake in three layers. The layers should be frosted with confectioner's sugar and the white of eggs. The frosting for the first layer should be flavored with lemon, for the next layer with vanilla, and the top layer should be flavored with a few drops of rosewater and thickly covered with coconut.

SUCCOTASH.—Two-thirds of green corn cut from the cob, one-third the quantity of Lima beans. Put all into boiling water to cover them and stew gently until very tender, stirring occasionally. Pour off nearly all the water and add a large cupful of milk; continue stewing until quite rich, nearly an hour. Then stir in a large lump of butter, rolled in flour, a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of cream; pepper and salt to taste.

GRAPE PRESERVES.—Take the grapes from the stems wash them; put them on to cook with fresh water enough to prevent burning; cook very slowly; as soon as the skins burst the seeds will begin to escape from the pulp and rise to the surface; skim them out as they rise until none remain; stir the grapes frequently from the bottom of the kettle to prevent burning, and also to be sure that the seeds are all removed. Add pound for pound of sugar and boil ten minutes.

ROAST DUCK, STUFFED WITH CELERY.—Clean and wipe the ducks carefully inside and out with a wet cloth. to the usual dressing add one-half the quantity of stowed celery (or fresh, as you choose), and a minced onion. Stuff and sew up as usual, reserving the giblets for the gravy. If tender the ducks will require an hour or less to roast. They should be well basted. Skim the gravy before putting in giblets and thickening. Stew the giblets first in a little water, then chop them fine and add water and all to gravy in dripping pan with a spoonful of browned flour. Serve with grape or plum jelly.

MUTTON BROTH.—Take of the loin of mutton 1 pound, without any bone, and three pints of water. You can put the bone in, too, if well cracked, but there must be the full amount of meat. Simmer gently until reduced to rags, throwing in when nearly done a little salt and onion to taste. Pour the broth in a bowl to get cold, so that all the fat can be taken off. Boil either barley or rice separately until soft and add to broth as you heat it for use.

Uninflammable Wood.

Experiments made at the instance of the Belgian minister of public works indicate that wood can not be rendered incombustible. It may, however, be protected from fire to a considerable extent, either by the injection of certain saline solutions or the application of a paint or coating. The latter plan is the more practical, and the substances most to be recommended are cyanide of potassium—a dangerous poison—and asbestos paint.