

...wife—had ordered a me...  
the cheerful blaze giving to the  
furnished apartment a delightful  
of warmth and coziness.  
With such a fire and such a chair, and  
my favorite evening paper in my  
pocket, retiring was not to be thought  
of; so drawing to my chair a table on  
which stood a shaded lamp I gave myself  
up to the perusal of my journal.  
Over the long parliamentary report I  
must have gone to sleep, and when I  
awoke the lamp had burned itself out,  
and but a few sparks remained of the  
cheery fire. The room was not in total  
darkness, for there was a moon, hidden  
by clouds, to be sure, but still throwing  
enough light at the wide windows to  
make things dimly visible.  
On the instant awakening I felt that  
some one was near me, and, with that  
startled feeling one has on awakening  
suddenly from a sound sleep, I cried out:  
"Who's there?"  
No answer came, and the only sounds  
were the tapping of a tree branch against  
the window and the ticking of the clock  
in the fireplace.  
I was conscious that somebody—  
something—was near me, and I held my  
breath, straining my ears to catch  
some sound that should reveal the intruder,  
but only the tap of the tree branch  
and the tick of the clock broke the silence.  
I remembered that there were matches  
on the table, and turned my chair to  
search for them. An exclamation of as-  
tonishment rose to my lips as I did so,  
for on the surface of the table was a  
strange luminous spot—neither lamplight,  
firelight nor moonlight.  
Up to this time my feeling had been  
one of annoyance rather than fear, but  
there was something so indescribable, so  
supernatural, about this light that a sudden  
terror seized me, and I gazed as one  
fascinated, unable to move.  
A card and pencil I had taken from  
my pocket lay on the table, and over  
this the light grew brighter, and in the  
midst a hand appeared—a woman's hand,  
delicate and beautiful, but of deathly  
whiteness, and on the third finger gleamed  
a ruby, the stone held between two  
golden serpents' heads.  
The fingers closed over the pencil, and  
after making several irregular marks upon  
the card, letters began to be formed, and  
as I leaned forward with breathless in-  
terest, I saw the pallid hand write with  
perfect distinctness:  
"Search for the box in the old well."  
Then the strange light grew dim, the  
hand gradually faded away, and the  
moon, emerging from the clouds, threw  
a shaft of light into the room.  
The spell that had bound me was  
broken, and in a moment I had found  
match and taper, and light in hand, was  
bending over the table.  
The card was blank—not a word upon  
it—and I asked myself if I had been  
dreaming; but hard as I tried to convince  
myself that such was the case I could  
not; it had all been too real.  
A strange experience it was surely,  
but after pondering over it while I de-  
cided to dismiss it from my mind and to  
retire.  
In the morning the affair seemed more  
inexplicable than ever, and I found my-  
self constantly thinking of the words I  
had seen traced by the mysterious hand.  
They were meaningless to me. "Search  
for the box in the old well." I knew of  
no box that had been lost, and certainly  
knew of no old well. The affair had a  
favor of "Lady Audley's Secret" about it,  
and it was not hard to picture a mys-  
terious well concealing in its depths some  
ghastly secret.  
I could have laughed the matter off  
as a dream I should have regarded as a

What she said I do not know, for on  
the hand that was laid in mine glistened  
a ruby—a ruby held between two golden  
serpents' heads.  
I must have seemed strangely embar-  
rased for a moment. But I saw Constance  
look at me oddly, and with a determined  
effort I put aside all speculations for the  
time being.  
That evening in the drawing-room, as  
Miss Saunders and I were looking over a  
book of engravings, I seized the opportu-  
nity to comment upon the ring, saying  
I had never seen that design before.  
The sweet face grew sad as she an-  
swered: "It was my mother's ring. She  
placed it on my finger the day she died."  
By her mother I understood of course  
that she meant Mrs. Denison, the only  
mother she had ever known, and I almost  
seemed to hear the words: "Search for  
the box in the old well." Could there  
be any connection between the mis-  
sing will and my strange vision?  
The days went on, every hour bring-  
ing me nearer that unhappy day when I  
must leave the Grange and Mabel and  
return to my office drudgery. I had  
often declaimed against sudden attach-  
ments, had often argued that love should  
be a growth, and here were all my  
theories completely shattered. At a  
glance from Mabel's blue eyes a flame  
had been kindled in my heart that grew  
brighter and brighter as we walked or  
drove together in the long, pleasant  
days. Still, I did not mean to ask her  
to be my wife, for what had I to offer?  
Two or three rooms in a dingy London  
house perhaps. But one evening in the  
garden, as the moonlight fell upon her  
upraised face, I lost my head completely  
and avowed my love, to find it frankly  
returned. And when I told Mabel how  
little I had to lay at her feet, she drew  
such a picture of a little home in London  
that the two or three shabby rooms be-  
came the brightest spot on earth.  
Tom and Constance were delighted,  
and indeed I shrewdly suspect that the  
whole affair was one of my cousin's wife's  
match-making schemes.  
"Ah, Lester," she said, "if that will  
would only turn up you might have a  
fortune as well as a bride. Oh, yes," as  
I protested that I wanted no fortune.  
"I know you are disinterested, but you  
would still love Mabel, would you not, if  
she were rich?"  
"By Jove," said Tom, "it is a shame  
about that will. Let's have another  
search for the box."  
"The box? What box?" I cried, jump-  
ing to my feet in my excitement.  
"Why, the tin box the will was in, to-  
gether with the papers. Didn't I tell  
you the whole lot was missing?"  
For a moment I lost sight of Tom and  
Constance, and before me I saw a pallid  
hand, with its gleaming ruby, and it  
traced the words: "Search for the box  
in the old well."  
I turned squarely upon Tom, who was  
watching me somewhat curiously.  
"Why don't you search the old well?"  
I asked abruptly.  
"It was Tom's turn to jump to his  
feet.  
"The old well! What put that into  
your head? But it shall be searched be-  
fore the sun goes down. And, by Jove,  
Constance, don't you remember when we  
leased the Grange that Harcourt spoke  
about the old well as dangerous, and  
suggested that we have it filled up?"  
There was a well, then, and I wanted  
to ask where; but Tom had taken it for  
granted that I knew all about its exist-  
ence, and I did not want to tell them my  
strange experience on my first night at  
the Grange. The search might reveal  
nothing.

to enlist at Fort Leavenworth. He was  
rejected but employed as a teamster,  
and started with a small train to Fort  
Union, N. M. On the 11th of July, near  
where the city of Great Bend now stands,  
Little Turtle's band of Sioux warriors at-  
tacked the train. The whites fought  
long and well, but were overpowered,  
and every one killed except young  
McGee.  
It seems that the Indians at first in-  
tended to spare him for some reason, but  
after compelling him to witness the tor-  
ture of others not quite dead they de-  
cided to kill him also. The chief shot  
him with the elegant pistol he carried  
as a souvenir, and three spears were run  
into his back as he lay upon the ground.  
Little Turtle then tore off his scalp and  
struck him twice with a tomahawk,  
fracturing the skull at each blow. The  
savage departed, and in a few hours a  
party of soldiers arrived on their way to  
Fort Laramie. Scarcely they gathered  
the corpses for burial, but perceiving  
signs of life in McGee they bound up his  
wounds and took him to the fort.  
The surgeons exhausted their skill upon  
him; the struggle was long and terrible,  
but he lived—as remarkable a recovery  
as any related in history. The details  
were laid before President Lincoln, who  
sent for the boy, and was deeply affected  
by his account. The Western generals  
were directed to favor him in employ-  
ment. Many years after McGee's uncle  
acquired wealth in the West and tried  
to recover the scalp from Little Turtle,  
but unsuccessfully. McGee is now ap-  
parently in robust health, but of course  
terribly disfigured.—Chicago Times.

**The Beach of Death.**  
It lies between the landing place at  
Quarantine and Fort Wadsworth, on  
Staten Island.  
It is a pretty, pebbly beach, slightly  
curving into a bay. It is a place where  
children like to play, gathering pebbles  
or dabbling in the limpid water that  
beats upon it. A more peaceful looking  
little stretch of shore you never looked  
upon.  
Every now and then the waters of the  
Narrows bear to and deposit on it the  
swollen, bloated body of a drowned man  
or woman, or mayhap a child. They all  
come ashore here, all that come ashore  
at all on the northern part of Staten Island.  
Nobody can tell the reason why. There  
is no peculiarity of tide or current that  
affects boats in this manner. There must  
be some peculiarity, yet it is not enough  
to lead boats or floating debris ashore  
here any more than at other points. Yet  
for the bodies of the human dead this  
little arch of land has some mysterious  
attraction that I for one cannot explain.  
—New York Herald.

**Baldness Due to Indigestion.**  
Of all the causes of premature bald-  
ness, none is so common as indigestion.  
Dyspepsia and weak and falling hair go  
hand in hand. As the one affection has  
increased so has the other, and not all  
the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of  
Siberia, nor the cantharides of Spain will  
prevent a man's hair from shortening  
and thinning whose stomach is badly out  
of order. Indeed, anything which debili-  
tates the nervous system has a weakening  
effect on the scalp tissues, which shows  
that loss of hair may proceed from gen-  
eral as well as local causes.—New York  
Telegram.

An \$8,000,000 ship that is to be  
built by a French company, connect-  
ing Delaware and Chesapeake bays. It  
will be a valuable short-cut.

the clothes on that eccentric wife. You  
may get shocked."  
Bridget—"Sure, mum, I've seen 'em  
all before."—Munsey.

**NOT A SUCCESS.**  
First Tramp—"I suppose you struck a  
tender cord when you told your pitiful  
story to the lady."  
Second Tramp—"Not a bit of it. It  
was the toughest wood I ever tried to  
saw."—Detroit Free Press.

**TWO VIEWS OF CONTENTMENT.**  
Man (to brother Eben)—"What's the  
use of fretting? Let's be jolly; we have  
only one life to live."  
Cat (to brother cat)—"What's the use  
of fretting? Let's be jolly; we have nine  
lives to live."—Boston Courier.

**GRINDING CRITICISM.**  
Morgan—"I never could understand  
that engagement. It's too bad."  
Miss Brune—"They say he's a regular  
rough diamond."  
Morgan—"He ought not to be. Every-  
body I know has cut him."—Judge.

**HIS LABOR SAVED.**  
Larkie—"The young King of Portugal  
does not need to make a name for him-  
self."  
Gilroy—"Why?"  
Larkie—"Because sixteen names were  
given to him when he was christened."

**A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.**  
Brushley—"It's awfully annoying,  
Mary! Just as I am getting in the last  
touches on the canvas the blamed cat has  
to have a fit."  
Mrs. Brushley—"Perhaps she caught a  
glimpse of the picture dear."—Judge.

**REASSURING.**  
Wife (from adjoining room—sus-  
piciously)—"John, what makes the baby  
so quiet?"  
John—"He's playing with the fly  
paper, my dear—don't worry. It keeps  
him quiet and amuses me."—Munsey's.

**PROGRESS.**  
"There's nothing like a Western town  
for progress," remarked Trotter.  
"Yes," said Talbot. "I saw an in-  
stance of it while in Colorado. A man  
was given ten hours to leave the town  
and he took just five minutes."—Judge.

**ITS SAFETY SECURED.**  
"This is the only house that stood,  
while the tornado blew down all around  
it."  
"That was strange."  
"Not at all. There is a mortgage on  
this heavy enough to hold it down."  
—Munsey's.

**RUSH NO. 2.**  
Stranger (in Western city)—"Hello!  
Must be a big boom here. I see all the  
people are rushing to real estate offices.  
Trying to buy lots, I suppose?"  
Resident—"No, sir. The boom is  
just over and they are trying to sell 'em."  
—New York Weekly.

**PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS.**  
Kenealy—"What have you got that  
umbrella for, Mulcahy? It ain't  
rainin'."  
Mulcahy—"Oh! Oh! I bought that in  
case that boat blew up. Then all I'd  
have to do, is to come down in my lit-  
tle parachute."—Argosy.

**REACTING.**  
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 10.—The  
Quebec, N. B., Oct. 10.—The

cents, man, I'd—  
Benevolent Lady—"Take me to them  
quickly. There is not a minute to lose.  
My! My! Where are they?"  
Tramp—"Please, mum, it's too far to  
walk. They're—they're in the old coun-  
try, mum."—New York Weekly.

**WOULDN'T DO AT ALL.**  
"Mrs. Rambo," said the pastor, as he  
shook her by the hand after the services  
were over while the congregation was  
slowly filing out, "I have long thought  
of calling on Mr. Rambo and having a  
serious talk with him. Would it be ad-  
visable, think you, for me to come—let  
us say—to-morrow afternoon?"  
"I am afraid you could hardly make  
any impression on Absalom if you should  
come at that time," replied Mrs. Rambo,  
timidly. "He's going to hang the screen  
doors to-morrow afternoon."—Chicago  
Tribune.

**NO FLIES ON HER.**  
"Herbert," she said, with a melting  
melifluousness in her voice that sounded  
like the ripple of an orange ice as it  
thaws, "Herbert!"  
"What is it?" asked Herbert. And  
the cold firmness of his tones showed  
that he meant every word of it.  
"Would you love me just as well if  
you knew that I am near-sighted?"  
"Why, why," he stammered, "of  
course I would; but are you?"  
"Yes, I am afraid so. Just as a test—  
I can't read a word of that sign across  
the street; can you?"  
"Yes," said Herbert, resignedly. "I  
can. It says 'ice cream.'"—Washington  
Post.

**THE RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.**  
Owing to a delay in the mails on the  
Umgagi and Mwawa Northern Railroad,  
the following from Life's African cor-  
respondent has just come to hand. It is,  
however, the first authentic report of the  
meeting of Emin and Stanley:  
Mr. Stanley approached Emin's head-  
quarters about 3 o'clock in the afternoon,  
softly whistling. "Little Annie Rooney,"  
he rapped at the door of Emin's tent,  
and Emin himself answered the sum-  
mons.  
"How do you do, Emin?" said Stan-  
ley.  
"I beg your pardon," said Emin.  
"You have the advantage of me."  
"I am Henry M. Stanley."  
"I don't care. I don't want any  
description books, and I read 'The  
Continent' a long time ago."  
"But I have come to rescue you."  
"I don't want to be rescued."  
"Well, you've got to be rescued  
on your coat and come along."

**The Bad Lands.**  
The Bad Lands are an immense  
desert in the Dakotas, Wyoming,  
Northwestern Nebraska, west, and  
southeast of the Black Hills. They  
extend from the North Fork of the  
Platte to the South Fork of the Cheyenne  
River, lying mostly between 103 and 105  
degrees of longitude. The estimated  
area is 60,000 square miles. The land  
in question is composed at the surface  
of white and yellowish indurated clay  
sands, marls and occasionally a thin  
of sandstone and lime. They  
abounds in the most marvellous  
formations on the globe.—S.

Queen Victoria's far-  
Mussulman rejoicing in  
title of Sheik Abdulla's  
cently went to India  
the Queen

burns in space. Yonder a green band  
glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian.  
We turn around a hill, and behold on  
this western shore, in this primitive  
landscape, which seems like a corner of  
Arabia Petras, a monstrous city rises be-  
fore our eyes. Is it once more the effect  
of mirage, this town of diabolical as-  
pect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke  
traversed by running tongues of flame,  
at it were Sodom fortified by the de-  
mons in its girdle of cast-iron towers? I  
can find but one word to depict exactly  
the first impression that it gives. It is  
a town of gasometers. There are no  
houses—the houses are relegated further  
away on the right, in the old Persian  
city—nothing but iron cylinders and  
pipes and chimneys, scattered in disor-  
der from the hills down to the beach.  
This is doubtless the fearful model of  
what manufacturing towns will all be in  
the twentieth century. Meanwhile, for  
the moment, this one is unique in the  
world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire,"  
as the natives call it; the petroleum  
town, where everything is devoted and  
subordinated to the worship of the local  
god.  
The bed of the Caspian Sea rests upon  
a second subterranean sea, which spreads  
its floods of naphtha under the whole  
basin. On the eastern shore the build-  
ing of the Samarand Railway led to the  
discovery of immense beds of mineral  
oil. On the western shore, from the most  
remote ages, the magi used to adore the  
fire springing from the earth at the very  
spot where its last worshippers prostrate  
themselves at the present day. But,  
after having long adored it, impious men  
began to make profit by it commercially.  
In the thirteenth century the famous  
traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the  
northern side a great spring whence flows  
a liquid like oil. It is no good for eat-  
ing, but is useful for burning and all  
other purposes; and so the neighboring  
nations come to get their provision of  
and fill many vessels without the  
flowing spring appearing to be dried  
in any manner."  
The real practical  
oil springs dates  
At the present  
kilogram  
disput  
the pro  
vans  
for

"We'll soon take the star  
you," said the warden to the  
prisoner. "You will, will y  
we'll iron you."—Boston Co  
"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Pa  
they've gone and cut the  
eight hours. Why, I'll be a  
fore I'm forty."—Times-Dem  
Miss Beacon—"This waltz  
Do you ever dance the lencio  
Dr. Boylston—"No, but I  
lance the dancers."—Boston  
There is really no tangib  
to violently plaid trousers  
they keep one constantly  
whose move it is.—Washingt  
Man wants but little here b  
For years we've heard the  
But from plain prose of life  
He wants a little of every  
"I've changed my mind,  
you last," said Cadley. "I  
new one is better than the  
Cynicus, and Cadley got a  
York Herald.  
Mr. McAllister—"Would y  
it? I have had that idea in m  
six months." Mrs. Berry—"I  
time it must have had their  
self."—Chatter.  
A popular clergyman in  
phia delivered a lecture on "F  
ticket to it read 'Lecture on  
mit one.' There was a ver-  
tendance."—New York Herald.  
Drug Clerk—"This hair  
made of pure bear gra  
"How can it be pure  
Drug Clerk—"Cinnamon bear  
"Ice is  
must get  
am I  
be