The joy of their being Hes
In living, in the present hour;
They ask no bounty from the skies
But sunshine, air and gentle shower.

The storms obey a secret will, They have a purpose to fulfill, Why pause to cavil at its source?

3 50

Buen

Allert

Rose osenie yeste

r nesz e Alle i Ross

The new-blown rose is queen to-day; The breeze is in its dancing mood; That both must shortly pass away Makes neither on the morrow brood.

To-day, to-day, is Nature's song; To-day her gifts are heaven-sent; Of all her pliant. happy throng, Man sounds the note of discontent.

He overlooks the fruitage rare; The glory of the harvest field; He takes a sad and meagre share Of all the gladsome earth can yield.

He wastes maturity in strife, In impotent and vague unrest Forgets that at the feast of life He is the chief invited guest.

To-day, to-day, is Nature's song; Build well to-day, the past forgety Live for to-day, its joys prolong; To-morrow is a dream as yet.

r.Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER I. A STRANGE SUMMONS

in- his unusually- pleasant office on radway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-ed man and successful lawyer, in deep

nis hand he held a letter, which, a few moments, he again carefully

As it refers to people and events to be attored often in the remarkable story out to be related, we give the con-

YONEERS, April 15, 1886.

NONEERS, April 15, 1886. Lemmel Gray:

EAR NR.—It is with great difficulty that it is the following, being very ill, but as the out I have in view by thus addressing it is of great importance, I will write in her words as possible.

The reason are aware, being my confidential adout reasons are the properties. The confidential adouter that I expected to sail for Europe rily, in order to attempt to unravel the stery surrounding the death of \$II Arthur adending, in whose fate I am so deeply rested.

sety surrounning the death of Sir Arthur bidenning, in whose fate I am so deeply created.

which do vist, in some disguise, the in where Glendenning Hall is situated, become acquainted with the present barriand Lady Constance, his wife, with the heav and niceor residing with tiem, and to in something, if possible, about the only far who married without the consent of family, and who, therefore, was disabled by her relatives, as well as a young a win it was said they had adopted, desired, also, to make inquiries in red to the private character of Antoine said, the valet of the present Sir shald Glendenning, and to study everying that night bear upon the mystery of case.

that might bear upon the mystery of sec. gret to say that my physician declares possible for me. to undertake, with this journey. It do you think of my sending thither it do you think of my sending thither it do you think of my sending thither. It have in mind a young phy. Ir. Earle Elfenstein, who resides in sity. I cannot tell you his address, as ved to a new residence last May. It to task you to hunt him up for me. make a few inquiries as to his cirances, disposition, and above all, or he is an energetic and conscientant.

an energence and conscienting in his in regard to those matters at date. If favorable, and the plan our approval, set a time when you thin at my residence and explain the neculiar mission I wish him to ke in my behalf. Your presence the in the presence of the work, should be agree to ke it.

ttend to this at once and oblige, is, a few hours later, the follow-

was penned:
New York, April 16, 1886.

on Rappelye:

NEW YORR, April 1988 of Nours of the Learning the "Otty Directory" and tolay. I find Dr. Eitenstein's addibly. I find Dr. Eitenstein's addibly of Exton street.

47 Exton street.

t once to the neighborhood, I t once to the neighborhood, I to many a reliable source that the has a very small practice, theret difficult to support his widowed it is misself in comfort.

of his finances is not due to many, for he is indetatigable in to benefit his patient, but to benefit his patient, but buply to him for advice, are, un, the very poor in the region of

and, from all I can learn, just and, from all I can learn, just undertake the important busi-you propose, and which I fully

will meet him at your residence on the oversing of the 18th. It would be well and him a telegram to that effect as as you receive this. Yours sincerely was a dull and dreary picture, that eyes of Dr. Earle Elfenstein rested, as he drow back the lace outsing the part of the part of

practice was not large, and far lucrative. Times were unusually and has bills for services rendered paid, so that he had, indeed, a struggie to live.

a futnoon he was peculiarly cast for his mother who, since his continued to live a futnoon he was peculiarly cast for his mother who, since his selection on he was peculiarly cast for his mother who, since his a fat in whist in three days are and the selection of the control of the control

It is no wonder, then, that a sigh es-caped him, as he turned to great the sweet-looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.

"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

What can it be?"

"I cannot say, as I expected none," he replied, opening the missive. "This is singular. I am requested to leave the city by the 8 p. m. train for Yonkers, to see a gentleman, who is an invalid, on a matter of business. His name is Leon Rappelye, a strange name to me."

"What shall you do about it?" asked the mother, anxiously.

the mother, anxiously.

"I shall go, of course. The message says, 'you will be met at the station.' I have just about time to answer a call and meet the train."

"What time shall you return?"

"It will be late, I know; perhaps not until morning, but if possible I will return to-night. Good-by, little mother. Who knows but this will bring better things for us."

Later closely prosterted by

things for us."

Later, closely protected by a comfortable ulster from the heavy rain that was falling, with a train of serious thoughts in his mind, occasioned by his poverty, Dr. Effenstein wended his way to the Grand Central Depot, and entered the cars that would bear him to his destination.

cars the train through the dark-On dashed the train through the dark-

On dashed the train through the darkness. On, on, and still the young physician brooded over his troubles, with eyes fixed on the blackness without.
Thus he sat, lost in thought, until the whistle blew for the approaching station, and the brakeman, opening the door, called, in a loud voice:

"Yonkers, Yonkers!"

CHAPTER IL

CHAPTER II.
MR. LEON RAPPELYE.

The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurted out, and passing through the waiting-room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom.

One. however, lineared at the dear

however, lingered at the door, looking apparently for some expected person or conveyance.

He was, as could easily oe seen, a stranger in the place.

stranger in the place.

He had scarcely a moment to wait, however, when a private coachman approached, whip in hand, and accosted him.

"I have been sent to meet a gentleman from New York named Elfenstein. Are you the one?"

"I am."

"Then please follow me."

"Then please follow me."
The young man was soon seated in a handsome closed carriage, while the driver also mounted to his box, and they immediately started off at a papid pace. Street after street was traversed, until smally they turned into the extensive grands of an elevant residence.

Street after screet was traversed, duth finally they turned into the extensive grounds of an elegant residence.

The house before which they stopped The nouse before which they swpped was large and imposing in appearance, but still had a dark and gloomy aspect. No light was visible at any of the win-

dows.

As the young man stepped across the piazza, the large doors were instantly opened by a colored waiter, who motioned him to enter and proceeded to assist in removing his overcoat and wet over-

snoes.

"How is Mr. Rappelye to-night?"
asked the visitor.

"Bout as usual, massa. 'Pears like
he must die, he is always so badly off for
breff."

The first title, he is always so badly off for breft."

"Can I see him?"

"Yes, sah, just as soon as you has something to eat. Some dinner is waiting, and de nuss says you am to eat it immejertly, den come up to his room. I will show you, derfore, to de diningroom fust."

"Very well," replied the stranger, wearily; "I am ready."

Crossing the marble floor of the long hall, he was ushered into a room elegantly appointed. The bright grate fire cast a cheerful glow around, while the velvet carpet scarcely gave back a footfall.

ill.

The table was laid for one, and very dinner was served, of soon a sumptuous dinner was served, which he alone partook.

soon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which he alone partook.

Leaving the stranger to enjoy his solitary meal, we will precede him to the story above, and to the presence of the invalid, whose urgent telegraphic dispatch had brought him to the place.

The second story back room was large and commodious, opening into a room beyond, where every luxury abounded, for the comfort of the master.

Yet in the midst of all this splendor, sickness had stalked, ever reaching for h his poisoned tongue to blight and wither the owner of it all.

"itas he come?"

These words issued from the pale lips of the sufferer, who was half sitting, half recilining upon the bed.

"Has Dr. Elfenstein come? I thought I heard the carriage."

"You did, and he is here," returned the nurse and housekeeper. "I thought it best to have him take dinner before you saw him. I presume you have much to say and would prefer not to be interrupted. He will be with you in a few moments now."

moments now."

The invalid sighed. Then, seeing him greatly pressed for breath, "You seem to suffer so much, had you not better postpone seeing him until morning?" said the nurse.

the nurse.

"Oh, no. I may be worse then.
Asthma is so hard to conquer. I will not defer my business. Has my lawyer come?"

"Not yet."

"He should be here. The cuckeo clock has sounded half-past eight some clock by my hed, then go down and show both gentlemen to this room; after which you can leave us to ourselves until you have me ring."

Making herself known, the nurse introduced harle to Mr. Gray, then led the resolute and presence.

The state of the said man's presence.

The state of the said of the said

in the stain, white hand, the facility is an between the state is an arranged to say:

his hard Effection pressed it tenderly, and in a low tone, full of feeling, re-

sponded:
"I am glad I could come to you, but
to see you so ill."

"I am glad I could come to you, but sorry, very sorry, to see you so ill."
"You must wonder why I summoned you, an entire stranger, to my side in this unceremonious way, but I have im-portant business to transact. Talking is such an exertion, my lawyer, Mr. Gray, must explain for me my wishes, and why I sent for you." sent for you.

I sent for you.*

These words were uttered at intervals.

These words were uttered at intervals.

for his short breathing prevented long sentences, and gently releasing his hand Elfenstein took the seat close beside the bed, while Mr. Gray seated himself in a business-like way beside the table.

business-like way beside the table.

CHAPTERIL.

"Dr. Elfenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my client and friend, Mr. Leon Rappelye, is, as you see, extremely ill. His sufferings are so great that he has deputized me to explain his motive in sending so unceremoniously for you to visit him inhis home. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives liwing to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so: it was necessary for him to see you personally previous to placing his name to the document in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

Earle Elfenstein started as he heard

Earle Elfenstein started as he heard these words, and looked from the lawyer to the inxalid beside him.

"You are surprised. naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rappelye knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Elfenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he did Mr. Rappelye a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother until he was entirely convalescent.

a brother until he was entirely convalescent.

"They met often afterward, and then lost sight of each other. Years of silence passed, when accidentally he learned about three months since that his benefactor, was dead, and his only son was a struggling physician in New York, through an intimate friend, who often mentioned his fondness for this talented young man, and in this way Mr. Rappelye became deeply interested in you, He has heard of your fearless, conscientious manner of meeting your engagements, and this was a characteristic he particularly wished to find in some young friend. When, therefore, his health entirely failed, so that he could no longer look after his private business, he determined to send for you, and perhaps place his affairs in your hands."

The lawyer paused, and Earle answered:

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake."

"Anything that I can do within the range of honor and integrity, I shall be pleased to undertake."

"We felt so. The case then is this: but, of course you will recognize the

"We felt so. The case then is this: but, of course, you will recognize the fact that the history of our friend's life, which I shall be obliged to unfold to you, is told in strict confidence. Will you promise to regard that confidence as a sacred trust, never to be told to another, until all that is now mysterious has been swept away?" wept away?

until all that is now myserious has been swept away?"

"I will."

"Then I will proceed. Our friend was the youngest son of Sir Geoffrey Glendenning, residing in a large town near Liverpool. This gentleman had one daughter, who married—against his wishes, and three sons—Arthur, who would in case of his death succeed to the title; Reginald, two years, younger; and Fitzoy, the gentleman you see before you, whose severe domestic misfortunes have been so great that for the last twenty-five years he has been obliged to live in this country, under the assumed name of Rappelye. The cause of this retirement he has kept, and still wishes to keep, a profound secret.

"A short time after the death of his pargnts, for they expired within a few months of each other, and after his brother Arthur had come into possession of his title, little turmoils arose between the brothers, and seemed to embitter them exceedingly.

"Reginald, the second son, had an ugly, morose disposition, that was peculiarly exasperating, and whenever the opportunity occurred he delighted in getting Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet.

"These young men had a very pretty."

Fitzroy into disgrace with the young baronet.

"These young men had a very pretty cousin, in whose society they each took extreme pleasure. Her name was Constance Leonore Glendenning. It was soon discovered that the affections of the young girl were centered upon Sir Arthur, and this knowledge was immediately followed by a betrothal.

"Reginald, being somewhat disappointed that he could not win the prize, undertook to report several little interviews of a purely innocent and accidental nature that Fitzroy had had with this lady to his brother, casting a very sinister light upon them, and assuring Arthur that Fitzroy was endeavoring to supplant him in her favor.

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied."

"This artful story infuriated the young nobleman, and caused a very bitter interview. Fitzroy indignantly denied every thought of interference, declaring the truth, that his love for Constance was merely cousinly, and urging that he had been slandered.
"This Sir Arthur refused to believe, and they parted in anger, Fitzroy exclaiming, in a moment of unguarded passion, as he left him:

"Very well, think so if it suits you; but, mark me, you shall yet repent your unjust accusations, and, as I live, shall never repeat this insuit." "Closing the door as he spoke, he stepped into the hall, and stood face to face with Antoine Duval, the vale of his brother Reginald, and, from the conscious look he gave film, ritardy knew, and atter overses made him certain, that he had either purposely listened or accidentally heard the unfortunate remark.

"The brothers did not meet again that day, but early the next Fitznoy was awakened by an unusual tumult. "Hisfog, he dressed rapidly, and proceeded to investigate the cause of the disturbance."

To his horror he was told that Sir Arthur had disappeared during the night.

His ned had neen occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very hadly wounded, as, while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a con-test were on every side.

"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the "Blood was upon the bed and floor, the windew-seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below.

"The rope still clung to the balcony.

"From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore.

"Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered!

"That lake was thoroughly dragged for the body; the grave by the side of it was searched, not a spot being left in which a corpse could be buried—to no affact

"The body of the murdered Sir Arthur

"The body of the murdered Sir Arthur Glendening was never found.
"But, while stupefied with grief over his brother's loss, our poor friend was made aware that the finger of suspicion pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt.

"A dagger with his name engraved

pointed to him with singularly fatal evidences of guilt.

"A dagger with his name engraved apon the handle was found by the bed-side, on the floor, its blade still wet with blood.

blood.

"Beneath the window-seat, caught up on a nail, was a fragment of cloth which upon search being made, fitted exactly into a rent in a dressing-gown of his, that was found hanging in his own closet. "Horrible to relate, some of his brother's blood still clung to the gown!

TO BE CONTINUED."

NOT THE PROPER QUESTION.

Mr. Boggs' Answer Was Criminating Under the Circumstances.

Old Boggs is very deaf—so much so that he relies more on watching the speaker's lips in conversation than he does on his ears. He was on his way home one night not long ago while the wind was blowing very hard and a d sign came down and out outre a gash in his forehead. The next morning he started to walk down town, his thoughts running on the wind of the night before, and, presuming that most everyone else was thinking and talking of the same subject. An an opposite corner he saw a policeman with he had a passing acquaintance and he went over to speak to him.

"His first salutation," thought Boggs,

"will noturally be, 'Good morning'; then he will say: 'How is Mrs. Boggs?' then probably speak of the wind

"Good morning, Mr. Boggs," said the officer

Good morning," responded Boggs. "How did the wind strike you?" ask-

"How did the wind strike you." ask-ed the policeman.
"Very well—quite well, thank you," said Mr. Boggs.
"Wife well?" was the next query of

the peace guardian.
"I should remark!" exclaimed Boggs. "Just look at that!" and he removed his hat and exhibited his forehead, crossed

with strips of sticking plaster.
"Well, she must be a la-la," thought
the policeman, as he started down the walk swinging his club.-Washington Star.

The Minister's Blunder. The Minister's Biunder.
The New Yorkers are telling one another of a good joke on Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas' Church, previously rector of St. Paul's in this city. His part in the ceremonial of the Paget-Whitney wedding was to read the service. Either he had marked the wrong place in the prayer book or the singing disconcerted him; at any rate the wedding party was amazed to hear his rich, full voice utter the words: "I am the resurrection and the life "Heavens and earth!" ejaculated Bishop Potter in a whisper behind him. The rector at once awoke to the fact that he was reading the burial service, and, after one breathless second, he proceed-

ed with the proper ritual. A late official report shows that, contrary to common belief, cases of religious mania are rare in the British isles. It also discloses the strange that more mental aberration is devel-oped among the tribe of peddlers than among any other class, physicians and druggists coming next Melancholis prevails most in Ireland.

The recent report to the effect that the English market for American cheese has been badly diminished by the offering of "filled cheese" from this country in English cities lends inter est to a letter on the subject written by Secretary Morton of the Agricultural Bureau a few weeks ago. The latter was a reply to a complaint that he was not condemning the sale of oleomargarine as sharply as he ought. Mr. Morton states that he has upon every denounced the sale of any pro duct under any nomenclature other than the honest one. He declares in favor of honest, unadulterated American yor or nonest, unaduterated American products of all sorts for both the home and foreign markets. He says: "I am opposed to the fraudulent representing of an aduterated article as a pure ar ticle, whether that article be from the farm, factory or the metchant." This is sound doctrine. It need not be denied that modern scientific investigation has taught men how to utilize as valuable food products much material that for merly would have been allowed to go to waste, and that the placing of these before the public has ended to cheap en food in general to the masses. But that fact forms no excuse for the palm ing off of a fraud on the customer who does not wish to eat the substitute, and is able and willing to pay for what he

arde is the e

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Grafty--Etc., Etc.

HIS REGULAR RATE.

the clergyman, looking at the \$20 gold piece in his hand.

"It's what I always pay," loftily re-plied the Sioux Falls man who had just been married.

did it happen?

Carrie—It is no great mystery. The fact is he was too fresh to keep, that's all.

Lawyer -- You say the prisoner stole our watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch? Witness---I had my sweetheart's picture in the control of the contro

AN ATHLETIC GIRL,

"You never told me Miss Fairgirl was

DISPLEASING.

"She has such a coarse laugh."
"I never noticed that."

CRAFTY.

-What is that, dear?

KEEPING HIS WORD.

Wife—This is cruel! And you told me I need never worry about your coming me late at night.

Husband—This isn't late, at night, m'

dear; it's early in the morning.

GUILELESS WOMAN.

John—By, by, dearest. Anything I can do for you down town?

Wife—Yes, dearest. Have two nice buckets sent up from the bucket shop I heard you telling Mr. Margins about last

BUSINESS INSTINCT.

"How many do two and two make?"

HIS DEFENSE.

Husband—Yes, but not to speak to.
Wife—What a story! They tell me

o hours.

Husband—True, but it was she who

Fogg—My wife couldn't make head or tail out of that play last night.

Bass—Women are not quick in such matters. Their intelligence doesn't seem ?

Fogg—Well, I don't know about that. Next day she was able to tell me what every woman in the audience had on.

She fired up, and in an imperious man

"Go, Mr. Spatis, never to return! cannot trust my happiness with a man's coldly calculating as to count his kisses!"

. HE RNEW THE SMELL.

He was walking along **High street, was** he suddenly stopped and snifed the air in all directions. His nose had found a faections. His nose had found a fa-odor, and pretty soon be traced it

trouble at all. Good moraleg ! "

His Regular Rate-Couldn't Keep Him-As Usual--An Athletic Cirl-Displessing-

COULDN'T KEEP HIM. May—They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumpleigh is broken. How

Lawyer-Ah! I see. A women in the

au athlete Well, is she?" "Yes: she has thrown me over."

"You would if you'd been within hear-ing when I proposed to her."

She—Angel food. I made it myself.—He—You'd better eat it, dear. You'rs the only angel in this house.

A DIAGNOSIS. Chollie—Youagh daughtah has consented to mawy me and—er—Pd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family? Old Gentleman (emphatically)—There

"You ignorant little beggar! Don't you know that two and two make foun?" 'Oh, yes! I know that, but I thought you'd beat me down a bit."

Wife You saw Mrs. Browner last even-

did the talking.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.

"I have kissed you nine times this evening, darling," said young Mr. Spatt, who was trying to take leave of his sweet-

· HARDER TO GET AT. "I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience; "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."

to a certain chimney, and ascended the steps of the house and rang the bell. "Excuse me, ma'am," said he to the wo-man at the door, "but do you keep a

"Yes, sir," she replied, as she looked at him in a puzzled way.
"Is she in at the present time?"
"Yes, sir, but she doesn't want to see

"Yes, sir, but she doesn't want to see no agents."

'Oh, I'm no agent, ma'am. You just call to the cook through the speaking-tube that the water has all boiled out of her potatoes, and that said potatoes are burning. Smell 'em very plainly in the street. Happens every day at my house. Cook is probably reading a novel or has a cold in the head. That's all, ma'am. Natworkle at all. Good morning!