

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION HEARD FROM.

The Information, however, is Not of Very Recent Date.

A Zanzibar special says: Couriers from Tabora bring direct news from the Stanley expedition, a portion of which was met at the end of November, 1887, by Arabs trading between the lakes Victoria Nyanza and Nisigane and Tabora. These Arabs met Stanley's rear guard at a point west of Albert Nyanza, southeast of Zanga, just as the expedition was preparing to cross the swamps caused by the radiation of streams that abound in that country. The Arabs did not see Stanley. The detachment seen consisted of thirty men. They stated that Stanley was two days ahead. The expedition had suffered greatly on the march through a thick forest. It was impossible to advance more than a mile and a quarter daily. They had also suffered in the marshes where many were drowned in crossing a great river flowing from east to west. One white man had died. Stanley was obliged to fight some tribes that refused to supply him with provisions. The expedition had often halted in the expectation of seeing reinforcements from the Congo. The rear guard at the time of the meeting had only been on the march five days after a halt of three weeks due to the illness of Stanley and a great part of the escort, who had been attacked with fever. The Arabs estimate the total strength of the expedition, after all losses, at 250 men.

The health of Stanley was then good. The rear guard, which consisted of natives of Zanzibar, stated that Stanley had decided that he would no longer advance in a northeasterly direction, but would strike toward the north, hoping to avoid the swamps. After getting a certain distance north he intended to take an oblique line to the eastward and go straight to Wadala, where it was thought he would arrive fifty days later, about the middle of January, 1888. The Arabs were of the opinion that the expedition was still strong enough to reach Wadala.

It will be remembered that on August 1 information was received from Zanzibar that two messengers had arrived there who had left the interior about the beginning of the month of May, and that Stanley had not arrived at Wadala up to that time. The messengers stated that in the month of March Emin Pasha did receive some vague and indefinite news of the expedition, which had filtered through from the Arabs, but that the reports were very conflicting. Some declared that Stanley, after losing a number of men and a large portion of his supplies, was hemmed in by hostile tribes between the Maboko country and the Albert Nyanza, while other rumors were to the effect that he had been attacked by the tribes in the Matongor-Mino district and after several conflicts had diverted his course in an unknown direction.

Changes in the Burlington Officials.

Chicago dispatch: H. B. Stone has been appointed second vice president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system. E. P. Ripley succeeds Mr. Stone as general manager of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy east of the Missouri river. The changes took effect to-day. In mentioning the changes the Times prints the following: "The stand taken by Mr. Stone on the labor question is said to have had nothing to do with bringing about the present change in his duties, as his course during the strike, whether prudent or imprudent, was not a factor in the change. It was a question directed, by those higher in authority. At the same time, it is the belief of many disinterested persons that the change will have the effect of calming the prejudices that exist in certain quarters on account of the attitude of the management during the strike, and will therefore be beneficial to the company. There is some speculation as to whether Paul Morton will succeed Mr. Ripley in the position of general manager or remain at the head of the freight department. This seems to be a question not definitely settled."

Stoves in Steam Cars Must Go.

Albany (N. Y.) dispatch: The railroad commissioners have granted extra time until Jan. 1, 1889, to the Pullman Palace car company, the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad company, Central Vermont, lessees of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain, Delaware and Hudson canal company, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company, Northern Central company of Pennsylvania, Grand Trunk railway of Canada, Adirondack Railway company, Pennsylvania & New York Canal & Railroad company, Cortland & Northern Railroad company, Fitchburg Railroad company, and New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad to comply with the provisions of chapter 106 of the laws of 1888, in respect to heating their passengers, other than by stoves or furnaces kept inside the car or opened therefrom. The Newburg, Dutchess & Connecticut Railroad company is granted until November, 1889, and the Long Island Railroad company until Dec. 1, 1888, to comply with the law. In the matter of the application of the Wagner Palace Car company from an exemption from the law in cases where passenger cars are run on the lines of railroads exempt from the operation of the statute, or when cars are received from other roads not required to heat their cars by steam, the board sees no reason why the fire in the cars of this company coming into the state from the Grand Trunk railroad of Canada, or other lines, should not be dumped after the cars enter the state and the steam apparatus put into operation.

Must Go Back to the State Courts.

Chicago dispatch: Judge Gresham has remanded to the superior court the suit of J. J. Dickey and other heirs of Judge T. Lyle Dickey against Abbie M. Baker and other heirs of Mrs. Beniah C. Dickey. This is a suit to set aside the will made by Judge Dickey, giving all his property to his wife, Mrs. Beniah C. Dickey, on the ground that she unduly influenced him to make a will in her favor. The case was removed from the state courts on the ground that all state judges, from their long acquaintance with Judge Dickey, were prejudiced in favor of his heirs. Judge Gresham, in remanding the case, said that the statement was almost too ridiculous to merit comment. As the suit could not have been brought originally in the federal court, the judge said it must go back to the state courts.

A Newspaper Man's Good Luck.

Philadelphia dispatch: A large number of master car builders were present here to-day and negotiations were completed with Charles C. Brown, an experienced master car builder, for the purchase of a two-third interest in his newly invented combination spring and air cushion for freight and passenger cars. Mr. Brown receives \$70,000 in cash January 2 next. A large offer for the remaining third interest was refused by the inventor.

The United States imports annually about 80,000 pounds of vanilla beans, valued at \$400,000. Nearly all of it comes from Mexico and France.

A GALA DAY AT HAMBURG.

Emperor William, Von Moltke, and Other Principal Buildings, yards and docks.

Hamburg dispatch: Emperor William, General von Moltke and Count Herbert Bismarck were present at the ceremonies to commemorate the inclusion of the city in the customs union. The emperor inspected the guard of honor and drove through the city, Counts Von Moltke and Herbert Bismarck following in a separate carriage. The progress of the kaiser through the streets was triumphant, and he bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the cheers of the people. He was conducted by the senators from Brookbridge to the scene of the festivities, where a stone was placed in commemoration of Hamburg's inclusion in the German Zollverein. Arriving upon the scene the emperor took a trowel and mallet, and laying the stone twice said: "For God's honor, for the good of the fatherland and the welfare of Hamburg." The stone was then declared duly laid. Subsequently the emperor and his party boarded a steamer and traversed the canal to the commerce of Hamburg, also inspecting the fort.

The party boarded another steamer and proceeded down the Elbe. The kaiser stood on the bridge of the steamer smoking and chatting with his companions. While the emperor was thus engaged, Prof. Delbruck approached him and was about to kiss his hand. The kaiser, with a deprecating gesture, seized Delbruck's hand and shook it heartily. The emperor later visited the principal buildings, yards and docks. On the steamer going down the Elbe the emperor held a long conversation with Mr. Carl Schurz. A banquet was given in honor of the emperor at Kunst-hallen, at which there were sixty guests, including Count Herbert Bismarck and Herr Von Boetticher and Dr. Von Cossler. Dr. Peterson, first burgomaster of Hamburg, in the name of the senate and burgoesses, welcomed the emperor, who in the course of his reply, said: "I regard the festivities of to-day as an inheritance from my grandfather. The work which was completed to-day forms the first important service rendered by the internal policy under my rule. I trust that God's blessing may rest upon it, and that the commerce of Hamburg will rise to a height never before reached, and that you will always spread our ideas, in foreign lands. Let us all drink to the prosperity and success of Hamburg."

Berlin dispatch: The emperor, on his return from Hamburg, was met at Friedrichsrahe this evening by the fire brigade, which formed a guard of honor. He arrived at 8 o'clock, and was welcomed by the mayor and other officials. The emperor and the chancellor were extraordinarily cordial and the enthusiasm it evoked was manifested by the cheers of the people.

Decision in Nebraska Land Cases.

Washington dispatch: The acting secretary of the interior to-day decided three land cases involving the title to certain tracts of land in Nebraska. Fremont Young appealed from the decision of Commissioner Sparks refusing to grant his application to cancel the homestead entry for the northwest quarter of section 23, township 6, north range 41 west, without prejudice to his right to make a new entry for the northwest quarter of section 5, same township and range in the McCook district. Young claims that the original entry was made in violation of the act of March 3, 1877, and files affidavit in support of his good faith. His application to cancel the original entry was filed within eight days after filing the application. Sparks found a lack of due care, but Acting Secretary Muldrow does not concur in that finding and reverses the decision. In the contest case of North L. Overton vs. George L. Heskins, involving the latter's homestead entry for the southwest quarter, section 27, township 20, north range 21, west No. 10 plat, district, in which the register and receiver recommended the cancellation of the entry the contestee appealed and Overton subsequently withdrew. The acting commissioner holds that the United States is still a party and he therefore returns the papers for consideration. In the case of William Holcomb's cash entry of the south half of the northeast quarter and the east half of the southeast quarter, section 27, township 2, north range 38, west, McCook district, the entry man has filed a supplemental proof since the appeal and the case is returned to the general land office for further investigation.

Who Wrote the Murchison Letter.

Los Angeles (Cal.) dispatch: The Times of this city, the paper that first printed Lord Sackville's letter to the editor, inquirer, publishes what the editor claims are the real facts connected with the Murchison-West correspondence. Says the Times: "Information has been gathered directly from the few persons who are on the inside and possessed of all the facts in the case. The idea of writing a letter to Minister West originated with Murchison himself in the latter part of August or early in September. He is a reputable citizen of Pomona, of this county, and is an English parentage. The conception of the letter was his. He consulted a confidential friend in its preparation. Murchison said on the outset, and before sending the letter, that the object was not to perpetrate a joke or gratify curiosity, but to get Minister West's opinion of the letter. He consented to the letter being made public without delay, which was done, the date of the first publication here being October 2. 'I did not know you could sing,' Mr. Jeffrey," advancing into the dimly lighted room. "Only a little, Miss Ewald," he said, hastily, looking as guilty as if he had been detected in a crime. "You sing extremely well, and with wonderful expression." Her frank, warm praise overmastered the self control he had been putting upon himself for days. He looked at her, a passionate fire leaping to his eyes. "I ought to sing that song well, with you always in my thoughts," he said, in a low, quick tone. Her startled eyes met his; she turned away, but he caught her hand. "I know what presumption, what madness it is, but I love you, Miss Ewald—Rosamond, my queen!" She flushed and paled. "It may seem a poor return for all your goodness to give you my heart, but it is an honest heart and—"

The New Acting Minister.

Washington dispatch: Now that Lord Sackville, by the action taken by the government of the United States yesterday, no longer a minister to this country, the first secretary of the British legation naturally becomes the official representative of the government of Great Britain. Mr. Edwards, the first secretary, is absent, however, and will not return for some time, so that Michael Herbert, who was recently made second secretary, is now acting minister. Herbert recently arrived here from Europe, and is to be married to a lady of New York, who will thus become mistress of the British legation. It is probable that the British legation silence is maintained. Lord Sackville refused to see anyone to-day and members of the legation who were seen said that all was uncertainty as to his departure from Washington.

Miss Ewald's Protege.

Saturday Night.

"He is handsome, he speaks correctly, and there is a kind of superb independence about him that I admire. What a pity he is only a farmer!" Miss Ewald mused, looking over the fence at the reapers in the wheat field, and singing out Brian Jeffrey's straight, well knit figure, in its cool blue cotton overalls and blouse.

How easily and lightly he swung the scything cradle around, the yellow grain falling before the glittering blade. Miss Ewald had been at Grasslands a week. She was twenty-six and thoroughly disgusted with the world, or so she imagined when she was elected to spend the summer in the country, instead of going with her friends on the usual round of gayety at the watering places.

"I am tired of folly and fashion, of society—of everything," she had said, and packing her trunks went away to the loneliness, the cool, deep, shades, and the simple, primitive life of Grasslands, bewildering Farmer Jason and his comely wife with her beauty and grace and city toilets, and making acquaintance with Brian Jeffrey, the father's nephew. "He is probably as old as I am, but with as little worldly knowledge as I had at sixteen," shifting her white linen parasol a little, her eyes still fixed on the blue clad figure in the field.

A brilliant idea had shaped itself in her mind during the week. She would help the young man to a higher plane of life—point into the intellectual world. "Why not?" she had reasoned. "Of course my friends," with a slight curl of her lip, "would deride the plan; but I see no harm in it. He is here, shut off from the world with no examples to stimulate ambition or make him desire culture." The morning that she stood by the fence, looking into the wheat field, she decided to speak to him about it—offer, with tact and delicacy, to loan him books and papers, and her aid in turning his thoughts into higher channels.

That evening, as she stood on the veranda, gathering a bunch of creamy roses for the bosom of her light blue gown, he came and leaned against the column near her. The fading daylight seemed to gather about her golden head and lovely purely-colored face, and the young farmer's dark gray eyes were fixed steadily on her. It was a good time and place to unfold her purpose. His face flushed, and he looked down at his shapely, sunburnt hands, while she explained that all her books and magazines were at his service, and that she would be pleased to have him read with her sometimes. He seemed to catch instantly at her full meaning, and the light in his gray eyes almost startled her. "Would you indeed be so kind to an ignorant, poor wretch?" he murmured, and her face flushed.

"It is no great act of kindness, Mr. Jeffrey. I understand the limitations of your surroundings, and if you will accept—"

"I do, most gladly, gratefully!" he quickly interrupted. "In a country neighborhood, where all, or nearly all, are on the same level—where an almanac and a Bible constitute a library—there is not much hope for literary advancement." It was a strange summer to Rosamond Ewald—one utterly out of the line of conventional experiences. Never had teacher so apt a pupil, and the lines of study took a much wider range than she had imagined. Favorite authors were invested with new interest, and she found all her own mental faculties stimulated and quickened. She had ever been weary of life.

It was delightful to have such an intelligent, sympathetic protege. "I never knew before that such a simple act of kindness could give one so much pleasure. I felt like a different creature from the languid, unenlivened woman who came up here." One evening she was surprised and delighted at the sound of a fine tenor voice singing "My Queen" with an eloquence of expression unexpected. She stepped to the parlor door and saw Brian Jeffrey sitting before the small, almost tuneless old piano, playing and singing. He stopped instantly at sight of her. "I did not know you could sing, Mr. Jeffrey," advancing into the dimly lighted room. "Only a little, Miss Ewald," he said, hastily, looking as guilty as if he had been detected in a crime. "You sing extremely well, and with wonderful expression." Her frank, warm praise overmastered the self control he had been putting upon himself for days. He looked at her, a passionate fire leaping to his eyes. "I ought to sing that song well, with you always in my thoughts," he said, in a low, quick tone. Her startled eyes met his; she turned away, but he caught her hand. "I know what presumption, what madness it is, but I love you, Miss Ewald—Rosamond, my queen!" She flushed and paled. "It may seem a poor return for all your goodness to give you my heart, but it is an honest heart and—"

All the haughty Ewald blood flamed up. She snatched her hand from his grasp. "Sir, you surely forget your station! You presume unpardonably upon my favor. Let me pass." He grew white as death, bowed, and stepped aside, and she went proudly away to her own room, only to throw herself on the bed when she arrived there, sobbing like the weakest schoolgirl. Never in her life had such contending emotions possessed her. Hot waves of crimson swept over her

The Dread of Death.

Junior Henri Brown, in the Forum.

It is singular how small is the proportion of persons who have witnessed the closing scene of the human tragedy. Even physicians do not see their patients expire so frequently as would be thought. But what they see is sufficient to strip death of its consternation. Their presence at the unmasking of the fancied monster prepares them for the inevitable. When their time comes they go at least resigned through the silent portal. They are no braver than others, but they have learned not to be scared at spectres. Very few men, in truth, are afraid to die when the point comes. They do not, as may be supposed, relish it, and they are anxious, as a rule, to live, so long as their chances are good and they do not suffer. When suffering grows acute their desire dwells (few of us but prefer death to pain), and when they lose hope they yield themselves without a murmur.

I have seen, I repeat, an extraordinary number of persons die, and my observation and experience contradict the current theories and opinions on the subject. At first I was surprised at the evidence that they revealed the actual truth. I remember, though but a small boy at the time, the first man who passed away before my eyes. He was patient, tranquil, philosophic, while conscious of his doom. I had expected him to be terrified, to perish in agony, and the circumstance made an indelible impression on my budding mind. I have seen the last moment of delicate, highly nervous women who would shriek at the sight of a spider and who could not bear the mention of death. Anyone who had known them would have thought that their closing scenes must have been distressing. They longed to live in the beginning, but as they ebbed away and were conscious of the fact, peace and renunciation came to them. No hero of a hundred fights could have borne lingering illness and its end more serenely. Women, weak and timid as they seem, are horrified as they often are at the grim monarch while remote, are calm and intrepid when he stands at their side. As he advances to seize them they do not blanch or sigh or complain. I have wondered how persons who had appeared to be afraid of everything would meet their fate, and yet they have met it with equal mind and becoming fortitude.

Trials of the Insurance Adjuster. From the Boston Transcript. The fire-insurance adjuster, who goes about to verify people's losses by little "conflagrations," sees some very queer sights and hears some very queer stories. One of them, who went up to the North End the other day to adjust a loss in a Russian Jewish household, was astonished at the claims which the lady of the house put in for two pillows, weighing sixteen pounds apiece, which she had brought over from the old country and valued very highly. A feather pillow weighing sixteen pounds struck the loss adjuster as an impossibility; but evidently he had not been familiar with the continental style of feather pillow. Much more interesting was the same adjuster's experience with a Yankee woman at the South End, who submitted this item among the losses which she had scheduled in due form: WEARING APPAREL. My husband's leg.....\$15

As soon as the adjuster reached this item of wearing apparel he protested with some vehemence. "Your husband was at the office this morning," said he, "and he seemed to be going about on two legs as usual." "Oh," said the wife, "this was his spare leg that was busted." "Have you got the charred remains?" "Certainly," said the lady. And she produced from a shelf in the closet all that was left—a dingy, burnt stump—of her husband's spare wooden leg.

The agent was compelled to admit that the wooden leg was undoubtedly the right to include it amongst "wearing apparel," and as there seemed no other classification for the article, the loss was not included in the rest. The next time the good lady gets out an insurance policy she will probably make sure that her husband's wooden leg shall be particularly mentioned in the policy.

A Queer Cat Story.

From the Forest and Stream. A correspondent tells a story about a favorite cat that spends a good deal of her time in a cozy old armchair. Her owner last May put four hen eggs into the chair by way of seeing what pass would do with them in order to make her bed more comfortable. Strange as it may appear, puss took kindly to the eggs and in due time hatched four fine chickens. For weeks after the chickens were hatched she licked them all over every day with her tongue, caressed and fondled them as much as if they had been her own kittens. Whenever the chickens strayed from the nursery she carried them back in her mouth as if they had been made of the finest of glass.

Laughter of Recent Origin.

Pittsburg Gazette. Because man is the only animal that can laugh, we would naturally conclude that he has always laughed, but such is not the case. At least, laughter, as our expression of merriment or pleasure, has only been in vogue for a short time as compared with the age of the race. The Puritans and Quakers who came to this country a couple of hundred years ago held it to be a misdemeanor to laugh boisterously or heartily, and even to this day their descendants regard laughing as being indecorous, if not actually unbecoming to a Christian.

A LOST LOVE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"There's a Summer ago when he left me here— A Summer of smiles with never a tear. Till I said to him, with a sob, my dear— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

For I loved him, oh, as the stars love night! And my checks for him flushed red and white When first he called me his heart's delight— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

The touch of his hand was a thing divine As he sat with me in the soft moonshine And drank of my love as men drink wine— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

And never a night as I knelt in prayer. In a gown as white as our own souls were, And in fancy he came and he kissed me there— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

But now, oh, God! what an empty place My whole heart is! Of the old embrace And the kiss I loved there lives no trace— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

He sailed not over the stormy sea; But he is lost—for he was married— Good-bye, my lover, good-bye!"

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY CLINTON F. MOSES.

A flock of greedy vultures hover over Florida and scan her sandy hills with eager eyes, searching for neglected treasure on which to fatten. These are the land speculators, into whose ranks a desire for quickly acquired wealth had attracted me. A strong motive had created this desire. The faltering "yes" of Lucy Lee, the belle of Sour Orange Bend, and the squire's answer that I must possess a certain sum of money before our hopes could be realized, had sharpened my faculties to cut the straightest road to fortune. That fickle goddess, reserving her frowns for a more worthy man, smiled graciously on me and threw in my way a tract of land which, if expertly handled, would yield the stipulated amount.

I had not won Lucy's favor without a struggle. A frontier settlement is a very democratic institution, and Squire Lee's house was open to all. The wise traveler regulated his speed so that night would overtake him at his hospitable door, and on the days when he was called on to perform magisterial duties the court and all lookers-on would refresh themselves at his table. Through her father's popularity and her own accomplishments Lucy was the acknowledged belle, not only of Sour Orange Bend, but of the whole Ettonlock, late Lee, District, and when my successful suit was known I became for a while the most unpopular man in the district. The native "crackers," tough cowboys and city-bred chaps roughing it in the woods treated me as though I had robbed them of their most valued possession, and envious eyes were constantly watching to report anything which might overthrow my supremacy. Her most unfortunate wooer had been a naturalized American, who a few months previous had passed into another world heartily hating me for winning Lucy's heart. By his death the tract of land which he held under a government receipt passed into the possession of a wealthy German, and he, not wishing to renounce allegiance to the Fatherland, sold his right to me on very favorable terms, and, having complied with the law, I entered the quarter section under the Homestead act. As it was necessary to make a six months' residence on the tract before "commuting" late one afternoon I moved a few household articles into the log cabin which my deceased predecessor had built.

The place had an abandoned and desolate look, tall weeds grew before the open door, and wild climbers had dragged the stick and mud chimney to the ground. A bunch of typical Florida hogs, "razor-backs" as they are aptly termed, half wild, very strong as to muscle and taste, long of leg and snout, thick of skin and thin of body, rushed from beneath the cabin, bristling with rage at being disturbed. Pausing for a moment as if deciding whether to fight or retreat, their council of war was quickly settled by the appearance of my gun. They had evidently felt the sting of buskshot before and scampered away into the dense saw palmetto thicket. However, as I was a hardened frontiersman, these things troubled me but little, and, after cooking a frugal supper and turning my horse loose to feed on the luxuriant crab grass which covered the clearing around the cabin, I composed myself for a quiet night's rest. As slumber soothed my senses with its benign influence I vaguely wondered what the departed owner of the place would say if he could see me in possession of his erstwhile property.

So strong had been his hatred that I felt sure if disembodied spirits could revisit the earth he would come that night and eject me from what, even in the spirit world, he would feel a sort of proprietary power over. My superstitious neighbor, Billy Lamb, had prepared me for a quiet night by remarking that "there wasn't enough money in Orange County to pay him to sleep in the room where Wilhelm Bischoff had died." I scorned such unmanly fears and was soon asleep in the very room where the poor consumptive had made his exit from this life. A shrill, alarming noise, which sounded to my drowsy ears like the neigh of a frightened horse, awoke me with a start. Looking out of the open door I could see by the light of a glorious August moon that my horse was laboring under great excitement. An occasional bear or panther sometimes visited our settlement, and, supposing the disturbance to be caused by one of these, I slipped cautiously out, gun in hand, to annihilate "the varmint."

But a careful search among the luxuriant banana plants and wide-spreading guava bushes failed to detect an intruder, and returning to bed my sleep was haunted by a vision of frightened horses and uncanny beasts in pursuit. A monster horse, of a transparent greenish aspect,

blazing red eyes, followed them and planted his murderous hoofs on my breast; a solemn funeral bell tolled twelve times and a cry of distress sounded, a guttural Teutonic voice calling my name.

I arose, and, led by an irresistible power, stepped out into the moonlight.

Stretched upon the ground lay him whom I supposed was with the dead. Wilhelm Bischoff, emaciated and ghastly pale, an awful, revengeful look on his face, his hands held out as if begging help to rise, and as I reached forward to assist him a wild, mocking, unearthly laugh issued from his lips and he vanished.

The shock restored me to consciousness. I was standing in the moonlight, having wandered out of doors asleep while under the influence of a horrible nightmare brought on by midnight alarm.

Trembling chilled I summoned my will power to banish all feelings of terror, conscious that the unusual experience could be reasonably explained, and thus partially restoring my mind to its usual condition of calmness I turned to re-enter the cabin, when that awful screaming cry filled the night with alarm again.

No beast that I ever heard could utter such a terrible cry, nor could nightmares and dreams explain it, for I was awake and in full possession of my faculties. In a time of danger animals seek man's protection. My horse galloped up, whinnying with fright, but he sought a poor defender, for, already unmoved by the terrors of a nightmare, the recurrence of that awful mocking laugh completely stampeded me.

Clad only in a scanty night garment I leaped on the horse's back and forced him over the low rail fence around the clearing. He headed himself toward my nearest neighbor's house, a solitary bachelor-like myself, the superstitious Lamb.

My halloo soon brought him to my cabin door, and his drawing inquiry, "What's the matter, Charley? you look half scared to death," recalled my panic stricken senses. Ashamed to acknowledge the true reason to him, I pretended a painful toothache, which made sleep impossible, and asked if he had anything that would relieve it.

After what seemed to me, shivering in the cool night air, an age, he returned with a flask of whisky, recommending that I hold a little on the afflicted nerve.

I borrowed the entire flask on the plea that the pain was very intense, and when safely away from his observation applied it contents to the excruciating of the uncanny spirits which haunted me. My courage was renewed by the stimulating drink, and my revived mental faculties suggested that the alarming laugh might be the work of an envious practical-joking revival. This solution of the mystery filled me with anger, for Lucy would be told how I had fallen a victim to a ridiculous fright, and my next visit to her would not be a pleasant one for me. So, hastily retracing my steps, I arrived at the clearing again, watchful and alert, to detect the location of the sound should it be repeated.

Leaning forward to open the log gate, that wild mocking laugh sounded again as though uttered at my elbow. A hasty glance revealed only a few stunted orange-trees, too bare to conceal even a shadow. That sound could not have been framed by human lips. My artificial courage quickly fled before this renewed manifestation of an invisible presence and turning my horse's head I urged him away, resolved to quit the place forever.

Plunging through the forest he came to a sudden pause among the few graves which constituted the neighborhood's burying place. By the bright light of the moon I read the inscription on the head-board: "Here rests Wilhelm Bischoff, Born in Bremen, Germany; Departed this life far from his native land. May he slumber peacefully until that awful day when—" I read no further.

From the very bosom of the grave a mocking, scornful, wild, revengeful laugh burst upon the stillly midnight air. The hair bristled on my head and drops of agony gathered on my brow. The affrighted horse, with a sudden forward leap, unseated me, and, as the cold grave, wet with a heavy dew, smote upon my ears again, I felt that all was lost; a retrospective view of my checkered life flashed through my mind with electric speed.

With closed eyes I awaited the fatal blow from the hands of my ghostly pursuer. But no blow fell, and, reanimated by hope, I arose and looked around. No wraith or spook or ghost appeared. The bright moonlight filled the forest with a peaceful glory. Emboldened, but not wholly reassured, I hastened away, and in my eagerness to escape rushed through a bed of geraniums at the foot of the grave.

A solitary bird, aroused from its place of concealment, flew swiftly away, filling the forest with that awful sound which had so paralyzed me with terror. A revelation lighted my bewildered mind, and another laugh sounded on the midnight air, though not a malignant one, but full of relieved feeling and expressive of a sudden sense of a ridiculous sensation. The "laughing owl" of Florida, seldom met with, whose uncanny, inhuman cry might well alarm the stoutest hearted, had been the innocent cause of my Night of Terror. Hurrying home, I clothed my chilled limbs in their accustomed protection, and lighting a pipe, gave myself up to philosophic meditations, convinced that many of our troubles are caused by over-excited imaginations; and congratulating myself that Lucy would not hear of the escapade, I fell into a quiet sleep.

"Children," asked a minister, addressing a Sunday school, "why are we like flowers?" What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class replied, "Worms." The minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion,