

### ABSENT.

Sometimes, between long shadows on the  
The little truant waves of sunlight pass,  
My eyes grow dim with tenderness, the  
Thinking I see thee smile!

And sometimes in the twilight gloom, apart,  
The tall trees whisper, whisper heart to  
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,  
Thinking I hear thee call!  
—Catherine Young Glen.

## The Ghost at Valley Farm.

By HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

The October moonlight, still and soft as a rain of silver, was bathing the old Valley Farm in its chilly radiance; the great maple tree at the doorstone was showering its red leaves down upon the moss-encrusted roof, and the sound of the noisy, little brook in the ravine below rose up like an unvoiced lullaby in the silence, as Robert Grey stood there holding Alice Burt's two hands in his.

"Then I may tell your mother, Alice, and ask permission to become her son? My own little one! How many, many years we have been separated, and all through a careless word; but heaven has brought us together again!"

Alice Burt was only twenty years old; but she had already laid off the mourning she had worn for a twelve-month in respect for the memory of her husband, Wallace Burt, who had been a kind and tender husband to her. He had loved her with all the force of his strong, manly nature; but Alice had been but a cold, irresponsible bride to him. She had married him in a fit of pique at some slight, real or fancied, shown her by Robert Grey, the first and last sweetheart of her girlish years; and she was too young and artless to simulate the love she did not feel. So, at last, when she tied the widow's cap down on her fair brown curls, and put on the somber black dress, her heart was glad within her.

"Hush! Was that the clock striking eleven? Oh Robert, how late it is! I must go in!"

"One more kiss, then, little queen of my soul! I shall go with you, however!"

But Alice slipped past him in the big old "keeping-room" where Mrs. Raymond sat knitting by the light of the crackling wood fire, and the gray cat purred on the warm hearthstone, and ran upstairs, her brown curls all disheveled and her cheeks pink with unwonted excitement.

"Mrs. Raymond," said Robert, composedly walking up to the quiet figure, "I have come to ask you to give Alice to me."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes brightened into glad surprise.

"Robert, it is actually so? My dear boy, how I have longed for this! It seems as if nothing had gone right since you quarreled and parted three years ago, like two children as you were—and then your long absence, and Alice's marriage—you never saw Wallace Burt, but he was very good to our little girl—and now this reconciliation! Robert, it is like a dream!"

"But I hope it is a dream from which we shall none of us wake, Mrs. Raymond."

"And where is Alice?"

"She has gone upstairs. She wanted me to confide to you the result of our moonlight chat and—"

He started so suddenly and violently that Mrs. Raymond, too, sprang to her feet.

"Robert, my son, what is it?"

He rushed to the door, threw it open and gazed round.

"It was nothing—nothing, and yet I could have sworn that a face was looking into the window, not a second ago, very pale, with heavy black hair thrown back, and a scar across the right temple! Of course, though, it was my imagination, for—"

"Robert!"

"Mrs. Raymond, you are ill!"

"No, but—Robert, tell me you will never breathe a word to Alice of this."

"Why not?"

Mrs. Raymond lowered her voice and spoke in an alarmed whisper.

"It would be but a mournful omen for her second marriage that the ghost of her first husband looked upon our happiness."

"The ghost of her first husband?"

"Yes, you have described Wallace Burt's very face, with the scar across his temple that he has borne since he was a boy."

For a moment Robert Grey stood in silence.

"My dear Mrs. Raymond, it must have been but my fancy."

"I know—I know; but do not tell her."

"Of course, there is no use in terrifying her with marvelous tales of the supernatural; but further than this—"

"Hush! Here she comes! Not a word of this!"

And Alice entered, shy and smiling, with her blue eyes downcast and the prettiest blushes on her cheek.

Long after Alice Burt was dreaming with her bright face pressed close to the pillow, and Robert Grey was safe in his own not distant home, Mrs. Raymond sat, watching the fading glow of the embers, and thinking, with a troubled heart, of the strange apparition that had so darkly overshadowed the bright future of her daughter's opening life!

The old clock had chimed "one" before she rose to seek her pillow, and the moonlight lay in silver brightness on the floor beneath the window as she began to fasten the doors for the night, when—

Merciful Father in Heaven! what a

stream rent the stillness of the midnight!

And Alice, the next day, told Robert of her terror, when, roused from her slumbers by that unearthly shriek, she found her mother lying senseless on the floor down stairs.

"Oh, Robert, she was like one dead!" faltered the frightened young widow.

But Mrs. Raymond avoided the subject when her intended son-in-law questioned her.

"It was only a fainting fit, Robert," she declared. "I have been subject to them from my childhood up. You are all magnifying a mere trifle into absurd importance."

And Mrs. Raymond never told living soul how she, too, had seen the death-pale face, with the heavy black hair swept backward, and the scar across the temple, seemingly close to her own, as she leaned out to close the window shutters in the white rain of moonlight.

"There is a fate in this marriage!" she murmured, wringing her hands. "It will never come to pass while Wallace Burt's ghost rises from the dead to forbid its bans. Death or disaster will part my child and her lover yet."

But Mrs. Raymond's fears proved unreal.

Alice and Robert were married in due course of time, and she ventured at last to breathe freely, as month after month glided by without a single cloud to mar the brightness of her children's lives.

It was nearly a year afterward that Mrs. Raymond received a letter directed to her in an unknown handwriting, which had never left her since the moonlight night in October so eventful to her daughter's life, she broke the seal.

It was a brief note from Dr. —, a famous surgeon in New York, enclosing another.

"Wallace Burt's writing! My God! will this dreadful mystery never cease to haunt me?" she wailed.

"Mother," began the letter, "for you were my mother once, in spirit and tenderness, if not in letter, I am on my deathbed now, or you would never hear from me. You saw me that night in October—you know now that I was not lost at sea, as all fancied! Would I had been—would I might have died, believing in my Alice's love to the last! I was rescued from the lonely island where so many others of the crew met an awful death by shipwreck and came to India. There I worked my way home by slow degrees, reaching it only to hear Robert Grey's vows of love—my wife's words of answering tenderness!"

"I could not blame her—did she not believe herself a widow?—but that moment all the hope and brightness went out of my life! I could not proclaim myself, to blast her happiness with the knowledge that I yet lived—but I could not tear myself away! He saw me—you saw me! What you thought or believed I never have known; but when I saw her marriage in the newspaper, and unsuspecting as an angel, never undeceive her—she is happier than ever I could have made her! When you read this, I shall have closed up all my accounts with this life—they tell me I have but twenty-four hours to live. If my blessing can make Alice happier she has it—but never tell her that I did not perish at sea."

"W. B."

Dr. —'s note said briefly: "The patient died in hospital last night. I forward this letter, as requested."

Alice never knew how deeply and unselfishly her first husband had loved her—and Wallace Burt's ghost rests peacefully now in its lonely grave.—Good Literature.

HEALTH OF JAPANESE.

Their Mode of Living Conducive to Freedom from Disease.

All wealth is at last reducible to and is, in fact, identical with healthy human bodies. There are only two civilized nations which have accepted and carried out compulsory vaccination—the German and the Japanese. Their consequent freedom from smallpox is but one illustration of many that might be adduced, showing that in making science practical, that is, in hygiene and preventive medicine, the Japanese are in advance of all others. The fundamental condition of this health of the people lies far back of all the contributions of Occidental civilization, and are wholly indigenous to this remarkable people. It consists in the national and historic habit of living in the fresh air and sunshine.

Every hygienist knows and preaches that almost the sole cause of tuberculosis and pneumonia is the ill-ventilation and impure air of our houses. They are house diseases. Many others are in part or indirectly due to the same cause. Personal uncleanness of body is also a contributing source of morbid mischief, against which the best of our western nations must also fight a long war. The Japanese have plenty of fresh air and light in their houses. The typical Japanese house, indeed, is open on all sides and at all times to wind and sun, and those who live in it are the most cleanly of body of all peoples. They have no bed rooms, and no beds, as we understand the term, and so they are also free from the diseases which are almost inevitably connected with that otherwise universal piece of household furniture. Those who are astonished at the sudden appropriation by this people of all that science and civilization can give or teach, forget that it has long been possessed of the prime essentials of civilization, of which our hygienists and boards of health are vainly now trying to teach the people the true value.—American Medicine.

### RIVALS MAMMOTH CAVE.

Many Subterranean Wonders Found at Red Bud, Ill.

Within an hour's ride of St. Louis is a cave said to surpass the famous Mammoth Cave in some respects. Its mouth is near Red Bud, Ill. Exactly under what part of the earth's surface it terminates is not known, but a civil engineer who visited the cavern declared his belief that it extended under the bed of the Mississippi river and beyond into the hills of Missouri. It is at least 12 miles long. Discovered more than half a century ago, it has been visited so infrequently that comparatively few persons are aware of its existence.

Lofly halls, massive stalactites and stalagmites encrusted with a frost-work that sparkles in the torchlight, tinkling waterfalls, great rocks carved into a thousand fantastic forms, and a river peopled with eyeless fish are characteristics of the cavern.

Within 10 yards of the entrance the passage broadens into a room so wide that the sides cannot be seen by the light of the torch when one stands in the center. Two hundred feet beyond this chamber the narrow passage widens into an anteroom. From this side wall jut a black image that, in the strong nose, high cheek bones and flickering light of the torches, resembling an Indian warrior's head. A strong nose, high cheek bones and deeply set eyes stand out clearly from the shadows. Beyond this is an avenue called "Dead Man's Gulch," littered with coffin-shaped boulders. It opens into the "Graveyard."

In unexpected juxtaposition is a great chamber, which, for another reason than its proximity and order of approach, has been named "Heaven." Innumerable stalactites, 30 to 60 feet long, depend from its vaulted roof. Between these hang smaller stalactites, from which the light of torches is reflected in a thousand white points resembling twinkling stars. The sparkling of the myriad points of light in the roof suggested the name.

The steady drip, drip of unseen springs has given rise to the name of "Dripping Springs," which has been bestowed upon an adjoining chamber. Terminating the passage leading from "Dripping Springs" is a great hall containing a beautiful pile of hundreds of stalagmites intertwined. These form a mass which has been named "Columbia Dome." In the "Queen's Drawing Room" beyond is heard the roar of falling water. As the explorer passes across the chamber, which is so high that the light from his torch shines upon no perceptible roof, the roar grows louder and deeper in tone. At last a gigantic room is reached, and it is found that the sound does not proceed from one large waterfall, as supposed, but from hundreds of small cascades pouring from hidden fissures in the walls.

Five miles from the mouth are the "Crystal Springs." At this point the cavern is crossed by a small lake, hip deep, which prevents further progress for parties containing women. The cave has been explored six miles beyond this point, but the end was not found.

A story is told of a Frenchman who lost his life near "Dead Man's Gulch" 60 years ago. He had entered the cave with a friend, and the two lost their way. The oil in their lanterns became exhausted, and after searching many hours for an outlet the Frenchman said to his friend, "I am too weak to go any further, and as you still have some strength, I leave me here and try to find your way out." Placing the exhausted Frenchman on one of the many ledges of rock at this point, and placing a red handkerchief upon a neighboring boulder, he set forth to renew his search for the entrance. Time and again he cut his hands on the needle-pointed stalagmites over which he fell in the darkness, and, at last, to his intense joy, he saw a streak of light glinting from a side wall and found that he was approaching the entrance. He never had been so glad to see the approach of daylight before. Hardly had he passed from the cave when he fell from exhaustion and slept.

Toward evening he awoke and immediately organized a searching party. Half an hour was searched, but no trace of the Frenchman or handkerchief could be found. A hunter from Kaskaskia came to Red Bud one day saying that while walking through a part of the cave he had noticed a handkerchief lying upon one of the rocks. Supposing that some one had lost it he picked it up and continued upon his tour of inspection, but becoming alarmed at the great number of halls and avenues turned back. Assuring the men that he could take them to the exact spot, they accompanied him. After going about a mile he stopped and said: "Here is where I found the handkerchief." Then the friend of the Frenchman, who was with the party, pointed to one of the ledges and said: "There is where I placed my friend." An examination of the ledge proved this. The missing man was found there dead.—New York Tribune.

Swallowing Pins.

How are children so often able without injury to swallow such sharp things as pins, needles, tacks and bits of glass? The secret, as disclosed by Dr. Albert Exner of Vienna, lies in the fact that when a pointed or sharp edged body comes in contact with the lining of the stomach or intestines the part touched contracts and puckers so as to thicken itself in that place. At the same time it withdraws itself in such a manner as to form a little pocket, and gradually twists the object around so as to turn the edge or point away, pushing the thing along.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

Cassava starch, more popularly known as tapioca, is the chief element of the gum on the back of all postage stamps.

By the use of liquefied gases extremely low temperatures, in the neighborhood of 392 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, can easily be obtained.

The toad is exceedingly greedy. It feeds continuously throughout the night, and in 24 hours consumes a quantity of insects equal to about four times its stomach capacity.

A single mesquite seed, imported from the southwest and planted in Honolulu in 1837, has propagated and spread until in the Hawaiian Islands today there are 50,000 acres of the famous plant of the alkali plains of Arizona and New Mexico.

Altogether, it is estimated, a man consumes about 1200 times his own weight of food and liquid in 70 years, or more exactly, he eats 5 3/4 tons of solids and drinks 12 3/4 tons of fluids. If these 96 1/2 tons of solids and liquids were converted into forms of mechanical force, they would be sufficient to raise 87,000,000 tons one foot.

The plants used as substitutes for soap have been investigated by L. Rosenhafer. These are especially numerous among the leguminous plants, with albizzia and acacia at the head of the list. The roots and root stalks and bulbs are mostly used, then the bark, and sometimes the leaves and fruit. An East Indian plant supplies blossoms that may be employed. The cleansing property of the plants seems to be due to saponine, and to depend upon the production of this substance of very finely divided particles in the form of an emulsion. The vegetable soap is claimed to have the advantage that—being neutral or slightly acid—it contains no free alkali to injure color. It is stated that one plant alone—*musa paradisiaca*—has sap containing sodium oleate, and that it serves as soap without containing saponine.

ELECTRICITY IN FARMING.

Its Use More Extensive in Europe Than in America.

In Europe the use of electricity in farming, while by no means extensive, still is more frequent than in this country, says the Electrical Review. In Germany a good deal of attention has been devoted to developing electrical systems of ploughing and cultivating, and other countries have shown a willingness to try the new system. France, in particular, seems to be giving electricity a thorough trial. The southern part of France abounds in waterfalls. These water powers have been developed for lighting and furnishing power to the neighboring towns, and an important part of output of these stations is used on the farms. Here, motors are adapted to doing all kinds of work. They are always ready to start; they are, in general, transportable, so that they can be moved from place to place, and they consume nothing when idle. Where the farm is fairly large it owns its own motor and keeps it working a good part of the day. Smaller farms combine and make one motor do the work for all. Placing the motor in place to place as needs require. It is possible that in this section of the country the horse has never been an important factor, and the small farmer has been able to get his products on the market by other means.

For Sleeplessness.

So many people are complaining of insomnia, which refuses to yield to any of the established remedies, that the discovery of a cure by a New York physician cannot fail to be welcome news. Drugs, though they may be efficacious at first, soon lose their effect unless the quantity is increased to a dangerous extent, and in any case they are very injurious and terrible things to tamper with. I know of cases where women, who at first only had recourse to drugs for sleeplessness, have become eventually perfect slaves of this fatal habit.

The cure this physician claims to have discovered is simple in the extreme. He had tried it himself and also on his patients with invariable success. The process is as follows: "A long breath is first taken, and the air is kept in until positive discomfort is felt, when it is slowly exhaled; this is repeated a second and a third time, and in a minute or so the patient is asleep."

Oftentimes it induces sleep to eat or drink something, such as a cup of very hot milk taken in small sips, or a hard biscuit chewed thoroughly.—Gentlewoman.

Many Wood Products.

Nothing about a sawmill goes to waste these days. Ten years ago the sawmill owners would pile their sawdust until they had a large heap, and they would burn it, getting no return whatever. The most of them now have Dutch ovens for drying the dust, and they burn it in their furnaces, making the refuse pay for the operation. Still others have established paper mills, and use their sawdust for making paper. In the olden days great logs were taken and squared and the slabs were thrown away. Now a very thin slice is taken off. Then a board is sawed and edged, and in that way hardly a perceptible fraction is lost with the bark, and even the bark has its uses.

Mary Queen of Scots, although she left but one child, has descendants in every court in Europe.



### English Bread Pudding.

One pint of soft breadcrumbs, one-half cup of dried currants or raisins, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 1/2 cups of milk. Grease small custard cups or ordinary baking pan, and put in the breadcrumbs. The better way to make the crumbs is to take a whole slice and roll it between the hands. The fruit may be mixed with the crumbs, or it may be spread on top or on the bottom of the pan. If it is used over the top, it will form a bottom layer when the pudding is turned out. Beat eggs without separating, add sugar and then milk. When the sugar is dissolved, pour carefully into the bread crumbs. Let stand ten minutes and place in shallow baking pan, partly filled with water. Bake in a quick oven 15 or 20 minutes. The mixture must be "set" in the center. Serve with a liquid pudding sauce.

### Serving a Meal.

- 1—Napkins must be folded simply and not in fanciful forms.
- 2—Place knives and forks in the order in which they are to be used, the first one used on the outside farthest away from the plate.
- 3—Extra plates, glasses, knives, forks and spoons should be in readiness on the side table.
- 4—Butter must not be served so early as to become soft.
- 5—Bread should be freshly cut.
- 6—When removing a course, food must be first taken, then soiled dishes, then clean dishes, then carving cloth and lastly crumbs.
- 7—Soiled plates and dishes must be removed from the right of each person.
- 8—Everything relating to one course must be removed before serving another course.
- 9—A meat must not be announced until everything is ready which is or may be needed.

### Taking Out Stains.

Here is a serviceable list to be kept for reference: To take out grass stains use ordinary coal oil; wet the spots thoroughly just before putting them in the wash tub.

For iron rust wet the spots with lemon juice, lay the garment in the sun and spread thick with salt; every now and again squeeze lemon juice over, keeping it wet. Two or three exposures may be necessary.

When your tablecloth and nice napkins are stained by fruit, have a small bottle of javelle water prepared at the drugist's, and saturate the spots, letting it lie a while before laundering. If fruit stains are taken in time, however, have some one hold the spot over the sink and pour boiling water through. Oxalic acid eats a hole in a few moments unless immediately washed out.

Glycerine takes out coffee and tea stains. First soak in cold water, then spread with glycerine and leave all night. The stains will disappear in the laundering. Those who have used vaseline know what an ugly stain it leaves on linen. This can be removed with chloroform or ether, but must be used with care. Have a cup or bowl handy; pour a few drops of ether on the stain, invert the bowl over the spot to keep the fumes from evaporating and leave some time.

When a garment has been scorched in the ironing, unless too deep, a hot sun bath will effectually draw out the spot. If not quite gone, wet the place and rub laundry soap on it; then lay in the sun.—Progressive Farmer.

### Recipes.

Gravy for Stews—In making stews or ragouts of cooked meats, omit the flour as thickening, use instead a sort of potato paste, made by cutting up potatoes into tiny bits and allowing them to come to a boil slowly, after having stood half an hour in cold water. When the stew is nearly finished, add the potato and allow all to simmer gently a few minutes. The taste of the gravy will be found much superior to that prepared with flour or corn starch.

Creamed Lamb Hash—Chop sufficient cold cooked lamb to make one pint; put one tablespoonful of flour in a saucepan; when the butter is melted stir until smooth and add one cupful of milk; stir until boiling; add half a teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika; when boiling and thickened add the lamb chopped fine and a grating of nutmeg; have pieces of toast cut into rounds, heap over them the creamed hash and place a poached egg on top of each; chicken and veal may be served the same way.

Cranberry and Raisin Pie—Raisins are often introduced into food without sufficient cooking to soften the skins, which are usually very tough even if thin, and are, to many persons, difficult of digestion. It is better to cook them thoroughly in a little water until plump before using them in pies or dishes where they have but slight chance to be made tender. Cook one-half cup of raisins and one cup of cranberries in one-half cup of boiling water until tender. Let them cool, then remove the seeds from the cranberries; add one cup of sugar, one rounded tablespoon of butter and one egg, and after lining with paste and filling the plate with the mixture, sprinkle one tablespoon of flour over the top, cover with a rich crust and bake.

### PARISIAN SECRET POLICE.

Strangers in the City Constantly Watched and Acts Recorded.

About the words, "the secret police," there is a pretty air of mystery. They summon up pictures of cloaked figures, of men waiting in dark alleyways and of stealthy steps behind the curtains of corridors. They are woven into nine-tenths of popular French fiction. The woman conceals, sunning herself in what Parisian doorway you please, feeds her imagination on tales of multiple disguises. For her the agent de la surete, who comes to inquire about her lodgers, is dark with mystery; he is "of the secret police." As a matter of fact, this branch of the police, though dressed in plain clothes, is not at all simple. It has to do with plain and simple crimes. Most of the agents of the surete are old soldiers, honorable men. They are supplemented, however, by a band of quasi police known as indicators. These people, who are permanent auxiliaries of the service, are recruited among the street fakery and masterless rogues who foregather in Paris.

But behind these humdrum agents and those gloomy outcasts, their aids, there is a mighty and mysterious "secret police," about which not one Parisian in a hundred has definite knowledge. The real secret police—today, edge. The real secret police—today, is as under the empire—is that which is known as the brigade de recherches—that is, the brigade of investigation. The members of this force are recruited in a far higher rank of society than the fellows of the surete. Indeed, there is no class—from the old nobility to the new fealty of the occult system of espionage. It is not my purpose here to describe in detail the many ramifications of this ancient and potent order of spies.

A foreigner in France, if he associates frequently with people of importance, comes in time to know them well. They follow him in his comings and goings, report upon his acts and opinions, and sift his life, with a care unknown in our careless republic. One of those who was sent out on my trail I came to know very well. What I was suspected of I know not, though during the troublous days of the Dreyfus case I fraternized with many men—one of whom, the Comte du Temple, an ex-deputy, was an aggressive royalist. Anyway, my spy and I came to know each other very well. He played a good game of billiards and was a companionable gentleman.

A little later Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, the assistant corporation counsel of New York, visited me in Paris. He was greatly interested in the secret police. I could hardly persuade him that from the moment we met and shook hands in the Gare du Nord until his departure from the Gare St. Lazare, every act of his had been noted. I got the evidence from my friend (my own pet spy) in the brigade des recherches. The doctor's record was singularly complete. He had not spoken with a man, he had not chatted with a woman, he had not dined out or breakfasted in my garden, he had not bought a pair of yellow gloves, unseen by some ubiquitous spy. The amazed gentleman, when he learned how close had been the watch upon him, shuddered as if he had walked in peril, and went back to New York, wondering. So close are the meshes of this police net that not even a casual visitor slips through.—Vance Thompson in Success.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are 2400 mineral waters bottled in New York City.

Peat has about half of the heating power of coal and double that of wood.

A farthing has been found in the stomach of a codfish at Eyemouth, England.

The long distance automobile race this year will be from Paris to Madrid, 330 miles.

Christian societies are presenting copies of the Bible to Japanese soldiers at the front.

Cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it will flower and seed within eight days of planting.

A franchise has been granted to build an electric railroad from Merced, Cal., along the Merced River into the Yosemite Valley to reach the Yosemite National Park.

The supply of sterilized milk by the Liverpool Corporation has become quite a popular business. As many as 500 families are now supplied, the weekly consumption being 1200 gallons.

Mrs. Abram Van Howe of Codrus, N. Y., eighty-one years of age, has cut her third set of teeth. Recently she experienced a peculiar soreness in her gums where her teeth had once been, although she lost them all many years ago. A physician was called in and found that a full new set of teeth was struggling to get through the gums on both jaws.

### Queen's Names on Oaks.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor Forest whereon their respective names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates. In different parts of the forest, with seats around them, are oaks bearing the names of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte and Queen Victoria. "Herne's Oak," mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as being in Windsor Park, was destroyed by a gale on August 31, 1863.