

## L VES SEASONS.

Fall flowered summer lies upon the land.  
I kiss your lips, your hair—and then  
your hand  
Slips into mine, lo, we two understand  
That love is sweet.

The roseleaf fades, the color fades and dies;  
The sunlight fades, the summer bird-like  
voices,  
There comes a shade across your wistful  
eyes—  
Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind  
with rain;  
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of  
pain.  
Can any note revive the broken strain,  
Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is every-  
where;  
I turn to you, and in my heart's despair  
Find peace and rest. We know, through  
foul or fair,  
That love is sweet.  
—Pall Mall Gazette.

## A JUST PUNISHMENT.

Two people were sitting on the veranda  
of an Indian bungalow; a tall man of  
about forty, handsome and bronzed, and  
a girl about fifteen years younger, fair and  
delicately pretty. From within came the  
distant sound of a piano and violin, and  
without, at the bottom of the compound,  
was the ceaseless sigh and whisper of the  
river.

"The air feels almost like England to-  
day," said the man. "When I shut my  
eyes I can fancy myself at home."  
"Do you love so much for England?"  
said the girl, looking up with a smile.  
"It's all so new to me, and so full of inter-  
est, that I don't want to go back at all."  
"Ah, Miss Graham, if you have been an  
exile for ten years, as I have, you'd know  
what the longing is."

"Ten years?" said the girl, sympatheti-  
cally. "Yes, I shall want to go back long  
before that."

"I was only home for a month then,"  
went on the man, as if he found it hard to  
leave the subject. "Twenty years of my  
life I have spent in strange countries and  
among strange peoples, and now I'm get-  
ting old and England is calling, calling to  
me louder and louder as the days go by.  
I've learned what it is to be homesick,  
Miss Graham."

"Then why not go home?" said the  
girl, gently. "Surely."

"Why not?" the man laughed a little  
bitterly. "You see I am reaping the re-  
wards of a mispent youth. I got into  
scrapes when I was at home—I wasn't  
worse than other people, but I was a bit  
more reckless. I belong to a respectable  
family, you see, and it's part of the con-  
tract that I don't go back unless—"

"Unless—what?" asked the girl, softly.  
"Unless I marry, and take my wife  
back with me."

"So it's either slavery or exile," said the  
girl, laughing. "Why not?"

"Don't laugh, Miss Graham," said the  
man, earnestly. "The truth is, I have  
never seen a woman I wished to make my  
wife, until—"

"Alison," said a voice at the window,  
"will you have a scarf? There is quite a  
breeze, and your dress is very thin."

The man muttered something under his  
breath, as the girl rose and turned to take  
the scarf. She stood at the window a few  
minutes, and said words and phrases of  
talk, punctuated with laughter, came bro-  
kenly to the man's ears.

"There goes my chance," he said, un-  
der his breath. He got up and leaned  
over the railing looking out upon the  
river. When the girl came back to her  
seat he turned towards her.

"Do you mind if I smoke, Miss Graham?"  
he said.

"Oh, no, I like it," she answered, smil-  
ing. She leaned back in her chair, gath-  
ering the scarf round her, and looked up  
at him, still smiling, while he lit his  
cigar.

"Jessie has been telling me a most ab-  
surd story that George has just brought  
home," she said. "The colonel's wife has  
got a new nurse girl from England, and  
she has been causing great interest and  
excitement among the men. To-day,  
two of them, each considering himself the  
favored swain, fell to quarreling about her,  
and, at last, there was a regular stand up  
fight. In the end, when some one in au-  
thority interfered and separated the  
bruised and gory combatants, the girl an-  
nounced her preference for another man  
who had been a peaceable spectator of the  
fight. George says no one was more  
surprised than the man himself, and  
there were at least six other men who con-  
sidered they had claims. One can't help  
laughing, though it isn't a thing to be  
amused about, really. The girl thought  
it to send the girl straight back to  
England."

"Oh, come, Miss Graham, perhaps she  
did not mean to do any harm."

"No," said the girl, bitterly. "The  
people who fill never mean to do harm, I  
believe, but that does not make it any less  
cruel."

"Would you—would you be very down  
on a man that flirted?"

"Oh, it's not really worse in a man than  
in a woman. It's heartless and mean, and  
contemptible on either side."

"But, Miss Graham, remonstrated the  
man, "it doesn't follow always that flir-  
ting merits all the hard names you  
give it. Sometimes I fancy, it  
may be a very innocent form of amuse-  
ment."

"Ah, you don't understand, you don't  
know," said the girl, earnestly. "It  
is too simple and honorable yourself to  
guess what it may mean when it's in-  
nocent amusement on one side and not on  
the other. That game is seldom played  
fairly on both sides. Perhaps I should  
have thought like you but for something  
that happened when I was very young. I  
can never forget—I can never think light-  
ly of flitting again."

Her voice stopped with a little quick  
catch of the breath; the man looked at  
her with a face full of sympathy and in-  
terest. Presently she went on again:

"I'll tell you, if you like; it doesn't  
matter now who knows. I had a friend—  
my dearest friend, though she was some  
years older than I. She died six years  
ago, and I was with her much of the time  
that she was ill. They called it all sorts  
of things, and no one was wiser but I that  
she died of a broken heart. I suppose it  
was one of those cases of innocent amuse-  
ment."

"Her people used to go every summer  
to a little watering place, where they had  
a cottage and a boat. One year there was  
a young man there, handsome, clever and  
attractive, and with some halo of romance  
and heroism about him that made him  
specially interesting. Mabel liked him  
from the first, and when he began to de-  
vote himself to her, as he did almost at  
once, there grew up an understanding be-  
tween them that, in Mabel's eyes, was  
equivalent to an engagement. You see  
my friend was quite incapable of flir-  
ting, and it never occurred to her that an hon-  
orable man could mean anything but that.  
Of course, in her eyes, this man was the  
embodiment of honor, and courage, and  
every other virtue."

"Mabel had said nothing to her people.  
There was no formal engagement, you  
know, no ring, and Mabel was a shy

and sensitive girl. She dreaded the  
publicity and the fuss of congratulations.  
She was not afraid of opposition, her lover  
was a good enough parti, and she was  
glad that no one should know for a little  
while. One day she awoke to find that  
she ought, perhaps, to speak. Her  
lover had persuaded her to meet him by  
the river, after dusk, and they were to go  
for a row. Mabel had rather reluctantly  
consented to this plan, for her people were  
rather straight-laced, and she did not  
think they would like it. In fact, after  
first intending to tell her mother, as a  
matter of course, as the day wore on she  
found it more and more difficult to speak  
of it. She worried herself quite ill, for  
she did not want to break her promise,  
and she could see no way of keeping it.  
As luck would have it, her people were  
going next door for a quiet rubber after  
dinner. Mabel looked so wretched that  
her mother suggested she should stay at  
home and go early to bed, and she gladly  
accepted the excuse.

"As soon as they were gone she put on  
a light wrap and hastened to the trysting  
place, determining as she went that she  
would ask her lover to speak to her peo-  
ple next day. The path by the river was  
a private footway used by the residents,  
and visitors by courtesy of the owner.  
The meeting-place was an old boat-house,  
about a mile and a half away. When  
Mabel reached it she was hot and ex-  
hausted, for she had hurried, partly be-  
cause she was a little late and partly from  
nervousness. She heard the sound of oars  
out in the stream, and paused a moment  
to listen, thinking it was her lover's boat,  
but it was going towards the harbor, and  
the sound soon died away. She sat down  
on a log and waited. Presently footsteps  
coming along the path made her jump up  
in a fright. A terror of discovery sud-  
denly came over her. She crept round the  
boat-house, gently pushed the door open,  
and stepped inside, so that she was quite  
hidden by the shadow. The foot-  
steps stopped close by and Mabel was in  
fear that her hiding place would be dis-  
covered. Presently she heard more foot-  
steps, and then voices: a party of three or  
four girls had come out for an evening  
walk. They did not pass the boat-house,  
however, and after a little while they  
turned and retraced their steps. Mabel  
waited until their voices died away in the  
distance, and then followed them stealthily.  
She was cold and dizzy, but she did not  
dare to hurry lest she should overtake  
them. She got home without having  
been seen by any one, and went straight to  
bed.

"In the morning she was very ill, low  
fever the doctor said, and it was some  
days before she was able to see any one.  
At last, when she was getting better, she  
learned the truth. Her lover had gone  
away—had left the country the very night  
that he had asked her to meet him, no  
one knew how or why. "Called away on  
business," his people gave out, and nobody  
else had any explanation to offer. But  
Mabel knew, for in the early days of her  
convalescence when she was allowed to  
sit in an armchair on the veranda, or to  
have her bath-chamber pulled up upon the  
bracken and heather on the headland, first  
one and then another of her own per-  
sonal girl friends came and sobbed out  
just such another story of heartbreak and  
deception. And not a word of explana-  
tion or repentance did he send to any one  
of them. Mabel kept her own counsel,  
and one suspected that her illness was  
anything but physical. She never got  
really well again. They took her abroad,  
but she never seemed to get any stronger.  
At last she begged them to take her home  
and let her die in peace, and the doctors  
said they might as well let her have her  
way. So they took her back to the little  
house at Seaford."

"Seaford?" The half-burnt cigar  
dropped from the man's nervous fingers as  
the word broke from him involuntarily.  
"You know Seaford?" asked the girl  
in surprise.

"And your friend—was it Mabel Cahu-  
sac?" His face had gone very pale under  
the tan.

"Mabel Cahusac, yes. Oh! Captain  
Aldenhams, did you know Mabel?"

"I met her—once," Fred Aldenhams  
spoke with a great effort. "Miss Graham,  
did you hear—the name—of the man?"

"No," said the girl, sadly. "Mabel  
would not tell me that. And I don't even  
know whether his people were visitors or  
residents in the place. I am sorry, because  
I have so wished I could meet the man and  
see him get the punishment he deserves.  
But, you see, I might meet him without  
ever knowing."

"For which he may thank heaven,"  
said Aldenhams fervently.

"You knew Seaford and you knew  
Mabel?" said the girl, softly and wonder-  
ingly. "How strange it all seems! The  
place has often been in my mind since I  
came here. The river sounds just like  
this, and the gardens slope down to its  
banks just like the compound here."

"Yes," said Aldenhams in a low tone.  
"It was of Seaford I was thinking when I  
said the place reminded me of home. I  
like to shut my eyes, sometimes, and for-  
get the palms and the tree ferns, and fancy  
that the wind is stirring in the oaks and  
beeches of the old garden."

"Don't wonder you long for home,"  
said the girl, gently. "Seaford is such a  
lovely spot! It must have been hard to  
come away."

"Yes," said Aldenhams, rising suddenly.  
"When a man gets to my age things begin  
to alter. When I was a youngster I  
wanted to see life. I wanted to get as  
much fun out of the old show as possible,  
and I was glad of the chance of getting in  
touch with a younger, freer, more sponta-  
neous growth of civilization. I tried  
everything, Miss Graham. I've heaved  
cattle on the pins, I've worked for gold  
in an African river. And finally, fate  
landed me here, in the midst of an English  
society, more conventional, more dull,  
more corrupt than any I could find at  
home, in the value of the English life I  
had forfeited. I have learnt it, and I long  
for nothing better now than a cozy house in  
my native place, with a few acres to farm,  
and a boat on the river. I want to know  
my brothers and sisters' children, and be-  
fore it's too late, I want to see my  
mother."

There was silence for a few moments;  
the girl was deeply moved, but she could  
think of nothing that was not trite and  
commonplace to say. The endless sweet  
song of the river beneath them seemed to  
be mocking at the human passion it had  
stirred.

"Miss Graham," said Aldenhams, speak-  
ing with sudden resolve, "I've done many  
things in my life that you would not like  
—that I don't like myself; but I believe  
no man can feel himself worthy of the  
woman he asks to be his wife. Perhaps—  
there may be some things you would put  
against that on the other side. I don't  
want to plead that; if there's any hope for  
me it won't be because I deserve it, but  
because—"

"Oh, please don't say anything more—  
I'm so sorry, so very, very sorry." The  
girl had risen and was standing before him  
with a face of utter bewilderment and  
consternation. "Oh, Captain Aldenhams,  
I never knew, I never guessed—oh, I hope  
you didn't think—"

"No, I had no right to think—any-  
thing," said the man, gravely and sadly.

"Miss Graham, if I wait—is there no hope  
for me?"

The girl shook her head.  
"It would be no use," she said.  
"Miss Graham—will you tell me—is  
there some one else?"

Alison lifted her head, and steadied her  
voice by an effort.  
"Yes, Captain Aldenhams," she said,  
"there is—some one else."

She held out her hand to him in fare-  
well, and he took it a moment between  
both his own.  
"Then good-by," he said.  
"Good-by," said Alison, gently; then  
she turned and went swiftly in through  
the window.

Fred Aldenhams stood a moment listen-  
ing to the wash of the river. Then he  
drew a cigar from his case, and cut the  
end off slowly and deliberately.  
"Poor Mabel," he said, as he lighted it,  
"after all, she has her revenge."

## FIREPLACE MOTTOES.

They Can Be Etched Into Wood  
With a Hot Poker.

Over the fireplace, in straggling  
letters, may be carved in the wood,  
or fired upon the tiling, appropriate  
devices and sentences. It is not an  
expensive fad, and is something in-  
dicative of real individuality. As  
instances, "Welcome ye to this cot-  
tage by the sea," or "Welcome ye to  
the cot by the old oak tree," or what-  
ever tree be nearest. Again, "Come,  
bask in my cheerful warmth." "Find  
in my fire, your heart's desire." "In  
gladsome mirth, gather around my  
hearth." "Shall I not take mine  
ease beside my fireside?"

These or other mottoes might be  
etched into wood, for a cottage, by  
poker work, a decoration of which  
too little is generally known. Pyro-  
graphy, as it is designated, is done  
after a little practice by any one hav-  
ing the least art training or dexter-  
ity and precision in drawing.

While there are sets of tools by  
which finished work can be done, a  
small-pointed poker, heated either  
over a spirit lamp, or in a coal fire,  
can be made the instrument for fine  
effects. Not only lettering for man-  
tels, but designs in lights and shad-  
ows, for panels, screens, picture  
frames, cabinets and brackets are  
made by the poker point.

Good, well seasoned wood, free  
from knots and cracks, must be used  
to expect good results. It is said by  
experts that elm shows the blackest  
tracings, but that sycamore, holly  
and lime, followed by the oak, ash  
and elm, lend themselves readily to  
this work.

On any simple design, or lettering  
the beginner can practice. There are  
but few rules. The bright woman  
will soon find the limitations and the  
beauties of pyrography. The begin-  
ner should trace upon a panel a sim-  
ple design, perfectly geometrical, and  
with the heated poker or point fol-  
low the pattern with light, quick  
strokes. She should avoid resting  
the poker for an instant, even, on  
first touching the wood or upon leav-  
ing it, under the penalty of leaving  
an unsightly hard dot or point.

Where the shadows are deep the  
point can be slowly touched again  
and again. With practice the amate-  
ur can shade the wood etching  
from any conceivable depth of shadow  
to the high lights, which are the un-  
touched wood. It is well to first  
lightly trace the outlines, when the  
real work afterwards goes over the dark  
or portions at pleasure. The dark  
background is made by fine parallel  
lines crossed diagonally by others.  
The same rules in regard to leaving  
the design untouched should be ob-  
served, as in any other kind of draw-  
ing.

## What Electricity Is Doing.

The Mining and Scientific Press  
sums up the uses to which elec-  
tricity is applied. It enters into the  
preparation of what we eat, drink and  
wear, and there are many articles of  
utility now produced by its aid. The  
residents of many cities in the  
United States have their houses pro-  
tected, lighted and heated by elec-  
tricity. They go to their places of  
business in cars run by electricity,  
the elevator by which they reach  
their office in high buildings, or the  
machinery in their factory, is run by  
electricity, the bell which summons  
them to church is rung by electric-  
ity and the church organ is played by  
electricity. Electricity brings the  
news to them from all parts of the  
earth; stamps their letters, automati-  
cally sounds the alarm in case of fire,  
rings the door bell, cooks their food,  
and fans them while eating it. Where  
they go to the dentist their teeth are  
drilled and filled by electricity,  
and miniature electric lamps are now  
constructed for the use of doctors in  
diagnosing diseases. The patient  
swallows a lighted lamp, which il-  
luminates his person so as to enable  
the physician to make a correct diag-  
nosis. The barber cuts or shaves the  
hair by means of electricity, the  
streets are lighted and the farm cul-  
tivated by it. By means of it we can  
talk with our friends 500 or 1,000  
miles away and hear their voices as  
distinctly as though they were in the  
same room. The telephone is per-  
haps in more general use in this  
country than electric lighting. Even  
in small towns telephones form a part  
of the furniture of many private  
houses, and are used to transmit or-  
ders to the butcher, baker, etc. There  
are now some eighty-five electric  
railways in the United States, 23-  
000 miles of track, employing 23-  
000 cars. With the aid of electricity  
natural forces which have heretofore  
run to waste are being turned to the  
service of mankind. The American  
River has already been made to fur-  
nish motor power by which Sacra-  
mento, Cal., is lighted, and by which  
its street cars and factories are run,  
and new projects are in progress all  
over the State.

## Smallest Colliery in the World.

The little village of Nelson, England,  
has the distinction of possessing the  
smallest colliery in the world. It is situated  
near the Colliers' Arms, and affords em-  
ployment to two workmen. These are  
father and son, and they combine in them-  
selves the proprietors, managers, miners  
and hauliers of the undertaking. There  
is no siding connecting the works with  
any railway, and all the output is sold to  
the householders who live in the village  
and its surroundings. It should be stated  
that a stout little donkey does duty for a  
horse, and performs his work well. The  
coal has a ready sale and commands a  
good price.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY  
MEN OF THE PRESS.

Professional Success—The True  
Disagreement—Motherly Kind-  
ness—Certitude—Etc., Etc.

PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS.  
Friend—Were you successful with  
your first case?  
The Doctor—Yes; his widow paid the  
bill.

THE TRUE DISAGREEMENT.  
"Going to live in the country, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"I suppose city air doesn't agree with  
your family?"  
"Well, city air doesn't agree with my  
pocket book."

MOTHERLY KINDNESS.  
Little Boy—Tommy Wing's mother is  
awful good and kind to him.  
Mamma—What has she done that is so  
thoughtful?  
Little Boy—Let him have measles just  
the day school began.

CERTITUDE.  
When I hang up the racket,  
The paddle, and bat,  
When my red Tom o' Shanter  
Supplains my straw hat;  
When the cranberry's ripe and  
The turkey is fat,  
Thanksgiving is coming,  
I'm certain of that!

AMBIGUITY.  
Poet—Did you get my Book of Sonnets  
I sent you?  
His Friend—Oh, yes—delightful! I  
couldn't sleep till I'd read 'em.

TOO MUCH GO.  
"Yes, there is a good deal of go to  
Bridget," said Mrs. Birmingham, who  
was recommending a cook to Mrs. Hill-  
top.

"Then I don't want her," replied the  
latter. "My great complaint against the  
cooks I have had is that they go too  
soon."

EASILY EXPLAINED.  
Mabel—How did Jack happen to pro-  
pose a second time?  
Florence—Because I refused him the  
first time, of course.

YOUTHFUL BEAVER.  
Doctor—Now, Tommie, will you prom-  
ise me to take your medicine like a man?  
Tommie—No, sir; when a man takes  
medicine he makes a bad face and  
swears.

FORGETFULNESS.  
"I tell you what it is, my boy, I'm  
losing my memory. I can't tell to-mor-  
row what I did to-day."  
"You don't say so! You couldn't lend  
me \$5, could you?"

BUT COMPANY DOESN'T LOVE MISERY.  
Mrs. Wigwag—I'm afraid I've made en-  
emies of all the callers I had to-day. I  
felt too miserable to entertain them.

Wigwag—I always thought misery  
loved company.

SMART LAWYER.  
"I tell you that, the lawyer is a cute  
fellow and no mistake! I ought to know,  
for he lately defended my son."  
"How's that? I thought your son had  
been sentenced?"  
"Yes, but only for a twelvemonth!"

REFINED SPITEFULNESS.  
"Can you tell me how old Miss Brilliant  
is, Miss Spleen?"  
"Oh, no, indeed! You must some one  
older than I am."

RETRIBUTION DISCOURTEOUS.  
She—You're just like all the rest of the  
men. Here've been married only a  
year and you never kiss me unless I ask  
you to.

He—Huh! You're just like all the rest  
of 'em. You never think to ask  
me to kiss you unless you want money.

PROMOTING SCIENCE.  
She—Do you think germs are conveyed  
by kissing?  
He—(thoughtfully)—I don't know, but  
we might try and see.

BROKE THE SILENCE.  
For a long time after he had succeeded  
in inserting himself through the door, at  
3 a. m., she regarded him in silence.  
At length she spoke.  
Also, she spoke at length.

SURE TO BE TRUE.  
"You know, George," she was explain-  
ing, "I was brought up without any  
care."  
"Marry me, my darling," said George,  
"and you shall have nothing else but  
care."

FULLY EXPLAINED.  
"What is the reason that the top drawer  
of a boarding-house bureau will never  
either open or shut?" asked the newly-  
arrived guest.  
"Possibly," answered her friend, "it  
is due to the quality of the board."

VALUABLE CONTENTS.  
Railroad Official—I must say you put  
rather a high value on that trunk. What's  
in it?  
Passenger—I don't know. My wife  
packed it.

Official—Hum! Perhaps your estimate  
is correct. If woman did the packing,  
everything in the house is in it.

## AGE OF ANIMALS.

Falcons and Ravens Sometimes  
Celebrate Their Golden Weddings.

Many animals live to a surprising  
age, retaining their vitality so long  
that it is difficult for man to count  
their years. Of all, the oldest, or  
rather the one retaining the greatest  
longevity, is the Greenland whale,  
which, by the inferences from its  
growth be correct, lasts between three  
or four hundred years.

The king of beasts probably  
prowls his native heath three score  
and ten years, for even in confine-  
ment he has been known to live  
this period. A lion known as Pom-  
pey remained in the tower of Lon-  
don over seventy years, and his age  
was unknown when captured. An-  
other brought from the River Gam-  
bia, died at the age of sixty-three.  
Leopards, bears and tigers live about  
twenty-five or thirty years; the cam-  
el, forty and more; the rhinoceros  
and hippopotamus, from seventy to  
eighty; and the elephant certainly  
from 140 to 150. Ajax, the famous  
warrior, captured an elephant from  
Porus, a King of India, and in-  
scribed upon a brass plate the  
history of the victory. After  
this was securely fastened the  
animal was set at liberty, and it  
turned up 850 years afterward, still  
having the plate recording the story.

The tortoise lives an astonishing  
time. Several specimens of the In-  
dian variety are to be seen in the  
zoological gardens of London, prom-  
ising in their quiet fashion, though  
each is known to be over 300 years  
old. Two very antiquated tortoises  
reside near York, England, which  
were brought from Rochelle soon  
after the siege in 1628, and were per-  
sonally acquainted in all probability  
with Joan of Arc. A document  
called the Bishop's Barn, among the  
archives of Peterborough Cathedral,  
contains some astonishing details of  
a tortoise, which dwelt in the palace  
garden over 200 years. The Bishop's  
predecessor remembered it over sixty  
years, and he was the seventh Bishop  
whose mitre had been seen by the  
venerable reptile. Its shell was per-  
forated and attached to a chain so  
that it might roam the garden with-  
out a keeper or straying away.  
Another tortoise appeared at Lam-  
beth Palace about the year 1625,  
during Archbishop Laud's residence  
there, but it died in 1758, through  
the neglect of the gardener.

Some of the birds live to a green  
old age also. Falcons and ravens  
sometimes celebrate their golden  
weddings as they attain to a hundred  
years and more; pelicans and herons  
live fifty years; peacocks, twenty;  
hawks, thirty; geese a hundred;  
nightingales, over ten; domestic  
fowls, ten years, and thrushes and  
other wood and field birds acquire  
from eight to nine, while wrens do  
not survive three years.

The age to which a swan may live is  
differently estimated. Bacon said  
a hundred, and Goldsmith declared  
800. Certainly, in 1627 a swan lived  
in Holland, in the town of Alkmar,  
wearing a collar dated 1562, and in  
Molton's museum, England, there is  
a stuffed bird known to fame as  
the "old swan of Dun," which died  
in 1823, aged 200 years.

## Instances of Telepathy.

The following examples of telepa-  
thy action are known to the writer,  
W. J. Colville, as authentic instances  
of the action of mind with mind  
without expectation or preconceived  
plan. During the recent World's  
Fair Mrs. A. was frequently  
thinking of her nephew, Mr. Z.,  
who was enjoying a few weeks' vaca-  
tion in Chicago, while she remained  
in Boston. On the 15th of August,  
1893, Mrs. A. attended evening  
service in a certain church, and dur-  
ing the sermon, feeling a sense of  
drowsiness came over her, suddenly  
felt transported to the fair grounds  
in Chicago. It was a little after 8  
p. m. in Boston, and consequently  
about 7 o'clock in Chicago, when the  
electric illumination of the exposition  
garden and buildings was just begin-  
ning. The lady, dozing in the church  
more than one thousand miles away,  
saw the great buildings lighted up  
one by one as if by magic, the whole  
scene appearing as an enchanted  
fairland. In the midst of the bril-  
liant spectacle she distinctly saw her  
nephew walking with two young men,  
to one of whom he suddenly exclaimed,  
"Oh, Alfred, do I wish my aunt  
were here to enjoy this."

Two days later Mrs. A. received  
an interesting letter from Mr. Z.,  
in which he detailed his experience  
at the fair and included this sentence  
in the description of the brilliant  
illumination on the evening of Aug.  
15, that being his first visit on the  
grounds after 6 p. m.: "I said to one  
of my companions, 'Oh, Alfred, how  
I wish my aunt were here to enjoy  
this,' and as I spoke I felt you were  
close beside me and continued walk-  
ing with me for at least ten minutes."  
Whatever may be the solution of so  
strange a phenomenon, it seems in-  
credible that the threadbare explana-  
tion conveyed in the term "con-  
science" should be proffered to ac-  
count for so remarkable an occur-  
rence.

A few days afterward the same  
lady received from her nephew,  
then about to leave for Chicago,  
the following mental message  
while she was quietly engaged in  
household duties: "Don't expect me  
till Thursday evening after 9 o'clock,  
as I have decided to leave on a later  
train than the one I expected to take  
when I last wrote to you." Two days  
later Mrs. A. received from Mr.  
Z. a postal card containing the  
words. The message had reached  
her mentally in Boston while he was  
writing it in Chicago.

## Lofty Mountains in the Sea.

There exists in the great ocean be-  
tween Australia and New Caledonia a  
range of mighty submarine moun-  
tains, whose limestone tops rise  
within 300 fathoms of the surface.  
The discovery of these peaks, rising  
sheer 7,500 feet from the bottom of  
the deep sea, was made by the men  
who have just finished laying the  
first section of the trans-Pacific cable.  
Sir Audley Cooté, who was at the  
head of the cable expedition, arrived  
here yesterday on the steamer Al-  
ameda from Sydney, New South  
Wales.

"The sea from Australia to New  
Caledonia has been surveyed by a  
British and by an American vessel.  
Your Albatross went there and did  
some very good work, but as it hap-  
pened, both this expedition and the  
other missed the strange feature of  
the ocean that I can