MRS. INGERSOLL IS WITHOUT HOPE

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"I have in no way changed my belief. I do not know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory."—Mrs. Ingersoll.

"Farewell! If this is the end, then you have left us the sacred memory of a noble life. If this is not the end, there is no world in which you, my friend, will not be loved and welcomed. Farewell!"—Robert G. Ingersoll.

No sadder home in America can there be than the one from which the body of the great agnostic, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, was borne to the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I., Thursday. There are left in the big castlelike gray house among the cedars overlooking the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry three women who refuse to be comforted. For Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters there is no star in their night of grief.

It was rumored that in Mrs. Ingersoll there had awakened a hope that she would meet her husband again; that the hope which supports the Christian was supporting her. This proved to be untrue.

To a question about this alleged change of belief she replied:

"I have in no way changed my belief. I do not know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory. I have as much consolation as any one who is bereaved. I know as much as they do about the hereafter. It is nothing."

They were cheerless words, falling as dully on the heart as clods upon a coffin.

Mrs. Ingersoll clung to her dead as long as the awful process of dissolution would permit. He died rFiday, July 21. She would not permit the remains to be taken from the house until the next Thursday. It had been arranged that they should be taken to the crematory after the funeral services, Tuesday, but the widow could not yet bring herself to part with them.

"Good-by" is infinitely sad when its ech whispers, "Forever!"

"Another day! Let me have one more day with him," she pleaded from the first. Another day became well-nigh a week, and then only necessity drove her to consent to a final disposition of the body. Two days after the strange funeral services—the good-by said in the reading of the agnostic's last poem, his "creed" and his funeral oration over his brother, Eben—the remains were taken to Fresh Pond and cremated, and then only because nature would permit no further delay.

LAST SAD, HOPELESS VIGIL.

The week was one of niht and tears and hopelessness. When the bud of hope blossomed for a moment in the hearts of the widow and her daughters it was blighted by the memory of some cold, splendid raillery from the dead man. If some simple utterance of faith rang through the chamber of memory, it was echoed by the laughter of the dead.

Mrs. Ingersoll and her daughters seldom left the room of death. They watched together, and for what? It was a longer, lonelier and sadder vigil than that of Mary at the tomb of Christ; for no angel rolled away the stone from that tomb of doubt, not even in their dreams.

They sat by the still form in its shroud amid its massed tribute of flowers. They talked of his life, of his battle for truth as he saw it, of his tenderness to his family, of his love for humanity. They said that the end was so pitifully sudden. They recalled the doctor's atempt at comfort. He said that if the colonel had lived ten years longer they would have been years of suffering. But mourners are apt to think that doctors are mistaken. This was to comfort what a grimace is to a smile.

When they spoke of the sunshine of his nature they were reminded that it was now night. When they spoke of his love of humor they realized the mockery of laughter. Downstairs Eva Brown, who had been named in honor of her mother and grandmother, and whom her grandfather called Eva the Third, swung in the hammock and sung in childish ignorance of her loss. They put their hands over their ears to shut out the joy that found such discord with their woe. Eva had inspired her grandfather's most quoted homily, that on "Life." The three wept anew at the thought.

Little Robert G. Ingersoll Brown clamored to be allowed to "go upstairs and see grandpapa." The futility of his wish tore their heartstrings. They could not bear to reveal the mystery and sadness of the death that knows no hope to these little ones. So in their childish ignorance the babies stabbed anew the hearts of the mourners.

There were flowers in the room. The blooms were heaped in mountainous profusion about the bier. There was the muffled tread of watchers. Servants tapped lightly upon the door and left a new ufirry of the snowfall of sympathetic messages and deported silently. There were true mourning hearts in the room of death, and in the rooms below and in the world outside. It was like other chambers of death in which lay the remains of the brilliant and the loved.

But there was a difference—such a sad, chilling, hopeless difference. No man of God brought his message of hope to the chamber door. No soft hymn of faith and promise soothed the tortured hearts. Not once were spoken the words, "We shall meet again." Love gilds life, but it makes death the darker. It is hope of a meeting afterward that makes the burden of death endurable, and the widow and daughters of Colonel Robert Ingersoll have not that hope.

So they clung to what stood to them for the man, who had been their joy of life, the cold, pale, irresponsive figure by the window.

"Why can't we keep him with us always?" they wept. And then Science said: "You may not." And day by day and hour by hour they combated every effort to take him away.

"Only a little longer! Oh! Why must he go at all?" they said, and the three women, weak in their unfaith, had no word of consolation for each other.

It was an awful hour when they left the house with the body. It was a bitter hour when they returned without the small solace of the ghastly presence. But stronger than a cable are the chains of unfaith. In the depths of her sorrow Mrs. Ingersoll sent her message of hopelessness to the press:

"I have in no way changed my belief. I do not know whether I shall ever see my husband again. My consolation is in memory."

Whatever the great agnostic's error of faith, he was a model of fidelity as a husband. Octave Thanet says of him: "It made one better to know a man the life-long lover of one woman." No one ever denied that such Colonel Ingersoll was, and that the one woman was his wife.

"I love St. Louis," he said to the writer, "because it is one of the places I visited on my honeymoon. Ah! that was a honeymoon that will last for life!"

"I fancied he was going to say forever; but the orator disappointed me."

HIS HOME LIFE.

The story of Colonel Ingersoll's romance was told by Mrs. C. P. Farrell, the sister of Mrs. Ingersoll.

"Our father, Benjamin Parker, was a free thinker. He was born in Boston, and in his studies there became an agnostic. He moved to Groveland, a village seven miles from Peoria, Ill. There he heard of a bright young orator named Ingersoll. He heard him plead a case once, and after that always went to hear him wherever he made public addresses.

"A Groveland man let his pigs wander into his neighbor's yard. The neighbor became angry and drove the pigs to the city pound. The owner found them there. He quarreled with the neighbor and killed him.

"He was tried for murder and Mr. Ingersoll defended him. Father went to hear him, as usual. He invited him to dinner, and there he met my sister. He had then begun collecting his regiment and was almost ready to go to the front. They soon became engaged, and they went to St. Louis, where his regiment was, on their bridal tour. My sister traveled a great deal with him during the war.

"How strange these chance meetings are and what consequences follow! If it had not been for those pigs Colonel Ingersoll and his wife would never have met.

"There was never a happier family than the Ingersolls. I have lived with them since I was 5 years old," said Mrs. Farrell. "Neither I nor anyone else ever heard him speak an impatient word."

She pointed to an engrossed Ingersollian sentiment upon the wall. It took the place of the scriptural mottoes that hang on some home walls:

"Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star."

"He believed that," she said, simply, "and he lived it."

Mrs. J. Watson Brown is the elder daughter of the dead agnostic. She is a beautiful woman and has a rare soprano voice. She has sung duets with Campanini. Critics have styled her "the best amateur soprano in America." The Ingersoll love of home is strong in her. When she married Mr. Brown it was upon the condition that their home should always be with her parents. He has kept his promise.

With them also lived Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Farrell and their daughter, Mrs. Ingersoll's niece and namesake.

Perhaps no one mourns the dead man so wholly as his younger daughter, Miss Maud Ingersoll. She was his "chum." She studied and read and wrote with him. She always came from Dobbs Ferry with him on his trips to town.

"Maud has lost her object in life," her aunt faltered.

Miss Ingersoll has inherited much of her father's intellectual strength and brilliancy. Like the rest of his family she was wholly in accord with his views. She is a young woman of firm convictions and quick decision. She is a member of the New York Society for the Prevention of Sruelty to Animals. She jumped from a Broadway cable car one day and ordered a policeman to arrest a man who was mistreating a horse. She went bravely to court the next morning and gave her testimony against the cabman. She secured his punishment. It was noticed that she refused to take the customary oath, but affirmed that her testimony was true.

Miss Ingersoll's father was her friend. She, more than anyone else, perhaps, claims the fitnes sof this sentiment, uttered by him of another, as applied to himself:

"Farewell! If this be the end, then you have left us the sacred memory of a noble life. If this be not the end, there is no world in which you, my friend, will not be loved and welcomed. Farewell!"

Mrs. Parvenu—It's annoyinv, very. How did they discover that the spoons I gave them weren't solid? They certainly were not mean enough to have them examined?

Mr. Parvenu—Of course not. They're genuine blue bloods. But a burglar carried off all the rest of the silver and left those spoons.—Detroit Free Press.

ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

"I was one of the six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived in New York from Venezuela. "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have gotten the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good service.

"Shortly after dawn one Sunday, while we were still snoozing away in our hammocks, our native cook burst in upon us with the news that we were about to be attacked by an army of ants. We had heard enough about ant arms to know what to do. We arose hastily, and every ounce of provisions that was not sealed in cans or in jars was hastily piled on a table, the four legs of which were immersed in as many basins of water. Every maneuver that is known to the armies of civilized humans you may safely expect from an ant army, but the little black warriors have never learned to swim. Our provisions thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoitre for the invaders and to watch their attack from a distance. The army was making fair time. An irregular patch of black ten feet wide and double that in length was swarming steadily toward our camp. As the army was in no way disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching, hip to hip. At the head marched the leader. On went the army, up the posts that supported the camp and then within. The patter of their countless little feet was audible like the rustling of grass in a light breeze.

"Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of little attacking parties. The camp was an old palm-thatched affair and so infested with scorpions, centipedes and spiders that we had been on the point of destroying it. Now, however, the ants had come and would clean the house for us, and therefore they were welcome. The ants swarmed up the joists and the dry leafy walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But ther was bigger game in store for the invaders.

"The star battle was with an immense centipede, one of the bluish-gray kind, about seven inches long, and about as big around as your middle finger. He darted out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength to run through the enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on himself and swept them from his back, but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the places of fallen comrades. The wriggling of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well know was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipedes and scorpions and lizards and a tarantula which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a quarts magnifying glass. The bodies of the dead ants still clung to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their teeth.

"Perhaps you wonder what would happen to a man who would undertake to fight an army of ants, assuming of course that the man relies on his natural means of defence—his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the rare story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas shortly before my return home. The man was a coolie who had worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a habit of some of his countrymen, the coolie, owing to the heat, had left the camp and stretched himself on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded and covered by an army of ants before he awakened. At dawn the shrieks of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, while he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest in a mad effort to slap himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with pain to run away. Then he did exactly what a panther or a leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentors to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stupefied barelegged coolies dared not, or thought not of rescue, while the victim himself was too crazed with agony to seek other than instant relief. From a slight personal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would take hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the army and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came to late. The victim became unconscious. His velvety brown skin was a pink mass of raw bites. When he came to the hospital he was bound hand and foot, a maniac, whose continuous motion was that of his being eaten by ants."

MUMBLERS, TAKE WARNING.

The following occurrence in a western town is an illustration of the amusing result of the lack of clear enunciation on the part of a speaker. In preaching the funeral sermon over the remains of a prominent citizen, who had had quite a checkered career and at various times in his life had been pioneer preacher, Mayor, druggist and deputy sheriff, and had several times been instrumental in quelling disturbances which had arisen from religious differences existing between the two local churches, the pastor used the following words:

"Our brother is in the cold ground, no more a sad dangler on life's tide. I can see his panting spirit sigh among the chaste stars, contemplating the failure of his acts to make clean our hearts, and methinks I see his noble lineaments imprinted on every rock, tree and fence in this country, with whose history he is so closely connected. During the recent controversies of our people, I have heard him declare, while his beard descending swept his bosom, that he wished all differences of sects might be ended, and while he was a mayor frequently made himself hoarse on the subject. His attempts to stop our riots resulted in his removal from office by foul deceit. Oh! studied deceit! I was with him when he received the news of his impeachment and heard his words. His cry moved me to tears, but he quickly recovered, and his face resumed its natural, airy, artless look. As you know, he could pain nobody."

The oration, as it appeared the following week in the local paper, was as follows:

"Our brother is in the coal ground, no more a sad angler on life's tide. I can see his spanking spirit's eye among the chase tars, contemplating the failures of his axe to make lean our hearts, and methinks I see his noble linisments imprinted on every rock, tree and fence in this country, with whose sistery he is so closely connected. During the recent controversies of our people I have heard him declare, while his bier descending swept his bosom that he wished all differences of sex might be ended, and while he was a mare, frequently made himself horse on the subject. His attempts to stop our rights resulted in his removal from office by foul deceit. Oh! Study deceit! I was with him when he received the news of his impeachment and heard his words. His crime moved me to tears, but he quickly recovered, and his face returned its natural hairy, heartless look. As you know, he could pay nobody."

About 55,000 Elks.

The order of Elks is diffused throughout the whole country, says Leslie's Weekly. It originated in New York in 1867, its founder being Charles A. Vivian, a ballad singer. It was at first restricted to members of the theatrical profession and to singers. In the beginning it had only thirteen members. It scope, however, soon broadened, and it admitted other persons besides those to which it was at first confined. A social organization at the outset, it developed into a benevolent order having lodges in every state, and having on it rolls representatives of all professions. First calling itself the "Jolly Corks," it then adopted the name of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It is one of the most popular of all the fraternal orders in the United States, as is shown by its rapid increase in membership and the growth of the surplus in its treasury. The reports at St. Louis showed that there was a gain of 11,187 members in the order during the past twelve months, the present membership being 55,439. This is the largest increase ever made in any one year. Ohio leads in number of members, which is 6,384, followed in this order, by Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, New Jersey, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Virginia, Kentucky, Wisconsin, California, Illinois, Washington, Missouri and Connecticut. The other states of the union have less than 1,000 members. The largest individual lodges are, in this order, in New York City (870 members), Grand Rapids, Jackson, Mich.; Baltimore, Alleghany, Cincinnati, Detroit, Minneapolis and Pittsburg. All these lodges and no others have over 500 members.

AMong the Pigmies.

Though it was a dangerous undertaking for the African explorers to travel through the land of the pigmies, there must have been a huge interest in observing the ways of these little imps, who were generally struck spellbound at the sight of the white men. Mr. Lloyd, writing in Chambers' Journal, says he was twenty days walking through the great forest inhabited by the pigmies, a forest so dark that in many places it was impossible to read, even at noonday. The pigmies were fairly intelligent, and peacefully disposed, although their arrows were tipped with deadly poison. They had a frightened appearance, and covered their faces, like shy children, when spoken to. The forest was alive with elephants, leopards, wild pigs, buffaloes and antelopes. After leaving the forest Mr. Lloyd came to one place where he took the opportunity of screwing together the bicycle which he had brought with him. A spin on the machine brought out thousands of men, women and children from their villages, and they danced and yelled with delight at seeing, as they expressed it, a European riding a snake.

"Long before I met you I had heard of your family," said the Count. "Yes," replied the beautiful girl coldly. "I believe pap is quoted in Bradstreet's."

ROLLED IN A BARREL.

"There's something barbaric about lynching, as many people will agree," said the man with the broken nose, "but I can easily imagine two things. One is rolling a man around in a barrel and the other is a coat of tar and feathers. In my foolish young days I arrived at a town in southern Indiana to find the people all excited over several arrests for robbery. A family named Black, consisting of a man and wife and a grown-up son, had been caught and made to confess to many thefts. Instead of putting them on trial, the people had determined to apply tar and feathers and walk 'em out of town. I had no objections so far as the men were concerned, but when it came to the woman I constituted myself her champion and declared that they must walk over my dead body first. For about five minutes I was a hero. Then about a dozen men grabbed me and hustled me into a room, and after the Blacks had been disposed of according to program I was brought out for punishment. Plenty of tar and feathers were left, but the crowd wanted a change, and it was decided that I should have the barrel exercise. They got out and unheaded a big cider barrel, dropped me into it and replaced the head, and then all was ready.

"I was inclined to look upon the proceedings with contempt. I had never been rolled in a barrel, and so I had no idea of the sensations. They first kicked it along the wide, unpaved street, and it had not rolled over more than twenty times when I was sick of my job. After they had enjoyed themselves for a quarter of an hour I was praying for death to hurry on. I dimly remember that after they got tired of the football work in the street they rolled the barrel up a long hill, and then let it go kiting down. You talk of seasickness; but there is no comparison aside from the feeling of nausea, I was jarred jolted and bruised from head to heels, and in one of the bumps had my nose broken. I was unconscious when they finally took me out, and for a week I was little better than a dead man. It was weeks and weeks before I got the revolving motion out of my head and I could walk straight, and to this day I can't see a grindstone revolving without being affected by it. It would have been far more merciful to hang me up by the neck.

"But how about the tar and feathers?" was asked.

"Well, I met old man Black about two years later, and he still smelled of tar. He told me that it took a week's work with soap and water to get the stuff started, and that spots were left which couldn't be got off, even when rubbed with a brick. He didn't feel the degradation so much, but what hurt his feelings was that he had been obliged to put in more work on that tar than in all his life before. He had tried the barrel racket once, and he thought it a shade worse than tar, but he had no words of sympathy for me. On the contrary, he said if I hadn't mixed in the three of them would probably have got off with a ride on a rail."

Why the Horse Shies.

Dr. Louis Robinson, an English zoologist, has just given to the world an account of the habits and mode of life of certain animals, and the conclusion at which he seems to arrive is that all such phenomena may be explained on the ground of atavism. Thus he claims that the horse of our day derives his swiftness and power of endurance from the fact that his ancestors in former days were obliged to flee from and frequently to defend themselves against their great enemies—the wolves. In like manner he claims that the reason that the horse shies is because his ancestors were forced to be constantly on the alert against hidden enemies, and that the reason that he rears and plunges is because only by pursuing such tactics could his forefathers shake off wild animals who had leaped upon their backs.

Sheep when frightened immediately rush off to the highest point they can reach. The reason, says Dr. Robinson, is because all sheep originally inhabited mountainous districts. And this, he claims, is also the reason why they wear a thick fleece of wool all the year through, the summer temperature in mountainous districts being almost as cold as that of winter. Finally, we are assured that the reason sheep invariably follow a leader is because their ancestors were obliged to go in Indian file through the narrow mountainous paths.

Pigs have also engaged Dr. Robinson's attention. He was puzzled for a good while as to the cause of their grunting, says the Chicago Times-Herald, but now he thinks he has discovered the real reason. The pigs of today, he says, evidently grunt because their ancestors made their homes in thick woods, and only by making this sound could they keep track of each other and guard themselves gainst going astray from the common herd. Commenting on this latter explanation, a scientist suggests that Dr. Robinson might now do well to spend some time in trying to find out why the horse laughs and the dog barks.

HOW SHE HEDGED.

"Ah," she bitterly exclaimed, "but you have never offered to die for your country."

"No," he defiantly replied, "but I made $14,000 on the stock market last week."

"Edward," she asked, "do you think I would be able to succeed in tragedy? Sometimes I am overtaken by the terrible thought that I might have to support myself if anything happened to you after we are married, for, of course, I should never, never love another."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Here comes a singer indeed, who has neither equal nor second. If its song is unknown to any who read this, I would say, wait until you hear music solemn and just jubilant as ever came from a bird; a voice of transcendant sweetness, variety, and with the supreme power of impressing itself on the very inmost fibre of our minds, and bringing us into some mysterious sympathy with things beyond our understanding, and when you hear it you may know that you are listening to the nightingale.

That song has been described oer and over again; poets have loved to sing it, and Milton in his "Oh, nightingale, that on yon blooming spray," has with his curious and accurate felicity, found just the word that expresses one of its chief charms—its "liquid notes." Wordsworth's

Those notes of thine, they thrill and pierce,
Tumultuous harmony and fierce,

expresses other of its beauties. Keats' famous ode has in it less of the nightingale, but yet its epithet, "full throated ease," hits that carelessness of utterance, that unpremeditativeness joinected with a supreme finish, which places it above and beyond all bird artists. But if I were to ask what it its best, its most wonderful achievement, I should say it was the marvellous crescendo on one note, almost human in its artistic perfection. This is "the one low piping song more sweet than all" of Coleridge—Coleridge, who has so defended the bird against the charge of melancholy that all other defences are but plagiarism of his

'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warbles his delicious notes.

Indeed, I do not know how the fable of the melancholy nightingale has crept into the minds of men; not only is the song exultant, but every moment of the bird is full of verve and joyousness.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Curious Hotel.

They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe road, and it is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago in that place a woman and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the scripture to a Sunday school class, and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. The family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorces, says the Chicago Record, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment on the co-operative plan. They could not employ a man about the place, although the most of their patrons were men, of course. People say that women travelers preferred to stop elsewhere, and that would be a woman's way. One of the "seven sanctified sisters" used to drive a big carryall down to the railway station three or four times a day to meet the trains, but she let the regular transfer company handle the baggage.

The hotel prospered from the beginning, and there was no reason why it should not, for everything was neat and homelike, and the cooking was the best in Texas, which was not saying much, perhaps, but is a good reason why it was appreciated. Every Sunday it was crowded. The drummers used to swarm in there from all the northern-central part of the state, and every passenger on the Santa Fe trains was an advertising agent. The "sanctified sisters" made money, as they deserved to do; they enlarged the establishment and started a big laundry in connection with it, where the drummers left their soiled clothes to be done up while they were out during the week. Then the "sisters" bought a hotel at Waco, and started a laundry there, with equal success.

The Untruthful Mummy.

We saw only the outer gardens and the museum, the chief attraction of which is a magnificent marble sarcophagus decorated with basreliefs of Alexander the Great. On one side the conqueror is represented as routing the Persians, and on the side side there is a livly struggle with a wild boar. The guide book does not certify that Alexander ever occupied the sarcophagus, but the guide assured me that he had. The collection of statues, bronzes and sarcophagi is interesting and immensely valuable, and I would like to copy some of the descriptions from the guide book, but space forbids.

One Egyptian mummy case had a "stranger forbear" kind of an inscription on it. The guide furnished me with a liberal translation. The king in the inside of the case, "swathed in spicery and fine lined," had caused this injunction to be placed on the lid of his sarcophagus:

"Do not disturb these mortal remains, for there is naught within this casement except my poor body. There is neither gold nor precious jewelry to reward the covetous."

The antiquarians who unearthed the sarcophagus did not respect this appeal. When they examined the mummy wrapped inside of the box they found several places of gold clasped in the right hand, which proves that an Oriental will lie, even after death.—Egyptian correspondence in the Chicago Record.