PARPH HEYLIGER

B. WASHINGTON INVING.

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river side and the salutations in the streets; the degs bounded before him, the boys whooped as he passed, everybody seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burg; for in those days Albany was in all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, for it had not no yet been discovered and colonized by the restless people of New England. Everything was quiet and orderly, every-

Everything was quiet and orderly, everything was conducted calmiy and lefsurely; no burry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets and reliaved the eye by its refreshing verdure. The tall sycamores or pendant willows shaded the houses, with caterpillars swinging by long silken strings from their branches or moths fluttering about like coxcombs in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were built in the old Dutch style, with the gable ends towards the street. The thrifty housewife was seated on a bench before her dock, in close crimped cap, bright flowered gown and white apron, busily employed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench, and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step ployed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench, and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step at her mistress' feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves or skimmed along the streets and brought back some rich booty for their clamorous young, and the little housekeeping wren flew in and out of a Liliputian house or an old hat nailed against the wall. The cows were coming home, lowing through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, perchance, there were any door; and if, perchance, there were any loiterers, some negro urchin with a long good was gently urging them home

wards. As Dolph's companion passed on he received a tranquil nod from the burgers, and a friendly word from their wives, all calling him familiarly by the name of Antony; for it was the custom in this stronghold of the patriarchs, where they stronghold of the patriarchs, where they had all grown up together from childhood, to call every one by the Christian name. The Heer did not pause to have this usual jokes with them, for he was impatient to reach his home. At length they arrived at his mansion. It was of they arrived at his mansion. some magnitude, in the Dutch style, with large iron figures on the gables that gave the date of its creetion and showed that it had been built in the earliest times of the settlement.

The news of Heer Antony's arrival had The news of Heer Antony's arrival had preceded him, and the whole household was on the lookout. A crew of negroes, large and small, had collected in front of the house to receive him. The old, white headed ones, who had grown gray in his service, grinned for joy and made many awkward bows and grimaces, and the little ones capered about his knees. But the most hanny heins in the headeled. the most happy being in the household was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child and the darling of his heart. She came bounding out of the house, but the sight of a strange young man with her father called up, for a moment, all the bashfulness of a homebred damsel Dolph gazed at her with wonder and de light; never had he seen, as he thought, anything so comely in the shape of woman. She was dressed in the good old Dutch taste, with long stays and full, short petticcats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair, turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead; she had fine, blue, laughing eyes, a trim, slender waist, and soft swell—but, in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity, and Dolph, who never stopped half way in a new impulse, fell desperately in love with her.

with her.

Dolph was now ushered into the house with a hearty welcome. In the interior was a mingled display of Heer Antony's taste and habits and of the opulence of his predecessors. The chambers were furnished with good old mahogany, the embossed silver and painted china. embossed silver and painted china. Over the parlor freelace was, as usual, the family coat of arms, painted and framed, above which was a long duck fewling piece, flanked by an Indian piech and a powder horn. The room was desorated with many Indian articles, such as pipes of peace, tomahawks, scalning kalves, hunting pouches and belts of wampum; and there were various kinds of fishing tackle and two or three fewling, there is tackle and two or three fowling pieces in the corners. The household affa hase emec to be conducted, in some measure, after the master's humors, correct-1 pc. haps, the master's humors, corrected perhaps, by a little quiet management of the daughter's. There was a degree of patriarchal simplicity and good humored indulgence. The negroes came into the room ethout being called, merely to look at their master and hear of his adventures; they would stand listening at the door until he had finished a story, and then go of co a bread grin to repeat it in the kitchen. A capule of pet negro and then go off or a bread grin to repeat it in the lettelses. A couple of pet negro children- wwo playing about the floor with the dogs, and sharing with them their bread and butter. All the domes-tics looked hearty and happy, and when the table was set for the evening repast, the variety and abundance of good house-hold luxures tore testimony to the open handed liberality of the lieer and the notable beasewifery of his daughter. In the evening there dropped in sev-eral of the worthies of the place—the

van Repusellaers and the Gansevoorts and the Rosebooms and others of Antony Vander Heyden's intimates, to hear an account of his expedition; for he was the Sindbad of Albany, and his exploits and adventures were favorite topics of conversation among the inhabitants. While these sat gossiping together about the door of the hall, and telling long twilight stories, Dolph was cozily scated enter taining the daughter on a window bench. He had already got on intimate terms, for those were not times of false reserve and idle ceremony; and, besides, there is something wonderfully propitious to a lover's suit in the delightful dusk of a long summer evening; it gives courage to the most timid tongue and hides the blushes of the bashful. The stars alone twinkled brightly, and now and firefly streamed his transient light before the window, or, wandering into the room, flew gleaming about the ceiling.



What Dolph whispered. What Doiph whispered in her ear that long summer evening it is impossible to say; his words were so low and indistinct that they bever reached the car of the historian. It is probable, however, that they were to the purpose, for he had a natural talent at pleasing the sex, and was never long in company with a petti-

cont without paying proper court to it. In the meantime the visitors one by one departed; Antony Vander Heyden, who had fairly talked himself silent, sat nodding alone in his chair by the door when he was suddenly aroused by a hearty milete with which Dolph Reyliger had unguardedly rounded off one of his periods, and which echoed through the still chamber like the report of a pistol. The Herr started up, rubbed his eyes, called for lights, and observed that it was nigh time to go to bed; though, on parting for the night, he squeezed Dolph heartily by the hand, looked kindly in his face, and shook his head knowingly; for the Heer well-remembered what he himself had been at the youngster's age.

The chamber in which our hero was lodged was spacious, and paneled with cluther The chamber in which our hero was ledged was spacious, and paneled with oak. It was furnished with clothes presses and mighty chests of drawers, well waxed and glittering with brass crnaments. These contained ample stock of family linen, for the Dutch housewives had always a laudable pride in showing off their household treasures to strangers.

showing off their household treasures to strangers.

Dolph's mind, however, was too full to take particular note of the objects around him; yet he could not help centinually comparing the free, open hearted cheeriness of this establishment with the starveling, sordid, joyless housekceping at Dr. Knipperhausen's. Still there was something that marred the enjoyment—the idea that he must take leave of his hearty host and pretty hostess and cast himself once more adrift upon the world. To linger here would be folly; he should only get deeper in love; and for a poor varlet like himself to aspire to the daughter of the great licer Vander Heyden—it was madness to think of such a thing. The very kindness that the girl had shown towards him prompted him, on reflection, to hasten his departure; it would be a poor return for the frank hospitality of his host to entangle his daughter's heart in an injudicious attachment. In a word, Bolph was like many other young reasoners, of exceeding good hearts and giddy heads, who think after they act, and act differently from what they think; who make excellent determinations over night and forget to keep them the next morning.

"This is a fine conclusion, truly, of my voyage," said he, as he almost buried himself in a sumptuous feather bed, and drew the fresh white sheets up to his chin. "Here am I, instead of finding a bag of money to carry home, humched in a strange place, with scarcely a stiver in his pocket, and what is worse, have jumped ashore up to my cars in love into the bargain. However," added he, after some pause, stretching himself and turning himself in bed, "I'm in good quarters for the present, at least; so I'll e'en enjoy the present moment and let the next take care of itself; I dare say all will work out, 'somehow or other,' for the best" strangers.
Dolph's mind, however, was too full to

enjoy the present moment and let the next take care of itself; I dare say all will work out, 'somehow or other,' for the best."

As he said these words he reached out

his hand to extinguish the candle, when he was suddenly struck with astonishhe was suddenly struck with astonishment and dismay, for he thought he beheld the phantom of the haunted house staring on him from a dusky part of the chamber. A second look reassured him, as he perceived that what he had taken for the specter was, in fact, nothing but a Flemish portrait that hung in a shadowy corner just behind a clothes press. It was, however, the precise representation of his nightly visitor—the same cloak and belted jerkin, the same grizzled beard and fixed eye, the same broad, slouched hat, with a feather hanging over one side. Dolph now called to mind the resemblance he had frequently remarked between his host and the old man of the haunted house; and was fully man of the haunted house; and was fully convinced that they were in some way connected, and that some especial destiny had governed his voyage. He lay gaz-lug on the portrait with almost as much awe as he had gazed on the ghostly original, until the shrill house clock warned him of the lateress of the heave original, until the shrill house clock warned him of the lateness of the hour. He put out the light, but remained for a long time turning over these curious circumstances and coincidences in his mind, until he fell asleep. His dreams partook of the nature of his waking thoughts. He fancied that he still lay gazing on the picture until by decrease. thoughts. He rancied that he still my gazing on the picture, until, by degrees, it became animated; that the figure descended from the wall and walked out of the room; that he followed it and found himself by the well, to which the old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

In the morning when Dolph waked he found his host standing by his bedside, who gave him a hearty morning's salutation and asked him how he had slept. Dolph answered cheerily, but took occasion to inquire about the portrait that hung against the wall. "Ah," sald Heer Andow, "that's a portrait of old Killian Antony, "that's a portrait of old Killian Vander Spiegel, once a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, on some popular troubles, abandoned Holland and came over to the province during the govern-ment of Peter Stuyvesant. He was my ancestor by the mother's side, and an old miserly curmudgeon he was. When the English took possession of New Amsterdam in 1664 he retired into the sterdam in 1664 he retired into the country. He fell into a melancholy, apprehending that his wealth would be taken from him and that he would come to beggary. He turned all his property into cash, and used to hide it away. He was for a year or two concealed it various places, fancying himself sought after by the English, to strip him of his wealth; and finally was found deed in wealth; and finally was found dead in his bed one morning, without any one being able to discover where he had con cealed the greater part of his money.'
When his host had left the roo

When his host had left the room, Dolph remained for some time lost in thought. His whole mind was occupied by what he had heard. Vander Spiegel was his mother's family name; and he recollected to have heard her speak of this very Killian Vander Spiegel as one of her ancestors. He had heard her say, too, that her father was Killian's rightful heir, only that the old man died without leaving anything to be inherited. without leaving anything to be inherited. It now appeared that Heer Antony was likewise a descendant, and perhaps an heir also, of this poor rich man; and that thus the Heyligers and the Vander Heydens were remotely connected. "What, thought he, "if, after all, this is the in terpretation of my dream, that this is the way I am to make my fortune by this voyage to Albany, and that I am to find the old man's hidden wealth in the bottom of that well? But what an odd, round-about mode of communicating the matter! Why the plague could not the old goblin have told me about the well at once, without sending me all the way to Albany to hear a story that was to send

me all the way back again?"

These thoughts passed through his mind while he was dressing. He descended the stairs, full of perplexity, when the bright face of Marie Vander Heyden suddenly beamed in smiles upon him, and seemed to give him a clew to the whole mystery. "After all," thought he, "the old goblin is in the right. If I am to get his wealth, he means that I shall marry his pretty descendant; thus me all the way back again?" both branches of the family will be again

united, and the property go on in the proper channel." sooner did this idea enter his head than it carried conviction with it. He was now all impatience to hurry back and secure the treasure, which, he did not doubt, lay at the bottom of the well and which he feared every moment might be discovered by some other per-son. "Who knows," thought he, "but this night walking old fellow of the haunted house may be in the habit of haunting every visitor, and may give a hint to some shrewder fellow than my-self, who will take a shorter cut to the self, who will take a shorter cur, well than by the way of Albany? He wished a thousand times that the babbling old ghost was laid in the Red sea, bling old ghost was laid in the Red sea, and his rambling portrait with him. He was in a perfect fever to depart. Two or three days elapsed before any oppor-tunity presented for returning down the river. They were ages to Dolph, not-withstanding that he was basking in the smiles of the pretty Marie, and daily get-ting more and more enamored.

At length the very sleep from which had been knecked overboard prepared to make sail. Dolph made an avekward apology to his host for his sudden de-parture. Antony Vander Heyden was sorely astonished. He had concerted half a dozen excursions into the wilder-ness; and his Indiana were actually preparing for a grand expedition to one of the lakes. He took Dolph aside, and exerted his elequence to get him to abandon all thoughts of lassinger, and to remain with him-last in vain; and he at length gave up the attempt, observing "that it was a thousand pities so fine a young man should throw binnself away." Heet Antony, however, gave him a bearty shake by the hand at parting, with a favorite fewling piece, and an invitation to come to his house whenever he re-

visited Afbany. The pretty little Marie said nothing; but as he gave her a farewell kiss, her dimpled check turned pale and a tear stood in her eye. Dolph sprang lightly on board of the vessel.

They hoisted sail; the wind was fair; they soon lost sight of Albany and its green hills and embowered leiands. They were wafted gayly past the Kaatskill mountains, whose fairy beights were bright and cloudless. They passed prosperously through the highlands without any molestation from the Dunderberg goblin and his crew; they swept on across Haverstraw bay and by Croton Point and through the Tappaan Zee and under the Palisadoes, until in the afternoon of the third day they saw the promontory of Hoboken, hanging like a cloudd in the air, and, shortly after, the roofs of the Manhattoes rising out of the water.

water.

Dolph's first care was to repair to his mother's house, for he was continually goaded by the idea of the uneasiness she was account. He was

goaded by the steep on his account. He was puzzling his brains as he went along to think how he should account for his absence without betraying the secrets of the haunted house. In the midst of these cogitations he entered the street in which his mother's house was situated, when he was thunderstruck at beholding it a heap of ruins.

There had evidently been a great fire, which had destroyed several large houses and the humble dwelling of poor Dame Heyliger had been involved in the conflagration. The walls were not so completely destroyed but that Dolph could distinguish some traces of the scene of his childhood. The fireplace, about which he had often played, still remained ornamented with Dutch tiles, illustrating passages in Bible history, on which he had many a time gazed with admiration. Among the rubbish lay the wreck of the good dame's elbow chair, from which she had given him so many a wholesome precept, and hard by it was the family Bible with brass clasps—now, alast reduced almost to a cinder.

For a moment Dolph was overcome by this dismal sight, for he was seized with the fear that his mother had perished in the flames. He was relieved, however, from this horrible apprehension by one of the neighbors who happened to come by, and who informed him that his mother was yet alive.

The good woman had, indeed, lost everything by this unlooked for calamity; for the populace had been so intent upon saving the fine furniture of her rich neighbors, that the little tenement, and the little all of poor Dame Heyliger, had been suffered to consume without interruption, nay, had it not been for the gallant assistance of her old crony, Peter de Groodt, the worthy dame and her cat might have shared the fate of their habitation.

As it was she had been overcome with fright and affliction, and lay ill in body and sick at heart. The public, however, had showed her its wonted kindness. The furniture of her rich neighbors being, as far as possible, rescued from the injury of their property, and their hadies commiserated on the occasion; and it was thought the prayers of such great men could not but have their due weight. Dr. Knipperhausen, too, visited her professionally, and gave her abundance of advice gratis, and was universally lauded for his charity. As to her old friend, Peter de Groodt, he was a poor man, whose pity and prayers and advice could be of but little avail, so he gave her all that was in his power—he gave her shelter.

To the humble dwelling of Peter de Groodt, then, did Dolph turn his steps. On his way thither, he recalled all the tenderness and kindness of his simple.

On his way thither, he recalled all the tenderness and kindness of his simple hearted parent, her indulgence of his creors, her blindness to his faults; and then he bethought himself of his own idle, harum-scarum life. "I've been a sad ocapegrace," said Dolph, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I've been a complete sink pocket, that's the truth of it!—But," added he briskly, and clasping his hands, "only let her live—only let her live—and I'll show myself indeed a son!"

As Dolph approached the house, he met Peter de Uroodt coming out of it. The old man started back aghast, doubting whether it was not a ghost that stood

ing whether it was not a ghost that stood before him. It being bright daylight, however, Peter soon plucked up heart, satisfied that no ghost dare show his face in such clear sunshine. Dolph now learned from the worthy sexton the consternation and rumor to which his mysterious disappearance had given rise. It

had been universally believed that he had been spirited away by those hobgob-lin gentry that infested the haunted house; and old Abraham Vandozer, who the three mile stone, affirmed, that he had heard a terrible noise in the air, as he was going home late at night, which secured just as if a flight of wild goese were overhead, passing off towards the northward. The haunted house was, in consequence, looked unen with ten times consequence, looked upon with ten times more awe than ever; nobody would ven-ture to pass a night in it for the world, and even the doctor had ceased to make

and even the doctor had ceased to make his expeditions to it in the daytime.

It required some preparation before Dolph's return could be made known to his mother, the poor soul having bewailed him as lost; and her spirits having been sorely broken down by a number of comforters, who daily cheered her with stories of ghosts, and of people carried away by the devil. He found her confined to her bed, with the other member of the Hevliger family, the good ber of the Heyliger family, the good dame's cat, purring beside her, but sadly singed, and utterly despoiled of those whiskers which were the glory of her physiognomy. The poor woman threw her arms about Dolph's neck. "My boy my boy! art thou still alive? For a time she seemed to have forgotten all her losses and troubles, in her joy at his re-turn. Even the sage grimalkin showed indubitable signs of joy at the return of the youngster. She saw, perhaps, that they were a forlorn and undone family, and felt a touch of that kindliness which fellow sufferers only know. But, in truth, cats are a slandered people; they have more affection in them than

world commonly gives them credit for. The good dame's eyes glistened as she saw one being, at least, beside herself, rejoiced at her son's return. "Tib knows thee! poor dumb beast!" said she, smoothing down the mottled coat of her favorite; then recollecting herself, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Ah, my poor Dolph!" exclaimed she, "thy mother can help thee no longer! She can no longer help herself! What will become

of thee, my poor boy?"
"Mother," said Dolph, "don't talk in that strain; I've been too long a charge upon you; it's now my part to take care of you in your old days. Come! be of of you in your old days. Come! be of good heart! you, and I, and Tib, will all see better days. I'm here, you see, young, and sound, and hearty; then don't let us despair. I dare say things will all, somehow, turn out for the best."

While this scene was going on with the Heyliger family, the news was carried to Dr. Knipperhausen of the safe return of his disciple. The little doctor scarcely knew whether to rejoice or be sorry at the tidings. He was happy at

sorry at the tidings. He was happy at sorry at the tidings. He was happy at having the foul reports which had prevailed concerning his country mansion thus disproved, but he grieved at having his disciple, of whom he had supposed himself fairly disencumbered, thus drifting back, a heavy charge upon his hands. While he was balancing between these two feelings had. these two feelings, he was determined by the counsels of Frau Ilsy, who advised him to take advantage of the truant absence of the youngster and shut the door upon him forever.

At the hour of bed time, therefore

when it was supposed the recreant disciple would seek his old quarters, everything was prepared for his reception. Dolph, having talked his mother into a state of tranquillity, sought the mansion of his quondam master and raised the knocker with a faltering hand. Scarcely, however, had it given a dubious rap, when the doctor's head, in a red night cap, popped out of one window, and the housekeeper's, in a white night cap, out of another. He was now greeted with a tremendous volley of hard names and hard language, mingled with invaluable pieces of advice, such as are seldom ventured to be given, excepting to a friend in distress or a culprit at the bar. In a few moments not a window in the street but had its particular night cap, listening to the shrill treble of Frau Ilay and the guttural creaking of Dr. Knipperhausen; and the word went from window to window, "Ah! here's Dolph Heyliger come back, and at his old pranks again." In short, poor Dolph found he was likely to get nothing from the doctor but good advice—a commodity so abundant as even to be thrown out of the window; so he was fain to beat a retreat and take up his quarters for the night under the lowly roof of honest Peter' de Groodt.

The next morning, bright and early, Dolph was at the haunted house. Everything looked just as he had left it. The fields were grass grown and matted, and it appeared as if noboty had traversed them since his departure. With palpitating heart he hastened to the well. He looked down into it, and saw that it was of great depth, with water at the bottom. He had provided himself with a strong line, such as the fishermen use on the banks of Newfoundland. At the end was a heavy plummet and a large fish hook. With this he began to sound the bottom of the well, and to angle about in the water. He found that the water was of some depth; there appeared also to be much rubivish, stones from the top having fallen in. Several times his hook got entangled, and he came near breaking his line. Now and then, too, he hauled up mere trash,

his line with great caution, lest it should be broken by the strain upon it. By degrees the rubbish that lay upon the article which he had hooked gave way; he drew it to the surface of the water, and what was his rapture at seeing something like silver glittering at the end of his line! Almost breathless with anxiety, he drew it up to the mouth of the well, surprised at its great weight, and fearing every instant that his hook would slip from its hold and his prive tumble again to the bottom. At length he landed it safe beside the well. It was a great silver porringer, of an ancient form, richly embossed, and with armorial beatings, similar to those over his mother's mantelpiece, engraved on its side.

similar to those over his mother's mantelpiece, engraved on its side.

The lid was fastened down by several
twists of wire; Dolph loosened them with
a trembling hand, and on lifting the lid,
behold! the vessel was filled with broad
golden pieces, of a coinage which he had
never seen before! It was evident he
had lit on the place where Killian Vander
Spiegel had concealed his treasure.

Fearful of being seen by some straggler, he cautiously retired, and buried

his pot of money in a secret place. He now apread terrible stories about the haunted house, and deterred every one from approaching it, while he made fre-



It was a great silver porringer. quent visits to it on stormy days, when no one was stirring in the neighboring fields; though, to tell the truth, he did not care to venture there in the dark. For once in his life he was diligent and industrious, and followed up his new trade of angling with such perseverance and success, that in a little while he had hooked up wealth enough to make him, in those moderate days a rich burson. in those moderate days, a rich burger

It would be tedious to detail minutely the rest of this story—to tell how he gradually managed to bring his property into use without exciting surprise and inquiry—how he satisfied all scruples mquiry—how he satisfied all scruples with regard to retaining the property, and at the same time gratified his own feelings by marrying the pretty Marie Vander Heyden—and how he and Heer

Antony had many a merry and roving expedition together.

I must not omit to say, however, that Dolph took his mother home to live with him, and cherished her in her old days. The good dame, too, had the satisfaction of no longer hearing her son made the theme of censure; on the contrary, he grew daily in public esteem; everybody spoke well of him and his wines, and the lordliest burgomaster was never known to decline his invitation to dinner. Dolph often related at this own table the window often related, at his own table, the wicked pranks which had once been the abhorrence of the town; but they were now considered excellent jokes, and the gravest dignitary was fain to hold his sides when listening to them. No one was more struck with Dolph's increasing merit than his old master, the doctor; and so forgiving was Dolph that he actually employed the doctor as his family physician, only taking care that his prescriptions should be always thrown out of the window. His mother had often her junto of old cronies to take a snug cup of tea with her in her comfort able little parler, and Peter de Groodt, as he sat by the fireside, with one of her grandchildren on his knee, would many a time congratulate her upon her son turning out so great a man; upon which the good old soul would wag her head with exultation, and exclaim: "Ah, neighbor, neighbor, did I not say that Dolph would one day or other hold up his head with the best of them?"

Thus did Dolph Heyliger go on, cheer ily and prosperously, growing merrier as he grew older and wiser, and completely falsifying the old proverbabout money got over the devil's back; for he made good use of his wealth and became a distinguished citizen and a valuable mem-ber of the community. He was a great promoter of public institutions, such as beefsteak societies and catch clubs. He presided at all public digners, and was the first that introduced turtle from the the first that introduced turtle from the West Indies. He improved the breed of race horses and game cocks, and was so great a patron of modest merit, that any one who could sing a good song, or tell a

good story, was sure to find a place at his table. He was a member, too, of the corpora-tion; made several laws for the protection of game and oysters and bequeathed to the board a large silver punch bowl, made out of the identical porringer be-fore mentioned, and which is in the posseasion of the corporation to this very

Finally, he died, in a flerid old age, of an apoplexy, at a corporation feast, and was buried with great honors in the yard of the little Dutch church in Garden street, where his tombstone may still be seep, with a modest cottach in Dutch. oy nis rriena mynheer Justus Benson, ar ancient and excellent poet of the prov

The foregoing tale rests on better authority than most tales of the kind, as I have it at second hand from the lips of Dolph Heyiger himself. He never related it till towards the latter part of his life, and then in great confidence (for he was very discreet), to a few of his particular cronies at his own table over a supernumerary bowl of punch, and, strange as the hobgoblin parts of the story may seem, there never was a single doubt expressed on the subject by any of his guests. It may not be amiss, before concluding, to observe that, in addition to his other accomplishments, Dolph Heyliger was noted for being the ablest drawer of the long bow in the whole province. province.

THE PEACH YELLOWS. Two of the Leading Symptoms of the

True Disease.

The literature of peach yellows is a medley of contradictions. All sorts of views have been formulated and many theories have been built on a very slender basis.

Among the facts believed to be well

established are: That yellows has been confounded with other diseases of the peach, espe-cially in New Jersey, where the borer and root appis are very prevalent. That genuine peach yellows appeared in the vicinity of Philadelphia prior to 1791. Since that time this country has never been entirely free from this disease. That it was prevalent on the Atlantic coast long before it appeared in the west. That it has extended northeast, north and northwest much more rapidly than south. That it is now more or less prevalent from Massachusetts to Georgia and westward to Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. That the disease spreads from centers, usually appearing first in locali-ties thickly set with orchards. That the first cases of yellows in any district are usually in young trees imported from infected localities; and everywhere it is the same destructive malady.

There are two leading symptoms of true peach yellows, of which premature ripening of the fruit is first in the order of time. The more violent the attack the more early and numerous will be the prematures. A second symptom is the striking out of unnatural shoots from the main branches and sometimes from the stem of the tree. These are long and slender, and usually issue from the upper side of the branch. They have a sickly look, though tough and elastic.

Stock and Scien.

In our orchards we frequently meet with a tree having an unsightly enlargement, where the top was budded or grafted upon the stock, and apparently just at the point of union, but in reality above it. The cause of this bulging is obviously the use of stock which grow slower than the variety worked upon.

An instance of this kind is illustrated in Gardener's Chronicle (see cut) and represents a peach tree budded upon damson plum stock. The soft wooded peach grows faster than the harder damson, and soon swells to a large bulging and unsightly growth. Often such trees die off when com-

paratively young.

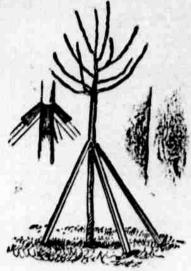
and the weaker ed growth and

early decay

uted by the inexperienced observ-DEFECTIVE UNION OF er to some mis-STOCK AND SCION. management on rests with the propagator who selected an unsuitable variety of wildings as stock. The swelling does not take place until the budded sorts attain the size of the stock in diameter, therefore generally after the tree has left the hands of the nurseryman. There is not much danger in this respect in budding peaches or peach stock, but in a general way it is well to bear in mind, that stock and top should be suited to each

other in rate of growth.

Staking Newly Set Trees. That it is an advantage to have newly set trees staked firmly until new roots have issued is not a matter of question. For doing this completely we know of no better method than that shown in the annexed engraving from Popular Gardening.



STAKING A TREE FIRMLY. Three stakes are driven obliquely, as shown, and to meet at one point. This is easily done by binding the trees to one side a trifle. At the top of the stakes r band of canvas or leather is wound around the trunk and is slit down at these places. The flaps thus formed are tacked over the tops of the stakes.

Echoes from Agricultural Stations In New Hampshire Experiment sta tion's test ninety-five pounds of mixed milk run through the separator yielded cream that made just as much butter as 100 pounds set in shallow pans.

Several of the stations are making comparative tests of the various appliances used in raising cream. Tests of the various churns will follow. The New Hampshire station started this movement. A case of black rot in a large vineyard

was attributed by a member of the an-nual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural society to the use of barn yard manure, the ammonia from the new manure being thought to injure the new canes.

Seed clover is, year after year, one of the most profitable crops of the farm, where the conditions are favorable to its growth. The crop of the country is never so large as to glut the market.

The Scandal About the Blues Miss Two Thirty-Have you heard the

Miss Two Twenty—No, dear. What is it!
Miss Two Thirty—Why, he went out of
town on pretended business and came back—
Miss Two Twenty—And caught her with—
Miss Two Thirty—No, dear. They caugh
him with—

They get their heads so close together than It is impossible to hear another word.—Sas Francisco Post.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SUBJECTS THAT WILL INTEREST AGRICULTURAL READERS. Important Points in Sowing Winter Wheat.

How to Secure Prompt Vegetation by a Careful and Thorough Preparation of the The importance of fine pulverization of the soil in preparing for the wheat crop is well known. One of the advant

ages of a fine preparation is in avoiding deep planting. Farmers who deem it necessary to give much depth to their sowing in order to get down to the moisture are suffering a loss every year.

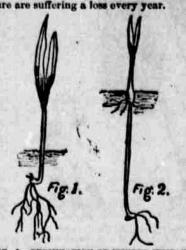
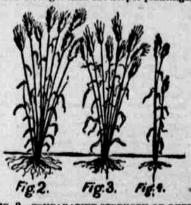


FIG. 1-GERMINATION OF WINTER WHEAT. A satisfactory and instructive experi-ment, teaching a valuable and durable lesson may be made, says Country Gentleman, by preparing thoroughly a strip of land, and especially with a mellow surface, and sowing the grain on it just deep enough to germinate freely; and on an other strip without good preparation set-ting the tubes of the drill six inches or more in depth, and then observe the difference.

Or the experiment may be tried on a more limited scale. The seed covered at a moderate depth will start at once and grow freely, as shown by Fig. 1; the deeply covered seed will be several days longer in coming up, the time will be lost, and before it can get a strong hold of the soil it must throw out a new set of roots nearer the surface, as in Fig. 2 In experiments made by Country Gentleman, seed buried one inch deep came up in six days, two inches deep in seven days, and four inches deep in ten days. A month later the one inch plants were stronger than the two inch and much stronger than the deeper plantings



PIG. 2. COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF DEEP AND BHALLOW PLANTING. The figures in the second cut show the comparative strength of the deep and shallow planting as these crops approach maturity. No invariable rule can be given for the best depth. It must vary with the character of the soil and

of the season. If the surface soil is moist enough, one inch would be better than two, and two inches better than a greater depth. But if a sufficient prepalightest soil that a greater depth than two inches will be required. With rough land and clods, it may be necessary to give a greater depth.

Gardeners have found it important to

firm the soil in order to insure the germination of fine seed sown slightly low the surface. For large seed this operation is less essential, but cases may occur when with a dry or loose soil, rolling the ground may be of much use. But whenever resorted to, advises the authority quoted, the farmer should carefully observe if it makes the particles of soil adhere together, in which case it will do more harm than good. The same care must be used whether to sow before or after rais, where the

farmer has the choice. If the soil is granular or cloddy shower may aid in making it mellow when worked and better fitted to compress all the sides of the seeds. On such land, sowing before rain may leave the seed lying loosely among the clods. But a long and heavy rain may render the soil untit to be worked, and preceding it would be a better time. It is absolutely necessary for the farmer to use his judgment in all cases of the kind.

What Others Say "Let any dairyman who finds it neces sary to keep several skimmings of cream to collect enough for a churning submerge it until a sufficient quantity is obtained then ripen it all at once, and my word for it he will find a safe, practical and profitable solution of the oxidation, æration, stirring bugbear," says John Boyd. Examine young fruit trees of all kinds, and if borings or sawdust are seen on the ground hunt for the hole and

advises American Agriculturist. Any land upon which water stands more than twenty-four hours after a rainfall, however heavy, is pronounced by excellent authority to be unfit for any orchard without thorough tile draining, and not safe even with it, because there is always the risk of the tiles being ob structed with roots, and the trees becoming unthrifty in consequence.

probe out the grub with a piece of wire

A horticultural and a botanical congress will both be held in Paris during the month of August this year, in connection with the International exhibi tion. An agricultural congress will be held during the month of July.

FACING HIVES.

A Bee Keeper Tells in Which Direction In which direction ought beehives to front, is a question of importance and

one that does not appear to have reco much consideration from agricultura writers. The opinions based on persona experience and expressed recently by an Iowa bee keeper in The American Bee Journal will be of interest to apiarians He says:

I would not advise setting shade trees very thick. It is from personal experi ence that I write. I have been experi-menting in this direction for about ten years, and I think that I have come to a conclusion that is satisfactory to me. cannot control my bees in a hot or sul try, close place, for they will hang out on the fronts of the hives and at a loss of honey, or at my expense. The better the honey flow the warmer is the inside of the hive, so it would be well for us, even in this latitude, not to choose too hot a place for the hives. If I should have any slope at all it would be in any

direction except south. On the other hand, early suring is vary

trying; at this time of the year wer do all we can to save the old bees, for if we accomplish this, other things being we accomplish this, other things being favorable, we will have plenty of brood, and plenty of bees to gather the clover honey. For hours in the spring of 1888 I watched, with much interest, the little bees fly from the cory and well protected aplary, on which the direct rays of the sun rested, causing the bees to take wing in great numbers. Over the willows they flew, with the temperature at 45 they flew, with the temperature at 45 degs., though there were clouds at times, and chilly northern breezes. If my bees had been on the north side of the willows, they would not have been out,

taking the chances.

I had one row of hives fronting north, and where the cool breezes could strike the entrance; these bees did not dwindle to any extent, while these in the sun, and facing south, though protected from the wind, dwindled down on the average of one-third of the bees. Thus it may be seen that if the white clover had yielded a surplus, I would have been the loser of hundreds of pounds of honey. In short, I think quite positively, that it is not best to carry bees from any repository, and front their hives to the south, in a sunny

CARE OF A HORSE'S FEET.

Reeping the Hoofs Clean-A Popular Fallacy-When to Shoe First. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible to prevent any dirt or hard substance being buried in the fissures of the feet. They should be examined from time to time (say every six or eight weeks) to detect any defects of shape that might be

taking place.
A popular fallacy indulged in by many is that wet, soft ground and even manure yards are the best places to keep young horses, and some even have the frogs and soles pared thin to allow the moisture to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake exists, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. We find the best footed horses are those bred on dry soils, and that is undoubtedly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn. Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective.

In reply to the query when ought a horse to be first shod, the sensible reply seem to be: when the work required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it forms, , in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required, it will need protecting (sheeing). Moreover, if young horses were not shod so early, they would not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often

the case at the present time.

The principles of preserving the horn are: (1) To keep it as dry as possible, (2) to keep the animal on a dry floor or bed, (3) cleanliness—keep the feet well "picked out," and never use that filthy "cow dung" for "stopping" the feet, (4) prevent the feet becoming too dry or brittle by an emollient hoof dressing.

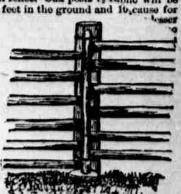
On the subject of fattening sheep one of our wideswake farmers says: "A good grain for fattening sheep is chelled own one-half, barley or ryo one-quarter, and oats one-quarter. Years of experience satisfied us that it pays, unless the mills are very remote, to have all grain ground, even for sheep, and the finer the better. The process of resalivation will be just as well performed with meal as with grain There is much grain that will escape the act of regurgitation and remastication, and, most important consideration of all, the particles of grain have to be reduced either by the mill, the teeth or the stomach, infinitesimally before they will lend themselves to the great work of nutrition. We would have comment ground nearly as fine as wheat flour if possible; then the waste will be redu to a minimum and the process of all mentation will be promoted.

For Best Results in Butter Making It is generally conceded that for best results in butter making, where the milk is set in deep cans, the milk should be placed in the creamer as nearly as possi-ble at the temperature at which it is drawn from the cow, there being a considerable loss of fat in skim milk if the milk is allowed to cool to any great extent before being set. Of late there has been considerable controversy as to whether it is advisable under any conditions to warm the milk before setting, and as to the limit of temperature be-

yond which it is not safe to go. Mr. L. P. Roberts concludes, as the result of investigations at the College of Agriculture at Cornell university, that, Agriculture at Cornell university, that, first, there is a loss of butter when the milk is allowed to cool much below the normal heat of the cow before being put in the creamer; second, while there may not be any very great increase of butter when the milk is heated, there is no risk of injuring the quality of the butter by incornerating an excess of caseine even. incorporating an excess of caseine, even when the milk is heated as high as 135 degs.

Professor S. Johnson, of Michigan, al-ways keeps a man in the silo to insure the silage being leveled and solidly packed. Some think that this careful, solid packing is unnecessary, but the professor says: "I am convinced, after years of experience, that when this has most carefully attended to, everything else being equal, we have had the best enailage. It is well to throw the cool or silage from the corners and about at walls of the sile into the center anave place it with that which is warmenfer preserving an even temperature shad-

A Convenient Fence & Chili Ohio Farmer furnishes the but it is ing sketch of a useful and cland almost rail fence. Oak posts 74 fetdie will be 2) feet in the ground and loacause for



USEFUL AND CHEAP POST AND RAIL PENC After the posts are set, place that stones or chunks of wood at the sides of the posts, on the ground; lay the rails on these, lapping them about six inches at the post. Saw pieces of the same lengtl as the post above the stone or chur wire them to the post at top and bottom, as shown. Seven or eight rails to the panel make a good fence.

At the Wisconsin dairymen's annual meeting Prefessor Robertson said he had proved there was a loss in churning cream sweet rather than slightly acidi-fied. In 100 parts of butter in cream 97 were obtained in acid cream, while but 77 parts were secured in sweet cream.