MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

If I could go ballooning,
And had the time to spare,
I'd journey to discover
My castle in the air.
It stands, that stately building,
Beyond the yellow moon,
Where tradesmen's bills can never come,
Not even by balloon.

The water-rate collector
He eyes its door in vain,
B[illegible] cistern runs with
No water, but champagne.
Its roof has been constructed
So very high and steep,
No love-lorn cats can clamber there
To frighten gentle sleep.

My neighbor's hens can never
Defy the garden wall,
Because there are no neighbors
Or hen-coops near at all.
So in the garden nodding,
In rich profusion grow
Tobacco trees and cauliflowers,
And roses all a-row.

O! could I reach my castle,
I'd never need to think,
I'd never need to scribble,
And clothe my dreams in ink.
So when I'm not so busy,
I'll hire a big balloon,
And sail away with—I know whom—
Beyond the yellow moon.

The Iron Assessor.

IT was in Luebben that it happened. But you were never there; for I do not mean the Luebben past which today the train from the Goerlitz station whizzes, and which is visited by thousands of summer idlers in their outings in the Spreewald. I mean the Luebben of twenty years ago, where a stranger seldom appeared, and where the only connection with the city was the post-wagon. The social center of the place at that time was the Star, with its Hebe, Ernestine, somewhat old, 'tis true, but fleet-footed still. Here the younger generation drank their beer and, now and then, their punch. In the Star, one evening, sat together civilians and soldiers in their comfortable hunting-jackets. An old officer had just finished so incredible a hunting story that no listener dared venture a first word, when suddenly the door opened, and the chief-justice entered. Now the chief-justice appeared at the Star only when something of unusual importance had happened in Luebben. So, after the first greetings, arose on all sides: "What is it judge? Murder? Embezzlement? Elopement?"

"All wrong, gentlemen, all wrong," returned the judge. "Worse! much worse! We are to have an unmarried assessor; and since the news has spread, the girls, under the pretext of calling on my daughters, have not given me a moment's peace. Is he wise, rich, handsome, fat, thin, tall, short, blonde, brunette, and—what not? Overwhelmed with the avalanche of questions, I have just managed to escape with my life—and now, Ernestine, a glass of beer."

In a few moments the judge had recovered sufficiently to satisfy the universal curiosity about the newcomer. Herr von Kahlbaum, the newly-appointed assessor, had been introduced to him as a highly-gifted jurist and accomplished gentleman, whose only weakness lay in his being a sworn woman-hater.

It was a chilly March evening when the long form of Assessor von Kahlbaum sprang from the city stage. He was a man of about 30, with closely-cropped light hair, a long, curly, reddish beard, ruddy complexion, and merry blue eyes. His fine, well-featured face awakened confidence, and its owner would have had some claim to positive beauty, had he not been so thin. He went directly toward the Star, where he had already ordered rooms. Ernestine, in her freshly-starched, snow-white apron, stood with beaming face in the doorway to greet the new guest, who returned her welcome with a half-suppressed exclamation, and an audible "These officious old women!"

A few hours later, around the long, old-fashioned table of the Star, was gathered a laughing company. Not in the least wearied by his journey, Kahlbaum was brimming over with wit and good-humor. He related story after story, and proved himself not only a clever speaker, but also—what is much more rare—a charming listener. As the company separated, it was universally agreed that the assessor was a valuable addition to their gatherings. The married members of the club knew not how to excuse themselves to their better halves for their late return, except by sounding the praises of the new arrival. And so among the mothers of the little city curiosity waxed strong, and through the dreams of many a respectable dame hovered the face of the woman-hater.

But Frau von Kesselschmidt, the colonel's wife, could find no sleep, although her enthusiastic husband had long since yielded to the poppy god. No romantic fancies filled her head, however. Was she not a daughter of practical England? Persistently her mind returned to the new assessor. Herr von Kahlbaum, the woman-hater, should be summoned before the wives and maidens of Luebben. Maud, her dear sister, to whom she had been a second mother, was nearly 25 years old. She ought to marry. Perhaps the assessor might be the husband for Maud. And the little frau fell asleep with a murmured, "Yes, that will do."

The next morning the colonel had scarcely scrambled on his tall brown Lisa to ride to his green lads on the parade grounds, when Stabilinsky, private, gardener, and errand boy, received orders from his mistress to arm himself with the market basket.

Stabilinsky prepared wonderingly to execute so unwonted a commission. He laid aside his blue apron, and as he squeezed himself into the somewhat narrow livery of his predecessor, he gave vent to his bewilderment in the purest idiom of his native fields. Then he grasped hastily the brown market basket and his broad-brimmed hat, and was ready to follow his mistress.

Frau von Kesselschmidt hastened to the weekly market, Stabilinsky following at a respectful distance. Strangely enough, the little woman had no eyes for the display of fresh vegetables, or the fat woodcock; her looks were fixed on the last house on the main street, while Stabilinsky gazed at the pretty country girls from the Spreewald, and bashfully exchanged with one or another a silent greeting. Suddenly the little cloud vanished which had gathered on her forehead, almost hidden under the curly golden locks. A mischievous smile curved her rosy lips enough to show the gleam of dazzling white teeth. From out the carefully watched house, with a bundle of papers under his arm, had just appeared an elderly gentleman, whom we recognize as the chief-justice. Frau von Kesselschmidt walked toward him, and stretching out her hand, exclaimed cheerily, "Good morning, judge. How are Paula and Erna this morning?" These were the two unmarried daughters of the judge.

Since the death of his wife, many years before, the chief-justice had led a very secluded life. Frau von Kesselschmidt was the only lady upon whom he called. He would gladly have stopped to chat with her, but the case of Kaiser versus Meyer was called for 11 o'clock; it was already late, and never in his whole life had he kept a case waiting. With a woman's ready wit, Frau von Kesselschmidt had guessed the thought of the judge. She explained that her errand led her in the neighborhood of the courthouse, as she could not find what she wished at the market. Then, as if by chance, after complaining of her husband's late hours, she mentioned the new assessor. Her husband had said so much about him that she must know him, cost what it might.

"That will be a hard task," exclaimed the judge, "for Kahlbaum is a sworn woman-hater."

"Not so hard as you think, my dear judge, if you will only help me."

And the little Frau looked half-beseechingly, half-affectionately at the judge, until he wished in his inmost heart Kaiser versus Meyer to the devil.

Frau von Kesselschmidt saw that she had won her point. She now hastily explained to the judge that he was to give the usual complimentary dinner to his new assistant at his own house, instead of at the Star, and that he was to invite ladies to be present. All objections were overruled, one after another, by the resolute little Englishwoman, who offered to furnish menu, dishes, and servants; and finally the judge gave a reluctant consent. At the very door of the court-house they agreed upon a list of guests, eight ladies and eight gentlemen, and Frau von Kesselschmidt arranged matters so skillfully that all formidable rivals to Maud were omitted.

"The principal thing is, however, my dear judge,"—and with this the conversation closed—"that the assessor shall have no suspicion that ladies are to appear at this dinner. I will answer for their secrecy, if you will undertake a similar, but even more difficult task with the gentlemen. And now good-by, my dear friend." With a charming smile she offered both hands to the judge—they stood in the entrance hall of the court-house—who raised them with much confusion to his lips, not noticing that the parties to Kaiser versus Meyer, who had been waiting already a half-hour for him, were watching the operation from over the balustrade.

That very evening, on his return home, the judge found that Frau von Kesselschmidt had spent the afternoon with his daughters Erna and Paula, who presented him with the menu for the important event. On the next day the six ladies were invited and bound over to silence. On the third day came the dinner.

Frau von Kesselschmidt had ordered her beautiful china and cut-glass carried to the judge's. Stabilinsky, with a hired waiter, was to serve, and on this occasion he was to wear the gala livery of the Kesselschmidths. But, alas! this was altogether too small. In vain did the tailor let out to their full extent the seams of the blue frock and the velvet breeches. They were still very small. The faithful servant, however, squeezed and twisted himself into the uncomfortable garments. The black-and-yellow striped vest was no larger than frock and breeches. The blood rushed to his broad face. His head was bursting. But what mattered it to him? Did he not feel so much the cooler for his long white stockings and his broad, patent-leather shoes?

The guests were assembled at the judge's, but the assessor did not appear. They joked and laughed about the poor fellow, but two people were not quite comfortable: the judge, who could not foresee how Kahlbaum would take the surprise; and Stabilinsky, who was in a condition bordering upon apoplexy. Suddenly a ring at the bell. All was silent.

"Herr Assessor von Kahlbaum," gurgled Stabilinsky, and at the same moment the long form of the assessor appeared in the doorway. Thinner than ever he looked in his close-fitting evening suit.

Kahlbaum's forehead darkened at the sight before him. He took a half-step backward, but immediately his good breeding conquered. He greeted formally the host and his daughters, showing himself a master of knightly courtesy; and although the good-fellowship that made him such a favorite among men is forbidden among ladies, he was soon acknowledged by all to be exceedingly attractive.

Dinner was served. The assessor was obliged to take out the daughter of his host, but Maud was seated at his left hand.

Maud could scarcely be called remarkably pretty. But her bright, round face, with its halo of golden hair, its great, clear blue eyes, dear little snub nose, and fresh, rosy mouth, was truth and frankness itself. She was of medium height, with a round, graceful figure. The assessor did not seem displeased with his neighbor, and as he spoke English fluently, before the oysters had disappeared a lively conversation had sprung up between them, although Erna was not neglected.

When Stabilinsky, red as a cherry, appeared in the doorway with the soup-tureen, was he careless about the threshold of the strange house, or did he stumble in his great shoes? However this may be, with a fearful crash, followed by a second one suggestive of distant thunder, there lay the five feet four inches of Stabilinsky among the fragments of the shattered tureen. High over him splashed the waves of soup. There was a universal outcry.

"My best tureen!" rose to the lips of Frau von Kesselschmidt. But a warning glance from her husband brought her to herself. Stabilinsky did not stir.

"For heaven's sake, get up!" cried Colonel von Kesselschmidt.

Stabilinsky went so far as to raise his head with an appealing look, but remained as flat as if nailed to the floor. The consternation of the company was indescribable. The assessor alone remained unmoved. He could hardly repress a sarcastic smile as he murmured under his breath, "For unto every sin cometh its own punishment." The ladies had atoned for their deceit.

Still Stabilinsky did not move. Maud voiced the thought of all when she ventured to suggest that the poor boy might have hurt himself. She was the only one who had a word of pity for the faithful lad. But she was soon relieved of all anxiety; for as the servants rushed in with cloths to dry the floor, Stabilinsky, with one great spring, disappeared. His gala livery was never made for such a strain as he had given it in his fall, and showed, in consequence, openings which Stabilinsky would not for his life have exposed to the gaze of the company. Like Moltke, he had skilfully made his retreat at a moment when the enemy's attention was diverted.

Dinner was followed by dancing. The assessor shrugged his shoulders and looked for his hat, but Maud, who dearly loved to dance, glanced beseechingly at him. He hesitated a moment, and then said: "If you are willing, Miss Carlington, and if you will excuse my lack of skill, I will gladly dance with you."

The strains of a polka filled the room, and the whole company stood speechless as the assessor, the woman-hater, stepped out with Maud to dance. It was easily seen that he was unacquainted with the most approved forms, but with perfect coolness he put his arm around his little friend, placed her hand at his back—a custom not permitted in the best society—and started off. The lookers-on could not refrain from smiling, and a wicked little sub-lieutenant exclaimed as he let fall his monocle: "'Pon my word! it looks as if a soda wafer were dancing with a macaroon."

Kahlbaum scarcely noticed the attention which he had excited. He was now fully occupied with the pretty young girl, who was managing to make herself very agreeable to him. Where were all his well-grounded principles against women in general and marriage in particular? Why was this woman different from all others? He pressed the soft, white hand more closely to him. Maud uttered a cry. The assessor looked down at her, and seeing how pale she was, led her to an adjoining room, placed her in a chair, and hastened to bring a glass of water. Maud's sister and the hostess were soon at her side, overwhelming her with questions. She answered only that she was not well, that she would like to go home.

On their way home, Maud refused any explanation of her sudden faintness; but once in her chamber alone with her sister, great tears gathered in her blue eyes as she threw her arms around her sister and stammered:

"Now I know why he hates us,—why he has sworn never to marry. He is a cripple,—he wears a splint at his back."

Frau von Kesselschmidt looked at her sister in speechless amazement, and repeated automatically: "A splint—at his back?" As Maud wept more and more bitterly, however, she tried to awaken another train of thought: "Why, my darling little sister, surely so soon you cannot have——"

"But I felt it," sobbed Maud. "He is a cripple. He laid my hand at his back as we danced, and then I—I felt—the splint. It is frightful. He will never marry, and I—I——" she hid her face on her sister's shoulder.

During this scene, Kahlbaum lay upon a sofa in his comfortable room, blowing thoughtfully into the air blue rings from his Havana. Suddenly he exclaimed with a somewhat forced laugh: "What a fool to go back on all your theories! As though all women-folk were not of the same hysterical, faithless set. Miss Carlington seems reasonable, yet she is just like the rest. Away with them all!"

Frau von Kesselschmidt, Maud, and the assessor passed a restless night. The first fell asleep toward morning with a satisfied smile and her favorite, "That will do," on her lips. Maud had, indeed, soon fallen asleep after the excitement of the evening, but she was tormented with frightful dreams.

Kahlbaum, after a wakeful night, left his house in the gray light of early dawn, just as the long-drawn tones of the reveille sounded through the slumbering city. His head was heavy, he felt oppressed. He knew that, in spite of his night's struggle, a change, which twenty-four hours before he would have thought impossible, had taken place within him, and he sought in nature to regain his lost self. In vain. He heard on all sides the tender love-song of the wild dove, and shutting his ears, he found himself watching thoughtfully the graceful springs of two squirrels chasing each other from branch to branch. "Why not dare such a spring and win that happiness so dear to the poet? Can it be wholly imaginary? No, no, her good, true eyes——" And with these words he lighted a cigar and walked thoughtfully back to his rooms.

A soldier's house is early astir. While Kahlbaum was wandering about in the park, making good resolutions, little Frau von Kesselschmidt was sitting before her desk writing to each of the ladies present at the dinner of the previous day. There was to be a ball at the Casino on the following evening, but she invited them to drink coffee with her that afternoon. Before 10 o'clock, Stabilinsky returned with the acceptance of all the ladies and the assurance from the baker that the inevitable cream-cake should be at hand punctually at 5 o'clock.

At 4 the ladies began to arrive. These gossiping little assemblies were, in truth, a perfect horror to our little English friend; but making a virtue of necessity, she tried to entertain her guests as well as she could. Maud did not appear. Her presence had been forbidden, under the pretext that she needed rest if she intended to be present at the Casino ball.

The usual fancy-work had been brought forth, the servant-girl question had been exhausted, the sister of the mayor's wife had been unanimously condemned for the capital crime of smoking a cigarette in her garden, great breaches had already appeared in the cake basket, when the hostess took advantage of one of those rare pauses in the conversation to remark carelessly: "Ladies, we need no longer wonder why the assessor is such a woman-hater, and why he has foresworn marriage."

By their eager and instant attention, by their "ah's" and "oh's" of astonishment, it was evident that the ladies, one and all, had given time and thought to the solution of this riddle.

"Yes," continued Frau von Kesselschmidt, "behind his hatred for us lies a sorrowful story."

"Probably an early, unfortunate love-affair," remarked the postmaster's wife.

"Not at all, my dear friend," replied the hostess. "No! Kahlbaum is a cripple."

"A cripple!" came in unison from the circle.

"Yes, and therefore he cannot and will not marry."

Erna and Paula, the elderly daughters of the judge, dropped their eyes bashfully.

A moment of painful silence followed. And it was only when the little frau was positive that interest in her news had reached the highest pitch that she continued:

"Yes, the poor fellow has something wrong with his back. He wears an iron splint. You can easily assure yourselves of the truth of my statement tomorrow at the ball, if you will ask Kahlbaum to dance with you in the cotillon. As he guides his partner, the support can easily be felt."

The ladies protested indignantly, but each to herself resolved to undertake a journey of discovery upon the back of the poor man at the very first opportunity.

The next evening found representatives from every house in town wending their way toward the Casino. Even Kahlbaum, yielding to his desire to see Maud once more, joined the merry throng. The meeting between the two was somewhat constrained. However, Kahlbaum thought Maud in ball-dress and pink roses, with her perfect shoulders and soft eyes, a thousand times prettier than before; and he devoted himself with such success to her entertainment that she soon forgot the iron splint and even the dance which she dearly loved. A brilliant polka brought the thoughts of both back to the ballroom, and offering his hand without a word, he plunged with her boldly, yes, even with inspiration, into the whirling maze.

Ah! there it was again, the fatal iron!

Maud grew slightly pale, but controlled herself by a violent effort. After the dance, Kahlbaum left the ball-room, but in the pause before the cotillion, he returned to seat himself in the circle beside Maud. He had determined to try his fate during this very dance; but, in so determining, he had reckoned without the coffee-party of Frau von Kesselschmidt.

It was during the very first figure that the general's wife, a thin, faded lady of uncertain age, decided to make upon the assessor the experiment suggested by the clever little Englishwoman. Scarcely had they taken the first steps when Kahlbaum became suddenly aware of a nervous hand scrabbling up and down his back, and beating a regular tattoo on his spinal column. At first, he paid little attention to it, thinking that the good lady must be excessively nervous. But the investigating tattoo became more and more intense. Now Kahlbaum had the misfortune to be so ticklish that the outstretched finger of a signboard nearly threw him into convulsions. For some time he controlled himself, but finally he began to wriggle and twist under the merciless hand of his partner. His face began to twitch convulsively.

Frau von Kesselschmidt had watched the first experiment with ever-increasing interest and alarm, and as she realized the outcome, even without the speaking look of the general's wife, she murmured aloud, "Poor Maudie!"

Meantime the assessor, wiping the drops of moisture from his brow, had led his partner to her chair and was turning toward his own place in the circle; but alas! between him and Maud stood the mayor's wife, who, with a gracious smile, bade him return to the dance. Only a few turns, and again commenced the same torturing groping. By the most incredible turnings and twistings the poor man tried to escape; but the more he twisted, the more determined grew the search of his partner. The mayor's wife, absorbed in her conscientious examination, paid no attention to the peculiar movements of her partner; the whole company, on the other hand, were remarking upon the extraordinary behavior of the new assessor. They whispered that he had taken too much wine. Maud was in despair, and her sister regretted the coffee-party from the bottom of her heart.

No sooner had this city mother, overwhelmed with grief at her discovery, let the poor victim slip from her arms, than he was claimed by the postmaster's wife, who, undaunted by the general indignation at his behavior, offered her hand to put him again to the test.

It was a trying position for the unfortunate man. He felt that he was the object of universal attention, that a catastrophe awaited him. Still, he would not be rude on the very first evening of his entrance into the best society of Luebben; so he took with a shiver the proffered hand. The orchestra struck up a noisy galop. Kahlbaum had but one desire,—to get this frightful dance into the past and return to Maud. He whirled madly into the crowd. Away went the fingers at the same moment, up and down, up and down. Beside himself, the poor fellow exclaimed, "Please, please stop tickling me!" At that very instant the noisy music, which had been merely the prelude to the dance, was hushed, and the winged words echoed through the hall.

A moment of ominous silence, a burst of laughter. The postmaster's wife thought best to faint. Hopeless confusion arose, in which Maud took refuge with her sister, who wrung her hands in despair. The innocent victim, as white as a sheet, staggered into a side-room, where he was about to sink exhausted on a sofa, when he heard the voice of the mayor:

"Sir, your behavior of this evening gives you no right to linger in these rooms. I must earnestly beg——"

Kahlbaum turned: "What impudence! Who gave you a right to criticize my behavior without knowing my motives?"

"For the personal insult, you will give me satisfaction later. Now I command you to leave the house immediately," answered the mayor in excited tones.

The assessor became still paler, and who knows what might have happened, if Colonel von Kesselschmidt had not rushed into the room.

"Hold!" he cried to the two angry men. "The assessor is innocent. A misunderstanding. A wager."

"A wager?" demanded in unison the mayor and the assessor.

"Yes, a wager," replied the colonel. "Let me get my breath and I will tell you all about it." With some hesitation he continued: "Someone told the ladies that Kahlbaum was a cripple, and they laid a wager that they would find out this very evening whether he really wore an iron splint at his back, as was reported. Probably our friend here is somewhat ticklish, but he's not to blame for that."

This account was interrupted by the cry of the mayor, "You, too, Hedwig?" and the exclamation of Kahlbaum, "I, a splint at the back!"

"Yes, dear sir, a splint—that is, a little one, but that is not your fault," resumed the colonel.

"True," sighed the mayor, "he can't help that."

"The devil! I haven't any splint at my back!" shouted the angry assessor. "I am as sound and strong as you are. Who started this infernal nonsense? Who——"

"But the mayor's wife,—pardon me, dear madam,"—the mayor's wife nodded sadly—"the mayor's wife has actually felt it. Just let me see!" and the colonel made a sudden grab at Kahlbaum's back.

"Yes, but what is this then? Here is the splint!"

Loud rang the clear laugh of the assessor. He reached under his coat and suddenly drew forth—a key of colossal dimensions.

"Here is the splint, gentlemen."

Bewildered and speechless, they all gazed at the assessor's house-key, which certainly, as far as size was concerned, would have done honor to the tertiary period.

When Kahlbaum had mastered his laughter, he explained that it was an old student habit of his to have his servant fasten his house-key into his vest girth, before he left home. Kesselschmidt, who had more than half believed the tale of the splint, now joined heartily in the assessor's laughter. But the mayor slipped quietly away with his hedwig, after having shaken hands with Kahlbaum. It was left with Kesselschmidt to make further explanations to the company. These were received with the keenest appreciation. Only those most closely concerned in the affair did not feel quite satisfied with this unexpected solution of the mystery.

* * * *

The next morning, the whole city knew of the engagement of Maud and the "iron assessor."

HE WAS RESURRECTED

A Case That Startles a Scientific World.

Covered in a Grave for Two Months.

The Body then Dug Up, Scientific Skill Applied, Returns to the Land of the Living.

Nevada, Ohio, December 5th.—Some time during the early summer the question of being buried alive and remaining in that condition for a period of two months, according to the practices of the India fakirs, was discussed with considerable force and favor in and about this little village, when it was suggested that if a subject could be found who would submit to a test a good, round sum of money could be raised to defray the expense and as a bonus to the subject.

As an experiment, and in the interest of science, an effort was made and a subject was secured, who, for the sum of $500, agreed to have the test made, he offering himself for the ordeal.

Arrangements were begun, and the subject, Levi Nye, of this place, got himself in readiness; but the authorities, fearing that some injury might be done him, and as public opinion was rather against it, ordered the proceedings stopped.

Nothing daunted, and believing that it could be successfully accomplished, the promoters changed their tactics, and, after letting the matter die out of public notice, went about it in a systematic manner, taking into their confidence only those in whom they could place the most implicit trust, who were believers in and would assist in this most extraordinary test. The only known people who ever attempted it were the inhabitants of India, a portion of whom, it is said, have practiced it for a great many years, and who do it for a mere pittance as a means of livelihood.

During the World's fair Prof. Seymour proposed to the managers that as an attraction, and for the sum of $10,000, he would submit to a test of this kind, remaining in this mummified condition for from sixty to ninety days. The managers were about to arrange with him for the experiment, when the authorities refused to let it proceed, fearing a failure, and that they might be held for premeditated murder.

A suitable place was secured where the utmost secrecy could be maintained, and under the immediate supervision of Dr. C. A. Mills, Dr. J. N. Goodbread, J. E. Maxwell, of this place, and H. M. McLaughlin, formerly of Denver, Col., preparations were begun.

They called into their council a few of their personal friends—V. O. Tuttle, Clarence Knowlton and Edward Diner—and, taking the guide and rule laid down by those who had conducted such tests in the past, noting every particular, so that no mistake would be made, for their determination was to make it a success, if such a thing were possible.

Mr. Nye, being a bachelor, and with no immediate relatives, and who has been of a roving disposition, with no place he could call home, was a most desirable subject.

In him they found one whom they could trust in their preparations, and should it, by any turn, prove not a success, there was very little likelihood that any questions would be asked, or, if so, no investigations would be pushed. The natural inference would be that he had gone on one of his wanderings, and, should he never return, it would be only what thousands of others had done, and would be classed among "the missing." Should it prove a success, as they hoped and believed it would, then they would accomplish what the civilized world had said could not be done. Should it prove a success, science would be advanced, and a complete revolution in the study of the great question of life and death would take place. It would open a new channel for the investigation of the immutable laws of nature. It would revolutionize the doctrines and practices of the past ages, and make for themselves a reputation second to none in the history of the known world.

Had this test proved a failure, this article never would have been written, and only a few could have answered the question as to the whereabouts of Levi Nye.

After the preliminaries, which consisted of a complete cleansing of the system by cutting off the supply of nourishment in a systematic manner each day for thirty days, there was a diminution of matter taken into the stomach until it was reduced to the minimum, after which he was placed on a slab, after having his tongue turned back in his mouth and filled with cotton, also his nostrils and ears. After this to all appearances he was dead. His pulse ceased to beat, his heart was still, his eyes were glassy, and no sign of life was visible. At this time there was a feeling of unrest and uncertainty among the little party of experimenters, but it was no time to falter or turn back. There was one of two things that was sure to be—it was either going to be a failure or a success. They had gone too far to even hesitate. His face was then cleanly shaved and ready to be put in his living tomb, or rather to be buried alive.

The place of interment was in a cellar. A two-and-a-half grave was dug. The body was carefully wrapped and encased in an air-tight box, when it was lowered and neatly covered with all the earth thrown out, and there left to rest, waiting for the resurrection, which was at that time set for January 1st, or New Year's day, following. The burial took place on Monday, October 1, 1894.

A careful watch was conducted every evening. The doors were all securely locked and bolted, the grave was marked carefully, so there could be no tampering with it without detection. Only among themselves, and with the greatest caution, was there any word spoken or sign given. Eight long weeks of watching, filled with hopes and fear, and then a council was held to determine whether or not it was time to resuscitate him, or, at least, to make the effort. The strain on their nerves was such that it was decided not to wait any longer. Could it be successfully performed in two months, there would be no question about their being able to accomplish the same thing in three.

Monday evening, December 3d, was the time set for the reappearance of Mr. Nye, either in life or death. If the latter, then all would be forgotten. If the former, then a glorious awakening and a successful experiment that would startle the world. After removing the earth and lifting the box from its position, it was with trembling hands and beating hearts that the lid was removed, and, to their great surprise and joy, they found the body remarkably like when two months before it was laid away, except a wonderful growth of hair and whiskers. All doubt seemed removed. All exclaimed with one breath, "A success!"

A bath tub had been brought in which was now filled with water, quite warm. The cotton from his nostrils, mouth and ears was removed. His tongue was laid out in its natural position, and the body placed in the warm water. Now came the wash. There was but one sentiment and that was, "it must be a success;" each took turns in rubbing the body until it had relaxed its rigid condition—color returning to the face. The blood began to circulate, and in less than an hour signs of life began to appear. Then hot poultices were applied to the head and bowels. Air was artificially pumped into his lungs, and after a few sharp and vigorous pumpings of the body a start and gasp were noticed, then followed a twitching of the muscles, and in less than two minutes more he was sitting up unassisted and in a wild, half-scared manner like one who had awakened from a bad dream, and all was well. Very light stimulants were given him. He was dressed in warm woolen clothes and laid in a warm bed with hot irons at his feet. The best of attention was given him, and by morning he was able to converse with those around him. When it became known that the test had been made there was some excitement in and about the town. Everybody is now ready to congratulate them on their success, and few there are who look at it in a skeptical way.

The doctors have the details of the whole procedure noted down, and will publish them to the world and give humanity the benefit of what must now be considered the greatest discovery in this world's history.

Mr. Nye will prepare a detailed account of his experience while in the under world, of which he has a vivid recollection.

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

The Great Frenchman's Experience in the Army of Washington.

Lafayette was only 16 years of age when he took unto himself a wife, who was even younger, and only 20 when he blossomed out into a full-fledged general of the American army. He must have been the young man old, for we find nowhere in the records of his brilliant achievements upon the field the apologies that might have been warranted for the freshness and exuberance of youth.

Lafayette appeared in the awful days of the winter at Valley Forge, when men lay, starving and unclad, exposed to the perils of an unprecedentedly severe winter, and horses were dying by hundreds from exposure and famine. The Goliath of Britain's might then pervaded the land, all-powerful in superior numbers, splendidly equipped and seemingly invulnerable. It was then this modern David who replied to General Lee's deprecatory injunction as to the uselessness of fighting the enemy:

"It may be so, general, but British soldiers have been beaten and they may be again. At any rate, I am disposed to make the trial."

In alertness, strategic skill and resistless energy, Lafayette was indomitable. His love of America and the principles involved in its momentous struggle was little short of idolatry. When he returned to France, after his first term of service in the Revolution, it was to appeal to the French king for new sinews of war in the way of men and money, and he obtained them.

It is only within the year, in the monument erected at Dobb's Ferry, that any significant recognition of the services of the French allies in the Revolution has been made by the sons of the early patriots. This, it is to be hoped, is but the prelude to some grander memorials to the young hero. No more important feature of the historic struggle is chronicled than the coming of the boy-soldier in his self-equipped expedition, ignoring all commands of his king and defying the dangers of the long and hazardous voyage and the presence of hostile fleets. Strangely forgetful as we have been of the obligations due to Lafayette, the Revolutionary fathers and the generation that followed them were prodigal in their recognition of his memorable services.

After years of public service to his native country, and of suffering and imprisonment in the cause of liberty he sought for France, Lafayette was, upon his release from the Austrian prison, claimed as the nation's guest by his American admirers. With his old-time enthusiasm, he came nearly half a century after his triumph at Yorktown to receive the homage of his old comrades and their grateful children. His journey through the twenty-five states of the American Union was akin to one of the historic "triumphs" of some Roman emperor. He had lost his fortune in the terrible vicissitudes through which he had passed, and congress voted him what was then a munificent fortune—the sum of $200,000—in recognition of his services during the Revolution. The last lustrum of his eventful life was spent peacefully in his beloved France.

The name of Lafayette stands in history's page unsullied by the breath of slander, an epitome of all that was the ideal of loyalty and of that nobility of character that knew only the loftiest principles and held them "unspotted before the world." The 6th of September marked the one hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of the birth of this hero, one of the Messiahs of human liberty in modern times.—New York Mail and Express.

AN EMBARRASSED FIRM.

Philadelphia, Dec. 17.—Job Batti's Sons, one of the oldest establishments in yarn and carpets in Kensington district, are financially embarrassed, with liabilities aggregating $200,000. A member of the firm said: "The present trouble was caused by Miller & Sattersfield, who put the sheriff on us for a $10,000 claim. They also charged us with obtaining goods under false pretenses."

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