

# Warned by a Vision.

A Tragedy Prevented by a Dream.

The Scotch express is speeding southward. Sunlight glides the autumn fields into a golden glory and plays upon the fair hair of the man who occupies the corner opposite mine. Utterly undisturbed by its persistency he reads his paper steadily, paying no heed to beauties of landscape, which wholly engross the other occupant of the carriage. I am studying the faces of my travelling companions with eagerness. Why do they interest me thus? Why do I note the straight features of my opposite neighbor with such eager interest? I mark the firm jaw, the rigid set of the mouth visible even under the long moustache. I watch with unusual curiosity till the sunlight slants straight across those studious eyes, and with a frown the lids are raised for one brief moment, and a blind is hurriedly jerked down. Pale blue eyes strangely powerful through the intensity of character they somehow betray—terrible eyes—too stern to yield to any pleading. Why do I cower so closely in my corner? What have they to do with me? The sunlight is shut out; he is again engrossed in his paper; my other travelling companion is still gazing out of the window. Broad shoulders, covered by the sort of black coat which gentlemen don't wear, incline me to wonder why he is travelling first class. The train is speeding on. My journey will soon be over. I shall see these men no more. Yet why do we stop at no stations? Why do I never hear a whistle? Why is the train so noiseless? This is a terrible journey. I never made one like it before. It is like a nightmare, yet the carriage is real enough. I feel the motion of the train; I see the faces of these two men with terrible clearness. I cannot turn my eyes from them. Ah! A whistle at last. We enter a tunnel. How dark, damp and cold it is! I never thought a tunnel terrible before. What is it? What is happening? Great heavens! What is this numbing terror which ties me powerless to my seat? I hear nothing. The very train is gliding noiselessly along. Yet, Oh! God! what is this? We are out of the tunnel. The sunlight is streaming in once more and falls again on that fair head, but—It is no longer opposite to me. It is bending over the dark man, who is lying motionless against the cushions, his head flung helplessly back. The fair man is feeling for something. Is he ill? Is this fair man a doctor, and is he feeling for his pulse? Ah! He rises from his stooping position. He has something in his hand, a packet of papers—and the other? I seem to know what I shall see. I sicken with horror. I recoil, but something stronger than I forces my loathing eyes to look again. No wonder he lies so still, for, doctor or no, the fair man has found his heart and probed it with a dagger. Did I moan? Did I only move? The fair man turns. He makes one threatening step toward me. Some agonized prayer half forms itself. Ah! what is this? I am sinking—sinking—sinking. Has the earth opened to give me shelter? Has— "My lady—my lady! Do wake up! I can't finish packing till you're down, and you know the luggage must go at 10." My maid's voice. I did not know she was with me. But where am I? It is no tightly stuffed cloth cushion in which my throbbing head is buried; no, it is soft as down. It is down. I am in my own bed, in my own room at dear Oakhurst. I have made no journey, seen—nothing. Ugh! I shudder as that ghastly picture again forces itself before me. A dream—can it have been only a dream? "Oh, my lady! Do rouse yourself. It's past 8 and your tea is getting quite cold." Maclean has been with me since I first came out—many years ago now. She knows well enough that I hate cold tea, and her device succeeds. I raise myself languidly and murmur, as I stretch out my hand for my cup. "Oh, Maclean! I have had such a ghastly dream." "Have you, my lady? I'm afraid you did too much yesterday. You certainly do look very white. I don't know what Sir Thomas will say if you look like that when you get to Leicester. You must try to get some sleep in the train." I shudder again as a figure, still with the stiffness that knows no waking, rises before my eyes. But Maclean goes on: "Sir Thomas is sure to be at the station and you must look well, my lady; now, do get up, or you'll have no time for a proper breakfast, and it's just food that you want, I believe." The thought of seeing Tom's dear face so soon does me good, so I yield to Maclean's entreaty, and get up. Two hours later we were at the station. St. Enoch's Station, Glasgow, is hardly the place to dream dreams or see visions; besides, Maclean was right, I did want my breakfast, and I feel all the better for it. I am rather late—I generally am—and have only time to give the guard Maclean's ticket and get into the carriage, where she has already installed my wraps and traveling bag. I always send maid and luggage first; I hate being bothered, and loathe waiting about. We are off. I open the newspaper, and my eyes travel down the first column without finding anything to arrest them. What a sunny morning it is; it will be frightfully hot by and by. Really, the sun comes in as persistently as it did in my dream. Ugh! that dream. I raise my eyes. Good heavens! am I dreaming again? In the far corner, steadily reading the "Times," while the sunlight plays on close cut yellow hair, sits the man of my dream. The glaring light brings his features into prominence and not in the minutest detail do they vary from those burnt in upon my brain. Will he look up? Shall I see those terrible eyes, with the hard, cold light shining in their blue depths? Yes, I feel—I know that I shall. The sunlight will slant across his face, as it did in my dream and force him to look up. Cold with terror, I watch helplessly. The sun rays dip lower and lower, but, ah! how slowly! At last with a throb he raises his head, and jerking down the blind, resumes his reading. But I have seen those chill, relentless eyes, which seem to freeze my very soul. I mark the white, nervous hands, and wonder stupidly if the small bag by his side contains that dagger. Where is his victim? Bah! I am a fool. Because I happen to have a nightmare about a fair man and then find myself traveling with some one whom my distorted fancy clothes with his likeness, I must needs imagine that my dream is to be realized; as if dreams ever were realized—mine at least. I turn to my paper and try

to interest myself in its columns. All in vain; were my traveling companion a mesmerist he could not fascinate me more. I don't seem to fascinate him, however. Except to pull down that blind he has never once looked up. I don't believe he has the vaguest idea that he is traveling with a particularly pretty woman. Kilmarnock. I will change carriages. "Guard!" No, I won't; I will not be a fool. If there is anything in it I'll see it out. Anything in it! What rubbish! How Tom would jester at me! "Oh, guard, just tell that boy to bring me some fruit." I don't want it, but as I was such a fool as to call him, I must say something. I buy some rather nice looking pears, and on we go again. No sign of my dark friend. The fair one has finished the "Times," and is now deep in something else. He is rather good looking, with a strange sort of diabolical fairness. Poor man, why should I brand him criminal? How Tom will laugh when I tell him about it. I have pretty well shaken off my terror, and, diving into my travelling bag, I produce "King Solomon's Mines," and am soon lost to all remembrance of time or place. "Dumfries." I look up languidly; no one is likely to get in here. Oh, really, this is too bad! A tall, broad shouldered man, evidently not a gentleman, who had been walking in the opposite direction, turns suddenly. Why on earth is he travelling first class? Good heavens! It is the dark man of my dream! His hand is on the door; his eyes meet mine with that searching, straightforward look I remember so well. I mark the lines about his mouth and chin, the massive head, the long, thick hair. I am sick and cold; I cannot move—cannot raise a finger to warn him back. The fair man reads on. The handle turns, a bundle of rugs is thrown in, his foot is on the step. Something seems to snap in my brain. Clutching the sides of the carriage I try to rise, and say feebly, brokenly. "I—I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel very ill, and—have sprained my foot, and I must get out. Will you help me?" He raises his hat. "Certainly, madam. But shall I not get you some wine or brandy? You look very white." "No, oh, no!" I exclaim with feverish eagerness. "Only help me out." He looks surprised, but complies. As I touch the platform some feeling compels me to turn round. Those chill blue eyes are fixed full upon my companion. I turn sick and faint again, and cling desperately to the arm he has offered me. "Where shall I take you?" he is saying. "Anywhere, only away from that horrible carriage," I murmur hoarsely. His look of bewilderment rouses me. "Don't think me utterly mad," I say. "I had a horrible dream last night. I was traveling on this line. Two men were in the carriage; one was a fair man, the other—you—yourself. When we entered the next tunnel he was opposite me; you were in the far corner. When we emerged he was bending over you, feeling for something" (my companion cast a searching glance at me). "Your head was thrown back against the cushion; you were—dead! Think me as great a fool as you please, but, for heaven's sake, don't travel with that man." "Train's going. Take your seats—take your seats!" The dark man again raised his hat. "I thank you greatly, madam," he said gravely. "You may have done me more service than you know. I shall certainly not travel with that gentleman and I shall take care never to put myself in his power." He put me into a carriage, springing hastily into the next just as the train moved off. When we got to Leicester, and I saw Tom waiting for me on the platform, I all but broke down, but just managed to save a scene. Poor Tom couldn't make out what on earth I'd been doing to make myself look such a wreck, and he was much puzzled by my having no small parcels. I explained that I had changed carriages, which still further bewildered him. The guard soon retrieved all my belongings and when I saw the door of that terrible carriage filled by his burly form, I took courage to walk past it, even to look in. The fair man was gone. Had he found his victim after all? No. There, comfortably enjoying a huge pipe, and looking as unconcerned as possible, sat my dark friend, in the corner of a smoking carriage. To Tom's vast astonishment he took off his hat as we passed. "Who the deuce is that?" asked my husband. But I did not tell him until we had driven off in the dogcart, for I would not let Maclean hear a word of it. She would lose all respect for the mistress whose only superiority, to her thinking, lies in her lack of superstition. We spent the greater part of the winter in town; being in the country only put us both out of temper. It was maddening to watch the horses eating their heads off, while Jack Frost ruled the earth with his iron away. I took the opportunity to lay in a stock of new gowns. One must do something. One Monday afternoon, the 8th of February, as I was on my way to my dress maker's, the carriage was stopped by a workman. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but you'd best go home. There's going to be rioting." I thanked him, but remembering that there was some huge workmen's meeting in Trafalgar square, I thought all the mob would be in that direction and told the coachman to drive on to North Audley street. Scarcely had we entered it when we found ourselves in the midst of a groaning, yelling crowd. Some were drinking out of huge square bottles, others were smashing windows with those they had emptied. Sheet after sheet of plate glass shivered on all sides. By the pavement at my left some men had seized a girl, quite a rough creature, apparently one of themselves, but she was struggling hard to get away, poor thing, and no wonder, for they were forcing raw meat down her throat, others were kicking about a whole sheep, while some played football with a round of beef. It was impossible either to go on or to go back; we were hemmed in. The horses' heads were seized, the carriage doors flung open, rough hands put in to seize my muff, the bangles on my wrists, my very earrings. "Shut those doors. Let go those horses," thundered a voice. A tall man, holding a red flag, stands by the window. The dark man of my dream, the man whom I had warned, himself closes the carriage door as he says with a bow: "One good turn deserves another, madam. Pass on." Who was he? Who was the fair man? And did they ever meet again? I fear I shall never know.—[London News.

## TRICKED BY A DUMMY.

A Story of the Indian Jungles.

We had been beating the jungles in the Bengalee district, to the west of Calcutta, for two weeks before any big game came our way. Our party was too large for a successful hunting party, being composed of over twenty officers, civil and military, who were out for a vacation, and the servants must have numbered fifty. We had plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, and now and then knocked over a wolf or hyena, but we could not expect to get within five miles of anything worthy of a bullet with such a camp as that. One day a native came in with a request that some of us return with him to a village called Dahur, about twenty five miles to the north-west. He said that an old tiger had taken up his headquarters near the village, and during the four weeks he had been there the beast had killed and devoured a man, two women, a girl, and a boy. The natives had set traps, but he would not enter them. They had poisoned the carcasses of goats and calves, but he would not touch them. It had got so that at 4 o'clock in the evening every one entered his house and made himself secure for the night, while

THE TIGER HELD POSSESSION of the village, and carried terror to every soul. Major Isham and myself got this news exclusively, and after a bit of planning we stole out of camp with our horses and arms and following the guide. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when we left, and as it was a cool day and we had a fairly good route, we pushed ahead at such a pace that at 3 in the afternoon we were in Dahur. We found the village to consist of seventy two huts or cabins, covering about two acres of open. One the northern edge of the village was a creek flowing toward the Ganges, sixty miles away, and beyond this creek was a fertile spot of 200 acres, which was devoted to crop raising. The creek was bordered with a thick jungle about five rods in breadth, and it was at the crossing that the tiger had got in his deadly work. "This tiger, sahib," said the head man in explanation, "knows no fear. While we were working in the field at noonday he came out of a jungle, sat down like a dog and looked at us for a long time. He saw that my brother's wife was very fat, and therefore selected her for his supper. We numbered over thirty as we started to return. We were singing and shouting to scare him, and the sun was yet half an hour high, but he came out of the jungle, looked each one over as he passed, and when my sister-in-law came up he sprang upon her and carried her off. He did not even growl. As he knocked her down his long tail whisked around and struck me in the side. Last night was the worst of all. As none of us had gone into the fields for three days the tiger came into the village for his supper. An old man further up the street unfastened his door to go into the house of his son across the street, and as he stepped forth the tiger seized him. He was a very large man, but the beast carried him off at a trot. You have, sahibs, an old and

CUNNING BEAST TO DEAL WITH, and if you do not have your wits about you will eat you both." We had plenty of time the next day to look the field over and make our plans. The natives were sent off to the fields to work, and we skirted the banks of the creek to the east until satisfied that the beast had its lair in a mass of rock so overgrown and sheltered by jungle that it did not seem as if a rabbit could penetrate it. He doubtless came and went by a path of his own at the water's edge. The situation was a good one to burn him out when the wind came right, but we did not want to try that until our other plans failed. Fires were lighted again on the second night, and the racket maintained for the first two hours after sundown was sufficient to scare any ordinary tiger out of the district. It was about 7 o'clock, and the Major, the head man, two or three others, and myself were sitting about the head man's door smoking and talking, when an interesting event occurred. We were almost at the northern edge of the village, and the noise was all to the south of us. I sat in the door facing to the west. The others sat so that their faces were toward the door. All of a sudden,

I CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE TIGER approaching us from the north. He walked up to within ten feet of the group and sat down and stared at us. I could see him in the reflection of a fire as plain as day, and I noted his unusual size and strength, and the fact that he had a white spot about the size of a silver dollar on his throat. There was a conversation going on in which I was not included, and I had been looking at the beast a full minute before I was appealed to. Then I replied: "Gentlemen, make no move! The tiger is only ten feet away! By moving backward five feet I can reach my gun. Should any of you attempt to spring up he will doubtless seize you." The natives were struck dumb, but the Major, fully realizing the situation, began singing a song. I moved backward inch by inch, and the tiger remained quiet while I was in his range of vision. As soon as I got my hand on my rifle I rose to my feet and stepped to the door to deliver a shot but the beast was no longer there. No one had heard or seen him move, but he had disappeared. "He came to see if you sahibs were really here or if we were deceiving him," explained the head man when he had recovered his power of speech. "He has seen you. He knows that you seek his life. It will now be between you three, and you must look out or he will get the better of you." Nothing further was heard from the beast that night, and next day we sent the people off to the fields again. After dinner we got a suit of clothes and stuffed them with grass to represent a human figure—a man. We placed it in a kneeling position at the creek, with our hands in hand, as if dipping up water and at 3 o'clock all the people came in, and we took our stations in a tree which commanded the crossing. If the tiger appeared at the usual spot we had him at short range. We watched until the afternoon faded into darkness, but he did not appear. If he saw the figure at all he scented the trick. Then we fastened a goat to the tree, and took possession of a cabin a hundred feet away. From a window looking out to the north we had

A FINE SHOW TO DROP THE TIGER if he appeared. But he did not appear. While all the village slept we stood guard, rifle on the cock; but, though the goat kept up a continual bleating for hours, she drew no other audience than a few jackals

and hyenas. Next morning the head man said to us: "As the woman was very fat she would last the tiger for an extra meal or two. He would not have touched the goat anyhow, but to night he will come into the village in search of a victim. You must plan accordingly." In the afternoon we had one of the families vacate their hut and brought up the dummy and laid it in the sleeping corner. We then took possession of the next cabin, only about thirty feet away, and cut two openings in the wall to command the door of the first. The people went to their work as usual and returned at the usual time, and everybody was inside before the sun went down. What we hoped for was that the tiger would prowl through the village, trying each opening to effect an entrance, and we had left this door so he could open it. We did not look for him before 9 o'clock, and were taking things easy at 8 when we heard an uproar at the other end of the village. We two ran out, but were too late. The tiger had appeared, burst in a door by flinging his weight against it, and had seized and carried off a boy about 8 years old. The villagers were frantic with grief when they learned of the fact, and the head man said to us, while the tears ran down his cheeks: "Ah, Sahibs, but we may as well abandon our homes to morrow. This is a wise and cunning tiger, and you can do nothing with him. If we do not go away he will eat us up." We quieted the people as best we could, and next day went about in person to make every hut secure. Every window opening was barred, and every door provided with a prop. It was characteristic of the simple minded natives that, while they lived in mortal dread, more than half the huts were so badly secured that the tiger could have entered. We had to wait again for the tiger to get hungry. As the crops could now take care of themselves for a few days, we ordered that the villagers keep quiet and show themselves as little as possible, and two nights and days were thus worn away. On the afternoon of the third day

WE KILLED A GOAT and dragged its bleeding body from the creek to the door of the hut wherein we had placed the dummy, and at twilight the village was as quiet as a graveyard. The Major and I stood at openings about five feet apart, and at 10 o'clock we had got no alarm. He came over to me to say that he was dying for a smoke, and to ask if I deemed it advisable to light a cigar, when I heard a pat! pat! pat! outside, and cautioned him that the tiger was abroad. The cunning beast had not come by the trail we had prepared, but had made a circuit and struck into the upper or southern end of the village. As we afterward ascertained, he had been prowling around for an hour, softly trying every door in succession. Our openings were on the south side. The cunning beast seemed to be posted as to this fact, and lingered on the north side. We plainly heard him push at our door and rear up and claw the bars of the window, and we hardly breathed for fear of frightening him away. There was a crevice under the door through which one could have shoved his hand, and the tiger got down and sniffed and snuffed at this opening for fully five minutes. Then he got up and remained very quiet. He must have had the scent of the fresh blood only two rods away, but it was plain that he had his suspicions. We stood at the opening, each one with his gun thrust out and ready to fire, when the beast suddenly made up his mind to act. With one bound he emerged from shelter and covered half the distance to the other cabin. At the second he went bang against the door, pushed it in, and was hidden from our sight before we had had a show to pull trigger. "T! ke him when he comes out!" whispered the Major, and both of us watched and waited. The beast no doubt expected to find a victim in the hut. He seized the dummy, gave it a shake, and the discovery he made broke him all up. Instead of coming out with a bound he sought to play sneak, and was just clear of the opening, head down and tail dragging, when we fired and keeled him over. He proved to be an old tiger, having lost many of his teeth, but he was big and strong, and would doubtless have made many more victims but for our interference.

What the Search-light Is. The search-light consists of a powerful arc light, usually of about 25,000 candle power, contained in a metal cylinder about thirty inches in diameter. One end of the cylinder is closed by a silvered concave reflecting lens. The carbon points of the lamp are placed in such a position within the cylinder as to bring them in the focus of the lens. The opposite or front end of the cylinder is fitted with glass doors, through which the beam of light passes. The apparatus is on a pivot so that it may be revolved around the centre, and it is also arranged for elevation and depression from a horizontal position. As ordinarily used, the beam of light emerging from the cylinder is so concentrated that at the distance of 1000 yards from the ship it illuminates a path only about fifteen yards in width. When necessary, however, a broader arc can be illuminated. One of the 20,000 candle-power lights will reveal an object at a distance of two and one-half miles. The effect of the perpendicular search-light in a fog, to those at a distance, has been described as very much resembling the aurora borealis.

The Rod. A rod for bass and wall-eyed pike, When over sandy shoals they throng, Adapted both to "cast" or "strike." O! split bamboo and lithe and long; With pliant tip that wavers like Some shivering aspen slim and strong. And at the bruted linking reel With baited silken line is wound, A miniature of fortune's wheel When good fish the lure has found, And in your nervous grip you feel Its shining circle whirl around. A good plain rod by all that's fair To whip the water like a throng, In northern lakes all lonely where The muskaloogee and bass belong— Simple and straight beyond compare, And worthy of a better song. A delicious preparation, aids digestion, relieves dyspepsia, creates appetite, perfumes the breath. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere, 5 cents.

Out in the Storm. There's a shadow over the sky, sullen and heavy as lead, And as black as the terrible deed that lies deep in a murderer's heart— So frightfully like an unuttered curse that I fear to lift my head, And I hate the loneliness so that I shiver and quiver and start. The world has a traveled life—albeit 'tis worn and old; That one touch of primeval feeling maketh the whole world kin; But I read in their passionless faces and lips so cruelly cold: "There's an ocean 'twixt untried virtues and terribly-tempted sin!" Up from the bleak, black river the pitiless northern comes, Stabbing me-fluting my rage with a scorn that is almost human, Oh, generous world immortals! keeping so warm in your homes, Have ye never a thought for a hunted soul—a starving woman? God! how it stung me then, with a red-hot throbbing pain! For standing here in the storm my eyes were cursed with a sight That broke through the blank that is creeping icily over nerve and brain, While ten times darker and colder grew the pain of this desolate night; I saw unwrinkled Content at rest in the arms of Wealth— The light from a curtained window was falling warm at my feet, And, creeping up sly and softly, I saw by stealth How riches and love and beauty can make life rare and sweet. Well! but her brow was not whiter nor holier than once was mine: Nor the eyes of that babe's young mother more grand with a sacred pride. Once—when I lay so terribly quiet, quiet and giving no sign— Starving, but pure! Oh! joy if then I had died!

Miscellaneous. Light guards—lanterns. What is the difference between an honest and dishonest laundress?—The former irons your linen and the latter steals (steels) it. Young Spriggs: "Mr. Bicquick, I am worth \$50,000 and I love your daughter." Mr. Bicquick (retired auctioneer): "Sold." "Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique. "Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cool reply of her younger sister. While one of Pittsburg's mounted policemen was chasing a criminal his horse suddenly lay down. The policeman got off, and so did the fugitive. Mamma: "You must not eat so many sweets, Flossie—it will injure your teeth!" Flossie: "How long will it be before I can take my teeth out like grandma does?" A legal Persecution.—Witlow—"I hear Jones has been arrested for keeping a cow." Bitsa—"For keeping a cow? What an outrage!" "Yes, she belonged to another man." She (at the mint)—"Ah, now I know, Harry, why I think you as good as gold." He—"O, get out!" She—"No; but you are, really. You are pressed for money, you know." Old Cashbox, to applicant for clerkship: "Have you any bad habits, young man?" Applicant, with humility: "I sometimes think I drink too much water with my meals." Small boy: "Papa, what does 'monotonous' mean?" Father, wearily: "Wait till your mother begins to talk dress with your aunt, my boy; then you'll realize the full meaning of the word." Judge: "Doctor, if I were to lose my mind do you suppose I would be aware of it myself?" Dr. Boless: "You would not. And very likely none of your acquaintances would notice it either." Barber (running his hands through customer's hair)—"Your head, sir, is quite—" Customer (irritably)—"You gave it a shampoo yourself two days ago." Barber (quickly recovering)—"It's quite a remarkably well shaped head, sir." They had chickens for dinner, and the host said to the guest: "Didn't I hear you say that you liked the neck of the chicken best?" The visitor, who liked the neck with some of the rest, said "Yes." "Well, you shall have both of these necks," and that was all he got. In a recent grammar examination, in one of the Boston schools, a class was required to write a sentence containing a noun in the objective case. One of the boys wrote the following sentence: "The cow does not like to be licked." "What noun is there in the objective case?" asked the teacher. "Cow!" said the boy. "Why is 'cow' in the objective case?" "Because the cow objects to being licked."

The Silent Style of Courtship. A young couple walked out together for the first time as lovers, by some mysterious understanding felt but unexpressed. Only once during the walk was the silence between them broken, when the youth touchingly observed "Corn's risen, Sarah." "Has it?" said Sarah, affectionately. On they walked, through many fields and country lanes, and nothing more was said until the time came for parting. Then the ardent lover mustered up courage to ask: "When may I come agin?" "When corn settles," was the calm response, and they went their several ways.

An Investment. "That would be an exceedingly good investment," said a tailor to one of his younger customers. "What is that?" "One of those new fancy waistcoats," was the business-like reply.