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ADVERTISING
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Below the Sea.
Deep in the bay the old church lies
Beyond the storm-wind's power;

For the first time I am going to tell you a true story...
The following story was told me a short time ago by a friend, who had it only at second hand from an eye-witness of the whole affair.

"A Secret of the Sea."

The following story was told me a short time ago by a friend, who had it only at second hand from an eye-witness of the whole affair.

"The strange thing I am going to tell you is true; I know it because I have it from a friend, or, rather a relation, of one of the officers on board the ship."

"Some years ago, before the existence of the Suez Canal, a large East India man was making her way easily, with light summer winds, along through the Indian Ocean to Calcutta."

"The Cape had been passed several days before, and now, with charming weather, officers and passengers, to say nothing of the crew, were looking forward to the end of what had been a pleasant, though quite uneventful, voyage."

"They had had nothing more serious than a 'half-gale' of wind, had met only three or four ships, homeward bound; and in spite of a score or more agreeable passengers, in spite of the last sensation novels, of musical entertainments, of flirtations by moonlight on deck, and even in spite of unlimited gossip, the days had grown very monotonous, and the weeks unaccountably long; even light-hearted middies had begun to chafe and fret over the long confinement on shipboard, and the young ladies to sigh for an excitement."

"It took it for granted that you know that the service of the East India Company's ships was like the Naval in its organization; there were captain, lieutenants, midshipmen and petty officers; the ships were mounted with heavy guns, and were well armed, and manned with men trained for fighting. The voyage was long, and in time of war the Indians were regarded as very desirable booty. The ships were large, strongly built and very commodious, and often luxuriously fitted up."

"The day had been hot, and the light wind had died almost entirely away; the great ship rose and fell on the waves, and her sails hung loosely from the tall masts that slowly swayed back and forth with monotonous, cracking sound one knows so well who has been much at sea. It was 'sundown,' and the short twilight of the tropics was fast deepening into night; everybody had come upon deck to enjoy such whiffs of air as might be stirring, the passengers and officers on the quarter-deck, while the crew were hanging over the side or lazily lounging on the neat coils of rope about the deck."

"Suddenly a faint, very faint sound—so faint, one knew not what it was whence it came—or scarcely if there had been a sound at all. People asked each other about it; some had heard it, and others had not; and after some discussion it was decided there really was nothing at all. And just as they reached that conclusion the sound came again, and a little clearer, more positive than before, so that every one heard something. 'It was the moan of the breeze through the rigging!' 'No, it was the bell for 'ard!' It was fifty most ordinary sounds in the world, and quite a matter of course that it should have been heard; and then—again it came—as if it dropped from the air, and were the rob of some sad-hearted spirit floating by. And then the thing was talked over and over, and everybody had a theory, and nobody was satisfied with any of them."

"Meantime it grew darker, and the great stars of the Southern World started out, making the night luminous with their wonderful glory. A silence fell upon the busy tongues, and all eyes were gazing upwards, when suddenly through the hush broke the tone of a bell. Full, clear, musical it rang out, then died slowly, seeming to go further and further away, until the last faint sound came from a long distance off; then again silence, and people looked strangely at each other, and almost as if they were fearful of breaking that stillness by speaking the words that hung on every lip. At last Captain Stanley hailed the mast-head."

"No, sir, nothing in sight. It's a little misty up to windward."

"Keep a sharp lookout—d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"A slight puff of wind blew past the ship—just enough to bear the distinct tone of the mysterious bell, and also to tell from which direction it came; it was deeper, clearer, fuller than before. The mystery deepened, but Captain Stanley said, quietly: 'That mist undoubtedly holds the solution of the affair; it is some ship's bell, as we shall see as soon as it lifts a little.' But hour after hour went on, and still the mist hung low on the water, and still the mournful sound of that bell was borne to the ears that listened all through the night on board the Dure."

"A few left the deck, and all night long that sad, weird tolling kept them company—now seemingly closer to them, and again so faint and far away. It was uncanny, and to the sensitive ones sounded like the strokes of doom."

"Just before the early dawn, while it was yet only a clear starlight, the mist lifted, and at once came the cry from the masthead: 'Something to windward!'"

"What is she like?"

"Well, it's a queer sort of a craft altogether."

"Mr. Crabbs, will you go up and see what you make of her?" said Captain Stanley; and Mr. Crabbs, a light-footed young midship, sprang up the rigging, and in a few moments returned, saying:

"She, or it, is a very queer-looking thing, sir; it is pretty dark yet, but, as well as I can see, it looks like a big flatboat with a sort of house on it—it floats low in the water. And that bell sir—keeps on tolling sir," said little Crabbs, hesitatingly.

"Yes—yes—we can all hear the bell plainly enough, Mr. Crabbs," and turning to the first lieutenant, Captain Stanley went on: "Mr. Fraser, see a boat lowered away at once; send Mr. Crabbs in command of her, to board this stranger and find out what this means."

"A few minutes later one of the ship's boats, manned with a crew of six men, and little Crabbs in the stern, was pulling towards the flatboat, which had become visible from the ship's deck. There was no steady wind, but a slight puff or two had been made the most of to draw a little closer to the strange thing, and the Dure now lay almost or quite becalmed about two miles distant from it; the house or cabin—a top of it at least—could be seen, and a sort of crossbeam arrangement on which hung the bell whose solemn voice was heard as the boat rose and fell with the waves; but no living soul was visible. Every glass was directed upon the little boat as it came up alongside. Mr. Crabbs was seen to climb up the side and instantly disappear, while in the same moment the boat pushed off and made for the ship, pulling in a disordered, hesitating manner, stopping for a few minutes' discussion seemingly, then their way with a long, regular stroke."

"Arrived at the ship's side, they came on board in a dazed sort of way with white scared faces; and upon Captain Stanley's stern demand for an explanation, they managed to tell their story."

"They saw no human being, they heard sound of human voice on that haunted thing; but as Mr. Crabbs stepped upon the top of the high bulwark, a large black figure reached up and seized him with its long arms and dragged him down; and there was a sound of rattling of chains and shrieks and yells of fenshish laughter; and the thing was loaded with devils, and the foul fiend himself had got poor Mr. Crabbs, and they got away as fast as they could."

"And sad and terrible enough it all was, and that horrible bell went on tolling an awful knell for poor, bright-hearted little Crabbs. There were sobs and tears, and pale cheeks, and mourning for the lad; and after a little the captain said, with a hard voice, and a set, stern look on his pleasant face:

"Mr. Fraser, send that boat back with a fresh crew; or, rather take command yourself, sir—take the best men and plenty of arms."

"And in a few moments the little boat went back, carrying men who had rather fight a man-of-war twice their size than face a foe that was unknown, and doubtless belonged to the unseen world; but they went, and resolutely, for everybody loved little Crabbs."

"How earnestly and anxiously they were watched from the decks of the Dure one can well imagine. Mr. Fraser and the boatswain, well armed and revolver in hand, climbed cautiously up the sides of the flatboat, and were seen to raise their heads slowly above the bulwark. And this is what they saw: a magnificent Bengal tiger of the finest breed just finishing his revolting meal! They fired together, and the great creature fell over and died without a struggle."

"Then the boat's crew were ordered to come up, and they carefully climbed on board, and with a pistol in each hand, began an exploration of the cabin; there was no door to it, and as they entered the wide doorway, there right before them they saw two skeletons—of a man and a woman, chained, one against each side of the room. Between them, in the midst, was a broken chain, one end still riveted to the floor—the other hung to the neck of the slain tiger!"

"Fronting the doorway, on the wall was written in Arabic: 'Such is my vengeance upon those who rouse my jealousy.' The ghastly tale was told. 'Silent from horror, they gathered together all that was left of the gay middle, and covering them with a boat-cloak, the Dure's men rowed back and told their story."

"Lieutenant Fraser told it all to the person who told it to me, and strange and horrible as it is—well, you know, 'nothing is too strange, or too horrible to be true,' and my story is true."

Great Salt Lake.

Great Salt Lake is in fact not a branch of the Sea at all, but a mere shrunken remnant of a very large fresh water lake system, like that of the still existing St. Lawrence chain. Once upon a time American geologists say a huge sheet of water, for which they have even invented a definite name. Lake Bonneville, occupied a far larger valley among the outliers of the Rocky Mountains, measuring 300 miles in one direction by 150 miles in the other. Beside this primitive Superior lay a great second sheet—in early Huron—(Lake Lahontan the geologists call it) almost as big and of equally fresh water. By and by—the precise dates are necessarily indefinite—some change in the rainfall, unregistered by any contemporary, made the waters of the big lakes shrink and evaporate. Lake Lahontan shrank away like Alice in Wonderland, till there was absolutely nothing left of it; Lake Bonneville shrank till it attained the diminished size of the existing Great Salt Lake. Terrace after terrace, running in long parallel lines on the sides of the Wahsatch Mountains around, mark the various levels at which it rested for a while on its gradual downward course. It is still falling indeed, and the plain around is being gradually uncovered, forming the white, salt-encrusted shore with which all visitors to the Mormon city are so familiar. But why should the water have become briny? Why should the evaporation of an old Superior produce at last a Great Salt Lake? Well, there is a small quantity of salt in solution even in the freshest of lakes and ponds, brought down to them by the streams or rivers, and, as the water of the hypothetical Lake Bonneville slowly evaporated, the salt and other mineral constituents remained behind. Thus the solution grew constantly more and more concentrated till at the present day it is extremely saline. Prof. Geikie (to whose work the present paper is much indebted) found that he floated on the water in spite of himself; and the under sides of the steps at the bathing places are all encrusted with short stalactites of salt, produced from the drip of the bathers as they leave the water. The mineral constituents, however, differ considerably in their proportions from those found in true salt lakes of marine origin, and the point at which salt is thrown down is still far from having been reached. Great Salt Lake must simmer in the sun for many centuries yet before the point arrives at which (as cooks say) it begins to settle.—Cornhill.

She Paid Extra.

A widow, whose age might have been forty, went into business on Grand River avenue a few weeks ago, and the first move was to get a sign painted. The services of a sign painter were secured, and when he finished his work he put on his "imprint" by placing his initials "W. A. H." down on the left hand corner of the sign. When the widow came to criticise the work she queried:

"What does 'W. A. H.' stand for?"

"Why, 'Wanted, A Husband,'" replied the painter.

"Oh, yes—I see," she mused. "It was very thoughtful in you, and here is a dollar extra."—Detroit Free Press.

The Student's Recommendation.

Professor to medical student: "We will suppose another case. By the blunder of a prescription clerk a man has taken twenty grains of cyanide of potassium. What would you recommend?"

"I would recommend that the obsequies be conducted in strict accordance with his bank account and standing in society, sir."—Chicago Ledger.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Steel Feet.

"Oh, little, fly!—for the people, these, Where your nest is hid so cunningly, With scarlet flames is ablaze, I see."

For Autumn, that wanted gold-haired boys, flames wild, with a flaming torch for a toy— And he fires the trees with a reckless joy.

On the people's mantle the bright sparks fall On the creeping woodbine along the wall, On the sturdy oak-trees, staunch and tall.

Oh, little, fly! to the Southland lie, For the woods are blazing beneath our sky, And your home is on fire,—little, fly!

—Esther B. Tiffany, to St. Nicholas.

Getting the Worst.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not want some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cage on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right said the lady. 'How do you know but I may cheat you?'"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pennies or a few dollars, loads himself down with a sin which is worse than all the gain. "Let this be borne in mind: The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it."

A Generous Girl.

He was a bouncing big turkey, and they hung him by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside the butcher's shop. A little girl was standing there watching it. You could see that she was a hungry little girl, and, worse than that, she was cold too, for her shawl had to do for hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand and gave the great turkey a push, and he swung back and forth, almost making the huge iron hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"

The poor little girl turned round, and there was another little girl looking at the turkey too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edges, and she had a real muff, white, with little black spots over it.

"Good morning, miss," said the little girl with the muff perfectly well.

"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor girl timidly; "he's the biggest I ever saw in my life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pook!" said the little girl with the muff; "he's not any bigger than the one my papa brought home for Thanksgiving to-morrow, I know."

"Could I have a leg if I came for it to-morrow?" asked the poor little girl softly.

"What! haven't you a whole turkey?"

"Never had one in my life," said the poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one and the little lady with the muff. Mr. Martin, I've got some money in my savings bank at home, and my papa said I could do just as I wanted with it; and I'm going to buy the turkey for this little girl."

The poor little girl's eyes grew so very large you would not have known them: "I shall love you always so much—so very, very much; and I'll go home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

I have not room to tell you all about it; but the poor little girl got her turkey and papa's bill.

"What's this?" said she—"another turkey; eighteen pounds; three dollars and sixty cents."

"That's all right," said the little girl who had the muff. "I bought him, and gave him to a poor little girl like the coward he was, when a can-can was held within reach and a voice said:

"Take it, comrade—a drink will ease your pain."

"W—what is it you?" exclaimed the prisoner as he rose up with his elbow and gazed at Jimmie.

"Yes; both of us are down, but you've hit the worst. Can I help you?"

"You help me?"

"Of course."

It paralyzed Big Sam to meet with such words from the man he had tried to kill. After a time he groaned out: "Say, Jimmie, you orter shoot me through the head."

"What for?"

"For the woods are blazing beneath our sky, and your home is on fire,—little, fly!"

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Why the Hatred of One Man for Another Turned to Affection.

Being, as I am, a man of no education—never have been given a fair show in my younger days—the reader is asked to excuse my plain language and bad grammar.

You must know that I belonged to the Fifteenth Alabama infantry, and that we went to the front pretty early in the war. We thus had our pick of good men. In my company the third corporal was a powerful big chap named Sam Chapin, who had been overseer on a plantation near Huntsville. He was not only big and powerful but his habits had made a selfish, overbearing and cruel man of him. He hadn't been in the company a week before half the men were down on him for his meanness.

Big Sam also had his dislikes, but there was one man he hated in particular. I shouldn't have said man, for he was only a boy 17 years old—slim, pale-faced and as timid in look as a girl. Sam took a hatred of this boy on sight, and he let no occasion pass to nag him and render his hard lot still harder. Jimmie, as the boy was called, had no complaint to make. He was of a forgiving disposition, and no matter what he felt or thought, he never heard him condemning anybody by word of mouth. Some of us would have killed Big Sam had we been in Jimmie's place, but such a thing as striking back seemed never to have occurred to the boy. Well, one day when a part of our regiment was cut off from the brigade by a flank movement of the Union troops, and our situation was desperate, our captain steps out and says:

"Boys, I want to send word to Colonel — Where's the man who'll take it?"

He was looking right at Big Sam all the time, but that individual turned two shades whiter, and hid himself in the rear ranks, muttering that nobody out a fool would try to push past 3000 Yankee muskets with the message. The first thing we knew Jimmie had mounted a horse from which some officer had been shot and was riding away. How he ever ran that gauntlet with his life was more than I could tell, but he did get through, and down came enough of our forces to help us out of the box.

This was new cause for Big Sam to hate Jimmie. The boy had not only exhibited greater courage in the face of danger, and right before us all, but he was promoted to second corporal. This was a promotion right over the head of Big Sam, and he felt it to the ends of his fingers. He couldn't nag the boy any more, and I have no doubt he swore a solemn oath to kill him at the first opportunity. Indeed, he hinted as much, and became so ugly and abusive to all that some of us wanted to kill him.

Well, in about six weeks we had another tussle with the Yanks. We were disputing for a rise of ground, and far in advance of us, carrying the flag which the color-bearer had dropped as a bullet had hit him, was Corporal Jimmie. I was feeling proud to see him there, when, as heaven is my judge, I saw Big Sam raise his musket, take deliberate aim at the boy, and next moment Corporal Jimmie went down.

It was a hurlyburly time, with grape and lead cutting all around us, and I set the incident pass for a time, determined, though, that Big Sam should pay the forfeit after the battle.

We kept on and on, but as we rose the hill we were checked. In five minutes more we were being driven, and that was how it came about that Corporal Jimmie, with his left arm broken by Big Sam's bullet, found himself lying beside the ex-overseer, who had a Yankee bullet in his leg. There were plenty of others wounded, and some dead ones, too, but our two men lay almost side by side. Big Sam was groaning, cursing and whining like the coward he was, when a can-can was held within reach and a voice said:

"Take it, comrade—a drink will ease your pain."

"W—what is it you?" exclaimed the prisoner as he rose up with his elbow and gazed at Jimmie.

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