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 sere, 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 pinches 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.

QUEER 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.

Steel rails now figure as the cheapest finished product in wrought iron or steel. A good lesson on the finances of modern industry is also afforded by them. 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.

TIMING OF A RAILWAY TRAIN.

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 circummerence, 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."

AMERICA'S THREE GREAT ADMIRALS—FARRAGUT, PORTER, DEWEY.

David Glasgow Farragut, first admiral of the United States navy, was born in Tennessee. He entered the navy as a midshipman and fought his first battle on the Essex in 1814. He served in the navy fifty-eight years. He was 60 years of age when the civil war came. His first orders in that conflict were to capture New Orleans, which he did under heroic circumstances in 1862. In this battle he destroyed forts carrying 120 guns, twenty armed steamers, four ironclads and a multitude of fire rafts. He was made a rear admiral for this in 1862. In 1863 his fleet aided in the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and one year later captured Mobile. It was at Mobile that he was lashed to the rigging of his flagship, the Hartford, while under fire. For his bravery Congress made him a vice-admiral in the fall of 1864, and in 1866 the office of admiral was especially created for him. After his elevation he was placed in charge of the European squadron of his Government. He died at the Portsmouth navy yard unexpectedly in 1870.

David Dixon Porter, second admiral of the United States navy, succeeded Farragut in that office, his commission dating from Aug. 15, 1870. He was born in Pennsylvania and entered the navy as a midshipman when he was 16 years old. He was a lieutenant in 1841. In the first eighteen years of his service he was ten years in the Mediterranean service and the remainder of the time on duty with coast surveys. He was in command of the mortar flotilla at the capture of New Orleans, and in 1863 was made an acting rear admiral and assigned to command the Mississippi river squadron. For his services in reducing Vicksburg he was made a rear admiral in 1863. In the spring of 1864 he fought with Banks on the Red river expedition. The North Atlantic squadron was placed in his charge in 1864, and he attacked and captured Fort Fisher, protecting Wilmington. The fight lasted twenty days and was very bloody. He was made vice-admiral in 1866 and soon after was placed in charge of the naval academy at Annapolis.

George Dewey, third admiral of the United States navy, is a Vermonter by birth. He is in his sixty-first year of age. He graduated from the academy at Annapolis before the civil war and immediately sought active duty with the Union fleets of Foote and Farragut, then pressing the Confederate navy in the South. He served with such gallantry under Farragut that he was especially commended in writing by that eminent commander. At the end of the war he cruised in European waters and was with the Asiatic squadron for a time. Returning to the United States, he was given shore duty, which was not to his taste, and he returned to the sea. In January, 1898, while on land duty at Washington, he requested to be sent to sea again. The Secretary of the Navy decided to place him in command of the Asiatic squadron, with little thought as to what that would in the end mean for this country. Dewey on taking charge of the Asiatic squadron was a commodore. For the battle of Manila, May 1, 1898, he was made rear admiral.

PIGMIES OF AFRICA.

Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd Sees and Talks with Many of Them.

The English traveller Mr. Alfred B. Lloyd, made the journey from Victoria Nyanza to the mouth of the Congo in three months, the quickest time on record, using the Congo steamboat service and railroad for two-thirds of the way, traveling through the great equatorial forest of which Stanley gave so vivid a description. His route was a little to the south of Stanley's road, and he saw much of the dwarfs who inhabit the forest region.

"I was three weeks crossing the great forest," he said. "Often the darkness even at midday is remarkable. Sometimes I was unable to read at noon, when as you know the sun near the equator is almost directly overhead. One day I tried to photograph my tent, but failed on account of the dimness of the light. I walked throughout the forest journey, though I had a saddle ass with me. I could not use him without constantly exposing myself to the danger of being unsaddled by the vines that hung over the path. We sometimes narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of enormous trees, some of whose trunks measured over 20 feet in circumference. The silence of death reins in this forest unless broken by animals or the fall of trees."

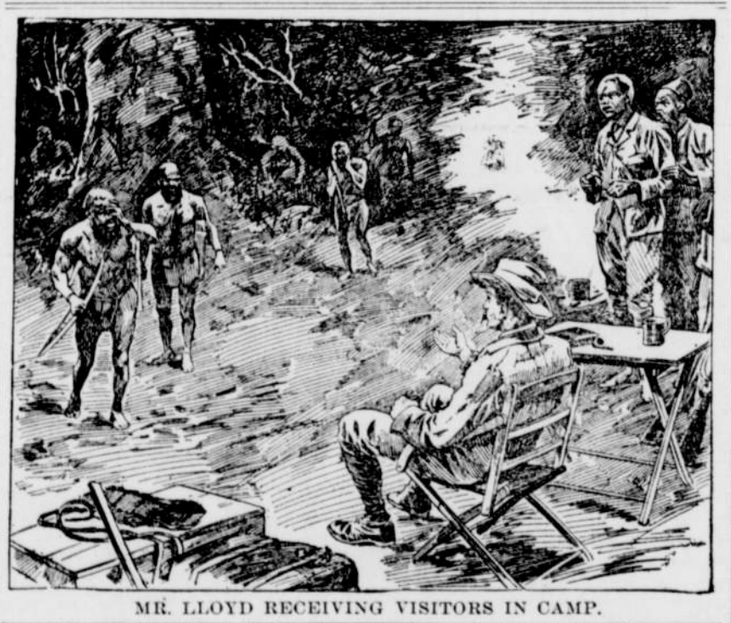
Mr. Lloyd saw many more dwarfs than Stanley met in the same region and thus described them:

"I saw a great many of the pigmies, but, generally speaking, they kept out of the way as much as possible. At one place in the middle of the forest, called Holenga, I stayed at a village of a few huts occupied by so-called Arabs. There I came upon a great number of pigmies who came to see me. They told me that unknown to myself they had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of the primeval forest at our caravan. They appeared to be very frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I slept at this village, and in the morning I asked the chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs. He brought ten or fifteen of them together, and I was enabled to secure a snapshot. I could not give a time exposure as the pigmies would not stand still.

"Then with great difficulty I tried to measure them, and found not one of them over four feet in height. All were fully developed. The women were somewhat slighter than the men, but were equally well formed.

"I was amazed at their sturdiness. Their arms and chests were splendidly developed, as much so as in a good specimen of an Englishman. These men have long beards half way down the chest, which imparts to them a strange appearance. They are very timid, and cannot look a stranger in the face. Their eyes are constantly shifting, as in the case of monkeys. They are fairly intelligent.

"I had a long talk with the chief, and he conversed intelligently about the extent of the forest and the number of his tribe. Except for a tiny strip of bark cloth, men and women are quite nude. They are armed with bows and arrows—the latter tipped with deadly poison—and carry small spears. They are entirely nomadic, sheltering at night in small huts two feet to three feet in height. They never go outside the forest. During the whole time I was with them they were perfectly friendly."



MR. LLOYD RECEIVING VISITORS IN CAMP.

"CZAR" REID, NEWFOUNDLAND.

He Is One of the Greatest Land Owners in the World.

At the present moment, when Newfoundland and the Newfoundland difficulty with the French are on everyone's lips, it is interesting to recall that this island—the "tenth island" of the world, as Beckles Willson has reminded us in his recently published work—is to all intents and purposes in the hands of a single man, and that man, by birth at least, is a Scotsman.

To convey an idea of the real size of Newfoundland it may be as well to state that it is a sixth larger than Ireland. But it is doubtful if Robert Gillespie Reid's 5,000,000 acres, were they even in Ireland, would possess the value which that extent of territory promises to possess in Newfoundland. For since the colony, tired of official

"CZAR" REID OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

inertia and the lack of capital, decided to turn over its assets to a private capitalist by means of the measure known as the Reid contract, it has been discovered that Newfoundland is not only a rich country, but one of the richest on earth.

Everyone must remember Gilead P. Beck in that entertaining work, "The Golden Butterfly," and of his marvellous discoveries of oil in a certain waste territory in Canada. Mr. Reid is said not only to have "located" nineteen oil wells on his land, but enormous quantities of coal, iron, copper and asbestos as well. "Czar" Reid, as this quiet, unassuming man has already come to be called, has already refused several millions sterling for his property, and in spite of the agitation in the colony to rescind the bargain there seems every reason to believe that Mr. Reid will live to enjoy one of the largest private fortunes of the period, and to acquire a European reputation for his sagacity in exploiting a huge island which was barren when he appeared on the scene.

But this singular man has had, in a measure, to pay the penalty which fortune so often exacts from the successful. His career from the day, forty years ago, when he left his native Scotland to seek his fortune, has been full of many of the rough spots of the earth and hard work and exposure, especially in Newfoundland and Canada, have obliged him for a time to relax his energies. But even while he is thus forced to seek an Algerian retreat, the mighty work of developing so vast a property goes unceasingly on. Reid possesses pluck as well as ability, for upon a recent occasion he ventured into a mine whence no one of his workmen would follow him, and in the subsequent explosion sustained severe injuries—especially to his eyesight.

USUAL METHOD OF ACTION.

Bashful Youth's Explanation of a Sudden Assumption of a Seat.

He is an extremely diffident fellow, this South Side youth, but is also enamored of a fair maiden. She likes him right back and is not averse to giving him help in emergencies. But she finds it a difficult matter to get her admirer to respond to the calls of society, for he sinks into a condition of too many feet and hands when in the whirl social. But she has her hopes.

Not long ago, when the chill winds had reduced the previously deposited snow into glaring ice, they set forth to walk to a near-by home to engage in the attractions of progressive euchre and chocolates. He was very tender and solicitous lest she tumble, slip and fall upon the icy sidewalk. Not being endowed with the certainty of footing of the patient burro himself, fate overtook him and he smote the earth with a crash heard blocks away.

Thereupon a look of intense anguish sped over his face, for his spine seemed shortened. The "girlie" was in tears of pity. She clasped her hands and loved him for his woes.

"Oh, Charlie," she murmured brokenly, "does it hurt?"

"No," he gasped with a sickly grin. "Of course not. You see, I always sit down that way."

Now she loves him for his courage and ability to tell a fib to extricate himself from a painful and unpleasant position.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Bank of Brides.

Simla, the summer capital of the Indian Empire, is a pretty pine-treed place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is the annual fair held by the native hills people, an attractive item of which is a "Bank of Brides" in an amphitheater, where sit numbers of young women who thus calmly announce that they are candidates for hymeneal honors. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty, and have intelligent faces; but those of Mongol caste must needs linger long for a partner, if personal beauty enters into the equation.—Woman's Home Companion.

Matches Without Phosphorus.

Kohlmann Rosenthal, an Englishman, and Dr. Von Komocki, a Berlin chemist, assert that they have invented a match that will strike anywhere and no phosphorus is used in it. This invention, they say, will do away with the horrors of necrosis, to which employes in match factories are subject.

There is one thing that is true of a widower: he is always wondering if he can bite at a bait without getting caught in the hook.

SERVIAN WOMAN EXECUTED.

Convicted Murderess Placed Against a Wall and Shot.

The people of Servia have no objections to the infliction of capital punishment upon women; or, if they have objections, they were forced to swallow them when Mme. Jevrem was executed for murder recently. She was neither hanged nor placed in the electric chair. She was placed against a wall and shot.

This happened in a Servian village near Prokuplje. A Greek priest named Irie Jevrem had been killed. His wife and a peasant with whom she had become infatuated were found guilty and condemned to be shot. On the day of their fate the two culprits were taken

A DRAMATIC EXECUTION.

to the public square and faced a firing squad of soldiers with loaded rifles. ehind the squad stood a huge mass of spectators from far and near.

The execution lacked no element of the dramatic. The man wept and lamented and begged for mercy. The woman was calm. The squad had made ready to fire, when an aid came dashing through the square on horseback. His coming merely prolonged the strain upon the two criminals. The man embraced his knees in the hope that he brought a pardon; the woman turned more pale, but was silent. Mercy it was, but only partial. The aid bore a reprive indeed, but only for the man. She begged her companion to remain with her to the end. But the fellow followed the guards away without even addressing one word of pity to the woman. And then—but is there any need to tell the rest?

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

A correspondent of Printers' Ink sends the following to that journal:

West Union, Ia., has a population of 2,000. One of its progressive firms is the dry goods establishment of Thomas & Magner, the latter a young man with a training gained in selling goods for Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., of Chicago. The writer called upon Mr. Magner recently, and found him engaged in preparing a 6-column advertisement to appear in each of the three county seat papers.

"I have noticed, Mr. Magner," said the writer, "that you are departing somewhat from the usual lines in country advertising. Do you find that the regular use of page ads is helping your business?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Magner, "something is helping it, and I don't know what else to blame for it. We have been compelled to put on extra clerks this week, and still people have been kept waiting."

"What do you find to be the taking feature of your ads?"

"Prices," said Mr. Magner promptly. "Our advertising is all prices. We quote low figures on goods of known quality, and we set apart a certain hour of the day when we will sell a certain sort of goods at a cut price. We also have special sales, from a week to a month, at which we offer special inducements on special lines."

"Do you find that the trade resulting from this is largely confined to the special lines, or is it general?"

"General. We seldom sell a customer—especially a customer from a distance—only the goods used as a leader. It is my idea that when a farmer comes to town to buy dry goods he has a 'little list' that has been in process for weeks, perhaps months. If we can induce him to come to our store, we check off the entire list."

"Then it is your opinion that the making of leaders is as good a plan in the country as in the city?"

"Better. We don't have swarms of bargain-hunters to contend with. A man doesn't hitch up and drive ten or fifteen miles to buy only a few yards of prints. But he does buy the prints."

Disinfection of Streets.

The London streets in summer are carefully disinfected by means of water carts, which are at work by day and night, while the openings of the sewers are also strewn with a disinfectant powder of the same sort as that used in solution for the water carts. The powder used in watering the streets is commercially pure potassic permanganate, or permanganate of potash, a powerful oxidizing agent. One ounce is sufficient for 100 gallons of water.

Eggs Used in Calico Works.

Calico print works use 40,000,000 dozen eggs per year, wine clarifiers use 10,000,000 dozen, the photographers and other industries use many millions, and these demands increase more rapidly than table demands.