

By FRED'K H. ADAMS.

Adelina Patti charges the people of St. Louis six dollars for a single sitting each performance. The papers consider this price extortionate but are forced to confess that, as no one can sing quite like her, the price of her notes will not keep music lovers at home.

An English Blue Book shows that Gen. Wolseley, commanding the English army in Egypt, has received \$465,000 from the English Government in reward for his military services. The bounty given him for the victory of Tel El Kebir was \$150,000; for his Ashantee victories, \$125,000, and for his Indian services, \$190,000.

General Grant has recently repaid a loan of \$1,000 made to him last May, when the firm of Grant & Ward failed, by a man in Lansingburgh, N. Y. The use of the money was voluntarily offered for one year without interest, and in returning it General Grant expresses his thanks and explains that he had been able to earn the sum himself within the time specified. No doubt the latter fact gave the General especial satisfaction, and the entire transaction reflects credit upon the persons concerned.

The Nestor of the New York Bar is Mr. David Dudley Field. On the 13th inst. he completed his 80th year, and is a remarkable example of physical vigor in old age. His step is as firm, his carriage as upright and his endurance as great as most men's are at forty. The secret of his preservation is worth knowing, and Mr. Field attributes it to regular exercise, and especially to horse back riding and daily cold baths. He takes a glass of claret at dinner, but discards all other liquors. He never used tobacco in any form.

The greatest enterprise yet exhibited by the English military authorities is the determination to reinforce its army in the Soudan by way of the Red Sea. The distance from Suakin, on the Red Sea, to Berber on the Nile, is only one-fourth or less the distance from Cairo by way of the Nile. But without railroad transportation it would be impossible. To lay a railroad as fast as an army can march and so keep it constantly supplied, will, if successful, be a fine piece of engineering construction. Nothing like it has been done since the Union Pacific Railroad was pushed forward so rapidly across the American desert. To build it in the two months proposed will require the construction of five or six miles a day.

The London (Can.) Standard in trying to make out that the Manitoba climate had entered a go-as-you-please race with the North Pole, said that the thermometer had registered fifty degrees below Winnipeg. Whereupon the Free Press of that city, with a self-respect and courage worthy of its name, says that this attack upon the climate of the Northwest is utterly outrageous; that on the very day when the Standard said the thermometer was fifty degrees below, it was by the most trustworthy thermometer only forty-six degrees below. There is a difference to be sure, but it does not amount to much when the mercury gets below zero; and then thermometers are very apt to vary, as everybody knows. The signal service observers never have it as cold or as hot as outside instruments and observers.

A law was a year or two ago enacted in Michigan which other States might well adopt for putting a stop to the disgraceful and ever increasing contests that go on in our courts over the will of deceased rich men. Under it a testator who wishes to put his will beyond dispute, after making the same, informs all the legatees that he has done so. It is not necessary that they should know what they are to get or who the others are, simply that they are "down in writing." Then if they have any doubt as to the sanity of their benefactor they can have it decided by a jury in a court of law while the man is alive. His immediate relatives are also informed that a will has been made, and they can enjoy the same privilege of testing his sanity. If any of them fail to do so and the man dies all further dispute over the will is precluded, and the same is admitted to probate without question.

LONGINGS.

I lazily lounge with my feet on the fender,
In my dressing robe, free from attire of the ball,
And dreamily muse of the music and splendor—
The hollowness that is found over it all.
Outside in the midnight the winter rain splashes,
A bell chimes the hour from a tower far away,
Wind shadows are cast o'er my room as the ashes
Fall from the logs in a glittering spray.

My cat on the hearthstone is lazily lying,
Black, warm and sleek—all untroubled by care;
Does she dream of a party where there is no sighing,
Where everything is as it looks—sweet and fair?
We whirl in the waltz, and the music and laughter,
Gaze with love into eyes that look love in return;
But know when the present becomes the hereafter,
That such love as this was created to spurn.

Oh! where can I find amid such scenes of splendor,
The man whom I wait for—bold, honest and true?
With hands made for toiling, eyes both brave and tender,
With heart for true love and with thoughts ever new.
I don't want a man who is barren of feeling,
But one with a mind that is truly enlarged;
A form that his manhood is ever revealing—
I want the nice coachman papa's just discharged.

—Samuel Williams Cooper.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MINE.

The "Fraternity" Mine was situated on a treeless upland, near a little draw that ran down from the Caballo Mountains. It had been taken up in first claim by Lon Howard and "Crib" Lewis, two prepossessing men who came "out from the east," as the phrase ran. Mangre the fact that the prevailing mining fever made a granite lodge seem scarcely an irrational site for prospect holes, the proprietors were ridiculed no little for their choice of location during their occasional visits, for supplies or other business, to the neighboring mountain town. It was assumed that they had independent sources of income, since the mine certainly could not yield them the necessities of life. "She wouldn't buy her own fuse, let alone blasting powder," said one mining sharp so disant. "Such tenderfeet couldn't locate a graveyard for me. They'd better cut their shaft into three-foot sections and peddle it to the new telegraph company for post holes." The partners were reticent and self-contained about their business, and bore well the attempted facetiousness of the camp.

At last there was the inevitable gratified flutter of fulfilled prediction among the prophets, when "Crib" Lewis came to make his abode in town, with the announcement of his partner's departure for their former home. "Lon was not fitted for rough life like that," he said, in casual explanation. "Now, if we had made a big stake, he might have stayed with it for a while. But Lord! how he did hate this part of the world! All you fellows know how often he used to swear he was going to break off and go 'back to God's country.' I miss him, of course; we've been together from the time we could run alone."

Howard's absence was regretted less than might have been had not Lewis so freely alluded to his partner's sense of superiority to the section. There was no doubt that Lewis, left to himself, changed most unfavorable. He coarsened and roughened, day by day, and settled through lower and lower social strata, until the most depraved and vicious of the camp were his chosen associates in the wild debauches for which, without labor, he always had ample funds.

It was at this time that my father, coming home to our late dinner, announced the arrival, on the evening coach, of a fellow-Californian and old-time neighbor of our family. Mr. Walter made one or two brief expeditions into the outlying region and then quietly stated to us the conclusion of negotiations by which the "Fraternity" mine became the property of a wealthy California company, as whose agent our friend had come hither. The terms of the sale were so considerable as to give the transaction an importance beyond any other that had taken place in the district for a twelve-month past. Therefore, Mr. Walter, apprehending a rush of claimants to "the extension," thought it expedient to fix accurately the boundaries of the original mine before knowledge of this unexpected purchase should generally transpire. For this purpose the expert, my father, and a young surveyor, prepared to drive out to the mine, and Mr. Walter, with whom I was a favorite, suggested that I should make the fourth in the carriage.

We made a late start, and driving easily the thirty-odd miles, we reached the mine a little before night. It was not late to view the place—certainly as little as well might be like any preconceived idea of a valuable mine. A little draw running down from the low mountains a league away, with only an occasional scrubby tree dotting its arid border. A small tent on the slope near the run, and some rods distant, half way up the incline of the mound-like hill, a primitive windlass, in no wise

different, save in point of massiveness, from the apparatus at the well in many an old-fashioned farmyard.

And this is the mine that has cost Scott, Reynolds & Burke such a preposterous sum on the strength of your verdict! I cried, picking up a bit of the glistening white rock, almost white as marble, that salted the earth. "Wonder, Mr. Walter, that you dare assume such responsibility. This is certainly unlike any ore-bearing rock that I have seen, yet I flatter myself that I have grown quite a connoisseur."

"That is the phenomenal peculiarity of the mine—the surface indications are so slight. Yet you can find a certain amount of silver float among this beautiful, worthless stuff. The fact remains that the lead is almost virgin silver, as you shall see to-morrow. I have traced it far into the extension, by a well-defined line of minor shafts—you see the dumps marking their situation. Those men worked almost as if by intuition. Only the baldest luck or actual clairvoyance can explain their strike. It was only actual satisfaction of my own senses that reassured me of the value of the mine, for Lewis' eagerness to sell was suspicious, as was his extreme anxiety to keep our negotiations secret in town yesterday. Well, I suppose he feels disgraced by his dissipation there, and the figure he gets is big enough to satisfy any man."

"Something crooked," commented my father, who is of an analytical turn, and not over-full of faith in his kind. Mr. Walter laughed. "Straight enough, so far as our ownership is concerned. We'll see what color the bird in the bush proves to be."

"What provision have you against Howard's claim?" my father asked dubiously. "Oh, that's all right. Lewis holds a power of attorney, and Howard's signature to a deed with blanks for parties of the second part. They were executed, he admits, at a time when Howard was about going home in disgust, before they struck this rich lead of 'wire silver.' It was never canceled, and is perfectly valid now."

We retired for the night. A bed was made for me within the carriage, with its movable cushions, and my father spread his blankets between the wheels. I heard him speaking to our companions after and settled to repose.

"What's the matter? Don't you like the tent?"

"We cannot both sleep on the narrow cot," the young surveyor answered, "and they've tried to level the floor, and left it like a new-plowed field." He moved on to spread their joint pallet on the ground.

Mr. Walter came and stood near the carriage.

"There is something oppressive in that tent," he said; "I could not sleep there, possibly. A chill struck me the moment I entered. It was just so when we looked in at the stores this afternoon. What can be the cause?"

"A band of Apaches may have looked in and left their blood-curdling taint on the atmosphere," my father jeered. "They were seen through here a few weeks ago. Walter, you grow more fantastic and metaphysical every year. We'll have you tipping tables and materializing soon."

"But I am not to blame," said Alfred Walter, simply and without temper, "that I am over-sensitive to certain psychic influences, any more than a man is culpable who gets bronchitis in a Texas nother; and, now I think of it, this is the first night I have been on this ground. On each of our three visits here, Lewis found something to take us across the divide to Salvador, and we slept there."

"Oh, no doubt Lewis has even more than the average Eastern man's esteem for his own scalp, and a mile above here there used to be a favorite Indian trail. It is used yet at times—you may have remarked that we kept no campfire. Keep your guns handy and you're all right—unless you awaken Ysador and her wrath at the same time. The child is fond of her name. Good night."

My last waking consciousness was of amusement at my father's cavalier dealing with Mr. Walter, and a mild wonder at the patience with which that gentleman sustained patent reflections against his courage. Then an indefinite period of deep, dreamless sleep, before I awakened, starting, shuddering with the horror of—what was it? The lugubrious, long-drawn howl of a pack of wolves, drawn hither by the scent of our food? But in this section, even the skulking coyote was rare in the extreme. Was it, then, the despairing cry of a wayfarer, belated, who had fallen upon some unknown peril, or had a band of marauding Apaches slipped down upon us to make an unaccustomed night attack?

"Ysador!" my father softly called, as I cocked my ready revolver—for on the frontier a woman learns the duty of self-defense.

In another moment we were grouped beneath the carriage, preparing as we could for what might come. The long rifles rested across the wheel spokes, and the reserve pistols lay close at hand. No sight, no further sound. The night was opaquely dark. "The horses!" I whispered, with a sudden recollection, and in another moment young Hande was noiselessly gliding with a snake's sinuous movement to the tree where his two bays were tethered. He slipped among us again, calm and wary.

"Cub and Baby are there," he said, "but trembling to their hoofs. They seem mischief."

"Look at the mine!" cried Alfred Walter, thrilling.

From the mouth of the shaft stream-

ed upward—what? Aluminous mist, a palely phosphorescent cloud, electric, glowing, vague and dim, but unmistakable. It increased in volume and it deepened in density, hanging an amorphous body of cold incandescence in relief against the gloom. Then began a distinct movement among its particles, neither pulsating nor rotary, but rather akin to an irregular system of endomose and exomose. It is impossible to describe the peculiar appearance of atomic scintillation in a mass of purely nebulous matter that, in bulk, gave no suggestion of molecular constitution. Gradually the mysterious substance densified about its centre. With many a wavering expression and contraction, an outline shaped itself within the cloud—shaped itself, apparently materialized, and stood forth, the head and shoulders of a singularly handsome man, whose mournful eyes looked toward us, over us, through us, to the tent of the "Fraternity" partners, on the edge of the draw.

"Good Heavens!" cried Harvey Hande, "it is Lon Howard."

"But look!" said Alfred Walter; "see how the cloud is moving."

The central apparition resolved itself again into luminous mist, and the nebula swung forward, floating tremulously down the hillside toward us and the tent. It kept its shapeless shape no briefest minute. Now it streamed up through the night like mounting flame from some funeral pyre; now it spread flatly, like a great bird stooping with pinions wide outspread; again rolled, globular in form and motion, or whirled furiously, as if driven by a mighty gale. The edges of the aerial mass swept so near us in its passage that we, crouching there before the mystery, felt ourselves drawn forward with it, for through us, at its neighborhood, ran an electric thrill, acute to painfulness, yet with a curious sense of exaltation and attraction.

"It is gone!"

"It is not gone," said Alfred Walter; "it has entered the tent."

We had left the door-flaps of the tent thrown back, relying on the dryness of the season, and through the opening we could see the whole interior, illuminated by that strange, unearthly glow. And yet, not the faintest gleam pierced the thin canvas walls. Save at its entrance, the tent was not to be distinguished from the sight without.

Gazing into that narrow space, we four who watched that night saw develop a drama such as was never seen of mortal eye before. We saw the heap of tools within, the bearskin upon the clotted floor, the piled-up powder-cans, the flour-barrel and its attendant stores. At one side, the rude cot bed, with its rough blankets and meagre pillow, and—could it be? The form of a man was outstretched on the bed. He stirred, he turned in his sleep and rose upon one arm to look about him and gaze out into the night, and, seeming reassured, sank back again to rest.

Then another tall shape appeared at the tent door, rifle in hand, as if from keeping guard. He bent to hear the sleeper's breathing. Seemingly satisfied of the other's unconsciousness, the new-comer went close beside him, put the muzzle of his gun against the head of the sleeping man and fired. Oh, the ghastly sight, in place of manly beauty. The murderer set aside his gun; he closely rolled his dead comrade in the blankets and dragged aside the stiffening body. He carried without all the stores and the bed, and where the cot had stood he dug a deep and narrow grave and laid the dead man in it, packing and treading the cold earth over his senseless clay. Then, with breathless ingenuity, he spaded over all the floor of the tent until it presented a uniform surface.

The stores, the barrel, the tools, were carefully replaced, and, last of all, the assassin set up again the bed in its accustomed stand. But the consummation of brutal indifference was reached when Lewis coolly stretched himself upon that empty couch above the bloody grave where lay his victim. He lay, and seemed to sleep; and again the splendid head and mournful eyes of his old-time friend took shape in the air and bent above the slayer. Lewis sprang up with a wild ringing cry that rang through the night with awful power, and dashed into the darkness.

No need to question longer what had roused us from slumber; the same alarm swept over us now, the same engorged brain oppressed, the same depleted heart-channels, the same wavering, failing members distressed.

The spell was broken. How long we had been watching, we could never know; but we must have slept until the night was far advanced and dawn had not yet come. The scenes we had just witnessed would have occupied hours in their actual occurrence; whereas they had been compressed into a brief period of time by some subtle process analogous to the swift operation of dreams. Shocked and stunned we had not moved, when Alfred Walter spoke:

"This is more than mere hallucination. There is purpose in it. The manifestation is beginning again. Look at the mine!"

Beyond a doubt, there was some repetitive power here—some purpose of regularity in recurrence; for we watched the phenomenon until it had reached the stage of locomotion. Then Alfred Walter stood up with a deep-drawn breath.

"Let us get out the shovels. Instead of monumenting a claim, we must open a tomb."

The three men lost no time; strong and active all, it was only a brief while till they had dug away the earth from the mortal remains of Lon Howard, done to death by the traitorous hand of the man he had loved and

trusted like a brother. The terrible task accomplished, young Hande rode over the bridge to Salvador, and brought back a crowd of men and a buckboard to convey poor Howard's body into town.

Our own party returned intact. We left our melancholy convey a league outside of the town, and hastened forward to prepare for its reception. As we drove through the main street of the camp, still early in the day, clusters of men were talking here and there with the absorbed, impressive air that generally tells of tragic happening. From one of these groups a man we knew, an inveterate gossip; drew apart, and hailed us.

"Hallo! 're back already? Heard the news?"

"We've heard no news from town. What is it?"

"Crib Lewis was buckin' faro all day yesterday. He blew in \$7,000—the boys thought all he had—but they found checks for a little fortune in his room this morning. Say he's sold his mine. The old 'Fraternity's' richer than the Comstock, they say, and the damned fool blew his brains out last night! Go up to Doc Hassler's and see him. I'd pay to look at a fool like that!"

Dr. Hassler was the coroner. His office was the objective point with the ill tidings we carried. And so once more they rested, side by side, the partners in the "Fraternity."

Y. H. ADDIS, in the Argonaut.

Farming in New England.

The following letter from William Chapin of Middlesex, Vt., to the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror and Farmer, gives a pretty good idea of the agricultural depression in some parts of New England:

All things considered, land is cheaper here in New England than at the West or South, and with good cause, for we have suffered our young men to be enticed away until there is not sufficient help to take care of the land and improve it. A hundred thousand more people in the State of Vermont would increase its wealth many hundred millions of dollars in a few years. I presume the same is true of other eastern states. Is it not time for us to stop this great drain upon our wealth and population? As one of the means to keep the boys at home, let it be made known that there are cheap lands here to be had in connection with such comforts and conveniences of civilization as good schools, good roads, churches, mills, stores, etc. I bought in 1878 one farm of 100 acres, with house all situated, barn, orchard, fifty acres of growing timber and within six miles of a railroad station, for \$500. This farm had been under mortgage for forty years, robbed, skinned and neglected until it looked like the "abomination of desolation;" yet, with proper treatment, it has been made to produce good crops. In 1882, I bought a farm of 80 acres, on which the buildings had just been burned, for \$250. This was a comparatively new farm, good wheat or grass land. In 1883, I bought 123 acres of pasture and woodland, four miles from the state house, at Montpelier, for \$500. I call these lands "cheap," because a man with ordinary energy and ability can make it profitable to work them, and can live in peace and comfort untroubled by Kullux or alligators, Indians or cyclones, those little drawbacks of the sunny south and windy west. I have been enabled to buy them cheap, because I had the money to pay for them, and that money was made by farming other lands in the same vicinity.

There are hundreds of thousands of acres of land all through our New England States that, in the depreciation in values from 1870 to 1880, fell back into the hands of the mortgagees, who, in the most cases were professional men, money-lenders or moneyed corporations, who did not know or care how to manage farm lands and in whose hands the property is, in most cases, going from bad to worse. Much of this land is naturally good; but it is in bad condition. Any real farmer can take up and improve these places and make his employment more profitable.

The Vanderbilt Residences.

From the New York World.

I doubt the yarn that was current on the street yesterday, that Cornelius Vanderbilt had offered to sell his \$2,000,000 house for \$1,000,000 and was going to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to board for economy's sake, and that W. K. had already gone to Paris to live. They probably all feel poor, though. It was a folly for Cornelius to put up that gorgeous mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street. The \$50,000 house his dotting grandfather gave him on Fourth Avenue and Thirty-third street was a very comfortable residence indeed; but when he got hold of that \$2,000,000 he went and bought the two new and spacious houses on Fifth Avenue, giving Bigelow \$175,000 for one and \$135,000 for the other. They had been begun only two years before, and one was not yet finished, but he leveled them to the ground, every brick, and built his own personal palace there. A prudent man wouldn't have done it. And Mrs. William K. would think her dolls were stuffed with sawdust if she were compelled to quit the residence where she and Lady Mandeville have given such magnificent entertainments—especially that Gothic dining-room which inspired her little girl to inquire at the end of the first week, "Ma, have we always got to eat in the church?"