

BETRAYED BY HIS HAND.

Lightning's Victim Recognized by the Man Who Had Been Robbed.

Charles E. Thorpe from Oregon, formerly a business man of Philadelphia, called at the Progress office. Said he: "I happened to take a seat in the car just behind a plainly dressed but good looking colored man. There was nothing unusual about that circumstance, however, and I would probably never have noticed whether I saw behind a colored or white man but for a little event of no greater consequence than the colored man's placing his hand upon the back of the seat in which he sat.

"The train had nearly reached Tucson when the colored man happened to throw his right arm over the back of the seat, with his hand in plain view, and I was almost thunderstruck at what I saw. I could scarcely believe my eyes and eagerly leaned forward to get a closer look at the hand and be sure that I was not the victim of an optical illusion. I satisfied myself that there was no mistake. The third and fourth fingers of the colored man's hand were as white as a lady's, and a white streak over an inch wide ran along the back of his hand and up his arm as far as I could see.

"I was sure I had seen that hand before. I went to the front end of the car after a drink of water simply that I might get a look at the man's face. Every minute was then removed. He was George Waldron, the man who had been my coachman in Philadelphia for over 5 years some 20 years ago. Though I paid him well for his services, in an evil hour he stole over \$500 from me and fled to parts unknown. I never made any effort to find him outside of the city and had never seen or heard of him until that day. When I faced him, he recognized me and fairly blushed through his black skin at the recollection of his crime and ingratitude. He told me that he is now living an honest life in Texas, where he has a family and home and a small tract of land.

"But he has the mark of Cain the whole length of his body," continued Mr. Thorpe, "and he got it while he was working for me. Though I have read stories of similar cases, I don't believe there is another man in the world marked in the same way that Waldron is. My house was on a hill, and he was standing in a barn during a severe thunderstorm, with his right hand uplifted and resting against the side of the building, when lightning struck the barn on the side where he was and passed down his arm and body and through the floor. It burned his clothing wherever it touched his body and tore the shoe from his right foot and threw it nearly across the barn.

"Of course the shock knocked him down and rendered him insensible for a moment, though he suffered no lasting injury. But if there ever was a scared darkey he was the one. He was too frightened to pray, and he looks half scared even now. He will always bend on his right side, from the tips of his two outside fingers, which were next to the building, to the sole of his foot, the white streak which marks the track of that flash of lightning."—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

The Drink of Doom.

Two men, panting, haggard, wild eyed, are staggering across the burning sands of the Jornada del Muerto—"the journey of death." Far behind them lie two dead horses, the animals having been urged on ward until they dropped beneath the blazing sun—dropped to rise no more. The desert wanderers are covered with sand and alkali dust, their eyeballs are seared with the reflected glare of the sun, their lips are cracked and swollen, and they reel as if in toxicated.

Somewhere to the west lies the Rio Grande. They know it is beyond the line of purple peaks that rise against the sky. But their strength will not hold out to reach it. They must have water soon or perish.

Water! Where can it be found in this desert of doom? On all sides are sand and cacti, the horrid gnarled and bleaching bones of animals and men. There are portions of the desert where even the cactus has not the boldness to penetrate. Across the accursed plain sweeps a wind that seems to come direct from the mouth of a furnace. In its teeth it carries fine particles of sand that cut and sting when they touch the flesh. At times it whirls the sand into eddies and columns that swirl and gyrate over the desert like grotesque and monstrous things of life.

The fires of madness burn in the brains of the miserable wretches who are making one last, fierce struggle for life. They lift their hands to heaven and try to shriek or curse, but only mumbled groans come from their hinged lips. Sometimes they stumble and fall, then drag themselves to their knees, get upon their feet and reel on once more.

They begin to see horrible visions. Red lizards and bright green snakes play about the human skulls scattered all around them, unshapely forms rise up from the sand and gather on every side, croaking monsters hover over them, and ghastly faces, from which gleam burning eyes, are pressed close against their own. They cry out thickly in terror and try to thrust these fearful things from them.

Finally one of them falls to rise no more. He partially lifts himself and calls faintly to his comrade, but the other does not heed. Then the fallen man sinks prostrate on his face where the burning sand scorches and stings, but he no longer feels its cruel touch. For him the last mad struggle is ended.

Through the swirling sand clouds the survivor sees some stunted trees, and he suddenly comes on a break in the desert—a depression. It is no mirage, and he staggers down where a few brown peccans and stunted post oaks grow, a great hope in his heart. There must be water near, else these things could not exist in the midst of the dread desert.

He is right! He finds it—a tiny bubbling spring, the water clear as crystal. All around it are strewn the bleaching bones of animals and men. He flings himself on his stomach—he drinks—he plunges his hands and his face into the cool liquid—he laughs and thanks God.

Then he thinks of his comrade who has fallen so near this delicious spring, and he resolves to return and drag that comrade to the water. He waits a moment for additional strength; it is so sweet to lie there close by the bubbling spring. He sees the bones about him and wonders why man or beast should have perished after reaching the water.

He grows drowsy, his eyelids droop, sweet music sounds faintly in his ears, and at length he sleeps. It is the sleep of death, for he has drunk from the poison spring of the Jornada del Muerto!

Rare Presence of Mind.

There was a little incident not down on the regular programme mapped out for the reinment of Jefferson Davis at Richmond. Learning against the clerk's desk at one of the leading hotels was a well known general whose name has heretofore always been synonymous with bravery in action on the side of the lost cause. Unnoticed by him and equally unmindful of his presence, there approached the desk a man who enjoys the rare distinction of having served in the Confederate army as a private. Running his finger down the open register that lay upon the desk, the newcomer halted a moment and turning to a companion exclaimed:

"General Blank. So he's here. Well, I should like to meet that fellow again. The last time I saw him was at the battle of Y—, where he was running like a turkey from the enemy?"

Here the general turned, and the two men recognizing each other the speaker held out his hand in greeting and instantaneously concluded, "and I was keeping him company."—Kate Field's Washington.

General Advertisements.

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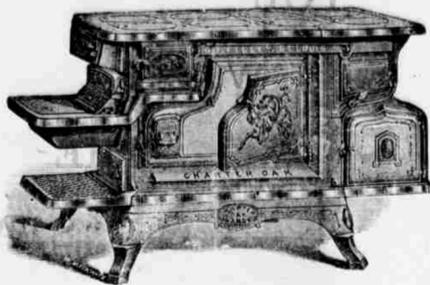
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