

SLEEP.

Behold I lay in prison like St. Paul,
Chained to two guards that both were grim
and stout.

THE VEILED GHOST.

In the fall of last year I received a
telegram from the wife of my friend,
Henry Todd, requesting my immediate
presence at his house which was in the
country.

When Mrs. Todd had gone, Henry
said in a solemn whisper, which filled
me with conjecture:

"I have something to say to you when
I get an opportunity; and as it concerns
Mary, we must not speak of it before
anybody. Here she is! Tom, this is my
sister! Mary, this is my dearest and
oldest friend, Thomas Winslow, Es-
quire!"

I could see that Henry was very fond
of his beautiful sister; but this would
have interested me less perhaps through-
out the evening had I not detected in
his manner a solicitude respecting her
for which it was impossible to perceive a
cause.

Mrs. Todd made no attempt to help
me out of my bewilderment, but with
infinite tact supported a conversation on
fifty topics, without once touching upon
the telegram.

At last the ladies retired. Henry
seated himself opposite me, and leaning
forward, just as far as the feet was safe,
said very solemnly:

"Tom, I've had a communication from
my mother! I have seen her too."
His mother had been dead for twenty
years.

"Well, Henry," said I in a careless
fashion, "what sort of communication
have you got?"

"I'll show you," and he arose and
handed me a document, saying, "I re-
ceived that from her own hand."

A wild wind shall blow,
And the beautiful snow
Shall cover my Mary and me—
And happy will sleep
Far down in the deep,
My sinless sweet Mary and me.

It was with a kind of awe that I read
these lines.

As he took the paper from me I merely
said:

"Tell me the whole affair. I suppose
you take that communication, as you
call it, to refer to your sister?"

"I do," he said emphatically, "but I'll
tell you what happened.

"It has been my custom to sit late in
this room if the nights were fine. The
moon shone right in on me one night
lately—the third, I think, after Mary's
arrival—and I could see myself reflected
in the glass of that chalk drawing hung
above you there. That drawing is a
portrait of my mother.

"It was after midnight. Suddenly I
found myself regarding my own reflec-
tion, when behind my chair—in the
glass—I saw something shape itself. I
did not stir, but looked and distinctly
saw a figure draped in white leaning
over me, and the face was the face of
my mother! I saw the figure pass by
that door from this room.

"On the third night afterward I had
gone to bed, but could not sleep. I
dressed and came down here to select a
book. I carried a taper.

"When I entered, standing within
those curtains, close to the window and
frowning me, was the form I had seen
before, draped from head to foot in
white, the face visible—my mother's
face—and extending toward me a sheet
of paper which was unfolded. I took it
from her hand, as she approached and
passed me, leaving the room. I sat
down and read the verses which seem
to have impressed even yourself. Now
what do you think of it all?"

"Is your sister informed?" I asked,
evading a direct reply.

"By no means."

"That's right."

The night was wearing on, but it was
beautiful without, and I proposed a
stroll. The ladies had retired, so that
we were free. Not a soul in the house
was astir, and out we went. Suddenly
turning toward my moody friend; I again
rushed into the subject, reckless of any
feeling of his own.

"Show me that paper again," I de-
manded.

"I have left it," said he, and was about
to return to the house, when I inter-
rupted him.

"Never mind. I remember the lines,
and am determined to sift the matter on
the spot. It seems to me that if there is
anything supernatural about it, it is a
supernatural blunder.

"I deny that the spirit of your mother
has appeared to you. Two things are at
any rate deducible from these communi-
cations. Either its effect was not intel-
ligently calculated or it was malignant-
ly devised."

most in the instant, and I saw that his
face was ashen as the face of the dead,
while he stood gazing toward the win-
dow.

There, sufficiently revealed in the
raining moonlight, was the figure of a
woman, arrayed as for a bridal; but it
lingered only for a moment, and then
deliberately moved away.

It paralyzed me. For an instant I felt
inclined to read in it an easy mockery of
my own egotism.

Not for long, however; a feeling akin
to anger soon steadied me, and I said to
Henry:

"This is all an infernal piece of hum-
bug, my boy, and I must and will be at
the bottom of it."

We proceeded to the house and into it,
and into the library, where all was silent
as we had quitted it.

I lit the gas. Henry's first act was to
survey his mother's portrait. Then he
made search for the mysterious paper.

"It is gone," said he, in awed tones.
I proposed that we should adjourn till
morning, so that we could have daylight
upon the subject.

Immediately after breakfast Henry
made for the library, and I followed
him.

Just then we heard the piano struck
by expert fingers in an adjoining room,
and a rich, low voice sing the notes of
an air which I had never heard before.
I felt that I could not listen to it and
stand, so strangely did the melody float
and linger, and flutter and die away.

Meantime Henry was wandering about
the room.

"What can have come over that poem,
I wonder?" I heard him say as he lifted
an ink bottle, a book, a decanter, and
looked under them all in turn.

"Wait a moment for me," I said to
him as I slipped out of the room and
joined the musician.

It was his sister, of course, and I
joined her just as she concluded the in-
fernal or supernatural melody, and know-
ing not what better to do I requested
her to favor me by repeating it.

"Do you like it?" she quickly asked.

"It is a wonderful thing," I returned.

"May I ask whose are the verses and
who is the composer?"

"The verses are my mother's and the
music is my own."

"Do you possess a written copy of
them?"

"No; but I could not forget them. I
feel so sorry sometimes, for I have lost
the manuscript in her own handwrit-
ing."

"Excuse me for asking, Miss Todd;
but have you a copy of those verses in
your own handwriting?"

"I have not, Mr. Winslow. I sing
them from memory."

"This is very extraordinary. I cer-
tainly read those verses in manuscript
last evening."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, looking at
me curiously. "Most likely you heard
me sing them late, and that may have
cheated you into the idea. I played and
sung them last night."

My first proceeding when I reached
my bedroom that night was to drink a
glass of brandy, my next to untie a
packet of fine starch powder, with which
I had armed myself some hours before.

A little later, when not a sound was
heard in the house, you might have seen
me slip off my slippers, take up the pow-
der, cautiously invade the hall and sow
the entire area of it with powder.

When I entered the library I shut out
the moonlight, which was playing the
mischief with my fancy, and lit the gas.
I then seated myself in the chair which
faced the hanging portrait of Henry's
mother, and I could see my own reflec-
tion plainly in its glass front.

Presently I detected a series of slight
sounds in the distance, as of some one
astir. While my heated imagination
was busily forging fetters for my judg-
ment the library door opened slowly
and the moving image of the portrait,
draped in white veil, made straight for
the curtained window, leaving in its
wake at every step the white impress of
an unmistakable reality.

I saw at once, of course, that it was
Miss Todd who stood before me, but
had a planet been at stake I could not
have moved or spoken.

She opened the window shutter very
deliberately and the moonlight streamed
into the room, transforming everything
and imparting to her features and her
figure an indistinct and shadowy beauty,
which was altogether spiritual and un-
veiled of decay.

I saw her take from a fold of her thick
veil a paper, which she read over in the
full light. I could see her eyes—that
they wore a look as if they saw nothing
nearer than the land of darkness. Her
face was like the face of one who had
been dead.

I was trembling like a leaf when the
figure moved straight toward me, and
holding forth the paper said, in a
strange, far off pleasantness of voice:

"Is it not very beautiful? You may
take a copy from it if you like, but do
not lose it again."

I started to my feet, and to my as-
tonishment I did not startle the beauti-
ful sleeper, who had strode away as
stately as she had come, leaving in my
hand the simple manuscript, which I
held fast, as if it might take wing.

IN THE DEAD HAND.

They tell the tale unsmiling,
Old men, their hours beguiling
As they can;
Each annual November
They saddle me to remember
Inkerman.

Yet of that field one story
Shines through the gloom and glory
Of the fight;
Over the cannons' roaring
There rings a lark song soaring
Out of sight.

Aloof, where men lay bleeding,
In fatal pain whose pleading
Made no cry,
Shot pierced and saber smitten,
A young and gallant Briton
Crept to die.

At sunset they found him
With the red snow around him,
And his hand
Laid on the Book whose healing
All hearts to heaven appealing
Understand.

And 'neath his frozen fingers
Those words whose hope outlingers
Human strife
Glowed like stars' reflection—
"I am the Resurrection
And the Life."

Comrades to burial bore him,
But not death's rending tore him
From his prize,
For to his hand carressing
Still clung the leaf whose blessing
Closed his eyes.

O Christian song supernatural,
Words sweetest love eternal
E'er said!
Peace at your call comes dying,
And they who clasp you fly,
Are not dead.

—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

Great Expectations.
Mother—My daughter, you should de-
cide in favor of one of your admirers or
you may lose both.

Daughter—Pa, I can't make up my
mind which to accept, Henry or George.

"Then I am to understand that you
love them both?"

"Yes, I love them both most devo-
tely."

"Which of them has the largest in-
come?"

"Henry has seventy-five dollars a
month and George has fifty dollars."

"Then I don't see why you hesitate.
Accept Henry, of course, and tell George
to go about his business."

"Yes, but George has great pros-
pects."

"Humbug! Prospects don't count.
Everybody has got great prospects, and
twenty-five dollars a month is very
handsome interest on such a capital as
'great prospects.' Next time George
calls tell him that you can never be more
than a sister to him, and get rid of him."

—Texas Sittings.

Why Boiled Water Freezes Easily.
Water which is hot of course cannot
freeze until it has parted with its heat;
but water that has been boiled will,
other things being equal, freeze sooner
than water which has not been boiled.

A slight disturbance of water disposes
it to freeze more rapidly, and this is the
cause which accelerates the freezing of
boiled water. The water that has been
boiled has lost the air naturally con-
tained in it, which on exposure to the
atmosphere it begins again to attract
and absorb. During this process of ab-
sorption a motion is necessarily pro-
duced among its particles, slight cer-
tainly and imperceptible, yet probably
sufficient to accelerate its congelation.

In unboiled water this disturbance does
not exist; indeed water when kept per-
fectly still can be reduced several de-
grees below the freezing point without
its becoming ice.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mothers' Ways.
Mrs. Spoots (looking out of the win-
dow)—Goodness! Here comes that hor-
rid Mrs. Waggles and all her children.
What shall I do?

Aunt Totsie—I know! Johnny, as soon
as they get seated you say you don't feel
well, do you hear?

Johnny (two minutes later)—I feel aw-
ful sick.

Aunt Totsie—Oh, let me see your
throat. Mercy on us! I hope you aren't
going to have diphtheria.

Mrs. Waggles—I hope not! Come,
children! I've only dropped in for a mo-
ment.—Philadelphia Times.

In an Album.
I turn the pages idly
And shadow faces see
That time and distance widely
Now separate from me.
But one, with beauty rarest,
I see as through a mist
Of years; her face the fairest—
The girl I never kissed.

For all these winsome creatures
My heart beat wild and warm—
Maude, with her classic features;
Blanche, with her perfect form.
And May, for one whole season,
I ranked upon her list,
Then sought, with love's unreason,
The girl I never kissed.

Louise, this stately goddess,
Queen of the ballroom's whirl,
And Bess, in kilt and bodice,
A darling summer girl,
Past scores, by easy stages,
To turn I can't resist,
To whom upon this page is
The girl I never kissed.

She'd all their winning graces,
Their wit and beauty rare;
The charn of all their faces
Crowned with her golden hair.
Ah! how I was enraptured
To fruitlessly persist,
Because I never captured
The girl I never kissed!
—F. H. Curtiss in Truth.

An Important Point.
In a law case, in which a question of
identity was being discussed, the cross ex-
amining advocate said to the witness:
"and you would not be able to tell hi
from Adam?"

"You have not yet asked the witr
Mr. X.," interrupted the judge, speak
in a studiously deliberate manner, "wher
he is acquainted with the personal ap-
pearance of the personage whose name yo
have just mentioned. There must be c
der in your questions."—Green Bag.

And She Knows She Is "Out of Sight."
Biff—b-u-r-r—
A whiff and a whir,
An odor of heliotropes daintily rare
Is flashed on the tremulous billows of air;
The noise of a wheel for a moment's brief
space,
A dream of a delicate feminine face.
'Tis gone in an instant—that vision so bright—
The bicycle girl is out of sight.
—Washington Star.

She Took Pride in Him.

It was a good many minutes after mid-
night when Mr. Snaggs reached home, and
after a good deal of experimenting with
the keyhole and the latchkey finally let
himself in.

He went up stairs as stealthily as he
could, but of course they creaked, and
when he reached the second floor his wife
was wide awake.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"A little while after 12 by my watch,
my dear, but I think it's fast."

"Something like its owner," Mrs. Snaggs
commented in a frigid voice.

Mr. Snaggs made no reply.

"Where were you tonight?" she de-
manded.

"My dear," responded Snaggs in in-
jured tones, "you don't mistrust your own
husband, I hope?"

"Not at all. I merely had some curi-
osity to know what fresh excuse you had
concocted, that's all."—New York Re-
corder.

Her Little Joke.

Why did you toss young Chapley over-
board?"

"I was tired of him: I wanted to
renew my youth, don't you know?"—Life.

Struck Down.

A farmer told this story the other day at
Newtown, L. I.

"Crops had turned out pretty badly, and
the prospect for sprouting was worse. No
rain had fallen for many days. I was
about discouraged.

"My boys were flying a kite.

"Dad," they said, 'send up a message.'
'I took a piece of paper—half of a sheet
of note paper—and wrote on it: 'Will it
rain?' Henry E. Smith.' Then the boys
sent up the message, as you did many a
time when you were boys.

"Well, that message went scoting away
up. Before long a whole flock, or what-
ever you call it, of sparrows came along.
They spied the kite and the message away
up there and kicked up a great rumpus.
They darted at the paper, drove their lit-
tle bills through it time and time again
and pecked furiously at it. Then they
stood off at some distance, as if inspect-
ing their work, and then they flew off
and took up position in a big old tree.

"The boys shortly afterward, when the
air became close and the big black clouds
began to bank themselves up all about,
pulled down the kite.

"But a small piece of the paper re-
mained. All of the name but the y on the
end of Henry, the E and the S on the
Smith had been pecked away. That spelled
'yes.'"

"But the strangest thing was yet to hap-
pen. That night there was a thunder-
storm, but strange to say not a drop of
rain fell.

"Next morning we found that the tree
in which the sparrows had taken refuge
had been struck during the night, and that
every blade one of those sparrows had
been killed.

"What for?"

"'Twasn't the first time a fellow was
struck down for lying, was it?"—New
York Evening Sun.

Motherly Pride Justified.

"Mildred, is it true that Frances Bill-
wink has been seeking to attract the at-
tention of Harold Spangler?"

The regal, dark eyed girl bowed her
stately head.

"Does she not know he is your affianced
husband?"

"I—I think so. Everybody knows it."

"And—pardon me, my child—does he
seem to waver in his allegiance to you?"

"No, mother."

A look of relief, mingled with an unmis-
takable expression of gratified maternal
pride, flashed across the gentle face of the
mother.

"I'm glad to hear it, Mildred," she said
tenderly. "I could hardly think it possi-
ble, I confess, that a girl of her merely
superficial attainments and florid style of
beauty could attract the fancy or snare the
affections of a discerning, self-poised young
man like Harold Spangler. And you are
sure she has utterly failed?"

"I know what I am talking about, moth-
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