# OREGON'S GREAT CAVE

## Kentucky's Cavernous Wonder Has a New Rival in the Pacific State.

## Long and Toilsome Exploring Expedition Through Its Many Corridors.

## An Abundance of All the Well-Known Subterranean Spectacles.

## Chambers Fitted Up With Beautiful and Curious Formations.

Near the head of a long canon in Southern Oregon there is a long cave. Two openings give access to it. These openings look like small fissures in a big limestone bluff, says the San Francisco Examiner. This limestone extends for miles. It looks as massive and solid outside as any mountain in the world, but it is honeycombed like a pile that has been exposed to the tornado for years. For miles and miles these cracks and crevasses extend, without any apparent order or system. Strike a block of ice with a mallet and the cracks that show inside the transparent block indicate the manner of the faults in the great limestone bluffs. Many of these passages are of surpassing beauty, semi-transparent stalactites, giant milk-white pillars, and pools and streams of the purest, clearest water in the world making the underground maze a veritable fairyland.

The cave is situated in Josephine county, Or., about twelve miles north of the California line and about forty miles from the coast.

It took two full days for the Examiner expedition to reach the cave from Kerby, but that was mainly because the road was badly obstructed. Now, since the trees are cut through and the trail has been made around the bad places, it should be made in a day, or at most a day and a half.

Half a dozen torches—the regular hurrah-for-Cleveland-and-Harrison kind—were taken along to illuminate the cave. Five miles of twine sufficed to keep the way among the labyrinthian caverns. These, with a camera and enough flash powder to light up "chaos and old night," constituted the outfit of the explorers.

The main mouth of the cave is a big triangular gap in the face of an enormous limestone bluff. From there tumbles a mountain stream so bright and sparkling that it seems to be laughing with delight at having escaped from the gloomy darkness of that great cave. It was in this hole that a wounded black bear took refuge and so revealed the cave to the hunter, Elijah Davidson.

Mr. Davidson lighted pine boughs and threw them down into the black hole, and by their light saw his quarry was dead. The next day he returned to explore his find. He left his horse at the foot of the mountain with a note pinned to the saddle telling where he had gone. At the mouth of the cave he left his coat with another note. Then, with a fat pine stick for a tarch, he plunged in. He went on and on from one chamber to another for several hundred yards, but found no end. By this time he was chilled through, and he decided to postpone further exploration for a day or two. He crawled back in the direction he had come, but he could not find daylight again. For four hours he threaded the fantastic grottoes where no man had trod before. He broke off stalactites and marked where he went, so as not to tread the same path twice, and at last, when his last pine stick was burning his fingers, he saw a gleam of light and soon was in the open air again. But his coat was not there. He had come out at another opening a quarter of a mile from where he went in, and up on top of the bluff.

### Each Party Finds Wonders.

Other people heard of the strange cave and went into it until they thought they knew all about it. But every time a more than usually venturesome man got into the rocks he found another passage leading still further into the depths.

The cave—or rather the country around it, for there are no statutes regarding the taking up of caves—is covered by a notice of location of a mineral claim. The locaters are W. J. Henderson and F. M. Nickerson, of Kerby, and Capt. Smith, of San Diego.

It was early in the morning of the 30th of June when the Examiner party entered the cave—a cool, mountain morning, with a breeze that had the chill of the snowy Siskiyous on it. It was a cool morning, and yet when the party reached the mouth of the cave the air outside was warm in comparison with the frigid wave that came from the opening.

The main opening from which the creek flows was the first entered. For a dozen feet only could you stand upright. But, almost double, we pushed on, up to our ankles in swift-flowing water cold as ice. Thirty feet from the mouth the daylight was no longer visible, and there the cavern was larger again and the passage was divided. A great boulder, caught midway between the walls, made an upper and a lower corridor. To the left a great hole gaped, and on the right the floor broke off abruptly in a grinning crack.

The left-hand passage was the only one that did not lead to a long series of rooms, and it was the largest opening of the four. Stopping under a great rock that jutted from the wall, the first of the party found himself in an octagonal chamber a dozen feet high and as much in diameter. It was a two-story room. Half way to the ceiling a comparatively thin sheet of rock made a ceiling for the lower room and a floor for the upper. There were bones in this room of deer and smaller animals, and there were other indications that it was or had been the den of some flesh-eating beast, probably a bear. There are bears in this section of the country, fine black fellows, shyer than a deer, but able to make things very interesting to the hunter that wounds one in the brush.

This double room was the only place in the cave where evidences of animal life were found. The clear, cold waters that ran noiselessly on the floors of some of the corridors or thundered down the walls of others were destitute of inhabitants, though outside, a short distance from where the creek boils from the mouth of the cave, there are trout in abundance.

Even the still, mysterious lake that was found miles away from the light seemed to hide nothing living. Not a bat or a mouse or a worm fluttered or crawled in the long, tortuous passage.

Of the other openings just inside this mouth of the cave the two that had run ahead—one above and the other below—go on for many miles. The passage to the right—down the gash in the rock—was followed for half a mile. It is a succession of high, narrow rooms and small corridors. On the walls the stalactites and stalagmites have united and formed pillars, thus making the rooms still narrower. Probably these pillars, which from their size seem to be among the oldest in the cave, have covered up and hidden many openings. Indeed, some parts of the pillared wall gave back a hollow sound when struck.

The last man in the the party had in his pocket a ball of twine. One end of the twine was fast to a rock at the mouth of the cave, and as they walked forward the line was unwound.

As we clambered through the narrow passages, wonder-struck at their fantastic pendants and projections, that looked even more grotesque in the light of the flaming torches, we forgot that we were cold and wet and tired. Every step showed something stranger than had been passed. A lime-incrusted bowlder, covered with fret-work delicate as hoar frost, loomed up against the intense blackness beyond—an enormous bear's head; glistening icicles were the teeth, and the whole picture savage. Even while the eye took in the features they changed, and instead of a fierce white bear's head there was only an irregular bowlder again. In the distance, where the light barely reached, ugly black forms appeared. More than once the men suddenly halted when one of these black beasts moved, for in the weird, smoky light they seemed to move, though closer up they showed as simply openings into other branches of the crevasse.

### Awed Into Silence.

The most intense silence prevailed in this passage. There was not a breath of air stirring there, while in the main corridor, which we had just left, the wind rushed through so fiercely that in the straighter passages the flames of the torches struggled and spluttered, but at last were conquered and and blown out, leaving the explorers in darkness so complete that it made the eyes ache. Then there was nothing to do but crawl, each holding to the other until the cessation of the gale told them they were behind a rock or turn, where the torches could be relighted.

But this passage was absolutely still. Even the spluttering of the torches sounded loud and the crunching of the frost-like coating beneath the feet seemed like profanation. Somehow nobody cared to talk much, and what was said was said in whispers.

Several very tempting openings were passed, but finally a particularly easy-looking door was reached, turning to the right. It was not easy long. The roof got closer to the floor, and the walls came nearer and nearer together. We stooped, then we got to our hands and knees, then down flat. So half a dozen yards we had to wriggle and squirm along snakewise, our clothes catching on the brittle spikes and the fretted floor tearing our knees. It was exhausting work for a while, but at last the passage grew wider, and presently we were in a room where we could stand upright.

This was a wonderful place; along either wall ran a low, flat bench of rock. In this bench were several depressions as distinct and sharp as though cut with a chisel. These depressions were only an inch or so deep, were perfectly rectangular and perfectly level. They were filled to the brim with water, and the white rock glistened through it beautifully. All around it was dry; no water dripping from above, none welling up from below. These squares of water reflected like looking-glasses when the torches were held over them.

The "Mirror-Room" this chamber was named, and there the first photograph was taken. The explosion of the flash powder made the air shake, while for an instant every point and corner of the room was plain.

We started to return, when the photographer touched his pocket. The twine was gone; he only had 500 yards in his pocket, and so wonderful and interesting was the road that we never noticed when the last of it was gone. The end of that cord was somewhere a quarter of a mile back in the rock.

We found it, of course. If we had not, this article would not have appeared, but it took nearly two hours' scrambling among holes and tunnels that we had not passed on the way in. It was a very uncomfortable two hours. There was no end of passages, it seemed, and they wound around and above and below one another in the most perplexing and bewildering fashion. We felt very serious and unpleasant before an unexpected slip down the side of a craggy chamber as big a ball room showed us the thin line of twine.

So we got out. We had spent nearly eight hours in the cave.

"What shall we call that branch of the cave?" mused the writer, notebook in hand.

"The Lost Cord," growled the photographer, who is a humorist when he is mad. So that is the name we gave it. The air outside was was like a blast from an oven. There was a difference of fully 40 deg between the temperature in the cave and out of it. Our clothes were as white as if we had come out of a flour bin, and we were wet to the skin from the drops that fell from the pointed stalactites.

It was evening before we were in trim to try the cave again. This time the hole on top of the bluff gave us entrance. For a quarter of a mile there was some little trouble. Scrambling over the rocks and clambering up and down ladders that had been placed by the first to venture into the cave had to be done, but the work of the morning had taught us much about moving in caves, and the ground was rapidly gone over. After a quarter of a mile, however, the trouble began. A great chamber named the dining room because of a bench of rock with a level top that occupied one side of the room, and looked more like a table than anything else, was the last of the easy traveling. From there a chimney barely wide enough to squeeze through went up at angle of sixty degrees. A hundred yards of hard work brought us to large rooms and broad passages again. Rod after rod of stately columns, as regular and clear as freshly-sculptured marble pillars, divide the rooms and increase the mystery of the great maze, and overhead a thousand glistening drops of water, each the apex of a brilliant white spear head, reflect the light of the glowing torches. Everywhere on the walls massess of shining lime, slowly deposited for ages, counterfeited the shapes of well known things.

### A Face in the Rocks.

Turning an abrupt corner of a cavern so high that the torches did not light to the roof of the magnificent dome, a great, gaunt face sends chills down your back. You know, of course, that the malevolent eye is only a shadow, the mouth a fault in the gigantic stalactite, and the hoary beard simply another stalactite stained by a drop of iron that somehow had been washed down into the limestone cracks. But the face—the beard alone as long as a man—is uncanny, and as long as you can see the visage you have an uncomfortable feeling that the old man, who has been there as long as water and rocks have been, is watching you with no approving glance.

But the photographer planted his camera right beside him, and the flash of the powder told that his face had been taken. The dull report comes back many times, for these caves and caverns are great places for echoes. The Guardian of the Cave was, of course, the name of the great visage in the pillar.

As nearly as could be estimated from the amount of line paid out, this curious feature is two and a half miles from the entrance to the cave. At a rough guess it is 1,500 feet below the roots of the great fir trees that crown the mountain.

The caverns are larger after the Guardian is behind, but the road is rougher. A short distance beyond the gigantic face we crossed a long, low room, with the floor of broken bowlders. Full in the wall at the height of a man's shoulders above the floor was a hole. A torch thrust through showed only blackness beyond. A rock thrown through it did not strike bottom for three seconds.

After a consultation a rope was made fast to a pillar. The other end was put about the waist of an Examiner man, while the photographer let out the rope until the suspended one found a foot-hold. Another passage was found until the photographer managed to reach a ledge in the side of the enormous wall; there he took a picture. His companion was hanging to a tongue of rock. The main floor of the chamber was a hundred feet below.

The place was christened the Giant's Tongue. This formation is quite common throughout the cave. Only a hundred feet inside the entrance is another Giant's Tongue—but that is only a miniature one, about four feet long.

Some climbing brought us to the floor. We counted sixteen archways that led from it, and chose one in which there hung a perfect stocking over twenty feet long. The corridors were beautiful, but we had seen so much that we hardly noticed them.

So on we went for another quarter of a mile. There the string gave out, but still we went on, trusting to a compass and charcoal marking on the wall to find our way back. During the last few hundred yards we had heard the mur mur of water that grew louder as we came on. We followed the noise, and at last found its source—a splendid waterfall. It was not a big stream, but it leaped thirty feet. It hardly gathered after the fall, when it gurgled away into a hole and disappeared again.

Passing by the waterfall, a veritable grove of high pillars confronted us. Through these bars, as through a prison, we could barely make out the gleam of water. It took some time to get past those pillars, but when we did we found ourselves in a veritable fairyland.

Before us was a beautigul little lake, with a surface as clear as that of a mirror, reflecting the tesselated roof distorted by the glare of our torches. On every hand glistened the curious forms that the lime-charged water makes. Behind the pillars the waterfall roared. On the other side of the chamber a still larger cataract reached from floor to dome. But this one was still. It was a cataract in stone, perfect in every detail. The water trickling over the rocks during all the years had built it up to what we saw—a waterfall frozen in the midst of its rushing. Above us were a myriad of bayonet points, each tipped with a star, for the drops of water caught the light of our torches and showed us a firmament as glorious as that shone on the pines half a mile above our heads.

We hated to leave, but our light began to burn low, and we hurried back to where we left the extra torches. Day was breaking when we reached the mouth of the cave, and, wet and hungry as we were, we tumbled into our blankets and slept through the day.

Every day for a week we went as far as we could into the mountain, and yet at the end of that time there seemed almost as much unexplored as we had gone over.

The two vertical divisions of the main cave were found exceedingly interesting, though hardly as picturesque as the upper cave already described.

The 4th of July was the last day spent in the cave. On that day the branches of the upper main cavern were taken in succession. Traveling was exceedingly difficult. There seemed to be more water here than anywhere else in the cavern, and the passages were smaller and rougher than in any other part.

## RAVENOUS RATS.

### They Eat a Family of Small Boys in a Pennsylvania Town.

Excitement is running high in Temple, a near-by village, says a Reading (Pa.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and mothers have been filled with feelings of horror ever since yesterday morning, when the citizens awoke to find that a whole family had been visited during the night by a most unusual and remarkable experience. The family was that of John Reubright, engineer for the Temple Furnace company. Some weeks ago a colony of Norway rats was discovered on the premises. They were supposed to have their quarters in the stable, but no nest could be found. Whence they came no one knew, and their presence was unsuspected till the entire colony was found. They were large and ferocious, so much so that they attacked the person who found them, and would probably have bitten him had he not driven them off with a club. For a whole week after they were discovered nothing was seen of them, and no traces were found until yesterday morning. William Reubright, aged sixteen, and Paul, a babe of eighteen months, sons of John Reubright, and Willie Lutz, aged five years, his granson, slept together in a room through which a large chimney passed. Shortly before daylight the other six members of the family were awakened by cries and shrieks of pain and fear.

They rushed to the room in which the three children slept just in time to see a dozen or more huge rats escape through a hole which they bad dug in the chimney. A hasty examination of the boys showed that the ferocious beasts had attacked and bitten them all. The fingers of Paul, the baby, were chewed to the first joint, and his hands were severely bitten; Willie Lutz was bleeding from a dozen wounds on the face and ears; while the feet and other portions of the body of William Reubright were badly injured. Dr. Huyett, the family physician, was called at once. The wounds were cauterized and everything done to prevent blood-poisoning. The children are still in great pain, and danger is not passed, although the wounds heve commenced to heal. They are being watched carefully by the doctor, but he does not feel that they are out of danger. It appears from investigations made to-day that the rats had colonized in the stable, and from there dug a tunnel to the house, where they entered the huge chimney, and from there dug through to the sleeping room, where they attacked the boys. The rodents are described by those who have seen them as being of unusual size, over twice as large as the ordinary rat, and are said to be so fierce and strong that no cat, and none but the largest dogs dare attack them.

## OGONTZ GIRLS.

### They Can Turn Out and Do a Mile and a Half Spin Easily.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

A gentleman spending a night with a friend on the Chelton Hills arose early the other day to catch a train for New York. While driving to the station he passed the former place of Jay Cooke, now used as a school for young women, and looking at the grounds he saw fourteen young women running in Indian file up a driveway. Each young woman wore a loose bodice and short skirt of dark blue, black stockings and low, flexible shoes. They held their heads up, their shoulders down and back, and kept their mouths closed. On they ran rapidly, following an instructor, who led the way along the winding road until they disappeared.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the astonished New Yorker. "Who and what are they?"

"That's the Ogontz running class," replied his host with a smile. "Almost any fine spring morning you can see these girls start out for a mile and a half spin. The teacher of gymnastics is always with them and sees that none overtaxes herself."

The running class was organized a year ago, and is one of the features of Ogontz gymnastics.

## A Duel Over a Mere Trifle.

London Daily News.

A duel with swords, which has been fought at Agram, in Hungary, between a young officer in the reserves and his once-intimate friend, the son of a wealthy proprietor, is described by our Vienna correspondent as resulting in ghastly and dangerous wounds to both combatants, the officer having received a deep wound across the left temple and nose and a dangerous cut in the arm, and his opponent a cut which, beginning at the top of the head, comes down the forehead over the nose and cuts the lip in two. He also was wounded in the arm. Our correspondent says the dispute which led to this ugly combat was about the merest trifle.

## Proof Positive.

Boston News.

Mr. Oldwedde—Maria, you remarked this morning that I never loved you and married you only for your money, I believe.

Mrs. Oldwedde—Yes, and I don't think you ever did.

Mr. Oldwedde—Well, I've been looking through some papers of mine today, and I came across a bill for nineteen hammocks that we wore out during our honeymoon.

## Bent Not Only With Years.

Philadelphia Times.

"Why, he's seventy years old, almost bent double, and yet you married him."

"What if he is bent? You must remember he's carrying $100,000 life insurance.

# SPOOKS AND SPIRITS.

## The Malicious Ghost of a Tramp Plays Hob Down in Mississippi.

## It Kills Dogs ond Hurls Their Lifeless Bodies to Their Masters.

## A Gypsy Ghost Performs Some Blood-Curdling Feets in Ohio.

## Weird Spirit Dance Reported From Screven County, Georgia.

James W., a prominent farmer of De Kalb, Miss., has created quite a sensation by reporting himself the victim of the malicious spirit of a tramp who died on his place last summer. Mr. W. says that the ghost has killed his watchdogs, maimed his sheep and injured his horses, besides not permitting him to have a chicken or turkey about him. The tramp applied for supper and bed last August, when Mr. W., being short of hands, offered him work, which he refused, very curtly saying he was sick. He was then given a meal, but told he could not sleep on the premises, upon which he grew very violent in language, and left vowing vengeance. As the man did look delicate and ailing, he was allowed to go, though it was feared he would return and do some mischief, but the next morning he was found dead in an adjacent field and buried by the town, so nothing more was thought of the matter. It was not many weeks, however, before the Ws. began to be persecuted by an invisible agent that emptied the milkpans, let the cattle out, broke the crockery, and generally made itself a nuisance. Tiring of this, and growing more vindictive, it began wringing the necks of the poultry, choking up the well and undermining the outbuildings. Mr. W., being skeptical in regard to supernatural interferences, for a long time refused to admit these tricks to be aught but the mischief of some ill-disposed person, but was at last compelled to accept the manifestations as extraordinary. He would himself lock and guard his hen house at night, only to hear the frightened fowls screaming and fluttering, though when be opened the door his lantern revealed the place to be empty, though the headless, still living bodies were indisputable evidence that they had just been killed.

When the dogs were brought they showed the greatest reluctance to enter the house, and, whining piteously, shivered and cringed, though of fierce and game breed. Forced into the house, they were heard to give a sharp shriek, and the next moment their lifeless bodies were hurled by a powerful hand through the open door to their master's feet. Several of the most prominent and respected merchants of the neighborhood vouch for this. The horses cannot be sufficiently guarded to keep the ghost from turning them out, and frequently the family are aroused by the clatter of hoofs past the house, when on looking out they see a horse fully saddled go tearing down the road as if ridden by some hard-pushed rider, though none is to be seen. The neighbors support this statement by declaring that it is no unusual sight to them, and that nothing can stop one of the W. horses when thus ridden. The poor creature, broken down and nearly dead, is often found many miles away, while severai have died by such treatment. Occasionally the ghost grows so aggressive that the family is obliged to leave the place, when it subsides for a time. Mr. W. says that he has frequently been attacked by it, and that once on entering the house in daylight he was knocked nearly senseless by a blow on the side of his head, while on another occasion he was crossing an unlighted hall, when he was pushed against the wall by a powerful hand holding his throat. He managed to gasp out a cry for help, when his wife came running with a lamp in her hand, which showed the hall to be empty, save for himself. Recently Mrs. W. heard her youngest child, an infant, of a few months, crying in a room up stairs, and rnnning to it, could hear distinctly the sound of violent slaps, and on opening the door found the baby covered with welts and red from head to foot. It is believed that Annie W., aged 6, can see the ghost, as she will frequently fix her eyes in space, saying: "Poor man, is you sick?" and she of all the family has escaped molestation from the malicious spirit.

## A GYPSY GHOST.

### Ohio People Excited over a Lively Phantom.

Special to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

MECHANICSBURG, O., July 11.—About three miles out of Mechanicsburg, on the pike leading to Irwin station, stands a reputed haunted house. The house is a small one-story frame structure, rather rudely fashioned, and bearing traces of having once upon a time received a coat of whitewash. The structure is situated a considerable distance from the highway, and stands upon rather an elevated piece of ground. It is rather a desolate-looking spot. Upon the left of the house a small creek picks its way through a ravine, upon either side of whose banks flourish myriads of "cat-tails." Facing the house, upon the right of the road, is a dense growth of timber. The history of the haunted house is as follows:

A few years ago a man accompanied by a woman of middle age, who claimed to be his wife, rented the house and about an acre of land surrounding it, for the purpose of following farming on a small scale. The couple were very retired in their habits, and seemingly courted seclusion, as far as it was in their power to do so. They sacredly refrained from giving out to the world anything relating to their former history, except that they had belonged to and deserted a wandering band of gypsies, whose vengeance they believed would eventually fall upon them. The land, which they claimed they desired for farming purposes, never exhibited any crops, with the exception of a few small beds of vegetables close to the doorway.

However, the mysterious couple seemed to live, but whether they enjoyed life no one in the vicinity of Mechanicsburg ever knew. The strange actions of the couple caused the citizens to cautiously speak of them to one another as being counterfeiters.

One night as a party of base ballists were returning from a day's sport at Marysville, and just as they were driving past the haunted house, a piercing shriek, seemingly a woman's, rent the stillness of the night and filled the vicinity with its echo. The scream or shriek apparently issued from the haunted house, for immediately following it an object clothed in white dashed from out the doorway into the moonlight, and gliding toward the party of travelers, wildly motioned and gesticulated for them to move on. But instead of heeding the motion of the figure the entire crowd of young men leaped from their carriages and started for the haunted house, in front of which stood the mystery, whose appearance was now that of a statue. The party had advanced but a short distance when suddenly and in some unexplainable manner the specter vanished, but where no one could tell. One of the men stepped up to the door and rapped, but there was no response. He then tried the door, which yielded, and, followed by his friends, he marched into the room. A match was lighted, and the party glanced around. Not a sign showed them that the house had ever been occupied. Chagrined and mystified at their failure, the gentlemen started for their carriages, when, glancing in the direction of the ravine, one of them was startled to observe the identical white figure standing by the side of the creek, in the midst of the waving "cat-tails," gazing at the party with folded arms. They again headed themselves toward the mystery, which, as before seemed to vanish into air. This settled it with the gentlemen, and they gave it up in disgust. They drove on homeward and related the circumstances, and numerous different ones through curiosity were ied to nightly visit the haunted section, and were not disappointed in seeing the ghost, if such it is. For a period the apparition disappeared, and visitors to the spot were disappointed for some time at not observing the mystery, but it has again made its appearance, and affords nightly entertainment for curiosity seekers as it prowls around through the ravine near the old house.

All efforts to gain a near approach to the specter prove futile, and all efforts to solve the mystery up to this time are unavailing.

## DANCE OF GHOSTS.

### Georgia People See a Remarkable Performance.

Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Wever, who lived in Screven county, this state, was a man of high and unimpeachable character, as well as of brave and fearless heart. No one ever doubted his veracity or accused him of being superstitious. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, belonging to the famous Palmetto regiment of South Carolina, and holding the rank of first lieutenant. And he had in his possession until his death a beautiful silver sword, presented to him by the citizens of Edgfield county for his bravery at Chapultepec, Buena Vista and many other hard-fought battles of Mexico.

He was a very interesting and entertaining talker, and when in a reminiscent mood it was a treat to hear him tell of his experience in war and of many hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach.

But the most exciting story I ever heard from the doctor's lips he told several of the boys one night when we were spending the evening over at his hospital home, and the earnest and impressive way in which he related it made us involuntrily glance round in to the dark corners of the room, and marred to a certain extent the pleasure of our ride home.

When he was a young man, the doctor said, he took charge of one of his father's plantations in California. There was no other white man on the place, and the negro quarter was about half a mile away from the old two-story dwelling in which the overseer had been accustomed to stay. The house was a lonely place, and many were the stories told by those who had successively attempted to live in it of the strange, mysterious, unseen beings who would come and hold high carnival there in the deep still hours of the night. In other words, the house was said to be haunted.

There was an ancient and gloomy air about the place, such as usually gives rise to rumors of supernatural visitants, and to this the doctor said, together with its loneliness and the excited imaginations perhaps of those who stayed there, he attributed all the uncanny things he had heard.

Anyhow, he had never known yet what it was to be afraid, and as he had come there for the purpose of making a crop, he intended, no matter who else might dwell there in the midnight hours, to live in the house that year.

The day he moved in the former overseer and his family were taking away the last of their household goods. The doctor began to locate himself in a large room that opened on the piazza down stairs. But the overseer told him it was no use to do that, as he would be compelled to move. "For," said he, "they won't let you have any peace down here."

The doctor laughed and told him he didn't care a snap about "they," and as that room was the most convenient for his business he was going to occupy it. The man said he thought the same thing when he came there, but after the first night he and all his family moved up stairs and stayed there the rest of the time.

The Doctor laughed again and fixed himself all comfortably in the large room.

That night he read for an hour or two after he had finished his supper, and then went to bed with his pistol and a box of matches within easy reach of his hand. He had been asleep he knew not how long, when he was suddenly awakened by a most terrific crashing sound, as if the whole house was falling in on him.

Then, right in the room where he was, the chairs were taken up and thrown furiously against the wall, the table was overturned with fearful violence and the noise was deafening and terific. Over him and around him, everywhere in the room, up against the ceiling and then down, as if it would go through the very floor itself, was the terrible banging and crashing of furniture.

When he first awoke so suddenly he had half raised himself in bed to listen, but he now found himself crouching down to escape, if possible, the awful havoc that was going on around him. It seemed as if twenty men were in the room tearing everything to pieces. For the first time in his life, the doctor said, he was scared. His hair even began to play fantastic tricks. But finally, the noise continuing with tenfold fury, he he reached out easily and found the box of matches. Taking one out he struck it, expecting to see—he knew not what.

As the light flashed up he looked, and lo! everything was in its place in the room—chairs, table and furniture—just as he had left it. The noise had suddenly ceased when he struck the match and it was now still. The air was so tick with silence that it was absolutely frightening.

He heard no more of it that night nor the next, but the third he suddenly awoke as before with the curious noises in his ears. Again the chairs were seemingly thrown by giant hands against the wall and broken to pieces. Again it seemed as if the whole army of men were in the room knocking it asunder. And again he struck a match and found everything in its place and the silence of the grave.

In a week or two the doctor said he became accustomed to the strange things, and they did not affect him other than to rouse him up and keep him awake until they stopped, which was generally in a few minutes. Sometimes he would not hear it for a week, and again it would come several nights in succession.

As to what it was he was unable to say. He could not account for it in any way in the world. He examined the house and premises thoroughly, but could get no clew to the mysterious visitor. Once, and once only, he heard the noise up stairs, or at least he heard it going up the steps. It sounded like some one walking heavily with chains dragging around him.

Jumping from his bed he struck a light and thought that at least he would find out who his midnight intruder was, At the foot of the stairs there was a door, which he closed and locked, so that whatever it was it might not escape that way. Hurrying up the steps whither the noise had immediately preceded him, he searched quickly in both the rooms and found nothing.

All during the year the same thing continued. One night his cousin came over and slept with him, and was nearly frightened to death when he awoke and heard the fearful noise. Immediately they got up and together examined the whole house and place, but saw or heard nothing that would tend to explain the mystery. The doctor said from that time he could never venture in there after dark.

A swarm of bees got loose in a Michigan Central smoking car near Saginaw the other day, and the profanity of the occupants of the car is said to have killed vegetation in that vicinity.

## BEYOND THE SUNSET.

The road that passed his father's door
He thought stretched on forevermore;
Through fragrant vales of tangled grass,
O'er many a misty mountain pass,
Out into wonders unexpressed
Beyond the cloudlands of the West,
Through lands and cities of renown,
To where the mighty sun goes down.

And so he left his father's door
And said, "I will return no more."

He traveled forth beyond the bridge,
He climed the lofty mountain ridge,
He passed the river and the town
To find out where the sun went down;
But when he sank at close of day,
The sunset still was far away.

He trod through many a wind-swept glen;
In mighty towns he mixed with men;
The breath of many an Allen breeze
Tossed him o'er unfamiliar seas;
He breathed the spicy gale that blows
From Southern archipelagoes,
And in the quiet Eastern calm
He sought sweet sleep beneath the palm,
But when he looked at close of day,
The sunset still was far away.

He thought to leave his father's door,
And travel on forever more.

A withered pilgrim, bent and gray,
Kept on his unfamiliar way,
Deep versed in lands, a man of men,
A universal citizen.
He circled all the earth; once more
He stood before his father's door—
Though many years his father slept
Upon the mountain side unwept—
He stood there wrinkled, worn and brown,
He stood there as the sun went down,
And in the twitight dim and gray
The sunset was not far away.

Out from the many millions hurled
He sank down weary of the world,
With all his tried journey o'er,
To die beside his father's door,
And said, a sad smile on his brow,
"I pass beyond the sunset now."

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

# LANDLORD AND TENANT.

## A Story of Making Love Under a Lease.

BY THE DUCHESS.

"But who are they, my dear Gerald?" says Mrs. Grandcourt, a touch of irritation in her tone.

"My dear mother, if we knew that, we should know everything. Barker"—referring to the lawyer's letter at his elbow—"says they are quite respectable; but, really, so far as I can see, his only reason for advancing this rash statement lies in the fact that Simpkins told him so."

"And they?"

"Are this young lady's lawyers, I presume."

"What I don't like," says Mrs. Grandcourt presently, "is the fact that they are not mother and daughter, or any relation at all to each other. Mr. Barker expressly says that. It sounds as if the young—young person had a companion who—"

"You mean you think the young person is an actress," says Mr. Grandcourt indolently. "Well, the same thought has suggested itself to me. But actresses are not necessarily demoralizing, and—"

"Yes, I know. And that Dower hous' has been such a long time on hand,' supplements his mother with a sigh Money of late has not been plentiful with the Grandcourts, and the old name, the old property, so dear to the gentle, fragile woman sitting at the head of her son's table, seem likely to sink deeper and deeper into the tide of debt and depression, until finally the flood shall rise and sweep over them, and drown them altogether. Toe grand old name! The name her dead husband had given her! If Gerald would only marry some one with rank and money, too.

"True, thou wisest of women!" says the young man, rising with a slight smile that has something of sadness in it, and gathering up his letters. "The Dower house must be let, and we are not in a position to be too squeamish about the tenants of it. Let your young person have it by all means for the three months she desires it. The season is over; her engagement at an end, no doubt. The duenna will accompany her. The glare of the foolights will know her no more until November. This is August, isn't it?"

"Oh, my dear Gerald, what a picture you conjure up!" says poor Mrs. Grandcourt. "An actress—and here, almost within one's gates."

"Nonsense, mother!" stooping over her and kissing her. "What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? We needn't know her. She can have my house—my other house," laughing, "my garden and my trout stream, but she shan't have me!"

Oh, ignorant young man!

—

The trout rre shy to-day, or all too nowing, or have been at an alderman's feast in troutland, because no pretty speckled creature comes to the call of the dainty fly that Grandcourt has cast to them many and many a time since early down. It is now 10 o'clock, and he, breakfastless, hot, ill-tempered, but filled with a determination to do or die, turns a curve of the river and finds himself—

Face to face with a quiet young girl, who looks back at him out of two starry eyes that reflect astonishment, but no bashfulness. She has been fishing, too, evidently, and not so vnsuccessfully as he; she is, indeed, just dropping a handsome trout of half a pound or so into her basket as Grandcourt appears upon the scene. She stands erect as he approaches her with his rod in his hand and his empty basket slung across his shoulder.

A little slow color creeps into her cheeks as she gazes at him. Such a sweet gaze, and such a sweet face to give it! Is this slight, lovely girl his tenant—the actress?

"This part of the river does belong to me, doesn't it?" says she, in a clear tone, that is yet suggestive of doubt. "I am not trespassing, am I?"

"No. I fear it is I who am doing that," says he, "and I must apologize. I am," raising his hat, "speaking to Miss Bland?"

"Yes," says she, after a very perceptible hesaittion, and with a quick blush.

"Hah—changes her name when she leaves town," thinks Grandcourt to himself. "Fights shy of the stage when off the boards; poses as the orthodox English maiden here." Yet he knows he lies to himself as he thinks this. Anything more unlike posing than the attitude of this frank, unembarrassed girl who is standing before him could not be imagined.

"And you?" says she, "Am I speaking to my landlord?" She smiles as she asks this.

"To that fortunate person," returned he, smiling too. She is so pretty that he forgets a good many things and lets himself slide into quite a friendly air with her. Can it be possible she has been here for three weeks? Three weeks in near proximity to him, and never until now to meet her.

—

"You have been from home?" says she, suddenly, in a gentle interrogative manner; breaking in upon his soliloquy.

"No," says he rashly.

"Oh! I thought you had been, because —because I had not seen you fishing anywhere on this river until to-day."

Good heavens! had she supposed he would call? Had she perhaps hoped hrough him to get introductions to the ounty.

He is so distinctly embarrassed that he gazes at him with some surprise. And he, watching her, grows positive that she has grasped his secret meaning. What a prig she must think him! Yet to call without his mother would be an impertinence, and to ask his mother to call upon an actress of unknown antecedents would be a greater impertinence still. Will she be angry? Take it in bad part? To his astonishment, as the truth dawns upon her, her lips widen, a great gleam shoots into her eyes. After one long struggle with herself she burst out laughing! Laughing! A sense of injury, of offense, brings a quick flush to Mr. Grandcourt's face. He frowns slightly. Jove when he frowned shook the heavens! But Miss Bland is so far unimpressed by Grandcourt's frown that her laugh grows into a lady-like, but most decided little shout.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," says she presently, wiping her eyes. "But a thought struck me at that moment. An absurd thought; and it led me astray. Thoughts will do that sometimes, won't they? Yes?" with a delicious little glance at him. "And so you are always busy; today especially so, as I can see. Have you had good sport!"

"Nothing," says he, rather stiffly, with a glance at his empty basket.

"How disheartening! I have been more fortunate than that. See?" She lifts the lid of her basket and shows a good half dozen of the desired beauties lying within it. "I am going back to breakfast," says she. "I shall have them fried. Mum—Mrs. Marks likes trout.

"And late hours, apparently," says he. "It is 10 o'clock."

"Well, she doesn't like late hours," says the girl contritely. "But I do when I go fishing, and so I always see that she has a cup of tea and something or other at 7 on those warlike occasions. You have breakfasted, of course?"

"No," winding up his reel. "But I'm better to my mother than you are to—Mrs. Marks." He was very near saying "yours." In his own mind he has no doubt at all but that the trout-loving Mrs. Marks is the mother of this lovely girl. "I didn't ask her to wait for me. She will have forgotten her breakfast by the time I get back to the court."

"Four miles from this, isn't it?" sympathetically.

"Quite that, even by the shortest route."

"And hungry all the way?" Her tone has grown quite plaintive now.

"Starving!" says he, laughing.

"Don't do it," says she, earnestly. "Come home with me. Mrs. Marks will give you something to eat. I shall feel as if we had been horribly inhospitable if you go away from our very hall door starving."

She looks up at him with so open, so sweet, so generous a glance that Grandcourt goes down before it. He hesitates, and, consequently, is lost. She picks up her basket, and Gerald follows her to her home.

—

It is three weeks later, and though Grandcourt has fished up and down that part of the river for trout, and fished, too, with unflagging energy for a second invitation to breakfast—he has never caught it.

Miss Bland, however, he has seen very often, and not always with rod in hand. There have been days when he met her wandering far afield, searching for flowers, or else sitting in shady places engrossed in a book. At first he had given himself up somewhat unconsciously to the delight of seeing her, then, as the truth slowly dawned upon him that he loved her, a passionate revulsion of feeling had set in and he swore to himself that whatever it might cost him he would not break his mother's heart or lower the good old name by marrying a girl who—Who was she?

He kept away from her for the six longest days that he had ever known; and now his resolution fails him, and he hurries towards her across the grass where, in the little nook of the sweet meadow he can see her sitting, bending over a volume, his heart beating with so wild, so fierce an exultation that he knows the end has come, and that he is hers alone, soul and body, for now and for always, actress though she be.

As she looks up at him it strikes him she is very pale, and that there are deep purple shadows beneath her eyes. Her soft mouth has taken a mournful droop, but as her gaze meets his, and as she reads in his face some strange change—a light that was not in it, surely, when they last parted—her whole expression alters; the pallor gives way to a brilliant flush, and a happy laugh parts her lips.

"You have come," cried she, joyously. "I thought you had tired of the country and gone to Norway, or some of those other horrid places that men fancy nowadays.

—

"I have not tired of the country," says he in a low tone; "and you?"

"I am a worshiper of the green fields and lanes," says she gently. "I never change. Town, though in a sense amusing, has few charms for me. I find it fatiguing. The lights, the sound, the ceaseless rush—" she looks at him and laughs. "I suppose I am ungrateful," says she. "They tell me I was very well received, but in reality I was glad when the season was over and I could fly away to hide myself here." She leans forward—"that is a secret, remember."

"I know. I shall tell no one of your present abode. And so you were a great success?"

"They said so," indifferently. "But I didn't care about it."

"Yet you will go back to it again?"

"Well, I'm bound to do that. Though in my heart I wish I weren't," says she softly, looking up at him with lovely clear grey eyes. "But when one has promised -made a regular engagement —it is difficult to get out of it, isn't it?"

"I don't see that," quickly. "Managers have been squared before now."

"Managers!" She turns upon him a glance full of the strongest amazement. Good heavens! What an actress the girl is, both on and off the stage!

—

"Oh! Did you think I had not guessed," says he, with a touch of passion. "From the very first I seemed to know it—and afterwards—But I wish you had been open with me. You might have told me. It would have been better than to let me find it out for myself?"

"And so you have found out that I —I—am an actress?" say she. There is so much agitation in her tone that he feels a terrible pity for her. With her secret disclosed at last—laid bare—what must her feelings be!

"Don't take it like that," says he. "It can make no difference now. I love you as I never loved; as I never shall love another woman. You," he pauses and then goes on deliberately, "will marry me?"

"Oh, stay, stay!" says she, pushing him from her. They have both risen, and both are very pale. "Think—knowing me an actress, you still ask me to be your wife."

"Yes," says he. Once again that sadness rings through his tone.

"You are willing to sacrifice everything; your social standing, your chance of raising the old name to its old standing—all for me?"

"Yes," says he again.

"Yet you are sorry about it," says she tears rising to her eyes.

"I am," says Grandcourt steadily—defiantly, almost. "Think as you will of that, I will never deceive you. It will be a death blow to my mother that I should give her a daughter from—"

"The footlights!" interposed she, quietly. "I see. That was why she never called. Well!" She draws up her slender figure, and a long, long sigh escapes her. She looks at him suddenly. "That, too, was why you kept away from me for six days. You were counting the cost?"

"You need not make it too hard for me," says he, reproachfully. "Is a man to be despised because he dwells long on the one great throw of his life? Answer me now. You will marry me?"

He has taken her hands and tries to draw her to him. But very gently, yet decidedly, she repulses him.

"I must think of it," says she. "Not now. Can I give you an answer this evening—will you come down this evening?"

"Don't talk to me like that," says he, sharply.

"You will come then? Very good." She holds out her hand to him to bid him farewell.

"To go like this! Give me some little hope," urges he, detaining her.

"The best hope I could give you would be that we should never meet again."

"Don't say that—" he tightens his grasp on her. "Do you know," says he, "that I have never yet heard your Christian name. Tell it to me."

"Amanda."

"Yes, but your real name," says he. ('Amanda!' How it savors of the bills and posters!)

"It is my real name, believe it or not, as you will," says Miss Bland, who now for the first time betrays an inclination to give way to mirth.

"As you will, of course," says Grandcourt. He is a little offended. Even supposing her name to be Maria, he would have accepted it cheerfully, but this determination to refuse him confidence is irritating to him. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," says Miss Bland, discreetly drawing back as he makes a movement towards her.

"I shall see you this evening?" says he eagerly.

"Yes. Any hour after seven." Is there a suspicion of malice in her soft glance?

—

Seven o'clock is chiming from the ormolu ornament on the mantel piece of the Dower house as he approaches it later in the evening of the eventful day. The windows lie close to the ground. Up to this he has always made his exits and entrances by these French windows, and now as he is in the act of stepping through them to the drawing room beyond, his step is arrested by the sound of a voice he knows.

"Well, I do hope you are tired of this masquerading," says somebody in a lively tone. Surely the possessor of that lively tone can be nobody but Lady Olivia Scarbanks. "For a girl who has had all London at her feet for three months, a girl with rank, and money, too, to decide on burying herself alive in such savage regions as these is almost more than the human mind can grasp."

"I've liked it," says somebody else, and undoubtedly it is the actress who is speaking this time. "I was so bored by—Ah! Mr. Grandcourt. How d'ye do? Let me introduce you to my aunt, Lady Olivia Scarbanks."

"We have met before," says Olivia, giving the young man, who seems rather unequal to conversation at this moment, a warm reception. He is indeed, overcome by the manner of the younger lady. Had she planned this revenge, and is she really not—not what he had thought her, but—

His soul sinks within him.

"And my niece, Lady Amanda, has been telling me," goes on Lady Olivia, blandly, "that you have been so good to her. Have helped so effectually to destroy the monotony of the country. I feel I ought to be grateful for that, but I am not.

"Lady Amanda Beaudesert. Has she not even confided in you, the naughty girl? The fact is, Mr. Grandcourt, my niece is a spoiled child. All the world bowed down to her last season and she flung it aside, and after breaking a dozen hearts or so decided on hiding herself away in some remote spot where she was unknown and where this tiresome world could not follow her. She wanted me to go into exile with her, but I declined. So she took her old nurse, Mrs. Marks—her 'Mumpsey,' as she calls her—with her, and has been vegetating on your property for quite seven weeks."

Grandcourt turns passionate eyes on the girl, who stands motionless, her own eyes fixed immovably upon the carpet.

"It was a cruel mistake," says Grandcourt in a stifled tone, "Lady Amand Beaudesert!" Even in this remote country place he had read in all the papers of that charming person's successes—the description of her gowns at this party; of her presentation to her majesty; of her enormous fortune, her long descent; her beauty, that stood alone, unrivaled among the mass of debutantes who thronged the season during the months of June and July. And he, he had treated her as though the hot blood surges to his brow.

"It has been a little comedy," said he to Lady Olivia; "I am glad to have witnessed it. I will not longer disturb your meeting with your niece. Good-bye." He gives his hand to Lady Olivia, who is very cordial, and pausing before "Amanda the false," makes her a slight bow. For a moment their eyes meet. In his the girl reads something that speaks of an eternal farewell.

He has passed on, the hateful door has closed behind him. If she lets him go now she will never see him again. This cruel certainty lends wings to her thoughts and her actions.

"Auntie! a moment," says she sharply. "I had a message for Mr. Grandcourt. I must deliver it. Stay here, I shall be back in no time." She springs through the low window, and running rapidly across the short grass, comes up with Grandcourt just as he reaches the entrance gate.

She is panting from her quick run, her hair is flying wild, her eyes are alight; never before, perhaps, has she looked so lovely.

"What did you mean by going away like that?" cries she, motioning him to follow her into a side path. "Have you forgotten—"

"That will do," says he violently. "Have you not played with me enough? Have I not acted the fool to perfection? There is but one thing left to me, Lady Amanda, to beg your pardon, and rid you of my presence."

"Oh, no, don't go! Don't, don't, don't. It was wrong, I know, but—Gerald!" It is the first time she has called him by his Christian name, and Mr. Grandcourt's heart begins to beat with a fierceness that is almost painful!

"Why should I not go?" says he. "After all that has passed between us, do you think that I should have the impertinence to—to—There! have some pity; let me go without further indignity."

"If you go," cries she, standing back from him and looking fairly into his eyes, "you will break my heart!"

"Amanda!"

"Yes. I don't care what you think. You said you were willing to marry me, when you thought I was only—only—an actress; are you less willing to marry now when you know me to be what I am? Oh, you should not have stolen my heart all these weeks if you only meant to throw me over at last."

"Oh, darling, darling—"

"Well, what is the good of your calling me that if you won't make friends with me? Gerald, do, do you love me as you loved me this morning."

Unconsciously she moved toward him, and in another moment she was lying in Mr. Dancourt's arms.

## COAT OF ARMS.

### Ingalls Trying to Find Out the Standing of His Ancestors.

Washington Special.

Mr. Ingalls, when in the senate, repeatedly paid his compliments to England in a way that emphasized not only his love for republican institutions, but his contempt for kingcraft and the customs of established aristocracy. He was not included among the lion-tamers in congress, but now and then he cansed the animal to roar as loudly as any of those who made a business of that sort of thing.

"Mr. President, there are but few Americans who do not regret Waterloo," said the senator from Kansas on one occasion, when delivering before the senate one of his noteworthy speeches. There grew out of that remark and others like it the impression that Mr. Ingalls is at heart a cordial hater of the mother country.

But according to a story in circulation here that impression needs correcting. Mr. Ingalls, if this story be believed, has not severed his connection with his English ancestors, nor even lost his interest in them, but several years ago wrote to the American consul stationed nearest to the region where the old Ingalls stock once flourished on the tight little island and asked for a full account of the old worthies, what property they had owned, what offices they had held, and, incredible as it may seem, a description of the family coat-of-arms, if any. The consul executed the commission, and forwarded every thing obtainable about those of the Ingalls name and blood who in times past had lived in England.

There is nothing to show that, as yet, any use has been made of the news on this side of the water. Undoubtedly, however, the ex-senator is at work on the family tree, and the inquiry has arisen here: Was it for knowing that this Republican had an English coat-of-arms concealed about his person that the plain farmers of Kansas turned him down last winter?

The wealth of the United States amounts to $62,500,000,000, dirtributed among 13,000,000 families. There are 135,000 families which have an average wealth of $186,000.