

A DREAM GARDEN.

Where now are youth's superb domains?
A garden 'neath a darkening sky,
A fangled garden bleak and dry,
Is all that barren age retains.

Where are the roses and the boughs
That once hung low with fruity gold?
The vines are here, the vines are old,
The trees in dusky torpor drowse.

Where are the glorious sunset gleams
That spread their long rays of delight,
Mingling the hopes of day and night?
They shine across a waste of dreams.

O in that garden of the past
Bloomed flowers more than earthly fair,
Beauty and Strength and Love bloomed
there,
And Trust too quickly giv'n to last.

Yet in that garden still doth ring
The voices of a day long dead,
I hear the very words they said,
Borne on the gentle breeze of Spring.

That life is vain then, who shall say,
If in a dream he lives again
With every joy that crowned him when
The sword of youth kept pain at bay?

And while the sense of natural things
Of times that smile, of times that weep,
Visits my pillow as I sleep,
Again my Garden smiles and sings.
—Portland Transcript.

THE MUMMY NECKLACE.

THE mummy necklace was a quaint, rough thing, more quaint than beautiful, yet with a certain picturesqueness, and an undeniable fascination, alternate beads of cornelian and gold, and two tiny hearts hanging from the three central beads.

My father gave it me one day, knowing I had a fancy for these out-of-the-way jewels. I do not know its history, but was told it had been taken off the neck of a mummy.

From the moment it was given me its curious fascination overcame me. I wore it day and night. I fancied it would bring me luck. I certainly felt tiny soft pluches on my neck made by the beads. This I wondered at for a time, but afterward grew too accustomed to them to wonder. There were curious marks on the beads; they were chipped off or indented. Here and there were dark stains.

From the moment I began to wear the necklace my health failed. I grew weaker and weaker, and at last fell seriously ill. Naturally I did not dream of connecting my illness in any way with the influence of my mummy necklace. On the contrary, I clung to it more and more, believing it to be a talisman.

I was lying on my sofa one day, when a friend, who had observed my necklace then for the first time, said, "Why do you wear that? It isn't pretty. Let me look at it."

She held it a moment and then shivered. "O, it's a horrible thing! Don't wear it. It will bring you dreadful ill-luck. I believe those are the marks of teeth and the stains of blood!"

I said, "It bewitches me. I can't bear to part with it, and I wear it day and night."

Another friend of mine took a dislike to it. She was a believer in magic of all sorts, and was persuaded that the necklace had made me ill and was preventing my recovery.

"Yes," she said, "it has an influence—that I believe—but for evil."

At last she persuaded me to let her take it to a clairvoyant. A certain cobbler in a suburb of London was the clairvoyant we chose. He and I had had strange experiences some time before this, but, as Rudyard Kipling says, "that is another story."

I parted with the necklace reluctantly. My friend promised to arrange an interview with the cobbler the next day, if possible.

That night I fastened my pearl necklace on, missing the feeling of the mummy chain.

I lay awake all night. I was not allowed a sleeping draft, and I had coughed till I was exhausted, but not sleepy.

Towards dawn my nurse shut the door between her room and mine. I remember observing the light coming through the empty keyhole of her door, and each side of my dark blinds.

The rain beat loudly on the windows. I lay listening to the weary sound.

Suddenly my wrist was seized and violently shaken; the bangles I wore, hung with talismans, rattled and jingled together. Another moment and my throat was seized by tightly clutching, strong hands.

I said to myself: "This is death, and it is terrible."

Still the clutch tightened. My pearl necklace was shaken. Even then I thought: "The pearls will be scattered." Then the thought came swift and horrible:

"He has come for his necklace." (He.) The next flash of thought was, "This is a struggle of thousands of years ago being re-enacted. Death is terrible. If only I could call for help! If only I could speak!" But the fingers clutched my throat too tightly.

And then I opened my eyes and saw a great gray formless thing. It lay stretched out on my bed, and through it I saw the light shining through the empty keyhole.

Even then, through my terror, I thought: "Shall I be believed when I tell them to-morrow? Yes, it must be true, because I hear the rain beating on the window-pane all the time."

And all the time the clutching and the struggling never ceased upon my throat. I seemed to be so near to death that struggling on my part was useless. It was at that supreme moment I realized most distinctly the horror of the great, gray, transparent thing. Al my soul went out into a cry

for help to someone stronger than the thing; and then it moved, it lifted, melted away into a gray mist—disappeared.

Then I sat up in bed; lit a candle, which I never dared put out again; observed the hour by my watch—between 4 and 5; and lay back, stricken, exhausted, trembling, longing for something human to come and draw up the blinds, and let in even the wet, dismal daylight, rather than lie alone with the memory of my midnight horror.

Two days after this my friend who had taken the necklace to the clairvoyant came, bringing it back with her in a sealed envelope, begging me not to touch it.

She gave me an account of her interview before I told her my experience.

The clairvoyant, in his trance, had become unusually excited when she placed the necklace in his hands. He paced about the room, then flung himself on the floor, saying, "Dying, dying! I see autumn leaves everywhere—that is death. O, tell her never to touch it again. It is an accursed thing. It belonged to an Egyptian king thousands of years ago. Blood and warfare followed his footsteps. He wore it. It has never been on a woman's neck before. He knew she wore it, and when he missed it from her neck he was angry. He wants his necklace again. She must not wear it. It will be death to her. But even now she may be saved if she never wears it or even touches it again."

I left off wearing that necklace and finally parted with it, for ill-luck was my lot as long as it was in my possession.

That is the true story of the mummy necklace as far as I am concerned. I have never seen my terrible visitor again. Will he come again some day and ask what I have done with his necklace?—Lady's Realm.

QUER STORIES

London has one street seventy feet long, being the shortest street in the city.

The new cable which has been laid across the Atlantic weighs 650 pounds to the mile. This is the biggest of all the cables.

At Swedish weddings, among the middle and lower classes, the bridegroom carries a whip. This is an emblem of his authority in the domestic circle.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period four hundred thousand miles has been constructed.

The Swiss society Rambertia has laid out an Alpine garden at Montreaux, at an elevation of six thousand feet, where the characteristic trees and flowers of the country are to be cultivated.

To establish a steel-rail works, an expenditure of \$3,000,000 is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

In Arizona a railroad company is the builder of a dam to form a reservoir for water for the supply of the locomotives. The dam is curious in being formed partly of steel plates. A masonry foundation runs across the bottom of the gap, and masonry abutments are built on each side, and the center and main portion is a steel frame faced with steel plates. The plates are bent to give them stiffness. The steel portion is 190 feet long and forty feet high, equal to the front of a block of low city houses. The plates are three-eighths of an inch thick.

There are several ways of ascertaining the speed made.

Not one person in a hundred who travels has any idea of the speed of a train, and even a large percentage of the regular trainmen cannot tell with any degree of accuracy. Engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running.

A favorite method of timing among passengers is to count the telegraph poles. As a rule these poles are planted thirty to the mile, but in prairie countries, where only a single wire is used, the number diminishes to twenty-five, so that rule will not always work. The most accurate method, and the most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails on nearly all roads are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is running.

For instance, if a passenger can count thirty clicks on a rail joint in twenty seconds, the train is running at a speed of thirty miles an hour. Actually, this method falls a little short, as in the example given above the speed would be nearer thirty-one than thirty miles, but it is near enough for all practical purposes.

Women's skulls the cheaper.

A medical student is authority for the statement that women's skulls command a much lower price than those of men. "It is possible," he says, "to obtain the skull of a woman for \$1.50, while that of a man cannot be had for less than \$2. The reason why? Well, a woman's skull, as a rule, is considerably smaller than a man's. It is said to be imperfectly developed; it is an inferior specimen of the article and altogether less useful to science; hence its lower market value."

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I left off wearing that necklace and finally parted with it, for ill-luck was my lot as long as it was in my possession. That is the true story of the mummy necklace as far as I am concerned. I have never seen my terrible visitor again. Will he come again some day and ask what I have done with his necklace?—Lady's Realm.

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