

ONE AND ONE.

The last red glimmer of the sun shines through the open door. A faint starry light gleams in the well-worn school-house door. Before the grave young master's chair a receptive, smiling face is seen. As with a nervous, pensive air, the cipherer works his pen.

At this uncanny title I shivered. "But what may that be?" I asked anxiously. "Ach! What an old fool I am. I forget sometimes, but forgive it." "But Klaus," said I, "what did you mean?" Klaus bent toward me, his old face drawn with fear. "The bell that rings out the life of every Von Steingraff," said he, with suppressed emotion. I suppose I looked both startled and interested, and the old servant, glad of sympathy and attention, continued in a hushed voice: "Mayhap you observed the monastery near the castle, sir, as you came up the drive. Well, sir, a long time ago the Baron Steingraff of that day, who lived then in the Schloss higher up in the hills above the Krotensee, had a quarrel with the abbot. The baron was a fierce and haughty man that cared little for church and priest, and the abbot was as naughty in his way, so the feud grew deadlier every day.

THE GHOST BELL

It is many years since I was quartered with my regiment in Vienna. Among my acquaintances there was a young nobleman in the Imperial Guard—Baron von Steingraff. A finer hearted fellow could not be found in his majesty's dominions nor a better soldier in his army. Frank and gay as a companion, he was a favorite with his own sex, and a good figure and good property, made him not unaccepting with old mammas and young daughters.

Friedrich, however, seemed to be no marrying man, for he had nothing magnetic in his nature. When our friendship had grown into close intimacy I happened to banter him on the subject of matrimony, but he assured me he had resolved never to marry. "Not," said he, "that I have any disinclination to the matrimonial state, but fate, cruel and inexorable, has forbidden me to enter it." I stared at him in silent surprise. After a moment he told me how, when a child, he had met a gypsy woman, from Bohemia, as he crossed a wood near the Schloss. She had stopped him, and asked him to go with her. "Young herr, then you go to marry a star like head. The way to God's altar lies through God's acre!" "Well!" cried I, laughing, "that was a safe prophecy. A man cannot walk get to the church door unless he walks through the church yard."

Friedrich shook his head. "That was not her meaning," said he, "but rather that I should die on the bridal day. Therefore, I shall never marry."

He shivered, turned pale, and added: "And now, Hauptmann, let us never speak of this again!"

After a few days, and I was far away in the north of Germany when I got a letter from Von Steingraff. It announced his coming marriage with a young lady of his own country. "My destiny," he wrote, "what it may be I must work out. I could not resist my passion for my little Roesechen. So come to me as soon as you can; and who knows but your happier interpretation of the gypsy's prophecy may be the true one?"

I laughed heartily as I closed the letter. The old story! Woman's tongue had overcome man's resolve—pretty Roesechen had whipped the withered gypsy from the field. And so said I packed for my journey, and the morrow found me en route.

At the close of a lovely autumn day I drove along the road between Salzburg and St. Gilgen where it skirts the picturesque little lake of Mondsee.

Not far from this stood the Schloss of my friend, built close to the ruins of a suppressed monastery and sheltered by a dark forest. Thither I worked my way—but slowly—for the approach was steep and circuitous, and by the time I reached the entrance and stood under the heavy arches of the doorways the sun had set and the great stone mass of building was lying in the gloom. All was quiet and by place seemed deserted. I knocked at the heavy door and an aged servant appeared. I announced myself and was informed that the baron was deathly sick. On the very day that he had written to me he was prostrated with a serious illness and he was now in the eighth day, struggling with the delirium of fever. The doctors declared the case to be hopeless, but were in almost constant attendance. One had just left and had said he would return as the crisis would occur that very night.

It determined, of course, to await the issue, and in a few moments stood by the bedside of my dearest friend and looked down on a poor shattered being, with flushed face, a burning lip and glazed eye, tossing and raving, whose hand was unconscious of my loving pressure, whose ear turned from words of affection.

From time to time I could distinguish words through his mutterings, which told me how the bewildered spirit wrestled with horrible phantoms. With appalling incongruity he mingled the scenes of the bridal chamber and the chamber of death, now calling on his bride to wrap her grave clothes about her, now bidding the sexton pledge him a skull of wine. Terrible as all this was to hear and painful to see, I determined to watch through the night, and the faithful old butler begged to remain also. Indeed, I felt so nervous and distressed that I was glad of his company. When it wanted two hours of midnight Friedrich fell into a slumber stupor. I left the bedside and went to sit by the fire. Old Klaus threw on a fresh log and filled a glass with Hungarian wine from a flask on the table. I noticed that the old fellow's hand trembled, and his eyes were filled with tears. I spoke a few words of comfort and he sobbed aloud:

"Alas! Herr Hauptmann, my mind misgives me sadly! I fear every moment that I shall hear the dismal ringing of the ghost bell!"

STRANGE INLAND SEA.

Threatening the Homes of Settlers—Security Miles Long, Twelve Miles Wide, and Still Growing—Damage to Roads and Crops Imminent. Settlers in portions of Colorado and California are in no small degree alarmed at the sudden appearance of a large body of water in what has been known as the desert portion of that country. It now seems as if nature had decided to solve the question of irrigation for herself. The water appeared immediately after the recent seismic disturbances in Italy and the slighter shocks felt in San Francisco. Exploring parties are out, and from the report of one, the inland sea is estimated to be twelve miles long and from fifty to seventy miles long. The boat was launched, and the crew set forth on one of the strangest trips ever known. There was a stiff and rattling breeze, and the boat danced merrily upon the blue waves. There was plenty of salt, sodine, and ozone in the air, and early in the morning the trip was extremely pleasant. A mile out a small smelt was picked up—a salt water fish—and to the most of the sailors in the party this seemed to prove conclusively that the water was the result of a cloudburst. Others thought it was from the gulf by a subterranean passage, while Roadmaster Mulvihill clung to the idea that the water was coming from the Colorado River. Water was said to be in the water of Mr. Mulvihill went about 18 per cent salt. The water in the pool generally went 26 per cent, while the ocean is about 30, so it could not be told whether the newly arrived water was salt or fresh.

There was a fair wind and the party sailed to the north, twelve miles northeast of Salton. Here a current about a mile wide and running like a mill race was struck. The water was fourteen inches deep and very clear. The swiftness of the current caused the shallowness of the water. This current settled the question in the mind of Mr. Mulvihill that the water came from the Colorado River; the naval contingent returned to Salton without further incident. A dispatch was found there from Colonel Blaisdell, superintendent of the Cargo Muchacho mines, which confirmed the colonel's theory. He said during the flood last February the Colorado River overflowed its banks and filled New River and many basins. The water has since continued to pour out of the Colorado River into these basins and New River, and to pour out of these basins into the Colorado. He had always wondered how the water in the Colorado and Salton rivers settled the question. The water started to Salton five months ago, but owing to delay caused by the sandy soil and evaporation has just arrived. It was behind time, but it came as fast as it could over the desert.

It is thought the water will last as long as the Colorado River is high, and it is now twenty-seven feet above high-water mark. At places on New River, where the water is overflowing, the banks are about twenty-five feet high and of sand. They are getting weak, and if they give way a bank of water twenty feet high and many miles long will be poured down like a tidal wave. If this occurs, which is very probable, it will make things very lively with the railroad company and will change the course of the Colorado or New River entirely. In fact, if the water holds out in these rivers, it will simply pour a sea of water into the Colorado and Salton basins will become a part of entry. Men have been sent to a point on the desert ten miles south of Volcano Springs, and if the current is found there it is certain that the water is from the Colorado. The place where the break occurred is thirteen miles below Elroy and seventy miles from Salton.

SUDDEN RISE OF TULARE LAKE.

Many Settlers Driven from the Ranches by Floods. The wonderful phenomenon now witnessed on the Colorado Desert, at Salton, is being repeated at Tulare, Cal., where the water is gradually inundating the lake. The largest body of fresh water in the State is beginning to fill up, driving out many settlers who have located ranches on the rich alluvial bed of the old lake. There is a legend among the Indians of Tulare River that the lake once stood in many places as high as that it receded a year or year till it had shrunk to a small pond, around which were gathered fishy villages of their grandfathers, but suddenly the waters from the snow-capped Sierras rolled down into the great Tulare Valley, which is a hundred miles wide, and the lake began to spread. Indian villages were swept away before the occupants could remove their effects, and many Indians were drowned. Those who escaped fled to the foothills, and they and their descendants refused to dwell near the shore of the lake. The water brought down an enormous quantity of water when the spring tides set in. The soil was so heavily soaked and couldn't absorb the usual amount of moisture, hence all the streams have carried water to the lake, but principally the Kern and Tulare rivers. The water has now inundated a ranch at the mouth of Tulare River, says the stream is sixty feet wide and fifteen feet deep, and has swept away several ranch houses. Fuman says the lake has spread out nearly ten miles in a few days and the waters have risen ten feet. A new road made round the lake is under way, and several men who tried to follow it had narrow escapes from drowning. This sudden rise of the waters and spread of the lake is remarkable, as for ten years the lake has been gradually receding, and it was generally expected that it would entirely dry up soon. The loss to settlers around the lake is heavy. The land is extremely fertile, and there is a project of building a levee to confine the waters of Tulare Lake, which is noted for its large supply of fresh water muskels. Before the present rise it was about twenty-four by twenty miles in area, but ten years ago it was fully double this area.

Sixty-Four Years Married.

Green County can probably boast of having one of the oldest married couples in the State. David Stickle and Mary, his wife, are the happy pair. They have been living together for sixty-four years, having been married in 1826. The combined ages of the two is 174 years. Both are still enjoying fairly good health. Mr. Stickle was born in Washington County ninety-one years ago, and moved to his present residence in Morris in 1840. Eight children were born as the fruits of this union and three are still living. The old gentleman is quite active and his mental faculties are still good. He was always an industrious man, and he still cuts his wood and does many other odd jobs about the farm.—Washington (Pa.) Republican.

Missouri Storm Sufferers.

Dispatch received at Kansas City from Blairtown state a heavy rain and wind storm swept over that town and did serious damage. Several houses were blown down and several persons were injured, the latter fatally. The depot, a large, substantial frame building at Landis Station, on the Kansas City, Osceola and Southern Railway, was blown off its foundation and seriously damaged. The rain storm was a terrific one, and the low lands are covered with water.

AFFAIRS IN ILLINOIS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers.

An unknown man fell down a stairway at 111 North Water street, Chicago, and received injuries from which he will die.

At Benton, John Schrade, a prominent German citizen, died from the effects of a kick from a horse. He was a prominent member of the G. A. R., and was buried under the auspices of that organization.

Gov. FIFE appointed as the Illinois Woman's Exposition Board Mrs. J. W. Patton of Springfield, Mrs. Robert H. Wiles of Freeport, Miss Mary Callahan of Crawford County, and Mrs. Frances Gilbert of Chicago. These four women will act in conjunction with the Illinois members of the Woman's Board of the National Commission, who are Mrs. R. J. Oglesby of Elkhart and Mrs. Judge Shepard, the commissioners, and Mrs. L. N. Phillips of Bloomington and Miss Goude of Rock Island, alternates.

The corner-stone of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church was laid yesterday in the presence of 7,000 people and a large number of visiting clergy. Bishop Ryan, of Alton, was present. The new church is being erected upon the site of the one recently destroyed by fire and will be a magnificent structure.

FRANK P. STEUBENBACH, who was charged with the embroilment of St. Ignace, Ill., with the Chicago and Rock Island and Pacific and the Rock Island and Peoria Railway Companies, was acquitted.

BURT MOORE, accidentally shot and killed Bruce Clark with a pistol at Peoria.

JACK McGRADY, alias McDonald, the horse thief and burglar who escaped from jail at Vandalla, after being tracked through several States, was found at Jacksonville by Sheriff Steinhauer. The arrest was made by Jacksonville authorities.

A PERMIT to organize the Lemont State Bank at Lemont was issued by the State Auditor, with a capital stock of \$25,000. The incorporators are W. G. Press, T. J. Hu ton, and John G. Bodenschatz.

At Akron, Ohio, John Merrill, of Chicago, was exploding fire-works. A large shell struck Merrill in the abdomen and passed through his body. He died in great agony.

At Carlyle, Henry Veiran was stepping on his wagon when his horses ran away, dragging him several hundred feet. His recovery is doubtful.

The largest wheat crop ever produced in Fayette County has just been harvested.

ISADORE WYTO, 6 years old, and his cousin, Harry Wyto, 3 years old, and Bertha Diamond, aged 1 year, of Chicago, found a bottle containing poison. Each swallowed some. Isadore died. The others will probably recover.

While engaged in scraping the front of Lansing & McFarlane's building, Chicago, John Rittel, a painter, fell from a scaffold and was instantly killed. He leaves a wife and two children.

The State Mine Inspectors are in consultation with the State Geologist and the Geologist of the State University in regard to arranging an analysis of the coal in the different mines in the State for exhibition at the World's Fair.

A SYNDICATE has purchased a large tract of brush land in Leaden Township, Fayette County, and will go into the fruit-raising business on a large scale. A hundred negro families will be colonized there and engage in the work of clearing.

Articles of incorporation of the Litchfield Belt Railway Company were filed in the office of the Secretary of State. It is proposed to construct the road from a point on the Big Four through South Litchfield to a point on the same road in Sec. 3, in Montgomery County. The capital stock is \$200,000.

The State Auditor has issued a certificate to the People's Savings Bank, at Chicago. The capital stock is \$100,000 and the officers are: C. H. Deere, President; Morris Rosenfeld, Vice President; and J. S. Gilmore, Cashier.

EDDIE PAYNE, of Chicago, 10 years old, was drowned in three feet of water in a pond back of McCormick's Reaper Works. It is supposed that he was seized by cramps while bathing.

The short-sightedness of the Legislature in failing to provide for the printing of English copies of the session laws to meet the demand is giving Secretary of State Pearson no end of trouble. The Legislature only provided for the publication of 8,000 copies, the same number that was printed years ago. There was a bill pending to increase the number of English copies, but it failed to pass. When the copies specified by the law have been distributed the Secretary will have but about 700 copies left, a number altogether inadequate to meet the demands of the people of the State. There is a demand for at least 25,000 copies a day in the State. The Secretary has received numerous requests from all over the country that ought to be complied with, and that it is not to the credit of the State to refuse. An edition of 25,000 copies would be none too large to meet legitimate demands.

The entire village of Averyville turned out on a hunt for lost children. David and Luther Crandall, aged 6 and 8, and Arthur Elwam, aged 8, who had been playing, were missed. At least three hundred people explored the woods in all directions. Not a trace of the children has been discovered, and it is thought that they were taken to some lake and were drowned. Others think the children were stolen by some rascals who camped a mile from the river. If nothing is heard of them the river will be Jragged. The mother of the Crandall children is so seriously affected that she feared she will long for reason.

BENARD SCHOLE, of Alton, committed suicide by shooting.

RICHARD EMERY's mules upset a hive of bees belonging to A. J. Price, of Clay City. The bees became enraged, and stung the mules until it is thought they will die. The bees took possession of the public highway, and caused the team of Henry Palm to run away, and severely injured George Palm, his brother. Traffic was stopped on the road, and the hicks were compelled to go around quite a way from Taylor's bridge. A lady named Mrs. Anderson had to let the bees literally stalk off on her several children were stung to such an extent that they are in a critical condition.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the acreable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

Don't Forget These Hints.

To extinguish kerosene flames, if no cloth is at hand, throw flour on the flames. Flour rapidly absorbs the fluid and deadens the flames. If when cooking any kind of dried fruit boiling water is poured on and let the fruit simmer it will be much nicer than to use cold water. Put camphor gum with your new silver-ware and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapuds, as that gives it a white appearance. Honey should be kept in the dark or it will granulate. The bees knowing this, work in dark hives. If when cooking a gallon of water will set the starch of almost any goods soaked in it before washing. An excellent snuff relief for catarrh is equal parts of gum arabic, gum myrrh, and blood root pulverized.

A Fragile Structure.

A system which chronic indigestion has developed and rendered nervous and feeble is, indeed, a very fragile structure, a tenement fast tipping into irremediable decay. Excessive irritability of temper, abnormal and causeless anxiety, hyperaesthesia, hysteria, and sleeplessness—these are some of the manifestations of nervousness. That grand, invigorating nerve tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, tranquillizes by strengthening the nerves, accomplishing the double result through the medium of renewed digestion and assimilation. No tonic in existence exhibits such thoroughness, produces such speedily appreciable effects as the Bitters. It is a perfectly reliable safeguard against malaria and dangerous kidney trouble, and remedies completely liver and bowel inactivity and disorder. Nervous invalids should not fail to fortify their systems with this benign proffer, which merits a persistent trial.

She Was the Umpire.

Tommy—"Mamma, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the ball game after this afternoon we'll beat the Leather-Bangers four to one." Tommy's Mamma—"That's all right, my son, but you're going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that."

Science Helpless.

All doctors agree that to enjoy good health the mind must be kept in a cheerful condition, but no doctor on earth can give a man pills that will make him joyous when his collar doesn't fit, and to this connection it is very fitting to remark that Dr. White's Kidney and Bladder Pills are given to thousands of homes by his wonderful cures of loved ones who had been given up to die of consumption.

That Was Enough.

"With all her faults I love her still," said a youth whose best girl was heirless to a brewery.

A PHYSICIAN recently said: "Probably Lydia E. Pinkham has done more for womankind than all the doctors combined. A woman understands those matters better than we do."

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it; but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

S. K. COBURN, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I had Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggist sell it, 25c.

FLATTERY, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money of courtiers, where by custom and consent it has obtained such a currency that it is no longer a fraudulent but a legal payment.

The good health of every woman depends greatly upon herself; delays through false modesty are dangerous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure nine cases out of ten.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

NO EVIL, dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love and desire to continue in, and make no efforts to escape from.—George Elliot.

FITTS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cure. Treatise free. Trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 31 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

CHARACTER is what man is in his inmost thought.—Cardinal Newman.

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will soon lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable and dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You will then have obtained this peculiar medicine in its such cases as yours.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 25c. per box. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Does One Dollar

IF YOU HAVE Piles, Sick Headache, Constipation, Dumb Ague, Sour Stomach and Bloating; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

Tull's Pills

will cure these troubles. Price, 25 cents.

The Soap that Cleans the Most

is Lenox.