

THE MELANCHOLY POET.
BY MRS. NAPOLEON E. MORSE
His path is sunshine; so he sings
Of darkened ways and ruins old;
His memory, tenacious, clings
To that worn theme, the graveyard mold.
He tells in rhyme of fiery darts,
Of hidden tortures, fierce and slow
He has a "trust" in broken hearts
And bears about a weight of woe.
His ghosts will not be laid to rest;
The fates pursue him but to scourge;
And his most lively strain at best,
Is solemn as a funeral dirge.
That flowers from the mold may spring,
Night be succeeded by to-morrow,
Cannot inspire him to sing;
His lyre is tuned to breathe of sorrow
New York City.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.
SIR REGINALD'S DEATH.
A few weeks passed on without bringing to Ethel the slightest occasion for a regretful sigh that she had changed her home and occupation; and whenever she paused to reflect upon the disagreeable duties required of her by Sir Reginald, the more she shuddered at the bare remembrance.

But, while filled with indignation at the brutal manner in which he had received the communication of the accident that had so strangely befallen her, and the abruptness of her dismissal, she longed to know whether he had recovered from the effects of his ungovernable rage, and also whether the missing animal had been found and restored.

Of course she dared question no one about it, and her only recourse was to the village daily paper, which she read with eagerness, but no reference was ever made to the subject.

Occasionally, Dr. Elfenstein called to see Lady Claire, but the bare inquiry after the baronet's condition was all she felt at liberty to make.

The reply ever was that Sir Reginald's nervous system was in such a terrible state that it was impossible for him to improve as yet.

The manner of the Doctor toward herself she thought constrained and reserved, and this gave her intense pain. She feared that he did not approve of her course, and imagined, from his quiet appearance, that her refusal to acquit him with the nature of her fault might cause him to magnify the error into a positive crime.

Little did the poor girl know that his coldness was assumed, merely, to hide the real state of his affections, in order to attend to the sacred duty which he had undertaken.

That duty he had by no means forgotten. He had looked up, after many difficulties, papers of a note date that had published the entire trial of Fitzroy Glendenning, and had noted the fact that the valent Antoine Duval, had testified against him by relating his unfortunate words, spoken in a moment of intense excitement.

an unprincipled and exasperating girl ever entered this house!"
"What right?" asked the Doctor, suspecting a trap to whom she alluded, and rather anxious to draw her out. "You surely do not mean Miss Nevergail?"
"I surely do! She certainly must have been the cause of his relapse, as she was the only person with him, and has never been seen since."
"But Sir Reginald told me he ordered her from the house."
"I know he did. But any one can see she must have given him great provocation. You know where she is, Doctor?"
"I have an impression that she is teaching. She—"
Whatever Dr. Elfenstein intended to add to this sentence was never uttered, as an interruption came in the form of a quick, sharp cry for help, coming from Sir Reginald's room on the floor above, followed by the excited voice of the nurse calling him by name.

Bounding up the steps, two at a time, went the Doctor, followed closely by Belle.
As the physician entered the room he glanced toward the bed, and was horrified to see the baronet lying in a fit, while Lady Constance, who had entered at the first call, stood screaming by his side, and the almost equally alarmed nurse was rubbing and chafing his poor hands.

Going instantly to his side, the Doctor commenced doing all he could for his recovery, but he saw at once that the case was hopeless, and that he would never revive.

"How did this happen? How was he taken? I saw no symptoms of this a few moments since."
"I was sitting by his side reading," replied Mrs. Fredon, "when the strangest thing happened I ever knew. The door from the hall opened and a singular-looking man entered, and going to the foot of Sir Reginald's bed, stood there, with his eyes fixed upon those of the baronet before him, without speaking a word."
"Sir Reginald started up at the sight of the stranger, in the greatest terror, and, holding one hand as if to push him off, exclaimed, 'What is that?'"
"Great God! Mercy! mercy!" then fell back on the pillow in the condition you now see him."

"Where is the man?"
"Seeing what had been the effect of his sudden appearance, he turned at once and fled from the room."
"Can you describe him?" asked the Doctor.
"Yes; he was tall and slender, his hair and beard were white, and very long."
"Had he anything in his hands?"
"In one a black leather wallet, in the other a book and some papers."

"It must have been old Stiles, the book-seller. I remember now, he was just going out of the front door as I heard you call, and ran up. I had left the door partly open, it being warm, to speak to Miss Belle in the boudoir, and he must have glided in unperceived, eager for a chance to get subscribers for his book. Seeing so sick a person, and the effect his unannounced presence had wrought, I suppose, caused him hurried flight from the house. In Sir Reginald's nervous condition the surprise of seeing so singular-looking a person by his bedside proved more than he could endure, and this has been the result."

The conversation now ceased, as every effort was required in order to bring the baronet back to consciousness. For fully an hour Dr. Elfenstein and Mrs. Fredon worked over that senseless man, but all was of no avail, for just as the sun dropped behind the western hills, the spirit of Sir Reginald Glendenning passed back to his God.

Great indignation was expressed throughout the neighborhood when his sudden death and its cause became known.

The eccentricities of Rev. Edwin C. Stiles had taken a very offensive form, and it was decided that some person should be appointed to inform him that he never again must take the liberty of walking into a house until duly announced.

The person appointed to attend to this matter was Rev. Mr. Lee, who, being a brother minister, could, it was thought, approach him in the most serious and effective manner.

room, who kept a short and respectful distance in the rear, "where this narrow path will take us?"
"I have not my lady. I am sure I never noticed it before, and should not now, 'ad you not first discovered it. Perhaps, as it is so rough and overgrown, you 'ad better turn back."
"After awhile, Roger: As long as we can get through, I shall like to go on, in order to gratify my awakened curiosity."
Suddenly, after an advance of about half a mile, both girls noticed at once that footsteps had diverged from the beaten path, and looking towards the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance, with what seemed a large cave, opening with vines of thick luxuriance. They, while the advance of the party, a passage into a roomy cave.

Reining up their horses, they paused before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low moans of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

Surmising at once that some fellow-being was in distress, Ethel requested Roger to dismount and investigate the place, and immediately returned to report the cause of the apparent suffering within.

The man dismounted as requested, and disappeared from view, only to return with the news that the eccentric book-seller, Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, was very ill in that remote and hidden spot.

Bidding Roger assist her to the ground, Ethel at once hastened to the side of the sick man.

She found him stretched upon an old cot-bed in this damp and gloomy retreat, far away from the haunts of men. On glancing rapidly around, she noticed a few articles of furniture and a few utensils for daily use, but saw no trace of fire or food.

On this rude bed, then, lay stretched the form of the eccentric being who had been so much talked of during the past few days. His cheeks were flushed with fever, while the weary movements of his head told of intense pain in that region.

Clasped in his thin, white hands upon his breast lay the mysterious wallet.
Seeing at once that the poor creature was very low, perhaps near death, Ethel stepped back to the entrance of the cave, and requested Roger to ride with all speed to summon Dr. Elfenstein to his side. She also requested Lady Claire to remain within call, while she herself would watch over the sufferer until aid should come.

"I think, Roger, you should also acquaint Dr. Elfenstein with the fact that this is no place for so sick a person, and advise with him as to his removal. If removed, it should be done at once, and he may suggest the mode, as well as the place, that can receive him."
Thus charged, Roger tied Ethel's horse securely, and then rode rapidly away.

At once Ethel returned to her self-assumed charge, and endeavored to arouse him from the stupor he was in, in order to ask of his relatives and home.

A GLANCE AT CUBA.

THIS BEAUTIFUL ISLAND RAVAGED BY CIVIL WAR.

Its Sugar Plantations the Chief Source of Wealth—Other Products—Interesting Features of the City of Havana.

Cuba is larger in area and population and richer in natural resources than is generally supposed. It has a total area of 43,319 square miles and a population of one and one half million souls. The distance from its eastern to its western extremity is nearly equal to the distance from New York to Chicago. To a soil of unusual fertility nature has added a climate which is peculiarly favorable to the growth of certain special crops of great value. The country may be broadly divided into the region of plains, the rolling uplands and the forest lands. The lowlands form a practically continuous belt around the island, and in them are to be found the great sugar plantations.

Above these, and on the lower slopes of the hills, are found the grazing and farm lands, upon which among other things, is raised the famous Havana tobacco. The balance of the island, especially the eastern portion, is covered with a dense forest growth.

The sugar plantations form the chief source of wealth in Cuba. The cane grows best in the level bottom lands, which are cleared of all shrub and timber growth for this purpose. Some of the plantations are of vast extent, including as many as 10,000 acres, and they stretch away in unbroken monotony on all sides of the bay, which is the name by which the collection of sugar mills, dwellings, stables, etc., in the centre of the plantation is known.

Roads or driveways are cut through the cane and radiate in all directions, and along these the teams drag the heavily laden carriages to the mills. The Cuban does not place a heavy yoke upon the shoulders of the oxen, as we do, but uses a lighter yoke, which he lashes across the horns of each pair, so that an ox pushes its load with the head. At the mill the cane is unloaded on to an endless belt, which carries it into the crushers.

The crushed cane, which is known as bagasse, is used for fuel, and the extracted juice is conveyed to large vats, where it is boiled. At a certain stage of the boiling it is transferred to pans, where it crystallizes to a brown sugar, which is then placed in long cylindrical moulds where the molasses is allowed to run off. The sugar is now of a light yellow color, and to further cleanse it, it is placed in centrifugal separators, where the molasses that still remains is removed, and the sugar, which is now fairly white in appearance, is ready for export.

The average production is about 2,000 pounds to one acre. In former days, when the work was done by slaves, they were housed in quarters known as the barracon, which were located within the enclosure of the bay. Although in some parts of the island the laborers occupy the old slave quarters, it is now a common thing for the laborers to live in separate homes, scattered in the neighborhood of the plantations. They are very primitive dwellings, and consist of a square frame of posts, upon which is nailed a layer of boards, the interstices being plastered up with adobe clay. The roofs are thatched with palm leaf, the wood of this tree, which grows in great abundance, being used for the posts and frame of the house.

The celebrated Havana tobacco is grown on the western end of the island and the choicest quality is raised a little to the west of Havana, chiefly on the banks of the San Sebastian. It is known as the "vuelta abajo" tobacco, and nearly the whole of it finds its way to the royal courts of Europe, whose agents have for a long time past been in the habit of buying the whole crop many years in advance. Genuine vuelta abajo cigars will cost \$1.25 a piece.

Although there is a certain monotony about the appearance of the lowlands, with their miles of sugar plantation, there is no lack of beauty in the rolling uplands of the interior. The grasses are rich, and cattle raising forms one of the staple industries of the country. Coffee is raised in considerable quantities, and the land produces annually two crops of Indian corn, which is the chief cereal of Cuba. The principal fruits are oranges, pineapples, plantains, bananas and melons. The general agricultural industry, however, whether it takes the form of fruit or general farming, is in an undeveloped condition.

The harbor is one of the finest in the world, and could float a thousand of the largest ships. Unfortunately it is being contaminated by the discharge into it of the whole of the sewage of Havana, and as there is not a scour of the tide to carry it out, the filth is constantly accumulating. The result will certainly be disastrous to the city, unless some system of direct drainage to the sea be carried out immediately upon landing the city and its inhabitants. There is a romantic air of medievalism in the older quarters of the city, at times conscious of having taken a step backward in the march of civilization; and the romantic impression deepened by the soft, dreamy atmosphere of tropical vegetation, and the odor of tropical vegetation. At the same time the more modern portion of the city is well built, and presents a dignified and harmonious appearance. The Spanish influence is everywhere apparent, and a modified classic architecture prevails. The houses are built of stone and then plastered, and latter work being of a good finish and durable quality. The business people live over their own stores, the top stories being used for domestic purposes. The entrance to the better class of homes is often freely decorated with Moorish colored tiles, and stucco, employed with good effect upon outside walls.

In the older quarters the streets are narrow, and very tortuous, and houses are one story in height. There are no sidewalks to speak of, and the great heat necessitates the doors being kept continually open, and are protected by prison-like iron gratings. The interior of a Cuban home among the better class is simple in its appointments. The excessive heat and the prevalence of insects necessitates the use of as little furniture as possible, and no hangings or draperies are to be seen.

The street scenes are novel and ludicrous, as when, for instance, milk seller drives the cow and (the latter muzzled) up to the door, the amount of the customer and ally at his doorstep. The favorite dairy is "barquillo," a thin cake made of flour mixed with cinnamon, and spiced with vanilla. The sugar is now of a light yellow color, and to further cleanse it, it is placed in centrifugal separators, where the molasses that still remains is removed, and the sugar, which is now fairly white in appearance, is ready for export.

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The forests of Cuba form one of its most striking natural features. They are estimated to cover fully two-thirds of the total unclaimed land, or some 12,000,000 acres in all; and they are so dense as to be almost impenetrable. They are made up largely of hard woods, such as mahogany and the Cuban ebony, and a certain amount is cut down for export. The most valuable growth in the Cuban forests is the palm of which the most common species, the Palma real, is found throughout the whole island, but more particularly in the western half.

The cities of Cuba are fully as picturesque in their way as the surrounding country. By far the most important of these is Havana, which is the capital and the chief port of the island. It is admirably situated, both for military and commercial purposes, and is a fine harbor, which is narrow and deep, and is protected by two forts, the Moro and the Punta castle, the most celebrated of these is the castle, which is situated on the eastern side of the entrance. In the courtyard of this fortress many a Cuban patriot has died for his country.

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AND GARDENING.

KEEPING IS PROFITABLE—About Floors for Stables—When to Transplant Early Onions.
BEE-KEEPING IS PROFITABLE.
Bee-keeping in connection with farming is one of the most paying branches. It costs no direct cost, as they will care for themselves in one season, so money invested is returned by 100 per cent. the first year, and you have for another and have a most excellent article for the table. There is a ready market for honey, so the farmer of to-day better do so to keep a few swarms of bees? Modern conveniences, such as the pills and smokers, there is no such as being stung.

ABOUT PLOWING.
Plowing is hard work for the team, but comparatively easy work for the plowman, except on rocky or uneven land, where the plow has frequently to be pulled back and lifted up to get over some obstruction. For these reasons a strong, active team that will pull along with a good furrow and should always be secured if possible. It is not easy to make good work with a poor team, and if it is not to be a task there is much unnecessary waiting at the end of the furrow and resting. The work of holding a plow is so easy on level land free from stones, that even a child can do it. Holding the handles makes it difficult to walk in the furrow than to hold the same team with a drag over the ground. That is hard, drag-sagging work for both man and team, and it is an able-bodied man instead of a boy who is usually put at the reins, while the man takes as his far easier task of holding the reins on level clear land is no simple in its appointments. The excessive heat and the prevalence of insects necessitates the use of as little furniture as possible, and no hangings or draperies are to be seen.

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