

ACROSS THE FIELD.

Across the dewy field she goes
Alope upon her summer's day,
And toward her beauty the sweet will rise
As if to hold her in her way.

VANCE'S REVENGE.

"I wish to see Miss Lester," said Vance Whitney to the servant who answered his impatient ring at the door of the Lester mansion, and he strode toward the parlor. He had not to wait long. The door swung noiselessly, and Olive Lester came shrieking toward him.

"No, no!" wrenched herself away from him. "I'm not your Olive any more, Vance; I—I don't!"

"What Olive?"

"I don't love you. I thought I did, till he came. I have promised to be his wife. Don't blame me, Vance—don't look so at me."

"Whose wife have you promised to be?" he demanded almost fiercely. She murmured something very low, but he caught the name.

"You were almost my wife, Olive," he said, in a passionate whisper, "and he was my friend. I may forgive you, but I will never forgive him."

The next instant Olive was alone and Vance Whitney was hurrying down the street.

He remembered that morning, as he stood in Ernest Evremont's spacious library, just 10 years from that day, his hand closing, with an iron grip upon a paper it held.

"Have mercy! God knows, I was only tempted to do it in the hope to save from beggary and ruin my wife and child. Be merciful for her sake, Vance."

"For her sake you stole from me, with deliberate beguiling," Vance said, with bitter sarcasm, as thrusting the paper in his pocket, he left the room.

As he was descending the steps of the veranda outside, a shower of roses came pelting in a fragrant avalanche upon him, and a laugh sweet as the trill of a mocking-bird, gurgled out from somewhere among the blossoms.

He hung a dark look overhead, and he saw peeping at him through the leaves two eyes, black with mischief—fun and sparkles two round dimpled arms overflowing still with roses.

ly and ceremonious politeness, as though she had already been the wife he meant her to become.

"I don't hate you, sir," she said, timidly lifting her soft eyes to his, "I'm just sorry for you, and—I'm afraid of you, too."

He was touched. Old and tender memories pressed upon him in a flood. You are complete mistress here, Olive. I am a lonely, sad man, but I mean to try to make you happy.

And that was the beginning of that strange adoption of Olive Evremont by Vance Whitney.

He kept his word. Every indulgence—every gratification that money or the most watchful kindness could procure for her, Olive had. She saw her own family, too often as she chose, though never in the presence of her strange guardian, and she grew in time quite at home in the grand house which her coming seemed to fill with sunshine.

As Olive grew older and recognized slowly what that fate was to which she was destined she grew silent and shy and uncommunicative, even with her mother.

At eighteen she was as much lovelier than Olive Lester, her mother, had been as a moss rose tree is lovelier than its plainer sisters whose stems are unshathed in velvety emerald.

It was another June afternoon when Vance Whitney sought her presence in the pretty boudoir. She expected him.

She lifted the silky black eyelashes, and dropped them again quickly at sight of him not noting that he looked like a man who had passed the night in watching.

"Olive," he said, taking her hand gently. But she drew it away from him. He shut his eyes a moment and his face whitened a little. Then he went on:

"I have learned to love you in these years as I believe man never loved woman before. Till lately I thought nothing could make me yield you. But I will not have a loveless wife. My child, you are as free as though you had never seen me."

He put a sealed envelope in her hand, directed to Ernest Evremont, and said, "the carriage waits your commands," and he left her.

"Free from the hateful bond—free," she murmured, dashing the tears from her eyes, and wondering what made her heart sink so. "Now for home—dear, dear home."

But she cried all the way, try as she would not to.

They were surprised somewhat at home to see her, but glad, and heard her story with varied emotions. Ernest Evremont, as he dropped upon the flames the little paper to which he had wrongfully, and to such lasting punishment, put another's name, drew his child to him and kissed her sadly.

Suddenly she lifted her beautiful eyes, dim with tears, her little hands extended in entreaty.

"Papa, mamma, I'm going back. Come with me and tell him what never never can."

Vance Whitney sat in his lone library, just as he had sat ever since he saw the last glimpse of Olive entering the carriage—his attitude hopeless, his eyes seeing only vacancy.

Mrs. Evremont could hardly see him for tears; his desolate life had been a living reproach to her.

DECAYED PLANTATIONS.

Historic Estates Now Being Sold as Ordinary Tract Property.

A map in the columns of the Morning News tells the story of the wonderful changes going on in the South. The Savannah river, from this city for 100 miles westward, has many historic plantations which, from the days of the colonial government to the end of the civil war, were noted for their extent and fertility as well as for the hospitality of their owners.

Potter's grove, as a part of the bluff, covered with massive, moss-festooned oaks was known, as famous, as Bonaventure. In "White's Statistics" published nearly fifty years ago, is a full illustration of the spot. These places, as grand as ever in natural beauty and productiveness, are still there, but the old plantation life and customs are no more.

The descendants of those who were once lords of the manor now live at the North and feel no interest in the homes of their ancestors. The Potter place, nearest the city, known as "The Grange," which was sold several years ago, has become a farming settlement. The river front is a high bluff covered with majestic trees. A good road extends from that point through the center of the plantation to the Augusta road and the Charleston and Savannah railway.

The land on each side is laid off in small farms. Probably there is no spot in the country so well adapted for truck gardening. The land is fertile and the means of getting the produce to market are unrivaled. Nothing would be more in keeping with the progress of the age than that this old plantation should become the center of a colony of prosperous farmers.

THE BLACK HOLE.

A Natural Curiosity in Virginia, and How It Disappeared.

Up until about the middle of April, 1890, the "Black Hole of Middle Mountain" was one of the best known of Virginia's natural curiosities, the Natural Bridge, of course, always excepted. The Black Hole was a natural well about twenty feet in diameter, situated at the foot of Middle Mountain on the farm of A. H. Sittlington in Pocahontas county. It was of unknown depth and locally believed to be poisonous from the fact that cattle, horses and other animals in common refused to drink of the water, although almost famishing from thirst.

Black Hole has been known since at least 100 years before the opening of the Revolutionary war, and was given the name it bore because its waters looked as black as ink, even though the eyes of the beholder were not more than two feet distant from its surface.

When dipped out by the cup, pail or barrel it appeared as clear as crystal, the original coal black appearance being a phenomena never satisfactorily accounted for. At about the time mentioned in the opening, Black Hole, which had stood with its waters at a uniform level for two centuries of white man's history (during which time the water line had never in the least been affected by flood or drought,) suddenly disappeared. One Varner, who lives on the Sittlington farm, was the first to discover and announce what was considered a neighborhood calamity.

He had gone to salt the cattle which usually congregated in the shade around the brink of the pool, and was amazingly astonished to find that the old "bottomless well" had suddenly become a thing of the past. Its waters had been mysteriously drained—its sides had fallen in and the black hole had truly "perished off the face and out of the depths of the earth."

What He Is.

The tramp had appealed for a dime and had it safe in his pocket.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the donor of the dime.

"I don't have to," he replied.

"Why not? Have you enough money to live on?"

"No, sir, but I have a position, sir."

"But I thought you said you didn't work?"

"I don't."

"And you have no private fortune?"

The tramp smiled negatively.

ROWED BY ROXY HANDS.

THE SPECTRAL JOLLY-BOAT OF THE MARTHA KANE.

How They Meet the Waves Where Their Bloodthirstiness Brought on Them the Curse of One of Their Victims.

Any sailor familiar with Porto Rico waters will tell you the story of the jolly-boat of the Martha Kane and the crew of spectral tars she carries.

The legend goes back to the early days of the present century, and runs that the Martha Kane was a slave-ship in command of a Captain Hawke, says the Philadelphia Times. Among those of his calling none of them noted for compassion and gentleness, he was famous for unparalleled cruelty and cold blooded ferocity.

Among the captives she carried on this her last voyage, was a negro prince, a fellow of more than ordinary intelligence, who was so moved by his own sufferings and those of his people that he arranged a plan for their deliverance. The plot was that when the hold was opened to let down food to them certain of them were to lead their backs to others to leap to the deck, where a rush was to be made upon the crew and officers, who were to be knocked down and secured.

The first part of this plan worked very well. The captives leaped to the deck and sprang toward their tormentors, but the latter being armed and the miserable slaves being weakened by privation and the want of air, they were knocked down and killed with cuts of the cutlasses and the officers' pistols until the blood flowed off the deck in rivulets, when the bodies were thrown to the sharks that hung about the vessel as if in anticipation of the feast that was furnished them. Some of the slaves were not yet dead when they were thrown overboard, there to find a speedy ending in the jaws of these horrid sea wolves.

The hatches were then hammered down upon the remaining human cargo, who, as a punishment, were thus deprived of free air for the day or two that were left before the ship was to make port. Hundreds died, their reeking bodies polluting the foul air of the hold still more. Many went mad and bit and tore their companions who were too weak to defend themselves. That Captain Hawke would thus jeopardize his freight seems incredible, but the man's cruelty got the better of his greed; besides, it was a matter of course that a good percentage would die on the voyage.

But for the prince who had planned the revolt was reserved the weightiest punishment of all. He was stripped naked and lowered into the water, where the sharks were allowed to snap at his limbs before he was drawn up again, tearing them away almost inch by inch. He was crazed by hunger and thirst, as well as his sufferings, and going quite mad, cursed the ship, its captain, officers and crew, foretelling that the vessel would burn by fire sent from heaven, and that such of the crew as did not perish in her would be doomed to haunt these waters ever more. But he died amid the jeering of the wretches about him.

That night, however, the rigging was found to be on fire, the flames descending instead of flaring upward, and licking the men from the decks as if they had been so many knots of wood. The captain and two of his officers and three or four of his men fled to the jolly-boat and succeeded in launching her upon the stormy waters that surrounded the ship, although beyond her the sea lay tranquil. When the men were gone and the jolly-boat had pulled away, the flames ceased as suddenly as they came, and the slaves came trooping up from the hold unharmed. They floated about for a day or two until they were discovered by an outward-bound ship, when they told their wonderful story, but forgot to add how, when the flames had died away, the crew of the jolly-boat had tried once more to board the vessel, they were beaten back by the desperate blacks.

Since then the jolly-boat has been often seen, so sailors declare, in those waters, with her crew pulling away for dear life, but when overtaken they are seen to be only naked skeletons looking back over their shoulders with hideous grins and their eyes ablaze with a horrid fire not of earth. This boat invariably runs before the fearful gales that are experienced on this coast, and every captain who sees this spectral craft dancing before him keeps his weather eye open. An old sailor, who now pulls a fish and oyster boat in this port, tells the following story of the Martha Kane's ghostly crew.

"I seen her twice. Once when I was boy'n on the Peter Snelling, bound for England, when late one afternoon the man at the wheel sung out, 'Boat out yonder, sir,' and she 'nough on looking I see a little boat bobbin' up and down in the water with six or seven persons in her. They looked like they was pullin' tow'd us, and the captain g've orders to lay to, but them fellows didn't seem to mek no progress an' last it struck me what she was so I tells the mate, but he just larfed an' said, 'Don't be a fool, Bill,' so up I shot. But by and by we bore down on her and we see that was only dead men in her, with rotten oars still gripped in their bony hands."

"That night the Peter Snelling was struck by a hurricane and went down with all on board 'cept me and a man 'thimberleg. The next time I saw her I was out here in the bay fishing, when a fog swept down sudden like an' I lost all idee of land, when 'est ahead of me movin' in a blob of red light that looked like blood. I see a little boat come dancin' over the waves and I'm blast if them sailor men she carried didn't up and be gone to me to follow them, but I knowed better than that so I turned and rowed in exactly the opposite direction and by-and-by found port."

ANIMALS AT PLAY.

A Universal Instinct Shown by the Whale Living Creation.

There really is nothing living that does not show some power and necessity for play even with worms. The sports of fishes are exceedingly beautiful, while insects dance on sun-beds and engage in the most graceful pastimes. I shall never forget a game which I saw played by a flock of geese. It was fully as complete as any I ever saw played by a band of school boys. I was driving along by one of the lateral canals in New York state when I saw in the water a flock of about a dozen white geese all with their necks craned out and shouting in a state of great excitement.

The cause of their peculiar noise was soon apparent. One goose about three rods ahead of the others just then emerged from a dive. The moment his head showed above water the rest half swam, half flew for him, with the wildest sort of ejaculations in goose language. He waited until they were close to him and then dived again. Over the spot they all creaped, and chattered and gobbled precisely like boys under like circumstances. I stopped my horse and watched.

A minute later the goal goose came up again; once more several rods away. Then the chase was repeated with renewed shouts as if every one said: "There he is! There he is! After him! The intense interest and glee exhibited by these geese was what you would call human. I am more inclined to call our boys' sports very goosey. For not only is here the origin of hide and seek, but there is no one of the simpler games of childhood that you can not find imitated by some of the creatures that long preceded us on the earth."

If you will study carefully those flies around your gas chandelier, generally in the center of the room you will see that they are playing a veritable game of tag. Leap frog is not very different from what I have seen played by lambs who start a race and leap over each other. Two kittens that we owned invented a game of "Dixie's Land." This in some form is not uncommon among animals. It seems to involve the idea of private property. One kitten took possession of a newspaper spread on the floor and the other, by all sorts of subterfuges, would undertake to trespass on that sheet while the occupant guarded it at all points. At last, by a bold dash, number two leaped into the disputed territory and in a cyclone the paper was torn to tatters. It was our part of the game to supply papers.

A Cleveland gentleman relates how a Skye terrier and a Persian cat carried this game a stage further, till it became dead earnest. Each really wanted the rug in front of the fire, and the strife often involved strategy.

One day Persia had been doing happily on the rug, and Skye tried wheedling in vain to get her off. Suddenly he ran to a window, jumped on a stool and looking out barked furiously. Persia's curiosity was excited, and she rushed to the window to see who was the foe or intruder when Skye quickly jumped down, rushed for the rug and curled up in the middle of it leaving puss to find out his game. The next time that Persia found him on the coveted spot it was her turn. She marched into the corner and began an apparently much-relished feast on the plate of bones. Jealous dog rushed for his share, and puss quickly seized the rug.

A Little Heroine.

She Saves Two Officers and Averts a Tennessee Tragedy.

The news of an exciting incident in the mining regions of Oliver Springs, Tenn., was brought to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette by Captain George Plumadore, who lives near that point. A bold plot to murder Lieutenant Patterson and Colonel Sevier had been arranged, and it was frustrated by the pretty little daughter of Captain John Triplet, of Owensboro.

The particulars of how the child outwitted the miners and prevented a tragedy are highly interesting.

The girl lives with her mother in the heart of the mining region, and on that Saturday night she had been out to visit a friend in the neighborhood. It was after dark when she started back alone, and when half the distance had been gone she was seized by a number of miners who were concealed in a thicket. One of the men stopped her cries by placing his hand over her mouth, and finally gagging her.

She was bound, and the leader said that if she did not do as directed she would meet a horrible fate. A torch was lighted and a pen and paper produced. She was ordered to write a letter to Lieutenant Patterson and Colonel Sevier, who were attending court at Clinton, to come to Fort Bottom, where they could capture Leadford, one of the escaped leaders in the recent coal riots. Their purpose, Captain Plumadore states, was to murder the two officers.

She wrote the message and was released. After reaching home she told the story to her mother and, saddling a horse, rode two miles to a telegraph station, where she sent a message to the officers, telling them to pay no attention to the letter, as it was a plot to murder them. It was received just in time, as the miners had undertaken to deliver the letter by special carrier. The people in the mining section regard the girl as a little heroine. She is fifteen years of age.

Enslaved Sport.

Little Dick—Papa, I wish you'd buy me a fish-pole.

Papa—There are no fish in that stream.

Little Dick—Well, then you won't have to go long to take 'em off th' hook—Good News.

Stammering depends on a want of harmony between the action of the muscles (chiefly abdominal) which expel air through the larynx and that of the muscles which guard the orifice by which it escapes with that of those which modulate the sound of the form of speech. Over either of the groups of muscles by itself a stammerer may have as much power as other people, but he cannot harmoniously arrange their conjoint action. Nervousness is a frequent cause of stammering. It is possible that the defect in some instances may result from malformation of the parts about the back of the mouth. The fact that stammering people are able to sing their words better than speak them has been usually explained on the supposition that in singing the glottis is kept open so that there is less liability to spasmodic action.—Brooklyn Eagle.