

THE SAILOR.

Wife o'er the ocean red lightning was flashing. High on the shore will billows were dashing!

Little he thought in the battle of life How much would be found to aid in the strife!

Who doubts that God's plans are all for the best? Surely not he who in hammock at rest

But let there come weal or let there come woe, The sailor will meet it as friend or as foe.

When he hears the loud call, up aloft to go, A peak goes his anchor, all ready to stow.

—William Heston.

FACES IN THE TUNNEL.

When a young man I was frequently called to London on business, and my place of abode being at a considerable distance from town, the greater part of the day was occupied by the journey.

People who are not in the habit of journeying much by railway have often a dislike to tunnels, I am aware; but being a constant traveller, I had no such feeling, and I could not, therefore, account for an unpleasant sensation which I experienced on entering the tunnel on this occasion—a chilly, uneasy feeling, which increased rather than diminished as we sped on.

I can see the face now; it was looking intently at me; the thin lips were pressed tightly together; and around the mouth there played a peculiar sinister smile. The reflection of the whole inside of the carriage was plain enough, but, beside this figure, there was only one more occupant; I saw the reflection of none of my fellow-travellers sitting by me.

My only sensation now, I recollect, was curiosity; all fear had vanished; I saw them as plainly as I now see my hand, and noticed that the woman was magnificently dressed, wearing, in particular, a blaze of jewelry, that sparkled strangely in harmony with the lurid light of her dark and terrible eyes.

My host having bade me good night I threw myself into a chair, and began to reflect. After all I had seen, it was not to be wondered at if I was in an uneasy state of mind. This woman, for some reason, evidently regarded me with fear and hatred, and was I safe? Could I trust myself to slumber? Might she not visit me, and while I slept, repeat the tunnel incident? For, as I had not the least doubt of her identity with the apparition I had seen, I had come to believe that she had really committed a murder.

As things did not look very promising inside, I pulled up my blind, and looked out. Below me was the inn-yard, down into which the full moon was shining so brightly that I could have counted every paving stone. Two heavy, lumbering gates, unclosed, were in front of me, leading into the street, and right under my window stood a cart with a load of straw.

The first thing I heard the next morning was the startling intelligence that, but a few minutes after the landlord had conducted me to the room whence I had made my escape, his wife had suddenly expired. A medical man was called in, and stated that the cause of death was heart disease—an opinion which a subsequent post-mortem examination of the

body showed to be correct. I, however, thought it necessary, as briefly as possible, to narrate to the landlord the whole of the occurrences of which I had been a witness, and, as may be expected, the recital affected him considerably, though whether he believed that what I described had actually happened, or was the fruit of an overwrought imagination, I cannot say.

The woman being deceased, I did not think it necessary to make the particulars of this business further known. The husband told me voluntarily that he had married his wife at the Cape, whither she had arrived only a few months previously from England. He confessed that he knew but little of her previous history. Here, then, the matter was allowed to rest. I took leave of my host on the following day, and have never met him since.

One thing remains to be told. Quite by accident, I subsequently learned that, shortly before my memorable journey to London, the body of a man, fearfully mangled by passing trains, had been taken up at the mouth of the tunnel.

Can Atlantis be Held a Sea Serpent? There seems to be no longer any doubt that the Louisiana Lottery Company is building "Atlantis," the new structure of iron and cement which proposes to defy the laws of nations on the high seas, and send ambassadors to every court.

The United States government, let us concede, has no existing legal right to blow this concern out of the water, and certainly these men would not invest millions without having taken the best advice obtainable from admiralty lawyers. But why should not the United States government usurp such a right, and then fall back upon the Supreme Court to sustain it, on the plea that equity demands that the government owe a duty to its citizens to preserve them from being victimized by swindlers of any sort?

Speaking of William Dean Howells, the novelist, the Whisperm takes the privilege of relating the following story, of which he was a witness: When the Whisperm was in New York two years ago one of the first things he did was to call on John Adams, formerly a Syracuse newspaper man, but then connected with the Cosmopolitan. Adams' editorial room was facing the V, where Broadway and Fifth avenue cross.

The chamber to which the landlord conducted me did not wear a reassuring aspect, in spite of a bright fire which was burning in the grate. It might have been a haunted room; the antique bed furniture, the huge, lumbering chairs, the quaint pattern of the paper on the walls—all spoke of those who had passed away.

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