A FAMILY SKELETON.

There is an old brick mansion on Esplanade street, New Orleans, that stands a little way back from the banquet, and from its quaint construction attracts the attention of the passerby. It was built over a century ago, and has a strange history yet fresh in the memory of many. It is connected with an event somewhat remarkable in my experience. It was then the residence of a Spanish family of great wealth and distinguished social position. Mr. L and myself were strangers to them personally, although we were familiar with their reputation in the community. One night we were surprised, by a visit from Antoine Pallerin, the then head of the family, which consisted of a nephew and daughter. Rumor had it that the wife was yet living; but, if so, it was in such retirement that even her name was never mentioned to strangers.

On introducing himself to us Mr. Pallerin stated that he might possibly need our services in a matter—terrible!—he added—which must be kept secret until after his death. This information we very of course willing to observe, and so stated.

He then disclosed to us the fact that he had recently rescued from his safe some jewels of great value and that the circumstance of their disappearance left no doubt in his mind that they were taken by either his nephew or his daughter. The profound agitation with which this disclosure was made left no doubt in our minds of the grief it cost him to make it.

"I would not," he said, "put this matter in your hands but that I am bound by solemn obligation of honor to transmit them to the representative of my house when I die. It may be that my child has taken, or my nephew, urged by debts which young men sometimes contract, has taken them to pledge to enable him to raise money. In either event they will have to be recovered, since I cannot evade the vow I am under. You perceive now why I am compelled to require of you a pledge of secrecy."

With this the interview terminated, and we set ourselves to work upon the case. To prosecute our inquiries more effectually it was necessary for me to visit the house. This I did as a guest from a distant state.

A more beautiful creature than Marie Pallerin I had never seen. She seemed, indeed, a child of the tropics, radiant as a gem of the orient, she rival as the Egyptian queen. Long black hair, soft and silky, fell to her waist, while her slender, exquisitely proportioned figure would have been a sculptor's ideal, graceful and winning in her young girlhood and so innocent that it seemed impossible to associate with a creature so lovely an idea of crime. The nephew was a tall, fine looking man, with the dark hue of the Spaniard in his complexion and the fire of his passionate race in his eyes.

I am ——— sure that the old man's theory was wrong. ——ever suspicious the circumstances, these young people were guiltless. Still I kept my own ——— and accepted the hospitalities I had come apparently to enjoy.

My room was on the second floor, elegantly and sumptuously appointed. After retiring I sat before the fire enjoying a Havana and reflecting on the case. It must have been near midnight when my reverie was disturbed by a scream so piercing that my blood curdled at the fearful sound. It was succeeded by a sound of mortal laughter. The singular cadence ended along the vaulted passages with a weird intonation that seemed to the fancy ghostly and chilling, as the wind in a charnel house.

I could not account for it. Struck spellbound, I could only listen for its repetition, but it came no more. I will confess a nameless dread as I hastily undressed and sought forgetfulness in sleep. But my nerves were excited, and slumber fled utterly forsaken me. At last I dropped to sleep—a troubled, uncertain kind of repose that wearied instead of rested mind and body. I awoke from this with a start. As by hand was on my forehead. The weird laughing of that horrible laugh was in my ears. I sprang upright in bed, and before me in the dimly lighted room was a creature so distorted in appearance, so misshapen and deformed, that my first impression was that I was in the presence of the supernatural.

Behind I had time to think, however, it fled. I sprang from the bed and followed hastily. For up the flight of stairs I heard the patter of flying feet. Determined to see who my visitor was, I followed quickly. Up into the highest story and back along a gallery the creature fled. I could see it run distinctly—a similar woman. She stood in the center of a brilliantly lighted room formed like a crib. She was laughing and beckoning me on. At the threshold of the door by a servant, fellow to some heavy instrument, and still insensible. All was plain to me now.

The strange creature was a maniac confined in the house. In escaping she had nearly murdered her keeper. It was necessary to secure her, and for this purpose, before alarming the family I advanced to where she stood. In doing so my eye fell upon a casket concealed in the bosom of her dress. I gave the alarm, and in a moment the house was filled with frightened servants. Shortly after the father and daughter came in. They both were greatly agitated and evidently greatly surprised. I detailed to them as briefly as I could the circumstances that brought me there, and taking the casket in my hand I asked Mr. Pallerin what it was.

"The jewels! The jewels!" he exclaimed, and opened it eagerly. The woman was his wife. For long years she had been a maniac. Before her reason departed her and her mind became a rain she knew where the jewels were kept and had frequently been there. Impelled by some strange freak, she had sought them, with the result as stated.

Of course all suspicion was now put at rest. I was required to keep another secret. It was no an horn to publish it now, for both he who explained and she about whom it was made are dead. Another clime possesses the life of the beautiful girl and the brave youth. Years were time of a stranger till persons who knew it is a tedious story to tell to a who mingled in the scene.—New York Sun.

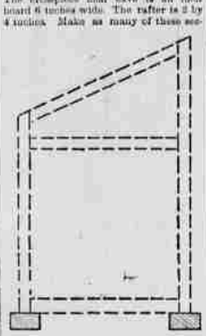
STORING CELERY.

A Successful Method of Keeping Celery For Winter Use.

After trying the various methods of storing celery for winter use a New York correspondent gives in American Gardening an illustrated description of what he considers the best plan. He uses Giant Pascal and New Rose for winter and planted three rows close together, six or seven inches apart, and the plants about the same distance apart in the rows. The ground is heavily manured for good blanching, and the plants are kept well watered and cultivated. They are given but one slight cutting up until slight frosts set in. Stakes are then driven in along the two outside rows, giving the tops a slight inclination toward the central row and having the tops of the stakes about level with the tops of the celery. Earth is then banked up about two-thirds of the height of the plants and made firm. A 10 inch board is then set against the stakes on each side and the earth is banked to a level with the top of the boards. Two more board are nailed together at right angles to one another and these are placed over the top.

Some straw is placed alongside of the rows and is put over the boards during a sharp freeze. In mild weather both straw and boards are removed entirely. This is all the protection that will be needed until severe winter weather sets in, when the whole bank may be covered with leaves, straw and litter of any kind. The accompanying sketch may present a clearer idea of this method.

The point that appeals most strongly to the fancy is the fact that the plants are stored just as they grow, and that they are able to continue growing, not having been disturbed at the roots, thus giving them the opportunity of making what is essential to this keeping celery—viz, a late growth.



SECTION OF FOREGRIP.

An Ohio Corncrib.

Here is the way in which they build concrete cheap and strong in northwestern Ohio: Set two parallel rows of stone blocks 4½ feet apart in the row, the rows as far apart as the width of crib. Then make the frame in sections as shown in the cut. The posts are 2 by 6 inches, one 11 feet long and the other 14. The sill is 2 by 10 and 7 feet long. The crossbeam near eave is an inch board 6 inches wide. The rafter is 2 by 4 inches. Make as many of these sections as necessary for the size of the crib and set them on the stone blocks. Nail with 4 by 6 inch boards. The floor is of inch lumber. Side up horizontally with 1 by 4 inch lumber.

A correspondent of Ohio Farmer who submitted the foregoing built a crib 7 feet 4 inches wide, 11 feet high at eaves, 14 feet at front and 60 feet long, using good lumber, oak frame, pine roof, for $40. It will hold 2,000 bushels of shelled corn. In siding up leave as many openings as desired for filling in. Cut the siding at the opening with a miter and the slats can be removed one at a time, making cheap openings.

Rape as a Fall Feed.

In regard to the value of rape as a late fall feed there are no two opinions as to its being the best crop grown for fattening sheep and lambs, says a Prairie Farmer correspondent, who, however, admits that "there is some difference of opinion as to its value for feeding cattle, not but that it is well understood that flesh can be laid on at less cost and more rapidly than by the use of any other feed that is fed off directly in the field, but the experience of many growers is that it is rather risky. Without advising as to its use for cattle I can say in this—that having grown it somewhat extensively for over 20 years I have found it a very cheap and satisfactory fall feed for cattle, and even pigs do remarkably well upon it when they are given a small allowance of grain. During the many years we have grown it there has been the loss of only two calves, one of them clearly the result of mismanagement in turning on with an empty stomach. With regard to either cattle or sheep, great care should be exercised to see that before being allowed to feed on rape they have been fed beforehand."

The Popular Horse of Romance.

If one may judge from the novels that young women seem to read the horse is the favorite of romance. It is never to be sentimental, rhetorical or brutal. They will prefer him to be big and strong, but let him be careful not to put on airs about it. There is nothing which seems to please a little woman more than to humiliate a big man, and that at his own game. If she can show him that she can suffer and, above all, endure as much as he can and farther out to see than he can, she is in a fair way to accept his humble profession of love and allegiance in the next chapter.

The prevalent horse is a mixture of the almost anything will, but keeps it to himself. He must be a man of fortune to move parties, be a fashionable man of fashion, playing golf or polo or riding to hounds or running a steam yacht.

He is permitted the fact to look out that he is neither fit to be a statesman or a great and philanthropic problem, he begins to get a hold on the affections of the knowing lady. Strange that modern young women seem to want in a hero is a correct, fashionable and rather frivolous manner of life, but inasmuch as testimonies serious are not wanting, it is to be hoped that "partners," he is all right—he need not do much. For the world is known to be rather cruel and critical towards husbands, and girl knows that he will fail of carrying out his ideal, but she is determined that he shall have her by way of compensation.—Brock in Ladies' Home Journal.

BOOK FREE

SCOTT'S EMULSION announces the successive issue of its valuable book on the health of the young and delicate of both sexes, containing also valuable information for the married, telling in very words how to obtain strong healthy offspring, and a positive cure for consumption, if in its early stages. Sent free to any address by druggists will be enough to base a valuable book on. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, Probate Division, Third Judicial District in and for Salt Lake County, Utah Ter.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ferdinand D. Merrill, Deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate and personal property not be made.

WILLIAM W. RESSILL, THE ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of Ferdinand D. Merrill, deceased, having filed his petition herein duly verified, praying for an order of sale of his personal property and the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes therein set forth, it is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before the judge of this court, at the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Wednesday, the 10th day of November, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in Salt Lake City, Utah, in and for said County of Salt Lake, Utah, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator, to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased and of the said petitioner, as will be necessary to pay the debts of said deceased, and for the expenses of said administration, to sell so much of the said estate of said deceased, and of the said petitioner, as will be necessary for the support of said petitioner and family during the time of the administration, and for the support of the minor children of said deceased, and for the allowance to said petitioner of a reasonable sum for his services as an attorney in said estate, and for the payment of the costs of said administration, and for the payment of the costs of said petitioner in the prosecution of said petition, and for the payment of the costs of said petitioner in the prosecution of said petition, and for the payment of the costs of said petitioner in the prosecution of said petition