MY GHOST.

He fell flat on the ground before me, clasped his hands to his forehead, and uttered a horrible groan. Never on the stage did murdered villain fall so suddenly or with such a whack. I began to shake all over. I was, in fact, frightened almost to death. Had I killed him. Had I really killed John Rogers? I was young enough to think it possible. I did not then feel quite as sure as I do now that "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." My 16th birthday was just passed, and John Rogers was 21. He was not exactly a milkmaid; Biddy called him the milk "gentleman;" but he milked his mother's cow, and was condescending enough to bring it to our door every evening.

For Mrs. Rogers remarked that "though she was a lady to the backbone, and jest as good as anybody in that neighborhood, if not a little better, she did not mind letting us have her extra milk."

Part of the bargain understood, though unexpressed, was, the milk-bringing was to be taken in the light of a call. A member of the family received the can, and remarked sagely that it was warm, cold, rainy, or that we needed rain, and asked how Mrs. Rogers found herself. When one sovereign obliges another, great ceremony is required.

I think I shall never forget the linen suits made by his mamma in which John Rogers always appeared; his head of curly red hair; his big blue eyes, very round and wide open; his long red hands and wrists, and the length of stocking, ankle and shoe strings, which finished him off. He was romantic, and had a volume of Tennyson and another of Tom Moore, which he was fond of quoting.

I had not been wandering in the grove arm-in-arm with John Rogers, but I had a habit of taking my book there on sultry afternoons, and he had fallen into another habit of going home that way after serving the milk. Sometimes he had a book in his pocket and would take it out and favor me with a selection. Lady Clara Vere de Vere was his favorite. I was not particularly delighted with this attention, but our supply of milk was dependent on our civility, and I was civil; and so it had to come to this—John Rogers had proposed to me, and I had said:

"Oh, Mr. Rogers, please don't! I—I couldn't possibly think of marrying. I am too young."

"Never you mind, Celina. Old folks never kin understand young folks is growed up," replied John Rogers. "We kin wait; we kin keep company a year or two. I'm in hopes grand'ther'll step off by that time, and we'll hev the medder farm."

"Oh, I don't mean that, Mr. Rogers," I said in terror. "I don't wan't to wait, I mean—I,"—here I thought of the milk. "I regard you with the greatest respect as a neighbor, Mr. Rogers, but I couldn't think of marrying you at any time."

"Hay!" cried John Rogers.

He said it so sharply that I started.

"Ah, I see that I am right!" cried John Rogers. "You've been a trifling with my feelings. You thort to break a country heart for pastime ere you went to town."

"Oh, Mr. Rogers!" I cried in desperation. "You know I am not going to town; we always live here.

"It's all the same," said John Rogers.

You held your course without remorse,
To make me trust my modest worth;
And at last you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew me with your noble birth.'

Miss Celine Tompkins. Oh, I know you!"

"Dear me, I'm sure it's very dreadful of you to say so, Mr. Rogers," I said.

"Then you repent?" said John Rogers. "You ain't a goin' to yield to this here pride of birth. When folks' relations are ministers and doctors they don't feel sot up by it generally. You'll cast aside them there prejudices of caste, and hev me, whether or no?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Rogers," I sobbed; "oh, no, I'm sure"—the milk rose before my memory again—"I'm sure no family could be more respectable than yours; but I never mean to marry at all."

"It's final then?" said John Rogers.

"Oh, yes, indeed it is."

Instantly, without warning, Mr. Rogers threw his book one way and his milk-kettle the other, and fell flat before me in the road.

"Get up, Mr. Rogers," I cried when he had been perfectly motionless for full five minutes. "Oh, get up, get up!"

And to my relief he answered, but what he said was really terrible:

"Mis Celina Tompkins!
There stands a specter in your hall,
The guilt of blood is at your door—
You've killed me!"

Had I killed John Rogers? As I said before I was young enough to believe it possible. For an hour I stayed there poking him with my pink lined parasol, shedding hot tears, begging him to rise. He only moaned. Finally, as it was growing quite dark, I picked up his tin can, put his hat on the back of his head, and hurried home.

There was no milk for breakfast next morning, nor did Mrs. Rogers again "let us have any." Her manners certainly had not that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere; and when she called to collect the bill she gave my mother an unlimited piece of her mind, ending with: "I'd hev you to know, ma'am, that me and my folks is jest as good as you and your folks any day in the year; and, as for my John, ef "I'd know'd what he was after I'd hev showed him."

"Has she gone crazy?" panted mamma. "What have we done?"

And then I burst into tears.

"Don't blame her, mamma." I sobbed. "I've broken yoor John Roger's heart."

There was a good deal of rain about that time, and chills and fever prevailed to an alarming extent. John Rogers took them—I suppose lying on the ground was not good for him—and had them very badly. He enjoyed it, I think now, but he was a terrible haunting ghost to me as he grew thinner and thinner, yellower and yellower, and haunted my path with reproachful goggle-eyes and Tennyson sticking out of his pocket. I think my remorse might eventually have broken down my constitution if papa had not decided that we should all spend a year in Europe.

I married abroad, and on our return we all settled in New York, and I felt glad not to return and face the tombstone of poor John Rogers.

"I'm afraid," I often said to my husband, with tears in my eyes, "I'm afraid, love, that I have broken one honest heart that loved me well."

"How the years fly! But mine flew rapidly. I was thirty years old, and the mother of three little children, when we one day bethought us to go upon an excursion up the river. The day was fine; the air delicious; the boat a little too crowded. On our way we stopped at the landing nearest our old home, and, though fourteen years had flown, I thought of John Rogers and grew melancholy.

"That ghost," I said to myself, "will never be laid. Yet certainly I did nothing wrong. I never encouraged him, and I could not marry him."

Meanwhile the gang-plank was thrown out, and some people came on board. Among them was an exceedingly fat, comfortable man of 35 or more; his wife a dry, skinny person, in a bright blue bonnet and a purple grenadine dress, and a small tribe of children. The man talked incessantly.

"Martha Jane, got the basket? Wal, I am relieved; thought you'd left it, and we'd be obliged to buy our victuals at the tavern, charging as they do. Sally, stop scratchin' your shoe toes. Do you think I'm made of money? Ma, h'ist Peter onto your lap, won't you? Next thing he'll be overboard. Ma, your vail'll git blowed off next, and you'll be botherin' about a new one."

"When I bother I'll get one," replied a sharp female voice. "Ef I was you I wouldn't publish my meanness to the hull boat, John Rogers."

John Rogers! At the name I turned and looked full into the fat man's face. It was very red and round now. No hollow in the cheeks, but there were the big goggle eyes, round and blue as ever; the curious, pale reddish eye-brows, and a good deal of the pale reddish hair.

"It is John Rogers!" I ejaculated, involuntarily.

A sudden gleam of recognition appeared on his face.

"Not Miss Celina Tompkins!" he cried, and we shook hands. "This here's my partner," he said, indicating his wife with a wave of his umbrella; "and I see you've got one, too, and both our quivers is purty full. We've got older, ain't we, all of us, since you lived in Plankville? grand'ther was fortunate to die next spring, and me and Samanthy stepped off in August. I weigh more'n I used to done. Mrs. Rogers, this here is—"

I gave him my married name as he paused, and received a very unfavorable look from Mrs. Rogers.

Afterward I heard her spouse explaining:

"She sot considerable by me when she was a gal, but she took too many airs. She was one of them kind that was all outside, and nothin' solid, so I let her know I wasn't to be caught. They did say she most broke her heart."

"If she know'd what I've had to stand she'd rejoice," retorted the still unmollified Mrs. John Rogers.

Personal Gossip.

The Italian courts have just decided adversely the claims of the heirs of Pius IX. for 15,000,000 lires, which they alleged was due them from the Italian Government. Under the papal gurrantees this money was granted to Pius IX. by Italy, but he always refused to accept it. Now the courts declare that the money was granted to Pius as pope and not as a private individual; and that his heirs have no legal claim upon it.

A daughter of Brigham Young, a bride of four months, when asked by a visitor, "How will you regard the taking of another wife by your husband, which, according to your code, is not only his right, but his duty, and which sooner or later you expect him to do?" replied: "Of course it is a painful thought, and I try to put it away from me until that time comes; but I shall accept it as a duty to my husband, and because the church requires it."

Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has just gone out to take command in Egypt, is very quick and brisk in his ways, with a trim, military appearance, and great readiness of adaptation to change of circumstances. He possesses Napoleon's faculty of taking at a glance the measure of a man, and knowing how best to use his ability. He has succeeded in every position in which he has been placed. Like Sir Frederick Roberts, Englands other great general, he is an Irishman from near Dublin.

Col. George L. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., recently celebrated his 94th birthday. Notwithstanding his great age, he is still an active business man, and can be found in his office any day, hale and hearty. He began active service seventy-six years ago, and is supposed to be the oldest business man in Connecticut. For forty years he has been treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester railroad.

Mrs. Caroline Brown, mother of Artemus Ward, living at Waterford, Me., has a book in which her visitors register their names. In turn she will give strangers her own autograph, written in a clear, firm hand by this smart old lady of seventy-two years.

Professor Luther W. Mason, formerly of Boston, but now of Japan, is in Boston superintending the revision of his text-books on music, in order that he may better continue the work in which he is engaged—that of introducing western music into the Empire of Japan.

A soldier on his way to the Mexican War abroad a Mississippi steamboat took a drink for which he hadn't the money to pay. The barkeeper remonstrated, but the soldier good-naturedly protested that he supposed the Government paid for drinks as well as transportation and promised to send back the money when he could afford it. Thereupon they became friends. The barekeeper of those days is now known to all Mississippi boatmen as Captain Bird C. Levi. The other day he received a letter from the old soldier recalling the circumstances of their first acquaintance and inclosing 10 cents to pay for the drink.

"Ouida" has ventured into the field of politics, abandoning for the moment the writing of novels. She has just written to the London Times a letter describing the hatred felt by Italians toward England since the bombardment of Alexandria. She declares that the Italian press "is hissing like a million flocks of geese."

Hamil Pasha, whom the French are desirous to create Khedive in place of the Tewfik, is almost a Frenchman, having lived a great part of his life in Paris and adopted French manners and customs. He is a great favorite. He has dissipated an immense fortune in giving fetes to the Parisians, in betting at the races, and playing magnificently at the clubs.

Mr. J. R. Keene, the Wall street speculator and millionaire, is described as a lithe and agile figure, and rather under the medium height. "The dark, strong features are of Gothic mold, and well express energy in repose, while the well-cut beard and twisted moustache impart the picturesque look of a Spanish cavalier standing forth from the canvas of Velasquez and Madrazo."

A Rival of Dicken's Dutchman.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The gates of the Jeffersonville penitentiary parted yesterday for an old convict, who, if anything, has walked away from "Dicken's Dutchman" in the matter of prison experience. Yesterday he completed his sixth term in the prison south, his confinement agregating thirty-five years. He has turned seventy-five, and goes out into the world without a friend or relative. For thirty-two years he has seen his fellow prisoners depart one by one, many to the grave, until today there isn't an officer or convict in the prison who was there when he entered it, forty-five years ago. He has been married four times, and was divorced from all of his wives, living with each but a short time. He has been pardoned from prison twice, once by Governor Willard and once by Governor Wright. In 1839 he was sent from Wayne county, Ind., to serve three years for larceny. Hicks was first sent from Wayne county for three years; the second time he came from Lawrence county to serve ten years; the third time from Daviess county, for seven years; the fourth, from Montgomery, for four years; the fifth, from Marion, for three years, and the sixth, from Franklyn county, for four years. He also served a term of two years in the Joliet prison in Illinois. During all his imprisonment he has never lost a moment's "good time," and has been in the best of health, and contented with his lot. During his last term of imprisonment he has been employed as gate keeper of the big gate through which wagons enter the institution. When he first entered the prison the convicts received corn-bread and water, with occasionally a little meat, but no coffee. No convicts are now in the Jeffersonville prison who were there upon his arrival in 1839. William Hodge came there in 1852 and served till a short time ago. About six months ago he came back and is at present serving a term of imprisonment. Hicks says he has become tired of prison life and will in the future lead a better life. He will leave for Hamilton, O., on the mail boat to-day to spend the remainder of his days.

Prof. Budd, of the Iowa Agricultural college, together with twenty-five of the foremost citizens of Ames, Iowa, have purchased three townships north of Ree Heights, near Huron, and will move out as soon as the soil is surveyed.

Euclid avenue, Cleveland, is lighted by electricity, at a cost of over four times as much as gas. There is more light, but it is very expensive.

FARM AND HOUSE.

Preserving String Beans.

String beans can be preserved for use in the winter in this way: First "string" the beans, and then cut them in pieces about two inches long, and put them in a brine of the strength used for cucumber pickles—that is, about a cup of salt to a gallon of water; keep in a covered jar. When you wish to use them take them out and wash them; let them stand in cold water for several hours, then scald them; if not fresh after one scalding repeat that operation. The housewife who contributes this hint has tried this successfully year after year, and has never failed to have what appears like new string beans in midwinter. It is very little trouble to prepare them, and they help to give variety when it is difficult to know what to have for dinner.

Raise Fruit on the Farm.

How miserable a farmer must be these hot days of summer if he has not plenty of fruit ont he place to draw from. True, he may buy of his neighbors, but he will find that the cost far exceeds the expense of raising them himself. It is cheaper to raise fruit than pay doctors' bills, which are apt to follow where the family are deprived of the cooling acids that render fruit so acceptable to the system at this season of the year. We do not advise the raising of all kinds of fruit. Very few will succeed who undertake it. Different kinds require different soils and climate. It is best to cultivate those that you are reasonably sure agree with your soil. There is always an amount of small fruit—currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, and strawberries, that will thrive in any part of this line of latitude.

Staggers in Horses.

Staggers in horses result from various causes, and the treatment consequently differs, as the cause. As a rule, when not heriditary, as it often is, the cause may be sought for either in the condition of the nervous system, or the presence of parasites or other irritating things in the stomach or intestines. Brain diseases too often show themselves in that way; in fact, so various are the causes that it would be unwise to suggest any treatment further than a general one, which is to allay nervous irritability as much as possible, and by proper means keep the stomach and bowels in good condition. It must be remembered that the whole system is more or less connected with the brain, and when this becomes affected vertigo or staggers often results. When it appears wet the head in cold water and give injections to move the bowels. This treatment is proper in all cases, and may be supplemented with all other circumstances and the cause of the trouble seem to demand.

Some Points in Feeding Pigs.

Very little care is usually taken in this connection, especially when the time for fattening arrives. Much feed is often wasted. It is quite an art to feed pigs so that the best advantage may be obtained in forming flesh. The owner may imagine that if the pigs eat all that is given them they are doing well, while it is often the case that they would thrive faster on one half of the food. If he would take the trouble to examine the excrement (which is an index of the work of the stomach) he would find undigested food mixed all through it. In this case there is not only a waste of food, but the general health of the animal is likely to be effected. When the feces are dry and hard, a feverish condition exists, when they are watery and emit a rank smell they indicate a disordered stomach. These are generally caused by overfeeding of too heating food, and under such conditions neither pigs nor any other animals can thrive.

The Walking Horse.

The country would reap inacaulable benefit if the walk of its ordinary horses could be accelerated a single mile per hour beyond what is now general. It would put millions of dollars extra into the national pockets every year. We might have horses which would walk five miles per hour, just as naturally and easily as three to three and a half, and rarely four, as is now the rule. All the farm, and much of the country-road, and town-street horse-work is all done at a walk. It costs no more to feed a smart walker, than it does a slow, logy one, and frequently not so much. Now let anyone calculate the profit and advantage of using the former in preference to the latter. Let the farmer see how much more land per day he can get ploughed and harrowed; how many more loads of hay, straw, grain and vegetables he can take to market; and how much more rapidly he is to accomplish all his other work, and he will have little patience in keeping a slow walking horse any longer. It will be the same with the expressman, the teamster, and the truckman.

Bellfounder, got by the celebrated imported trotting horse of this name, out of Lady Alport, was not only a fast trotter, but had a natural, easy walk of five miles per hour. He was kept by our family several years, and nearly all his stock, out of quite common mares, proved excellent walkers. This shows how easily and rapidly an increased fast walking stock may be bred by all farmers, if they will only take due pains to select the stallions to which they may hereafter nick their mares. A fast walking horse commands a considerably higher price with those who care for the pace, than a slow walker, and such buyers are constantly on the increase now, and that day will come by-and-by when a slow walker will hardly get a bid. The fastest walk I have yet seen exactly timed and put on record, was that of the English horse Sloven. He made, without extra effort, 5.69 miles per hour. All agricultural societies ought to give good premiums to fast walking horses, the highest prize to be awarded to the one which walked five miles per hour; the second to four and one-half miles; the third to four miles. This last should be the least time for which to award a prize, and all breeds should be allowed to compete.

The Value of Oats.

From the Iowa Homestead.

The better farm economy and the feeding value of crops are understood the more oats will be appreciated and the larger will be their consumption upon the farm. The claim is frequently made that they are not profitable as compared with corn, and hence, though possessing merit, they must always take a secondary place. Let us compare the cost of producing an acre of oats and their value with corn. It is estimated that $4 per acre will cover the cost of ploughing, sowing, harvesting and stacking an acre of oats. including seed. The straw, if valued by the amount of proteine and fat it contains, is worth by the pound more than one-half good meadow hay, or one-third that of corn. When corn is worth 25 cents per bushel, oat straw is worth $3 per ton; or if the product per acre of oat straw be one ton, its equivalent in corn is twelve bushels. The feeding value of oats by the pound is determined by the proteine about 20 per cent. above corn; this places the value of a bushel of oats at about two-thirds that of a bushel of corn. If a crop of corn be thirty-six bushels per acre, it will require the oat field to produce one ton of straw and thirty-six bushels to make an equivalent in feeding value. If the product of corn be sixty bushels per acre, it will require one ton of straw and seventy-two bushels of oats an acre to make its feeding equivalent. These are, however, simply theoretical values measured by proteine; practically, the oats and straw are worth more than the corn, because they will be better masticated, and they furnish more bulk. Again, there is a difference in the cost of production in favor of the oats amounting to nearly $3 per acre, if the oats be fed in the sheaf; so that upon an average if the number of bushels of corn and oats in two fields be the same, the greater profit for feeding to cattle is in the oats. This supposed the oats to be cut early and fed in the sheaf; and it makes no allowances for the cornstalks, for which the oat field makes full compensation by allowing the farmer to plough in a crop of rye for fall pasture.

Ensilage.

The New England Farmer publishes a long and very interesting letter from its French correspondent, treating of silos and ensilage, the gist of which is that in France the question has been settled that ensilage is as much a matter of farm consideration as is the production of any valuable crop. But it is stated that a good deal of care is to be exercised in the preparation of the ensilage, in fact, that it requires more careful manipulation, such attention, in short, as our farmers are not in the habit of giving to their operations. Again, the question of economy is to be considered with regard to the difference between the small holdings of the French peasant and the larger farms of this country, as also between the prices of grain and forage there and here. It is precisely the question of commercial fertilizers over again. Can one be sure of results, and if so, is the gain equivalent to the cost? and the answer will be yea or nay just according to the circumstances, skill and capital of the farmer. In both cases, claims have been made which were extravagantly absurd, and in respect of both, there has been here and there a farmer who has been profited by the new method. In these, as in other matters, it is as wise to move moderately as it is to understand in the first place as fully as possible all the factors of the problem.

Fashionable Floor Covering.

Carpets now show improvements in styles and patterns. Small figures are in demand, and, in fact, large ones cannot be found in the stores where ancient stock is not kept. There was a time when a room of the ordinary flat size would show a single figure complete. In some of the patterns now shown small designs are crowded together in wonderful harmony of color and device. Many a treasured old tapestry has less art than the ordinary carpeting of the present day. Some are veritable pictures that can be studied for hours without growing familiar. Some of the favorite designs represent ferns, leaves, branches and foliage in symmetrical entanglement. Borders are still used, and often are wholly different from the body, though harmonizing with it. A feature of our carpet stores just now is the display of Oriental mattings. Not only are they bought to put down in summer residences, but they are coming into use in chambers of city houses. A bedroom provided with white china matting with half a breadth of colored check for a border, and a Turkish rug in the center is quite corret. Another thing for the center of a sleeping room, if the sleeper be an unmarried woman, is a small bed. This is a bran new affectation. A brass bedstead a trifle larger than the woman, and not much wider than her greatest breadth is placed in the middle of the daintiest apartment furnished with the daintiest possible bedclothes, but everything about the affair must be perfectly plain, the desire being to suggest the utmost simplicity on the part of the maiden. Sometimes a cot is used, and, if the occupant be a light weight, she selects a structure of frail design, so as to prove how airy and fairy she is.

LIABILITY OF CONTAGION.

How Long Patients Should be Isolated and What Precaution Should be Taken

From the Medical News.

M. Hillairet, in the name of a commission composed of MM. H. Roger, Bergeron and Hillairet, read before the French Academie de Medecine a report in reply to the inquiry addressed to the academy by the minister of public instruction, as to how long a pupil affected with a contagious disease should be kept away from school.

The report considered the following diseases: Varicella, variola, scarlitina, rubeola, mumps and diphtheria, and the conclusions are as follows:

Varicella, whose progress is often irregular, may require ten to twelve days for the fall of the crusts. The issolation should be about twenty-five days.

Variola has a prodromic period of three to four days; four or five days of eruption; three or four days of suppuration; desiccation requires three days; fall of the crusts, six days. Then comes a period of furfuraceous desquamation without definite limit. Isolation should not be less than forty days.

In scarlatina the period of invasion occupies from six to forty-eight hours, or exceptionally three days; the eruption is completed in from five to eight days; desquamation commences on the fourteenth or fifteenth day and lasts from fifteen to twenty-six days. Isolation should last forty days.

Rubeola has a prodromic period of three to four days; exceptionally, from six to eight or even twelve days; the eruption is completed in twelve or forty-eight hours, then it declines for twenty-four hours; desquamation lasts from eight to fifteen days. Isolation for forty days will be sufficient.

Mumps, as a rule, has a duration in ordinary cases of six days. Convalescence lasts from six to seven days. If any complication of metastasis occurs it lasts usually about nine days. Isolation for twenty-five days is sufficient.

The duration of diphtheria is very variable, but isolation should be maintained for at least forty days.

The commission consequently proposes the adoption of the following measures:

First. Pupils effected with chicken-pox, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, mumps or diphtheria should be strictly isolated from their comrades.

Second. For small-pox, scarlet fever, measles and diphtheria isolation should not be shorter than forty days; for chicken-pox and mumps twenty-five days is enough.

Third. Isolation should last until after the patient has been bathed.

Fourth. The clothing worn by the patient at the time he was taken sick should be subjected to a temperature of 90 C. (194 Fahr.) and to sulphur vapor, and then well scoured.

Fifth. The bedding, curtains and furniture of the sick room should be thoroughly disinfected, washed and aired.

Sixth. The pupil of a school, after recovery from one of the above contagious diseases, should not be readmitted to the school unless furnished with the certificate of a physician that the above precautions have been observed.

These conclusions were adopted by the Academy.

How Hackmen Know Their Game.

From an Interview With One of Them.

"I'll tell you how we do. We drive up to the depot an' wait for the train. There's about thirty of us, the reg'lars you know. When the passengers drop off we look at 'em, kind o' size 'em up, you know, an' we can tell pretty well what a man is worth an' how long he'll stay. If he looks sort o' poor like, an' only carries a small satchel, we know one day'll fix him. But if a man an' his wife an' family come, an' bring three or four trunks, that's a healthy sign, an' we treat him right. We sort o' scramble among ourselves for him, and refuse to take pay for carryin' him to the hotel, but we give him a card, an' then watch him. We find out what rooms he takes at the hotel, where he sits at meals, an' we know all about him. If he tips the waiters, that's another encouraging sign. Then he comes out on the piazza to sit an' smoke after dinner. There's where the tourist makes a mistake. He should stay indoors, but he will come out, an' he is likely feelin' pretty good after his dinner, so then we begins. Do we ever mistake our man? Never, sir, never. We hook him every time. Yes, Sam, gimme the same. An' then the bridal parties. Well, bridal parties are the best o' the lot. They pay big an' never complain. Well, let's drink, an' then I'll show you around for two dollars, because I like you, you know."

HOURS IN A COFFIN.

Thrilling Adventure of Shoemaker Martin Strong—Prepared for Hasty Burial—A Night of Concentrated Agony—A Joke That Nearly Killed.

Philadelphia Cor. New York News.

"Seven hours in a coffin added ten years to my life," was the singular remark made to your correspondent on Thursday last, which resulted this morning in the unfolding of a most remarkable tale of adventure. Martin Strong, a shoemaker, living—or rather dying—at his brother's house, on Twelfth street, told for the first time of a horrible experience through which he passed in the summer of 1868, when he was pronounced dead by his physicians and came within an ace of being buried alive. Strong has suffered for several years with an affection of the spine. He has been unable to attend to his business for several years, because of his ailment, and now appears to be on the verge of the grave.

"I will tell you all that I remember," said the shoemaker, as he gulped down a half tumblerful of brandy and water; "but I object to having anything published in a newspaper, and I don't thank my old doctor for sending you here. In the month of June, 1868, I was taken violently ill with a terrible pain at the base of the brain, and a chilliness all the way down the spinal column. I then lived in a room on South street, and had a shop on Ridge avenue. About the middle of June I took to bed, and called in Dr. Harker (who died a few years ago, by the way), and afterward Dr. Cummings, now living, I believe, near Camden. Neither of them appeared to know what ailed me. I became delirious, and remained in that state from the 25th of June to the 4th of July. I remember distinctly awaking on that morning and hearing the noise of fireworks. In the afternoon the queer feeling in my back bone increased, and by sundown I felt as though I was paralyzed from the neck down. I remained in that state until 9 o'clock the next morning, and then the chilly feeling began extending all over the body. I lost all power of motion, and could not even open my mouth or eyes. Still I heard everything going on about me. Dr. Cummings held my pulse, and I heard him tell my brother that I would probably live until noon.

"At eleven o'clock—for I heard the clock strike—a shiver seemed to go through me, and my brother lifted my head. I heard the doctor say, 'he's going now, I think.' I could not utter a sound, nor move a muscle. Then I felt the doctor unbutton my night-shirt, and place his ear above my heart. He raised his head in a moment, and said, 'He's gone.' My God, how I did try to move at that moment, but it was no use; I couldn't even as much as wink. My body must have been cold, to give the idea of death, but I did not feel the cold except in the region of my spine. My supposed dead body was covered with a sheet and placed in the middle of the bed. My brother then locked up the house and went out. Now what happened almost immediately afterward is so very strange and incredible that I must ask you to believe it simply on my word alone, because I would not insult your intelligence by such a stupendous statement unless it were true. I lay there thinking of the awful agony I would endure should they bury me alive. I seemed to live a lifetime, and the mental torture was the most terrible you can imagine. My brother had been gone about ten minutes, I should judge, when suddenly I felt a new sensation.

My back seemed as though it was being pricked by hundreds of needles, and I felt a warmth creeping down my backbone. This warmth extended gradually to other parts of the body, and involuntarily I gave a great sigh. This simple action brought back the suspended functions of life, and the next instant I had thrown the sheet off and was on my feet. I was still weak, and sat down in a chair to think. Then I knelt down and offered a prayer of thankfulness. These feelings were now succeeded by the jolliest humor imaginable. I felt so good that I could scarcely retain myself from opening the window and shouting for joy, but I restrained myself and sat still. Then it occurred to me that it would be a harmless joke to surprise my brother, the doctor and the world in general, by suddenly rising out of the coffin, if I could maintain my equanimity long enough for them to put me in it. The more I thought of the scheme, the more I liked it, and actually laughed aloud as I imagined the horror-stricken countenances of the people at seeing a dead man rise up and speak. My brother might return at any moment, so to carry out the plan successfully I lay down again and had the sheet ready to draw over my face the moment I heard him come in. I suppose I remained in that position for twenty minutes or more when the front door opened and shut and I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. I waited until he had nearly reached the top and then attempted to draw up the sheet, which covered me to the waist. Great heaven! I could not move a finger. Like a flash that same old, chilly feeling came upon me, and I was to all intents and purposes a dead man again. My ghastly joke nearly resulted in a horrible fate. My brother, the moment he entered the room, went to a closet and took out a bible. 'When he sees the disarranged sheet,' I thought, 'he will suspect something, and take means to awaken me,' but he didn't seem to notice anything, but covered my face again, and then, sitting down, began to read. If the agony before my revival was horrible, this was superlative. My brain seemed on fire from the intensity of thinking. At five o'clock in the afternoon the door-bell rang, and my brother answered it. My horror was complete when I heard my brother say:

"I want the funeral to take place in the morning, so it will not be necessary to put him in ice, although the weather is warm. Just be kind enough to have everything arranged to night." Then he went down stairs, and the undertaker brought up a plain walnut coffin. I was washed, dressed and placed in the coffin without being able to even twitch an eyebrow in protest. I shall never forget that night. It was an eternity. I heard the old state-house clock strike the midnight hour, and all the weird stories about ghosts and the dead chased through my almost frantic brain. It would fill a volume to tell how I suffered. On the following morning at nine o'clock my brother and a few friends were assembled in the front down-stairs room. I was in the coffin up-stairs, when again did that feeling come over me as on the day before. Again I sighed and came back again to life, just as my brother entered the room. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance, and closing the door after him locked it. Of course he embraced me, and then in his eccentric way went out and told my half-dozen shoemaker friends that there would be no funeral, that I was not dead, and that he had summoned them merely to test their friendship. Knowing his oddities the men believed him and went away. The undertaker was sent for and the doctor. While they were not pledged to secrecy it was generally understood that nothing was to be said for my brother's sake, who detests publicity in any form, so if you insist upon saying anything in the paper stick it away in some corner." Dr. Cummings corroborated the strange story fully, and the undertaker, while he refused to talk about it at all, would not deny it exactly. The strangest part of the whole thing is the fact that it had never been brought to light before.

Flannel Underwear.

At this particular time of year men and women should be more cautious about their clothing, and especially their underwear than ever. The days are very hot, the nights are chilly. Colds can be caught very easily and pneumonia may be the consequence. Light flannels should be worn by delicate persons and it will also pay a man to carry a very light overcoat on his arm when he is going out at night. A midsummer cold is a bad cold and should be avoided, because it is easily caught and not easily cured.

Courtships in Old Graveyards.

A Saratoga letter to the New York Commercial says: "I don't think there is as much genuine love-making in Saratoga now-a-days as there used to be years ago," said old Sexton Palnueston, and he leaned on his spade. "They all seem to be going for money. Why, I haven't had four genuine love cases in the graveyard this year. Now, when a man is going for money you don't see him bringing his girl over here."

"How does he act when he is going for money?" I asked.

"Why, he spends his time around the florists, he heaps presents on her, keeps her room full of flowers, hands chairs on the balcony, always stands ready with a music programme, looks after her mail, always compliments her clothes, and—"

"And what else?" I asked impatiently.

"Why, the courting-for-money lover even looks after his sweetheart's table. He even goes and bribes the head cook to send her chicken livers en brochette, woodcock and Spanish mackerel. The cooks always have these delicacies for them. Oh! he gives his girl an elegant time, but there's no love in it."

"But how does the all-for-love young man go to work?" I interrupted.

"Why, he don't fool around at a distance," said the old sexton, "with bouquets, and chairs, and programmes, and nice breakfasts. He just quitely walks his sweetheart over to this graveyard, and, sitting on one of those benches out under the trees yonder, he takes her hand. He sits right down and attacks her heart. He don't fool around buying flowers for her eyes, nor candies for her tongue, nor perfumes for her nose; he just gets his arm right around her heart, and when it begins to throb and when her cheek gets red and warm, he knows that girl is his'n. (Don't stand so near the grave or it'll cave in.) Why, that girl would rather have one hour warm graveyard courting than 400 years of such iceberg courting as I see going on over in the States parlors. I've seen this courtin' goin' on forty years. (By jimminy, there's a bone! I'm getting too near that other grave.) I see old gray-headed men every day riding up here in carriages who courted their wives in this graveyard forty years ago. There's R. L. Stuart, the wealthy sugar refiner"—

"But he's an old bachelor," I interrupted.

"Never mind that. I tell you, my benches could tell why he never got married. He loved the girl well enough, and"—

"But who else do you remember seeing here?" I asked.

"Why, there was Mr. Winston, of the Mutual Life. He used to walk around here, thirty years ago, with a beautiful blonde girl. I can see him now, kissing that girl—but I am not going to tell all I know. Andrew H. Green, he married a girl he courted in my graveyard. Fernando Wood used to have a seat here, and Charles A. Dana, he used to know, forty years ago, all about flirting in a graveyard. Old General James Watson Webb, used to walk the young ladies up here fifty years ago, and his son, the doctor, why he could never get along at all courting Miss Vanderbilt till he got heraway from the stuck-up States hotel, and found himself one day in one of my seats. I knew Vanderbilt would lose a daughter that night. I tell you, these graveyard seats mean business every time. Did I ever have any senators or governors on my seats? Why, of course. Senator Kernan courted two girls at once in this graveyard, and President Arthur knows where all the best seats are. They needn't be ashamed of it either, for Hamilton and De Witt Clinton used to do the same thing when they were boys. Boys will be boys," continued the old man, as he jumped out of the grave, "and girls will be girls. Girls with big hearts like to be loved, and fellows with big hearts will kiss and love them. I don't care how straight their parents make them sit up and down at the States, they will occasionally get away and come up here in the graveyard to act natural, and I'm the last man to hinder 'em. Why I often keep these graveyard gates open till 9 o'clock when there are genuine lovers enough around to warrant it. I don't mean flirters. I mean real, genuine lovers."

"But how do the lovers manage down at Long Branch and over to Newport, when they have no graveyard handy?" I asked.

"I don't know, but they have mating places somewhere. I 'spect they sit out in the sand under the bluffs, or sit around under umbrellas in the pavillions, or get in dismal corners on the balconies. They've got to—by gosh, they've got to!"

That's what the old Saratoga graveyard philosopher said.

TWO LUCKY MINERS.

A Mine Disclosed by a Runaway Accident.

From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.

Some three weeks ago two Comstockers struck out across the Sierras on a prospecting trip. They went over into Placer county to look for pocket ledges, placer mines, or anything else in the mining line that would pay. One of the men now writes to a friend in this city as follows: "We spent some two weeks without finding anything we cared to stay by, and finally concluded to go down the valleys and work for wages. You must know that for a pack animal we have one of the meanest and most contrary of Piute ponies. He will never do what you want him to do, and runs away on the slightest provocation. Well, we were going down a steep mountain trail toward Georgetown the other day, when the pony stopped short, gave a snort, and broke off through the brush down the steepest place he could find. He scattered grub, pick, shovels, and cooking utensils in all directions and finally ended by standing on his head in a deep gutter at the bottom of a ravine, where we made him fast to a tree then rolled him over and landed him on his feet. While hunting up our traps we found some pieces of quartz that showed gold, and in an hour or two found the vein from which it came, and a good one it is—at least for a small party. We have made our camp in the ravine, just where the pony landed, and have made more than "miners" wages ever since. We have a big flat stone for a mortar, mill, or whatever you may call it, and by selecting the richest of our rock, can make it pay pretty fast. How long it will hold out we don't know, but we are in a bulge of the vein that is about four feet wide. We are saving up a good deal of second-class ore (it is full of free gold), and will presently make our fractious pony do duty in an arastra.

"There is a nice little stream of water in the ravine about fifty yards below our pocket, and on the side of this we have already commenced building an arastra. We have been into town (Georgetown) once and sold a few ounces of gold—just to see if it was good—but you can bet we said nothing about our find. We shall stay by our pocket as long as it stays by us, then look for more along the same streak of quartz, which runs from eight to ten inches in width in most places, and has what Senator Fair would call a 'kindly look.'"

Didn't Like the Religion.

There was a man from Pike county who happened to be in Philadelphia over Sunday. Not knowing what to do with himself, he visited one of the churches and listened to a sermon on the fateful words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin." When he returned home he gave his wife a full account of his adventures, and among other things the impression which the sermon had made upon him.

"I think," said he, "that Philadelphia hain't got no rale, true religion, Jane." Jane expressed her surprise by elevating her eyebrows and regarding him intently, while the Pike county man continued:

"But what kin we expect where a preacher, without enny one sayin' a word agin him stan's up an' starin' at a gal in one of the nigh pews, hollers out, every now an' then, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle your parson?'"

SILENT PICNICKERS,

Festivities Where Not a Word is Spoken—Dancing to Unheard Music.

From the New York Herald.

There were about forty couples dancing on the upper deck of an excursion barge as it moved slowly up the Hudson river, yesterday morning. The feet of the dancers kept perfect time to the merry music of the orchestra, and they moved easily and gracefully through the figures of the lancers. Had a chance observer been told that not one of these eighty young ladies and gentlemen could hear a single note of the music he would probably have received the statement with incredulity, as he took another look at the smooth, gliding motion of the revelers. Yet such was the fact. The dancers were not only deaf but dumb, for it was a picnic party, made up of the doubly afflicted ones. But there was nothing to suggest affliction in the manner of the excursionists. On the contrary they were enjoying themselves hugely, and seemed to feel all that indescribable exhilaration which thrills true lovers of the dance when the soft strains of a Strauss came floating downward from the gallery of the Academy of Music on the night of the "charity."

It was the sixth annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association, an organization of deaf mutes formed principally of ladies and gentlemen graduates from the institutions for instructing the deaf and dumb. Accompanied by their friends, the party, about five hundred in all, started from East river, at half past eight in the morning, steamed around the battery to the North river, and after calling at Eleventh street to take a few more on board, proceeded up the Hudson to Mount Pleasant grove at Hastings.

The excursion was a striking illustration of how much science has done to alleviate the condition of the deaf and dumb. It was strange, indeed, to see them dance with such precision merely from watching with quick, trained eyes the time beats of the orchestra leader and the steps of those who could hear. But still more marvelous was it to hear the deaf speak. There were at least a score of those present who had been educated in the new art of lip reading, and who could carry on a conversation in the usual way having learned to read and speak from watching the lips of their teachers. A mustache on the part of a person was a puzzle for them sometimes, as it partly conceals the movements of the mouth, and the Herald reporter, who has a heavy mustache, found it a severe test for some of the pupils. One charming young lady, however, conversed with great fluency. She admitted—and here she blushed deeply—that she was accustomed to a mustache, a young gentleman, a very intimate friend, possessing a very soft and silky one.

Two things were noticeable about the excursion party. When the music ceased there was almost dead silence. Now and again a peal of hearty laughter would be heard, showing that in that sense the picnickers were not dumb, but there was none of the buzz and chatter of conversation which one usually hears on festive occasions of that sort. The few who conversed were, of course, a very small minority. But such a confusing and rapid gesticulation with the hands. With the quickness of lightning, and with bright, expressive eyes, the mutes conversed in the sign language, and jokes and repartee went around very much as they always do. Another thing noticeable was when a group of ladies and gentlemen was composed of mutes and hearing persons—for there were several such on board. When this chanced and a conversation sprang up an amusing sight followed. The hearing persons not understanding the sign language, another means of communication was necessary. Quick as a flash out would come note-books and pencils, and the whole party would take to dashing off notes to each other. When the talk became aniamted, all hands would be seen writing furiously in their note books.

When the barge reached Mount Pleasant, and lunch baskets had been emptied, little parties strolled off under the trees, and it was very soon evident to one who watched the pretty girls and their escorts that flirtations and expressions of endernment are about the same in the sign language as in our spoken tongue. Whether any of the students pursued their studies in lip reading was not ascertained.

The excursionists amused themselves very much as others do—with boating, fishing, swimming, and so on—and at half-past 4 started to return, reaching the city again at 9 o'clock.

Driver Hank Helm's Story of a Brush with a Road Agent.

From the Marysville Appeal.

"I was driving the horses with George M. Hacket, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger, on the box beside me," said driver Hank Helm. "There were no passengers. We had $18,000 in bullion aboard. The stage was stopped at 7 o'clock, about five miles this side of La Porte and a mile and a half beyond Diamond Springs. The road at that point is level and the horses were trotting along quietly. Nobody would expect to find a robber in such a place. Hacket was sitting sideways in the seat, talking with me, when a man ran out from the left side of the road and tried to catch hold of the leading horse. He was a small man, in size and habit resembling Frank Manning of Marysville. He wore a linen duster, and his face was covered with a big white mask. As soon as I saw him I whooped up the horses, with a view to get past him, but the lead horse was frightened and swung off to the right side of the road and against the side of the hill, stopping the team. The man carried a double-barreled shot-gun. He didn't say a word and didn't raise his gun, but carried it in one hand hanging by his side. As soon as Hackett could get his gun ready he fired. The gun was loaded with buckshot. The robber then made a motion as if to shoot, but didn't seem able to get his gun to his shoulder. He then run around to the other side of the leader, and I yelled to Hackett to 'sock it to him.' Hackett then fired the contents of his second barrel over the heads of the horses. The robber then took to his heels. He ran down the hill straight away from the road. Hackett jumped down and ran after him a short distance. Hackett had a buttoned glove on his left hand and had his cartridges in his left pocket, so that he could not reload his gun in time to get another shot at the robber. When he saw that pursuit was hopeless he came back to the stage. We picked up the robber's hat in the road. It was a soft hat, of black felt, very old and weather-beaten and full of ragged rents. It had four fresh buckshot holes in it, with hair sticking to some of them. The man's hair was light in color, streaked with gray. As he ran down the hill he tore off his mask and I noticed that he had a bald spot on the top of his head. Hackett had no pistol with him. If he had had a pistol he could have dropped the robber easily. He can drop a rabbit at a hundred yards with the big pistol he generally carries. The robber was no doubt green at the business. He never opened his mouth, and instead of covering us with his gun and singing out: 'Throw up your hands,' as an old hand would have done, he just made a target of himself. Neither Hackett nor the robber said a word. The whole thing happened in a minute."

The pacing phenomenon of the season, Buffalo Girl, record 2:12¼, is for sale, owing to the death of her owner, Jay Pettibone.

General Gatherings.

In Germany the sofa is the seat of honor, and to omit to offer its privileges to an invited guest is to write one's self down ignorant of the usages of polite society. But a gentleman may not sit upon the sofa; to take a seat there uninvited is very presumptuous; and to ask even an intimate acquaintance to place himself beside her on that sacred resting place, would be highly indecorous in a young lady. Such is a custom of the country.

Gotham is boasting of the cleanness of her streets, which have not been so free from filth for many a year. The Graphic remarks: "The huge mounds of decayed animal and vegetable matter are no longer to be seen festering in the sun around the markets and in the streets in the tenement districts, and pedestrians now can pass through the worst quarters of the city without inhaling the poisonous odors which under the old regime sprang from the gutters.

A Boston paper is responsible for the statement that the disgusting habit of snuff-dipping has spread among the female operatives in Massachusetts factories to such an extent that fifteen tons of snuff are annually consumed by them. A year ago the Catholic bishop of the state publicly forbade this use of the weed, and for a time there was considerable falling off in the sales of snuff, but the prohibition has now become practically a dead letter.

Acting on the theory that in every house there is a skeleton in the closet, a Paris swindler sent out a number of duplicate notes to this effect: "I will reveal all unless you send a hundred francs to J. L., Poste Restante Paris." It was evidently a good day for skeletons. At least ten persons promptly sent the sum demanded, and the swindler was congratulating himself upon having secured temporary affluence and a prospective fortune when the police swooped down upon him.

No costume better combines modesty and prettiness, says a Coney Island observer, than those of dark blue serge, decently skirted in flat kilts, with a blouse or jersey of the same, lightly trimmed with braid; the trousers reaching at least to the calves of the legs, and a straw hat tied down at the sides, to afford protection alike against the sun and against recognition from the shore. As a rule, it is not the women who offend in the matter of bathing costumes. It is the men.

A lady correspondent complains of the treatment of her sex in England. She says; "The inferior female sex appears to me to be sat upon and suppressed in almost every way in England. Men are waited on first at table. I saw a row of perhaps a dozen ladies at dinner, with one man near the center. The waiters went past the ladies at each side of him to attend to his wants first. He was a superior being."

In many parts of Germany the crops have recently suffered incalculable injury from an incessant fall of rain during ten successive days. There are sections in which the harvest has been completely ruined, grain crops which ought by this time to be harvested lying in a rotten condition upon the fields. Before this rainfall everything had promised well for the German crops. Not for seventy years had the outlook been more favorable.

A Salzburg wine merchant, who was punished by two months' imprisonment and $125 fine for adulterating wine, was forced to betray the secret of his operations. It was this: Three thousand small casks of wine, by the addition of water, alcohol, potato sugar, wine dregs, and salt, were made to yield the enormous quantity of fifty-two thousand casks, which he sold at about fifteen times its value.

A cow standing in front of the large windows of a store at Walton, Ga., the other day, happened to see her shadow in the glass. She bowed her neck and prepared for a fight, and seeing the cow in the glass assuming the same warlike attitude, with a quick snort and a heavy plunge landed herself inside the store with the fragments of the glass falling over her back. It was a question which was the most surprised, the bovine or the proprietor.

Horses Harnessing Themselves.

What is quoted as "horse sense" is frequently nothing more than horse-habit, showing what almost any animal can learn by practice; but it is true that the modern "educated" city fire-engine horses as a rule, do wonderful credit to their trainers, and also to their own intelligence. The team of No. 12 Hose Company, Boston Highlands, are good specimens of this.

They are handsome animals and as noted for their remarkable intelligence as for their fine appearance. Under the care of the members, the horses have become very tractable, and are obedient to the slightest word or gesture. A few mornings ago some evidences of their understanding were witnessed, and are well worth detailing.

Our horse, "Charlie," had received no food since the night previous, and when he was given his morning's supply of oats, he began eating with great zest, but the words, "Charlie, come eere," spoken in a low tone from the rear of the stable, caused him instantly to stop eating his tempting breakfast, and to back from his stall and walk to the person calling him. Each of the horses did the same thing without hesitancy, and at the command, "go back," each trotted to his stall.

The harnesses were removed from the horses, and each one was told in succession to go and put on his collar. The collars were placed on end, so that the heads could go through, and each horse walked deliberately across the floor and wriggled his head into his collar without the slightest aid. After this they poked their heads into their bridles, which were held for them, each horse opening his mouth and taking his bit voluntarily

The main part of the harnesses can be hung in any part of the room with the assurance that at the word of command the horses will walk to the exact spot and place themselves in such a position that the harnesses can be readily dropped into place.

The endeavors of the animals to secure a position favorable to the easy adjustment of the collars almost compels one to believe that they are endowed with reason.

A Noted Texan's Platform.

In announcing Tom Ochiltree's candidacy for Congress the Galveston News put "Colonel" before his name. He promptly wrote to a friend in Galveston:

"I don't wish to bear a rank I am not entitled to. I went into the Virginia army with a musket on my shoulder, and after serving for four years, with the strongest encomiums of such commanders as Tom Green, Dick Taylor, Maxey, and Longstreet, for service (extending from the Rio Grande to the Potomac), I gained my single star of Major. Of my long and humble service in those gallant armies I have always been proud. That I differ now politically with many who fought shoulder to shoulder with me in a cause we all loved and offered up our lives for, goes for nothing. If my life in battle could then have availed my beloved country, it was hers; but now it is not brute courage, or powder and ball, or bayonet, that will restore us to our pristine greatness and splendor, but earnest, indefatigable, and devoted work, with all the energy and muscle, with all the brains that God has given us, to build up the waste places destroyed and made desolate by the 'red hoof of war;' and by all the gods, I dedicate my future existence to that noble and glorious task."

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, has accepted the invitation of the Bar Association of New York to visit this country as their guest. He will come to America next year.