

OCTOBER.

No clouds are in the morning sky, The vapors hang the stream— Who says that life and love can die In all this northern gleam?

TO THE TWELFTH FLOOR AND BACK.

The Atlantis was not a very large building. It was tall and very narrow, and contained about forty business tenants all told.

Among the dozens of the block was Mr. George Francis Garvin, whose bright new door sign appeared facing the solitary elevator shaft on the eleventh floor.

"Good mornin', sir," said Jamie Doyle, the elevator boy, as George stepped into the waiting car.

"Good morning, Jamie," said the broker in his pleasant voice. He had a wonderful way with him with children and dogs, and something in his tone encouraged Jamie.

"We're havin' a lot of trouble at home, sir," he said. "Father's off again, an' I'm lookin' for him half the night. I'd be lookin' for him now if it wasn't for Josie, me job. Th' longer he stays away, the worse he gets. The last time he stayed till he had the tremmuns. And mother's sick, an' Katie's jest gittin' over the fever."

"That's bad," said George Garvin. "Can't you find a substitute?"

"No," replied the boy. "I wouldn't dare so. Mr. Abbott's down on me now for bein' late twice on father's account. If he saw a strange boy here in my place he'd fire me, sure."

"They had reached the eleventh floor. 'Here,' said George, 'I guess I'll go down with you again. He looked at the boy as he descended. He was a neat boy and a clean one. He was pale and haggard this morning and his eyes were red, and his hands trembled. Evidently a nervous boy, whom the rough world hadn't quite toughened.

"How long do you think it will take you to find your estimable parent?" George asked.

"No time at all," said the boy, eagerly. "There ain't but a few more places to look."

"Go and look for him," said George. "I'll take your place."

"You'll attend to him too," said George. "Don't worry about that. Run along."

"Are you sure you know how?" queried the boy, anxiously.

"Quite sure," said George. "I'll take a trial trip and prove it." When he came back the boy was gone.

It wasn't difficult to run the Atlantis elevator. You waited just two minutes by the big clock over the entrance on the ground floor, and then made the ascent to the twelfth floor. At the twelfth you made no wait, but at once returned. George knew the time table and handled the car as skillfully as Jamie could have done. He was determined the boy should not fall into disgrace on his account.

When the tenants began to come in he exerted himself to catch the directions they gave him. They stared hard at the perfectly dressed summer young man, but he was a newsmen and nobody seemed to know him. Even John Armstrong, the dealer in iron ware, who had met several times, though not in the Atlantis, failed to recognize him. But then he was absorbed in a business talk with a man who had entered with him, and he hadn't eyes for George. The young broker breathed easier when the one dealer left the car.

When he descended to the ground floor he found the agent of the building waiting to take the upward journey. The agent stared at him.

"How's this?" he asked. "Where's the boy?"

"Can't say. I'm sure," replied George, with much calmness. "He was called away by a sudden domestic affliction. Going up?"

The agent stepped into the car and the iron door clicked behind him. He was a short man and quite stout, and he had a red face. He grew redder as he stared at George.

"See here," he said, "this won't do. You are Mr. Garvin, aren't you?"

"Twelfth floor," said George; "all out." He looked hard at the pompous little agent. "Going down?" he asked, and pulled the descending cord.

"Mr. Garvin," said the agent, "you ought to understand that we can't have our employes interfered with in this manner. You are evidently trying to shield the boy. It won't do. I told him that the next time he absented himself from his post he would be discharged without further notice. By your ill-considered action you have simply helped deprive him of his position."

"Ground floor," announced George; "all out." He unlatched the iron door and pushed it open. "Going up?" he asked, as he turned and looked at the agent.

"Mr. Garvin," said the latter, with

dramatic earnestness, "I must request you to leave this building when your month is up. I will gladly refund the rent you have advanced if you will leave at once."

"Couldn't think of it," said George; "not even to oblige you, Mr. Abbott. No, I mean to stay—and the boy will stay, too. Twelfth floor. Going down?"

The short man fumed. "Why, confound it, sir," he cried, "you talk as if you owned this building."

"Why not?" asked George, the imperturbable. "The agent stared at him and drew back a little. 'What do you mean?' he cried.

"You get your authority here from Attorney Jethro Browning," said George, without looking at him; and Attorney Browning acts as a trustee for the Francis estate."

"Yes," said the agent sharply. "What of that?"

"I am the Francis estate," said George Francis Garvin, mildly. "Ground floor; all out."

This time the agent heeded the announcement and stepped from the car. His florid face was pale. He tried to speak.

"The boy stays?" asked George, with the slightest interrogative inflection.

"The boy stays," replied the agent. "Good morning," said George, politely.

As the discomfited official passed through the outer door, radiant vision entered. It was Miss Mary Armstrong, in her new summer attire, and Miss Mary was a lovely girl and her attire was decidedly fetching.

As George saw her coming he stood a little straighter.

"Fourth floor, please," she said, as she stepped into the car. Then she looked up and recognized the new elevator man with a little gasp.

But he paid no attention to her as he latched the iron door and drew on the hoisting ropes. He was the elevator man now. Besides, it was this girl who had told him he had no object in life; that he had no heart, no sympathy. True, he had tantalized her by his languid indifference, but her words were unnecessarily hard. She had abruptly parted from him with intentional coolness and had not asked him to call again. And she was the one girl in all the world whose good opinion he valued most. He knew that now. The fact that he had not seen her for a whole week made this very clear. What would she think of him now? Would she think he was playing the buffoon? Anyway, he didn't care.

"Fourth floor," he said, and stopped the car with beautiful exactness.

"Thirteenth, please," said Miss Mary, with a touch of wonderment in her voice that conveyed the impression that he must have misunderstood her.

"Sorry," said George, without looking around, "but it's against the rules to run the elevator any higher than the roof."

"The twelfth will do," said Miss Mary, as if graciously yielding a disputed point. Then she sweetly added: "But I fear I will have to report you for a lack of willingness to oblige your patrons."

"I must call your attention ma'am," said George, a little gruffly, "to the fact that patrons are requested not to converse with the elevator boy while on duty. It distracts his attention."

"Going down, please," announced Miss Mary. Then she gently murmured: "I don't suppose there is any rule against a patron talking to herself, is there?" He did not answer. "I wonder why he is running an elevator," she softly soliloquized.

"I suppose it's because of a bet. Men always do queer things because of a bet. I wish it was for some other reason, for he certainly runs it very well. I've no doubt he could do many things if he tried. He needs an honest friend to tell him so."

She paused, but George did not look around.

"Ground floor; all out," he said, and reached across as he pushed back the iron door.

Miss Mary sat still.

And just then a boy ran in from the side walk. His face was glowing, his breath short.

"Oh, Mr. Garvin," he cried. Did you have any trouble, and will I lose my job?"

"Not a bit of trouble," said George, as he stepped from the car, "and your job is safe."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Garvin," cried the grateful boy. "I found father very soon—an' jest in time to save him from th' patrol. An' mother sends you her blessing, sir."

"Thank you," said George. "Your car is waiting."

"It was awful cheek of me to let a gentleman like you take my place," finished the boy. "I didn't think what I was doin' until afterwards, sir."

"That will do, Jamie," said George, and turned from him.

And then a vision of white suddenly confronted him in the doorway of the car.

"George," said Miss Mary Armstrong. It was the first time she had called him by his first name, old friend that he was, and she couldn't have said it more softly if she had added "dear."

He looked around at her, his face flushing, and lifted his hat.

"George," she said, as she stepped toward him, "I came down to ask papa to go with me to luncheon—but I'd rather go with you. Will you take me?"

He bent forward, quickly and whispered something that brought the red color to her cheeks.

"Go in up," called Master Jamie, as he clicked the iron gate.

But they did not heed him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Geo. Ade, His Slangy Talk and Morals.

History of the Great Humorist whose Contributions are now Planning the Reading Public. How He Arose to Fame.

Not since Mark Twain suddenly appeared on the horizon as a humorist, 30 years ago, has such a sensation been caused in that field as Geo. Ade has made with his satirical yet philosophical books written in the up-to-date slang of the day. George Ade is one of the unique and overshadowing figures of the literary world to-day. A man of the most refined nature, undervaluing his work and underestimating his ability, he has been brought into prominence almost like an unwilling school boy being urged and encouraged and almost pushed to make his first bow before an audience. It would seem from personal knowledge of his nature that if he could possibly be made to create his work on another person he would feel happier than more contented seeing the success of the other man than he is now, receiving congratulations from far and near on his own success. In acknowledging a few words of praise sent him by the writer, he wrote: "As I am just as proud and happy as if I deserved all that I get."

Geo. Ade was born in Kentland, Ind., Feb. 9th, 1866. His father was as long ago as 1852 a banker, having his institution at Morocco, Ind. Mr. Ade in speaking of this says that if he has any sense of humor he must have inherited it, for there was such a sense of humor in his father's mind and he had it in his own. His father called his institution "The Bank of North America." Mr. Geo. Ade had a collegiate education at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., and there went to work on a local Republican newspaper, which he left in 1887. In 1887 he gave a long running start for the campaign of 1888. Before the nominations were made Mr. Ade had the honor of sitting up with the paper the night it passed away. He then successively tried more newspaper work, the patent medicine business, and the first part of his newspaper experience he did in part reporting, which brought him into contact with all sorts of people under all kinds of conditions, and it was in this experience his observant mind and peculiar analytical nature stored up the stock in trade which made it possible for him to write the "Fables in Slang," his funny, foibles and franchises of people generally as he does in his "Fables in Slang." So vividly has he portrayed human nature that in reading these you see pictures of many people you know and frequently a dim reflection of yourself; but, as is natural, your own reflection is only suggested, while other pictures stand out in bold relief.

In the latter part of this newspaper experience he began to get himself noticed by his clever work on a daily column of stories which he ran regularly in the Chicago Record, but in speaking of these Mr. Ade says the fact that his column was placed next to that of Eugene Field's helped to pull him into the attention of the public. When he ran a few sketches concerning a slangy man named Artie Blanchard, Herbert S. Stone, the Chicago publisher, saw the merit of them and suggested that they be put into book form. "Artie" was the result, and was widely read. The "Fables in Slang," a series of sketches in the dialect of a Northern city negro, came out and was favorably received. But the success of all his successes was his "Fables in Slang," published a year ago. This had an enormous run and was widely read and enjoyed.

Mr. Ade's new book, "More Fables," is being published by Herbert S. Stone of Chicago, and the first edition of 25,000 is already exhausted. "The Fable of the Corporation and the Misadventure," is here reproduced which is peculiarly apposite to the conditions which now exist:

One of the Most Promising Boys in a Graded School has a Burning Ambition to be a Congressman. He loaves 25,000 in Oratory. When there was a Rally in Town he would carry a Torch and listen to the Spellbinder with his Mouth wide open.

The Boy wanted to grow up and wear a Black String Tie and a Bill Cody Hat and was a stiff necked fellow with his vest unbuttoned at the Top and his Distichs.

On Friday Afternoon he would go to School with his Face scrubbed to a shiny pink and his Hair roached up on one side; he would recite the Speeches of Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster and make Gestures.

When he Graduated from the High School he delivered an Oration on "The Duty of the Hour," calling on all young Patriots to leap into the Arena and with the Shield of Virtue quench the rising Flood of Corruption. He said that the curse of our times was the Greed for Wealth and he pleaded for Unselfish Patriotism and Heroism in the Highest Degree.

He boarded at Home while without seeing a chance to jump into the Arena, and finally his father worked a Pull and got him a Job with a Steel Company. He proved to be a Handy Young Man, and the Manager sent him out with Contracts. He stopped running his Hair, and he didn't give the name of Politics any more. He considered except when the Tariff on Steel was in Danger.

In a little while he owned a few Shares, and after that he became a Director. He joined several Clubs and began to enjoy his Business. He drank a Small Bottle with his Dinner each Day, and he considered it his Food until he held a Scotch High Ball in his right Hand.

With the return of Prosperity and the Formation of the Trusts and the Whoop in all Stocks he made so much Money that he was afraid to tell the Amount.

His Girth increased, he became puffy under the Eyes—you could see the little blue Veins in his Nose.

He kept his name out of the Papers as much as possible and he never gave Congress a Thought except when he talked to his Lawyer of the probable Manner in which they would evade any Legislation against Trusts. He took two Turkish Baths every week and wore Silk Underwear. When an Eminent Politician would come to his Office to shake him down he would send out word by the Boy in Buttons that he had gone to Europe. That's what he thought of Politics.

One day, rummaging in a lower Drawer in his Library looking for a box of Poker Chips, he came upon a roll of Manuscript and wondered what it was. He opened it and read how it was the Duty of all True Americans to hop into the Arena and struggle unselfishly for the General Good. It came to him in a flash—this was his High School Oration!

Then he suddenly remembered that for several Years of his life his consuming ambition had been to go to Congress!

With a demoniac Shriek he threw himself at full length on a Leather Couch and began to laugh.

He rolled off the Sofa and tossed about on a \$1,200 Rug in a Paroxysm of Merriment.

His man came into the Library and found his Master in Convulsions. The poor Trust Magnate was purple in the face.

They sent for a Great Specialist, who said that his Dear Friend had ruptured one of the smaller Arteries and also narrowly escaped death by Apoplexy.

He advised rest and quiet and the avoidance of any Great Shock.

So they took the High School Oration and put it on ice, and the Magnate slowly recovered and returned to his nine-course Dinners.

Moral: Of all Sad Wards of Tongue or Pen, the Saddest are these, "It might have been."

The President's Church

It Belongs to No Circuit and was Built to Accommodate Strangers.

The Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church of Washington, D. C., known in this administration as the "President's Church," was organized in 1853. The Methodist Bishops, under date of March 16th of that year, issued a circular strongly advocating the erection of a house of worship which should be national in character. It was from that time that this church should belong to no particular circuit; that it should be built with funds collected from every portion of the United States; and that, in order to provide generous accommodation for strangers, as many pews as possible should be free.

The corner-stone was laid October 23rd, 1854, the address being made by Bishop Simpson. But funds failed and war times came on, so it was not dedicated until March 7th, 1869, when its cost had reached \$225,000. The church is a brown stone structure, in the gothic style of architecture. The main entrance is on C street. The three doors leading to the interior of the auditorium, which measures 64 feet by 100 feet. When completed it was considered the finest church auditorium in the District of Columbia. Two of the pews were purchased for \$1,000 each by Mr. Thomas Kelso. They were set apart for the President and the Chief Justice of the United States. Other pews were purchased and reserved by nearly all the States and Territories of the Union and by several of its largest cities. Each pew bears the name of the State or city to which it belongs, and one is marked "Canada." The seating capacity of the auditorium is 1,500.

Wide stairways lead to galleries, two of which extend the entire length of the auditorium, and in which many of the pews are free.

The Hall of Fame.

The hall of fame, for whose memorial panels 30 names have now been chosen stands on the western verge of the plateau at Morris Heights upon which have been erected the buildings of New York university. The hall of fame is built in a semi-circle, and has two stories. The lower story consists of a hall, along which may be ranged memorials to the illustrious dead. The upper story is open to the sky and is a colonnade. In the pavement at intervals will be bronze tablets, each inscribed with a great name. Between the columns will stand statues, with their faces turned toward the west, says the New York Tribune.

The corner for men of letters, according to the present plan, will be at the extreme right of the building as the beholder approaches it from the valley below. Here, too, will stand the images of Longfellow, Emerson, Irving and Hawthorne.

The other end joins the hall of Philosophy, where men who have attained renown in the realm of thought will be memorialized.

The hall of fame is rapidly nearing completion, and workmen are now busily at work on the roof. Along its ceiling they are hanging at intervals handsome chandeliers, which, when lighted at night, will shine out with brilliancy against the dark background of the woods, and may be seen by voyagers on the Hudson.

On the other side of the hall of Philosophy is to be built the second hall of fame, for these who have become Americans by adoption. The new structure is to be harmonious in architecture, and will contain one-fifth of the space of the present hall.

Shot for Careless Spitting.

Sold a Passing Citizen's Trousers and Got a Bullet in His Throat. Will Die.

Robert Elkins, a shipping clerk employed by Borgstedt & Co., of 242 Wooster street, New York, was shot and mortally wounded Friday afternoon by a man whom he accidentally spat tobacco juice upon. The man who did the shooting was John Sweet, 62 years old, a salesman at 221 West 86th street.

Elkins was on his knees on the sidewalk in front of his store making a case for shipment. His back was turned toward Sweet who was approaching from Fourth street. As he finished his work of making the case Elkins turned his head and spat a stream of tobacco juice which struck Sweet's trousers and Sweet immediately lost his temper and began to swear. That was the first intimation Elkins had that the other man was anywhere near him. He did not know then that he had offended the older man, so asked him what the trouble was, and getting up from his knees turned toward Sweet and looked up at him exposing his own throat.

Sweet pulled out his revolver and made that throat his target, shooting Elkins without any further provocation. Sweet then ran through Wooster street and up Third street followed by a shouting mob of clerks and truckmen.

John Kelly, a truckman, was leading the pursuers. He was near the fugitive when Sweet turned and fired at him. The bullet grazed Kelly's hat. That shot discouraged the pursuers and Sweet ran on alone through Third street to the Mercer street police station. He went into the station and surrendered himself with the statement that he had just shot a man in self-defense.

He was taken a prisoner, to St. Vincent hospital, where Elkins had been carried in an ambulance, and Elkins identified him as his assailant.

Alive Though Buried 10 Minutes.

Terrible Experience of a Soranton Lad Caught in an Avalanche of Gull.

John Rohab, of Soranton, was buried Saturday for over 10 minutes under ten tons of gull at Austin Heights. He was working at the base of an immense heap when a great pile of the black dust rushed down upon him burying him out of sight.

There was danger of other avalanches but the workmen, unmindful of this, shoveled with feverish speed until the boy was unearthed. He was almost suffocated and it was with difficulty he was revived.

It seemed to him that he had been under the gull for an age, he said.

The Richest Women.

America Furnishes Four of the Six Usually Accorded the Distinction of Possessing the Greatest Fortune.

There are six rich women who deserve to be placed up near the top of the list of the world's great millionaires. This is a really significant fact. It was not so long ago that women had no legal rights, and therefore couldn't hold property. Nowadays a woman may rejoice in having undisputed control of all her wealth. This is something she owes to the much abused legislatures. Even pagan countries nowadays concede her right to possess things.

Everyone knows who the world's six richest men are—Li Hung Chang, John D. Rockefeller, the young Duke of Westminster, W. O. W. Cecil Rhodes and Albert Beit—but it is doubtful if more than ten persons can name the six women of the world who are the queens of wealth. Here they are and the total of their fortunes:

Table listing the names and fortunes of the six richest women: Senora Isidora Cousino (\$100,000,000), Hetty Green (50,000,000), Miss Rothschild (20,000,000), Helen Gould (15,000,000), Miss Rockefeller (10,000,000), Mrs. George Law (10,000,000).

The fortune of Hetty Green is variously estimated. She has been credited by one authority with \$56,000,000. The above figure of \$50,000,000 is probably approximately correct.

Isidora Cousino, of Santiago, Chili, heads the list of enormously wealthy women. She has hundred millions of dollars. She is "getting on," as folks say in this country, in years, and although possibly past the half century, is still remarkably beautiful, and appears more youthful than do many women who have spent their thirty years in those gayeties which tend to age them.

Her ancestors were among those who conquered the simple folks and who occupied the great countries in our neighboring continent. The lust for gold was on them all and it was sated. Her maiden name, and this should be carefully written down, was Goyenechea. For generations not only her family, but that of her husband, had owned vast tracts of land. In her father's lifetime, even the fortunes of the two latter had increased, enormously in value. Mines were developed on their property and wealth flowed upon them.

When her father died, Senora Cousina then, as her father's only child, inherited all of his wealth. Her husband died a short time afterwards, and with two great estates to manage, Senora Cousino became a business woman. She did wonderfully well with her property, and maintains three establishments at Santiago, Macul and Lota. The first is her town house and the two latter are country estates.

Senora Cousina lives and spends her money without regard to public opinion. She, however, is not supposed to be conspicuous in Chili, especially to one so generous. She would think little of giving away a million to anyone she might fancy.

She is fond of bright young men, and has always about her a court of clever youngsters. When the American fleet was at Valparaiso some years ago, she invited Admiral Upehr and his officers to visit her. She sent a special train for them. They had a royal time, and the whole city was at their disposal. They could pay for nothing in shops or restaurants, and the theaters were thrown open to them. Carriages and horses were likewise free; the senora paid the bill.

Her houses are finer than any palaces anywhere, and she is really a queen without assuming to be one. Her coal lands alone pay her \$80,000 a month, or nearly a million a year.

Miss Helen Gould possesses a fortune so large that she is unable to figure how large it is. She lives in solemn grandeur in a magnificent house in Fifth avenue in New York. The residence is magnificently furnished, and a big conservatory is one of the features. An army of servants preside over the establishment, and a French chef looks out for the toothsome dainties for Miss Gould. The money she possesses was made in the railroad business.

Miss Gould is a student, and a business woman as well. She is fond of clever persons and the receptions she and her youngest brother, Frank, give are a feature of Gotham society. She is a Greek and Latin scholar, versed in law and a skillful hand in embroidery.

Charity is with her almost a hobby, and a large part of her great income is devoted to charitable work and the alleviation of the woes of the unfortunate.

Few Americans living abroad are as popular as the beautiful Mrs. George Law. She has her home in Paris, Nice and London, according to the social seasons. She possesses indisputably more money in her own right than any woman in French society. Her house in Paris is a marvel in elegance and is the scene of many lavish entertainments. Every day is a gala one with her, and every notable person in the country worth knowing has been her guest. She is a great patron of the arts, and has brought many a struggling artist or writer to the front.

In appearance she is very prepossessing, tall and with a fine figure.

Hetty Green, the richest woman in the United States, though over 60 years of age is as spry as a young girl. In fact, her vitality counts in a measure for her success in handling her vast properties. Of Quaker stock, she was born in Rhode Island. Her \$50,000,000 more or less was largely inherited, although by her own shrewd methods she added much to it.

She believes now, and has for years, in fact, that she is being robbed. If it's not a suit against the executors of a will, it's an action against some big railroad company. She seems to be fond of litigation, which must cost her an enormous sum each year. A son and daughter will inherit her money. Her husband is never much in evidence as he is sort of invalid and likes the quiet retirement of an easy chair and something to read.

For many years Mrs. Green has attired herself in a plainly made black dress and a faded bonnet to match. Thus armed she could go to a trust company, draw \$1,000,000 in \$10,000 bills and carry it in an old satchel without the slightest fear of being robbed.

Her daughter, Sylvia, is a good looking young woman with a great deal of common sense. She has been courted a great deal by ambitious young men, but has cared for none of them. Mrs. Green some time ago announced that the successful man must be poor but honest, and as a result about 500 applications for preferment were received by her. It is needless to add that none of them received any encouragement to speak of.

Hetty Green lives so simply and does so many queer things that she is now regarded as eccentric. She washes her handkerchiefs and makes a cup of tea over the gas if she likes, and above all hates to be stared at. Her meals are taken at some dairy restaurant, and she never goes to any place of amusement. Her life is one long business tangle apparently, and if her great

wealth brings her happiness, she doesn't seem to show it.

The talented young woman of this extract is Miss Rockefeller, who is a brilliant musician. She can play anything from an accordion to a piano but the harp is her favorite. Miss Rockefeller has recently entered society, but she does not let her fondness for the gay world interfere with her charitable activities, and with all of her many engagements finds time for a great deal of church work.

Miss Rothschild, whose very name is a synonym for wealth, is a member of the great European family of Rothschilds. Village after village is owned by her. Although, of course, she has hundreds of agents to collect her rents and look after her property she is a thorough business woman and spends two or three hours every day in going over her accounts with her head stewards.

She is up to date, too, and has seen much of the world.

Miss Rothschild is generous to a fault and the sums which she gives in charity are almost too fabulous to be credible.

It has been said that the rich woman is a troubled woman, but this is hardly true of any of the above mentioned ladies. All though, of course, and all are happy in the happiness which their wealth brings to others less fortunate by their kind deeds and generous gifts.

The Famous Asphalt Lake.

Asphalt is being dug out of the famous tar lake of Trinidad—the most notable existing source of the material in the world—at the rate of eighty thousand tons per annum. There are still four and a half million tons in sight, but at this rate the supply could not last long, were it not that the great quantities referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth. This accretion is reckoned as amounting to about twenty thousand tons yearly, and would suffice to restore the lake to its original condition if it were allowed to remain undisturbed for a few years.

This wonderful lake of pitch has an area of one hundred and fourteen acres and recent soundings made in the middle of it have shown its depth to be one hundred and thirty-five feet in that part. Near the centre it is semi-liquid and bubbling, but elsewhere it has so hard a surface that a man on horseback can ride over it without danger of breaking through the crust. Scattered over its surface are a number of small islands which have no proper roots in the earth, so to speak, but are composed merely of accumulations of soil, though trees of considerable size grow on some of them.

These islands are not stationary, but are from time to time in place by the movements of the lake. Now and then one of them is entirely engulfed.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Death-Like Sleep.

A Woman Forty-Eight Hours in a Trance, Cold as if Dead.

Mrs. John S. Strike, of Shippensburg, the woman who fell suddenly into a state of coma on Sunday evening, continues almost in the same condition as when she was supposed to have died, and her case is exciting widespread interest. To all outward appearances she is dead, and the existence of life can only be detected by a skilled physician.

The attending physician, Tuesday evening found that her pulse, though almost indistinguishable, made eight beats, and that her feet were warm while the remainder of her body remains cold. At seven o'clock Tuesday evening it was forty-eight hours since she entered this state, and the first twelve hours during Sunday night she lay on the cooling bank prepared for burial.

Another marked feature is that there are more indications of life in the evening than during the early hours of the day. Tuesday