

Earl Dunraven's Ghost Story.

"My soul and body, sir," said John, the guide, "never see such luck in all my life; most as bad as we had two years ago when we were camped away down East by the head of Martin's river. You remember, sir, the night we saw the little fire in the woods close by, when there was no one there to make it? Very curious that was; can't make that out at all. What was it, do you think?"

"Perhaps ghosts making a fire, John," said I.

"Yes, sir, mebbe; some of our people believe in ghosts, sir; very foolish people, some Indians."

"Don't you, John?"

"Oh no, sir. I never seed no ghosts. I have seen and heard some curious things though. I was hunting once with two gentlemen near Rocky River—you know the place well, sir. We were all sitting in camp; winter time, sir; pretty late, about bed time. The gentlemen were drinking their grog, and we were smoking and talking, when we heard some one walking, coming up to the camp. 'Hello!' said one of the gentlemen, 'who can this be at this time of night?' Well, sir, we stopped talking, and we all heard the man walk up to the door. My soul, sir, we could hear his moccasins crunching on the hard, dry snow quite plain. He walked up to the door, but did not open it, did not speak, did not knock. So, after a little while, one of us looked out—nobody there; nobody there at all, sir. Next morning there was not a track on the snow—not a track—and no snow fell in the night. Well, sir, we stayed there a fortnight, and most every night we could hear a man in moccasins walk up to the door and stop; and if we looked, there was no one there, and he left no tracks in the snow. What was it, do you think, sir?"

"Don't know, John, I am sure," I said, "unless it was some strange effect of the wind upon the trees."

"Well, sir, I seed a curious thing once. I was hunting with a gentleman—from the old country, I think he was—my word, sir, a long time ago—mebbe thirty years or more, my soul and body, sir, what a sight of moose there was in the woods in those days! and the caribou run in great herds then; all falling, now, sir, all falling. We were following caribou, right fresh tracks in the snow; we were keeping a sharp look-out, expecting to view them every minute, when I looked up and saw a man standing between us and where the caribou had gone. He was not more than two hundred yards off—I could see him quite plain. He had on a cloth cap and a green blanket coat, with a belt around the middle—not a leather belt like we use, sir, but a woolen one like what the Frenchmen use in Canada. There was a braid down the seams of his coat and round his cuffs. I could see the braid quite plain. He had no gun, nor axe, nor nothing in his hands, but just stood there with his hand on his hip, that way, right in the path, doing nothing."

"Our hunting all over, sir," I said to the gentleman; "we may as well go home." "Why, what is the matter, John?" says he. "Why, look at the man, there, right in the track; he's scared our caribou, I guess." Well, sir, he was very mad, the gentleman was, and was for turning right round and going home; but I wanted to go up and speak to the man. He stood there all the time—never moved. I kind bowed, nodded, my head to him, and he kind of nodded his head, just the same way to me. Well, I started to go up to him, when up rose a great fat cow-moose between him and me—"Look at the moose, Captain," said I. "Shoot her!" "Good Heavens, John!" he says, "if I do I shall shoot the man, too!" "No, no, sir, never mind," I cried, "fire at the moose!" Well, sir, he up with the gun, fired, and downed the moose. She just ran a few yards, pitched forward, and fell dead; when the smoke cleared off the man was gone; could not see him nowhere."

"My soul and body! what's become of the man, Captain?" I says. "Dunno, John; perhaps he is down, too," says he. "Well, sir," says I, "you stop here, and I will go and look; mebbe he is dead, mebbe not quite dead yet."—Well, I went up to the place, and there was nothing there—nothing but a little pine tree, no man at all, I went all round, sir—no tracks, no sign of a man anywhere on the snow. What was it, do you think, sir, we saw?"

"Well, John," I replied, "I think that was a curious instance of refraction."

"Oh, mebbey," says John.

Male Callers.

Do not call formally on a lady unless invited to do so; dress suitably for the occasion. Wear a full dress suit, light necktie—whites are preferred by some gentlemen, but the fashion of "necker dress" is not so much in vogue as it was a few years ago. It has been adopted by waiters, and hence the death of the mode. It is necessary according to the dictates of fashion, that gentlemen callers should wear pumps or low-cut French shoes. The silk-hose must match the tint of the tie or scarf unless this is white, and then the half-hose can be of any color you may please to fancy. The pocket-handkerchief should be white linen, or white linen with a very delicate border. When you call, etiquette requires you to limit your visit; do not remain longer than ten minutes unless requested to do so by the hostess. Leave your overcoat in the carriage, and should you go on foot, leave this garment in the hall; by no means go into the parlor with it on. Partake of some refreshments, no matter how much disinclined you feel to eat. You are permitted to refuse wine if you wish, for no lady will urge you to drink after you have refused. Do not remove your gloves (not even when you partake of refreshments); their hue should correspond with your tie and half-hose.

Several Salt Lake people, widely varying in social standing, have been affected by the recent strike in the Comstock lode, which caused a boom in stocks. A hotel cook is able now to retire on \$40,000, and a man who has walked the streets with well ventilated clothing can now call \$20,000 his own.

The yearly product of American forests exceeds in value that of all the iron, steel and coal combined.

A Year's Wooing.

'Twas Autumn when first they stood on the bridge; Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the field; The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue, And speeding still southward, were lost to the view.

Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love you?" She said, quite demurely: "Already I do!"

'Twas Winter when next they met on the bridge; The pear trees were brown, and white was the snow; The swallows were feathering their nests in the sky; She looked into his face and she burst into tears!

His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue; He said: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor I you!"

'Twas Spring-time when next they stood on the bridge; And white was the pear-tree, and green was the field; The swallows had thought of a speedy return; And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.

He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones go by—'Can you love me again?' She said: "I can't try."

'Twas Summer when next they stood on the bridge; There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the field; The swallows wheeled 'round them, far up in the blue; Then swooped down and snapped up a midge—let of two.

Said he: "Least some trifle should come in the way, And let us again, will you mention the day?" She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill. Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you will!"

—Chamber's Journal.

LOVE AND DUTY.

A year ago two young men dwelt in a quiet house in the Rue Crussol, in Paris, leading their lives in common. Their intimacy, which had begun at college, was cemented by a similarity of tastes and characters.

Paul had been educated for an engineer; Emile was a notary's clerk. After having completed their studies they found themselves about to begin the battle of life, and they resolved to pass together the period of trials between school days and the entrance on practical life, when the choice of friends is so difficult. Never a word or action marred the serenity of their friendship.

Paul was in love with a good and charming girl who dwelt in the same house. Paul, who was infatuated with her, was in no way surprised at Emile's friendly attentions to his sweetheart, and Emile, who was ever ready to wait on her, never thought of his familiarity being objectionable to Paul.

Their friendship was founded on esteem and confidence—a confidence so great that one morning in April Paul, who had for some time carried on negotiations with an American company engaged in the construction of a railway, said to his friend:

"An occasion has presented itself for me to show what I can do and make the beginning of a career. I have been offered the superintendence of the work on a railway in Louisiana. I shall be obliged to be absent at least a year. I cannot take Emile with me, and the thought of giving her up breaks my heart. In love distrust is a merit. I will not confide in Emile's brother. I confide in you. You will watch over her as though she were a sister, and in a year, when I return, I shall find her pure and worthy of me—she will be my wife."

"You can depend on me," replied Emile, grasping his friend's hand. Paul departed tranquil and confident. Emile and Hortense were left to themselves—she with all the seductions and beauty of youth, he with all the ardor of a young man of 20.

At 20 they made sacrifice—he of his desires, she of her instincts, keeping in subordination all their thoughts, all their wishes, all their conversation, to find their supreme satisfaction in duty accepted and accomplished.

When Hortense returned from the shop and Emile from the office they spoke of love, of a divided passion, he pleading the cause of the absent lover, she deceiving herself while listening to him.

On Sunday when the shop and office were closed and when they went to Mendon, to Saint Mandé, to fetes, or to pleasant reunions, the passers-by would pause to look at the couple, so young, so beautiful, on whom the sunlight of happiness seemed to smile, and would say:

"How charming is love!" And Emile's neighbors, looking through the window into the room where the happy couple sat, would say:

"There is paradise!" "That paradise was a hell. Forced to speak of love to Hortense, Emile experienced strange sensations, the cause of which he sought in vain to ignore. Forced to listen, Hortense said to herself that no voice in the world could better express the language of true passion, and that the woman who might be loved as she could love Emile would be very happy. The flame which they wished to fan for another burned them.

SOLDIER AND CAMEL.

Osgent Reasons Why the Two Cannot Get Along Together.

Among the astounding items of information which came all the way from the Sudan to this country by cable was the statement that the British infantry in retiring from Gubat upon Abu-Klea preferred walking to camel-riding. This information is not surprising. Take a genuine "Tommy Atkins," who has probably never been across anything but a highly-tamed donkey on Hempstead Heath, and put him outside the hump of a healthy camel, and he will undoubtedly echo the words of the cablegram—he prefers walking to camel-riding. On the contrary, there is much suffering for the unsophisticated.

The camel has by some poetical individual been dubbed the "ship of the desert." In that particular case the builder most decidedly builded better than he knew. Of course riding upon a camel will not give anybody sea-sickness, but it is only because of the absence of the sea. All the other elements necessary to mal-de-mer are present in camel-riding. The exercise may be an exercitant physically, but it scarcely produces the calm which is supposed to sleep upon the pool of Bethesda.

The process of riding a camel produces grievous and sundry vexations even for expert equestrians. In the first place, the animal must be compelled to lie down. He is provided with a peg in his nose, the peg is attached to a string, and when the string is pulled he is supposed to go down upon his bended knees. He does not go down, however, without a protest. On the contrary, he snarls in sounds that can be heard half a mile off; if there is anybody within visible distance he will bite; and if there is anything objectionable to him within reach of his haunt, sprawl hind-legs he will kick out with an earnestness worthy of a better cause. The bite of Mr. Camel is nothing to be trifled with. His jaws have a horizontal action, working from side to side, and the lower maxillary chews above the upper maxillary with a grit and a grind that would make any pylon with delicate nerves shiver with the devotion of an aspirant to its peculiar business of shivering. Not once or twice, but often has the camel lifted off at one fell bite the cranium of some Arab or Hindoo who had reposed so much confidence in his good intentions as to stand beneath his nostrils and smoke villainously strong tobacco.

As for the kick of the camel, it is what might be described in a certain vernacular as a "holy terror." As far-reaching as a sheriff's warrant, it has at the same time the force of a Krupp cannon. When an excited billiardist whirls around a cue with which to annihilate the man who has just beaten him, the cue resembles the camel's kicking leg. It gyrates, it seems to flash, and then it floors most absolutely. In Arabia there is a legend that the camel of the Prophet lifted one of its legs with such effect that a wicked gentleman was summarily imbedded in a rock exactly five miles away from the spot where the camel performed his salutary feat. Whether or not the camel knows his powers, his kicking possibilities are greater than those of a disgruntled politician. His kick has a far-reaching, corkscrew effect which is difficult to describe. With its old-fashioned, sponge foot a camel can knock even the cheek off a Ninth Ward politician, for even triple brass cannot avail against its intensity of application.

There is one thing pleasant about the camel. That is the lustre of his eye. Juno was called the "ox-eyed" from the rich resemblances of her eyes to those of a placid cow, but richer in subdued lustre than the eyes of the ox or the gazelle is the eye of the camel. Nevertheless, it is the kind of wicked optic described by Longfellow and plainly hangs out the signal of "be-ware!" Gazing into the eye of a camel is like looking down into the depths of a clear well—dark, glittering, profound, and containing a light which gradually fades away into ineffable dark-brown shadows. Nevertheless, the romance is taken out of the beautiful, mild eye of the camel by the knowledge that there skulks beneath it a bite of terrible proportions and behind it a kick that would seem to make dynamite a superfluous luxury of civilization.

As for the "ship of the desert" being all that fancy paints it, the experience of Tommy Atkins in the Sudan expresses just about the truth of the matter. First a rock forward, then the jolt backward, and suddenly a catch up in the middle, which makes the vertebrae quiver like blanc mange in the hands of a careless waiter, are just about the general characteristics of camel-riding. Attached to all this there are physical pains which, to use the singularly expressive language of the cablegrams permitted to be disseminated by Gen. Lord Wolseley, make the British troops "prefer walking to camel-riding." An experienced mahout upon the neck of a "jungle" elephant in the ravines of Kinchunjunga could not possibly be a more deplorable wreck of humanity than an English infantry soldier perched with all his accoutrements upon the back of a Sudan camel. To him an equinoctial storm in the Mediterranean would, in comparison, be a pleasurable experience; he would probably prefer an earthquake, a volcano, a thunderbolt, or anything else that would suddenly put him out of "extreme" torment.

In short, the camel is a very much overrated animal. He is a growler, a grumbler, and misanthropically vicious; his sole virtues lie in padded feet, a capacious stomach, and a suspendable power of chymification, chylification, and deglutition, and a familiarity with the peculiarities of the trackless ways of the desert. Hence it is easy to understand Gen. Lord Wolseley's intimation to the world that the Gubat troops prefer marching to camel-riding. Indeed, it probably conceals particulars about unnumbered pains suffered by the unsophisticated British camelery in their retreat from Gubat to the concentrating point at Abu-Klea.

This is found pasted up in a blacksmith's shop in Jackson, Ga.: "Notice—De copartnership heretofore existing betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe settle wid Mose."

Now and Then.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

And had you loved me then, my dear, And had you loved me there, When still the sun was in the east And hope was in the air— When all the birds sang to the dawn And I but sang to you, Oh had you loved me then, my dear, And had you then been true!

But all the day wore on, my dear, And when the moon grew hot The drowsy birds forgot to sing, And you and I forgot To talk of love, or live for faith, Or build ourselves a nest, And now our hearts are shelterless, Our sun is in the west.

The Beauty of Coal.

Lyell, in his experiments with coal, remarks "that after cutting a slice so thin that it should transmit light, it was found that in many parts of the pure and solid coal, in which geologists had no suspicion that they should be able to detect any vegetable structure, not only were annular rings of the growth of several kinds of trees beautifully distinct, but even the medullary rays, and what is still more remarkable, in some cases even the spiral vessels, could be discerned." Again, in another place, "the high state of preservation in which many of the objects occur, the perfect condition of the leaves, and other parts of many of the ferns, the preservation in which many of the sharp angles of numerous stems and plants known to be of soft and juicy nature, with the surfaces of a scagliaric, especially marked with lines, streaks, and flutings so delicate that the mere drifting of a day would have inevitably destroyed them, together with the occurrence of certain fruits which are found in heaps and clusters, together with many other facts of like nature leading to similar conclusions, convince us that these objects have never been subjected to drift, but were buried on the spots where they lived and flourished."

We quote these evidences of the perfect preservation of fragile plants and of fruits of a remote age as an important reason why further inquiry as to its cause should be made. If these plants were suddenly immersed in a fluid which excluded light and air and preserved them while becoming solid, it is analogous to the preservation of plants and insects in gum copal, and does not require unusual arguments to obtain relief. The presence of trees standing upright where they grew and imbedded in coal suggested a probability of immersion in the same way. The recent discoveries of ironaceous deposits of petroleum in subterranean cavities or streams suggests the theory which is here offered—that this "mineral oil," as it was first called, may be the origin of coal and not its product. Note the thickness of many strata of coal—some are sixty feet thick and are of uniform structure—with slate of limestone floors and roofs; and coal also has stratification closely resembling stratified rocks which deserves attention. Petroleum, bitumen and asphaltum are classed together as of a similar nature, although the first is a liquid and the last named a solid. We find a great difficulty in believing petroleum to be a vegetable product. If any species of vegetation yielded more resinous or oily products in former ages than those of to-day, these products were either drawn from the earth, water or air to supply the vegetation that held them. It also seems unreasonable to have so much vegetation derived from the vegetable fiber, when the entire growth of vegetation of any soil or climate appears inadequate to represent a uniform body of coal sixty feet thick.

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A Tragedian Among the Boys.

"I have been a school boy myself in a small way," said Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, to the pupils of the Central Grammar School in Brooklyn yesterday.

The actor seemed a little nervous in addressing his youthful audience, and said so. "Perhaps," he continued, "the reason I have faced larger and possibly more critical audiences with less nervousness was the reflection that I was but endeavoring to interpret the almost divine thoughts of another instead of speaking for myself. We are all, all groping in the dark, blindly looking out for the tasks, be they great or small, laid out for us. Out of labor comes repose; out of work a duress of happiness at labor well done."

After speaking upon the grand results achieved by education Mr. Barrett said: "I am sorry I cannot say any more at this time, but if I had the saying of a thousand words I could not do more than wish you, as I do now, all the joys and happiness of life until it ends."—New York Journal.

Damalos.

M. Aristides Amalose Damalos, Sara Bernhardt's husband, is the third son of M. Damalos, who was formerly Mayor of Syria, a post which he renounced after the Greek revolution of 1862. M. Damalos, Sr., left \$60,000 to each of his four children. M. Aristides Damalos did not practice any profession, but had a strong inclination for the stage, and much frequented the company of actors and actresses. Four years ago, when war between Greece and Turkey seemed imminent, he took service in the Greek cavalry, but soon left it and obtained a post as Chancellor at the Greek Consulate at Moscow. This, too, he soon gave up and returned to Paris, where he spent the last of his fortune. He took a few lessons from Delaunay, and entered Sara Bernhardt's company.

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