THE WRAITH OF M'COY.

When I was sixteen years of age I sid a visit to an uncle and an aunt of my father's, who lived on the family estate in Scotland. My granduncle was well to do in this world's goods, and had had leisure to devote his life to scientific parsuits and to write about his ideas and discoveries. He had an exceedingly well arranged laboratory, and dabbled in everything. He was, perhaps, of a more practical turn of mind than most scientists, for he not only theorized and experimented, but turned his knowledge to account, and thereby made his home rather alarming to ignoramuses. Doors opened and shut, and bells rang, seem ingly as he willed them. He had made of electricity a sort of servant of all

The Scotch domestics gave warning in a body the first evening that the hall lamp lighted itself. They considered the proceeding "uscanny," and my aunt confided to me that it was a most expen sive illumination

"However," she added, "a man should be master in his own house, and has a right to spend his money as he pleases. so I say nothing."

For her part she liked going about "among the poor"-not to give alms Scottish poor folk seldom want that. She helped them to work for themselves: started poor widows in little penny shops; put boys to trades; found places for young housemaids and lent small sums of money to be paid back in driblets when the honest folk could do it.

She worked in the right way, and left them their self respect. Mere charity never does that.

The house was well furnished with ar ticles that would enrapture those who are bitten with the present madness for "old things." Square rugs lay on the polished oaken floors, and great orange trees grew in tubs in each of the six windows of the drawing room. Outside. in summer, was a gay little flower gar

It was, however, not a pretty part of the country. It was grand and solemn. Beyond lay mountains apt to be covered with dim, gray mist. Nearby a loch. the waters of which seldom sparkled, and in dull weather seemed perfectly black, and from the heights on which my uncle's dwelling stood, a road descended into a valley, deep and lonely. walled about with great rocks, its vegetation sparse and coarse, and lying here and there so many mighty bowlders that one could fancy giants had hurled them at each other in the course of some tremendous fight Far away, above all. arose a tall, curious shaftlike object, which one could scarcely believe the work of nature. Its local name was Daffy's Darning Needle, and on its summit was an eagle's nest. The eagles swooped down upon the sheepfolds to their owner's cost at lambing time, but were perfectly safe, as the needle was inaccessible even to the Scottish boys. who can climb anything climbable.

It was my delight to mount my pony. Jackanapes, and go galloping off over the country. No one objected to my going alone. I was quite safe. There was nothing improper in it. Every one I saw knew me, and I gained health and strength by it.

What with oatmeal for breakfast and these rides, my cheeks grew round and rosy and spirits high. I forgot at last even that it might be possible for me to lose myself, until one day I actually did it-at 5 o'clock in the afternoon too. with the autumn day suddenly drawing to a close under a cloudy sky, which threatened one of those furious mountain rain storms which only those who have experienced can appreciate.

Lost-I laughed to myself-but all I have to do is to trust to the pony. Jackanapes certainly could not lose himself so

However, Jackanapes had either done that very thing, or was obstinate and determined to make me find my own way. The storm came on. The way grew perfectly dark, and I fancied that I heard a torrent roaring somewhere near me. dashing over a precipice. There was such a thing in the neighborhood, I knew. Life was as sweet to me then as to any human being who ever lived, and I succumbed to terror, soaked to the skin, shivering from head to foot, daring to move neither to the right nor to the left, > and expecting death every moment. 1 threw my plaiddie over my face and burst into tears. In fact, I cried like a

shall never see any of them again! What a death to die! What a death to die!" At this instant I felt my pony tremble beneath me. He trembled as a human being does in mortal terror, quivered all over, and seemed about to fall to the ground. I uncovered my face. All had been dark when I veiled it in the great horror of seing nothing, but now I saw something—a light which resembled very cold moonlight, so white that one might almost call it blue. It shone. strangely enough, at about the height of a man's head.

"Oh, me! Oh, me!" I moaned.

What was it? My blood curdled. I was conscious of that curious condition of skin which either cold or terror will produce, which children call "goose flesh." I could not have spoken a word to save my soul, for the object before me appeared to be a human figure, formed of some transparect, luminous substance, and was a more perfect ghost than is pleasant to contemplate in a lonely spot at nightfall.

Almost instantly, however, Isaw, with a sudden flush of joy that set my blood in motion on the instant, that my terror had deceived me. It was a man who stood there, clad in what seemed to be a white flannel suit and holding a lantern over his head.

"That is Miss Maisie?" said a voice that was the voice of a gentleman. "Oh, yes!" said I. "I am lost, I thought I should die. Oh, I am so glad! So glad! Quiet, Jackanapes!" For the

pony trembled more than ever.
"The animal is afraid of me," said the figure. "Can you dismount? I dare not approach you otherwise, for if I do Jackanapee will run away and, perhaps, of Hesse-Darmstadt.

dash you over the precipice. I will retire; dismount, and I will return. Do not fear anything. I will take care of

He was gone. Doubtless he only shut the lantern, but he appeared to vanish. Jackanapes ceased to shudder. I left the saddle, though I was hardly able to move for my wet skirts, and stood by his side. Instantly the stranger was at mine, and as he reappeared my pony kicked up his heels and dashed away up the road.

"Never fear; he will take care of himself," said the stranger. "Follow me." He led the way. The darkness had concealed from me the fact that I was very near a house. A wide door was flung open Within I saw a deep hall floored with oak, at the end of which a fire roared in a great chimney. I was seated in a huge chair, my garments drying with curious rapidity. My host stood near me-a handsome man with his long, curling, golden hair and beard and a sort of hunting dress of white flannel. He smiled on me, but said nothing

until I spoke. "They will be frightened at home." I

"I will not be long," said he coldly. "I am so thankful to you," I hastened to add. "So very thankful." He did not answer in any conventional

manner. His reply was this: "You have good reason to be. A death in the cold waters of the torrent is not to be desired, nor is a violent death of any sort. Nature seems to forbid it. Thank heaven for life, little girl."

"And afterward you," said I He bowed gravely, then went toward some great piece of furniture, on which silver seemed to shimmer in the firelight and brought thence a goblet of wine.

"Drink," he said. I drank. I was warmed, comforted: a sort of dreamy delight stole over me. 1 heard music; I saw figures pass to and fro. I did not quite comprehend what I saw; a delicious slumber came on the wings of the music and enfolded me For awhile I was delightfully conscious that I slept. Then I was obliterated Cries and shouts aroused me. I strug-

gled to open my eyes. . I heard my name. "Maisie! Maisie!" shouted from afar heard the clatter of hoofs.

"There! There she is! There she is! in my uncle's voice. I saw half a dozen mounted riders approaching over the fresh, sun lit slope of a great hill, and I saw that I sat among ruins, close to the time worn, weather bleached wreck of an old chimney, the high mantel of which projected over my. head. The roof of the house was gone only one wall remained. About me lay stones and mortar, blackened wood and all the tokens of a dwelling destroyed by fire and abandoned for years to the elements.

There was no wide hall, no glowing fire, no sideboard laden with silver, no host attired in white to offer me beakers of wine: but I was dry, warm and com fortable, notwithstanding.

My nucle burst into tears, clasped me to his heart, and in doing so changed his tune and lectured me for losing myself Jackanapes had come home riderless My aunt thought me dead on the road and was ill with grief and terror. And how did I find the ruins? And what a mercy that I had not gone over the precipice near by! So they bore me home. And I kept my own counsel said not one word of my experience until our kindly neighbors had been break fasted and gone their ways. Then I related it.

"It must have been delirium." I said Yet it seemed so real.

I have myself heard this story before from four people who were rescued in the before the picture. same way, and saw the same wraith and the same restoration of those ruins that can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my you describe. My grandfather, a poor work," country woman with her babe in her arms, Mrs. McLynn of the Heights and my sister Constance have narrated the same adventure. Everybody knows the Haunted Ruins, but we have a special interest in it. Long ago a handsome young man, by name Alexander McCoy. was sole heir to the place, then the handsomest residence hereabout, as one may well imagine. He had all that could make life happy, but he chose to fall in love with an ancestress of ours, who flirted with and jilted him. Her por trait hangs on the library wall, a saucy dark eyed girl in her teens. He thought life worthless without the jade, and the torrent. It is said he also appeared to ings?"-Youth's Companion. her at midnight, but that he said. 'I forgive you.'

"The fancy is that it is the spirit of the that when he shall have rescued a certain number of persons he will be perquivers in abject terror as your pony Cohen. did. Horses assuredly either see spirits supernatural terrors than men or

cide is all very natural, but the ghosts of a house, of an oak floor, of a blazing was proved by the defense that the prop-fire, of glimmering silver; the ghosts erty had originally belonged to Cohen." also of delicious wine, and of a great armchair in which I slept delightfullycan these things be? Had I not better call it a dream?"

"You may call it what you like," said my uncle. "Science has yet found no name for these mysteries, though I believe she will some day. But what the the McCoy. That is what they call it, my dear."—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

The most beautiful unmarried royal girl in all Europe is the Princess Alix.

ENTERPRISING INDIAN SETTLERS. Wonderful Transformation by Bedskins

of the Island of Metlakahtla Rev. W. Duncan, of Metlakahtla, Alaska, is a portly, benevolent looking old gentleman of perhaps sixty-five years, and the world has been made better by the grand work in which the declining years of his life are being spent. When interviewed by a reporter he was reticent at first in speaking of the fruits of his philanthropic labors in the land by the frozen sea, saying that a description of the colony he had founded would seem better coming from the lips

of disinterested parties.
"Metlakahtla," said the venerable missionary, "is situated on an island in the archipelago in the southeastern part of Alaska. It is a colony founded three years and a half ago, when I organized thirteen bands of British Columbia Indians, and by showing them the virtues of a city and government of their own and instilling in their minds the beauties of a civilized existence, induced them to migrate to the far north, where they would live in peace and security and where they would not be disturbed in

their peaceful possessions. "Today there is a city of 800 souls at Metlakahtla, and the settlement is a flourishing and happy one. I am one of those who reject the declaration that the only good Indian is the dead one. I am able to demonstrate that the best Indian

is a live one. "Three years ago the forest primeval stood on the site where now many happy Indians live, in many pleasant cottages. There are sixty-one capacious houses in the city. For three years I was the only white man in the settlement. I have recently been joined by an assistant, however, in the person of Dr. Blewett. You might say that the Indians have an eye to real estate values, for they all wanted corner lots, so that I was compelled to divide the blocks each into four lots. Everybody is satisfied, for an inside lot is not to be found there.

"The inhabitants live by hunting and fishing, but the latter occupation has branched out into a large industry now, and I am here to obtain necessary machinery and an outfit for a salmon can-

"I would rather have a tourist speak of our colony than to dwell upon its merits myself. Should you visit our island you would be surprised to find a city of Indians and natives with only two exceptions. We have a government which is an Indian council presided over by an Indian chief. The young ones are taught in commodious schools, and in my absence a native teacher is instruct-

"In olden days the Indian tribes were envious of each other, and fends were incessant and war was a business. In our colony the hatchet is buried out of sight, the tribal jealousies are forgotten in the educated life and the weapons of war have been molded into implements

"We have a native corps of constables and officers to attend to the city's health and sanitation. We have entertainments, too, and splendid music is furnished by our Indian band of twenty instruments. We have a large sawmill conducted by Indians, and never was a happier colony than that of the British Columbia Indians on the island of Metlakahtla."-Seattle

"What it takes to make a paradise," some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. "My dear Maisie," said my uncle, 'in It was exhibited publicly. One day the Scotland we are astonished at nothing painter, entering the hall, saw two men who appeared to be farmers, standing

"Now," said the artist to himself, "I

He drew near and listened to what the farmers were saying. "Well, John," said one, "what do you

"It's pretty good," said the other, "but there's one thing about it that strikes me as a little mite queer.'

"What's that?" "Why, he's got Eve with a Rhode Island greening in her hand. "Well, what of it?"

"Hum! Seeing that the first Rhode Island greening was raised in this century, I don't quite see how they could have had them in paradise!"

"No greenings!" exclaimed the other, night she married some one else, set fire contemptuously; "how do you suppose to his old house and committed suicide they could have got along in the Garden by jumping over the precipice into the of Eden without Rhode Island green-

Safe Sheep Stealing.

Among the guests at the Palace is suicide, who thus expiates his sin, and Joseph Cohen, of Red Bluff, who is credited with owning nearly or quite half of that portion of the state lying mitted to rest. The story is always the same. The luminous object, the figure form the greater portion of Mr. Cohen's with the lantern, the great hall, the de- wealth aside from his landed interests, lightful fire, the wine, the handsome and it is said that in order to acquit a host with his white costume and golden man who has been arrested for sheep or beard, the wakening among the ruins. cattle stealing it is only necessary to If a horse or a dog be present, the animal prove that they were stolen from Joseph

"At one time," said United States Ator think that they do. They have more torney Garter, "I was employed by Mr. Cohen to transact a portion of his legal business, and among other things I had "But, uncle," said 1, "I really am to assist in the prosecution of men for afraid I am not quite Scotch enough to stealing sheep. I can truthfully say that understand all this. The ghost of a sui I do not know of a single case where a man was convicted by a jury when it -San Francisco Call.

His Excuse.

Clara (at the wane of the honeymoon) -Dearest, don't you love me as much as ever? Am I not as sweet as I was? Charles-Yes; I suppose you are. But, then, sweetness is not what it was. You people here about will say will be just can get twenty pounds of sugar now for this, 'Miss Maisie has seen the wraith of one dollar.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Sometimes there is spasm of the muscles of accommodation. In this case the person may seem to be near sighted while really far sighted, or greatly near sighted while only slightly so. The ocu-list alone can treat such eyes.

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