

By Wire

By FRANK H. SWEET
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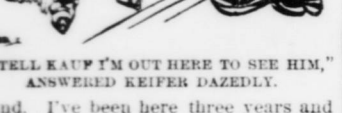
Keifer of telegraph station No. 12, Buller's survey, had not been absent from duty in three years. He had not wanted to. But with that bit of ribbon just ticked from the instrument before his eyes he underwent a sudden change. He would accept the vacation so tardily offered and make the most of it. His books said that a change was good for a man's soul, and he would come back refreshed in mind and body.

The next day the dawn freight was full of passengers, and when it began to slacken speed in answer to his signal Keifer released a hand which he had caught suddenly on the first appearance of the train into the sand's level horizon.

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Mary, the Contrary

By HELENA SMITH DAYTON
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"If it takes two to make a quarrel, we're the two," Mary Gale declared.

"Because you make mountains of gulf trees, dear," Carlyle explained in a superior tone.

"How fortunate you have discovered in time what a disagreeable person I am," flashed Mary. "But let me assure you that since our engagement my diary reads like the history of a South American republic."

"I'm glad I bought that diary," sighed Mary happily. "It will be so nice to keep gulf scores for me. As an afterthought, 'we'll let the old scores go?'"

"Then why did you pretend?" began Carlyle.

"I wanted an excuse to visit our tree without seeming too sentimental," she confessed boldly. "You may think what you like of me."

"I think you are adorable," declared Carlyle.

"I'm glad I bought that diary," sighed Mary happily. "It will be so nice to keep gulf scores for me. As an afterthought, 'we'll let the old scores go?'"

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"I think you are adorable," declared Carlyle.

SPIRITUALISM.

Its Manifestations as Viewed by the World of Science.

Spiritualism is the successor of the medieval occultism and of the older magic. Today science, without accepting its manifestations, studies them, and in these troubled waters almost all the facts upon which the new metaphysics is founded have been discovered. Like magnetism, it has drawn the attention of physicians to the phenomena of induced sleep and has given many of the data for the study of hypnosis and suggestion. The mediums, who believe like the ancient pythoneses, that they are possessed by foreign spirits, have served for the study of the change of personality and telepathy. And it has shown that the prodigies, diabolical and divine, recorded in all early religions were not so fabulous as the critics fancied. At all events science admits that there is a force—call it psychic or Crookes disk, or force with Barzaz, vital with Bardeuc or the odd force of Reichenbach—a force which can be measured and described, which leaves its mark on the photographic plate, which emanates from every living being, which acts at a distance, which saves or destroys. Plato knew it. Great wizards like Cardan made use of it. The charlatans like Castiglione blundered upon it. The scientists have the last word—Every-body's Magazine.

DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Buried So Deep That It Was Lost For Sixteen Centuries.

When one hears of a buried city it is very difficult to realize what it can be like—still more so to realize how a city can be buried so deep as to be utterly lost and the place of it known it no more for sixteen centuries. Yet this is what happened to Pompeii and Herculaneum, Stabiae and Resina and thirteen other cities of the plain on the ninth day before the calends of September, in the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. Thus it was when Pompeii was buried. When next the sun shone into her streets George III. was king of England. Sixteen years before the burial of the city an earthquake had done so much mischief that the ruin was not yet quite restored, but Mount Vesuvius had been quiet ever since. The 24th of August was a terribly hot day. Most of the people were in the amphitheater at a wild beast fight when they saw a strange cloud rise from Vesuvius. It seemed like a pine tree. The trunk rose up high into the heavens and then spread out in branches—some white, some dull and spotted—until, slowly detaching themselves from the parent trunk, they began to darken the sky. Pliny the elder, over at Misenum, was reading in his study when his sister came in to tell him of this strange cloud. He ordered a light galley to be got ready, and as he was coming out with his tablets in his hand ready to note down all he saw the mariners belonging to the galleys at Resina came up to implore of him to go to their help.

WHEN THE DUNES WALK.

A Sand Storm Experienced in the Desert of Sahara.

To flee from a sand storm in the midst of a drenching rain seems an absurd performance. The Arab, however, experienced in the ways of Sahara, knows that when the rain stops the dunes are apt to begin their most terrible "walking." He seeks shelter while there is yet time and says: "Our worst experience of the desert in one of its mad fits, says the author of 'In the Desert,' was on a morning when, luckily for us perhaps, we were near the large oasis of Nefta, near the Tunisian frontier. The flapping of the tent and the drumming of raindrops upon it awoke us, and Ahmed, in some excitement, hurried our departure. He explained that so long as the rain lasted it would keep the sand quiet and that this was our opportunity. Accordingly, in a very short time we had struck tent, loaded camels, saddled ponies and were under way. It seemed to us a somewhat purposeless proceeding. The rain was not heavy. The ground was saturated. There seemed no prospect of its drying in a hurry. As Nefta was only half a day's march away it seemed unnecessary to start in frantic haste in the middle of the night in a pouring rain. Ahmed, however, made no answer to our protests. The other Arabs seconded his efforts with all their energy. Morning broke wan and sickly. As the light grew the rain slackened. The big warm drops became less frequent and at last ceased. The dull, opaque sky was pearly white and the air hot and oppressive, but the wind still blew as hard as or harder than ever. Hardly had the rain stopped when I tasted between lips and teeth the familiar, gritty texture of sand. Hardly had the light increased sufficiently to disclose to view the drifts when all their sharp edges and crests could be seen crawling and flickering in the glare. Already there was the droning sound in the air which meant that the dunes were walking. We saw at last the reason for the hurry. The rain cannot hold the sand for more than the instant it is falling. As soon as it strikes the earth it sinks in. One moment you may be standing with water like a powdered rat, the next you are choking in clouds of sand. The air grew darker and darker, and the roar of the sand as it rushed along the desert made speech, except by shouting, impossible. I could just distinguish our tall camels in the gloom, their unevenly action giving them something the look of ships pitching and tossing in a gale. Ahmed led the way by some mysterious instinct to us totally incomprehensible. We followed as best we might, breathing sand as we went, our heads bent to protect our faces. My recollection of the next two hours is no more definite than would be the recollection of being rolled over and over by a huge breaker. A singing and roaring in the ears, almost total blindness, a sense of suffocation and the feeling that I was in the hands of elements more powerful than myself are the vague impressions that remain. When we at last got to Nefta we could not have been more saturated with sand had we been buried in it and dug up again. Hair, ears, clothes were full of it. Our cheeks were scarlet and sore with the ceaseless battering, and on them had formed hard crusts of sand, cemented by the water that had streamed from our eyes.

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