THE GRAVE UNDER THE TREE.

A Story of a Mining Camp.

At Strawberry Hill, in the old mining days, I had for a tentmate and partner a man named Egbert Johnson. They say that opposites attract. It must have been so in this case, for I was young and reckless while he was past the middle age and a quiet, conservative man. In those days few questions were asked as to where a man hailed from or what he had previously been. We siezed him up for what he was then. I knew nothing of Johnson except that he was a hard worker, even tempered, and rather preferred solitude to company. He had three or four books among his baggage, and those I learned after his death, were works too deep for the mind of the average miner to grapple with.

In a roundabout way I came to understand that Johnson had queer ideas about death and the future state, but he never discussed the matter openly. It was my own private belief that he was a little "off" in the head, and I also realized that I was not able to cope with his theories mentally. Although almost opposite in our ideas, we got along first rate together and never had the slightest approach to a quarrel.

One June day my tentmate was killed by a premature blast, as many a miner had been before. He was dead before any one reached him, but we could all see how his death had been brought about. Next day

WE BURIED HIM

under the only tree on Strawberry Hill, as our camp had been named, and in a week we had almost ceased to remember him. No one knew where to send his few traps and the little cash he had on hand, and the first were auctioned off and the second held for a claimant.

Johnson had been buried about four weeks when the men who were working a claim at the edge of the hill on which his grave had been dug, accidentally exploded several pounds of powder. No one was hurt, but a portion of the hill was torn away and the coffin unearthed and shattered. When we gathered around it we found it empty ! I had helped to lift the dead man into it with my own hands, and I had nailed the cover down myself, but the body had disappeared. There wasn't the slightest evidence that it had ever been put into the rough board coffin. Where had it gone to ? There were eighty-four men of us in that camp, which was scores of miles from civilization, and you can imagine our wonder and consternation to find that body missing. We had the grave under our eyes, and no one could say that it had been disturbed.

It was no use to speculate. There was the empty box, and no man could furnish a reasonable theory as to where the body had gone. The idea of body snatching was absurd. There was no other camp within twelve mile of us. Johnson had been dead twenty hours when we buried him. We knocked off work for the day and gathered in groups and talked it over, but

WHEN NIGHT CAME

the mystery was just as deep or ever. Next day thirty men packed up and left Strawberry Hill for new diggings. There was something so uncanny about the resurrection that no money could have hired them to remain another night. I don't deny that those of us who remained felt a bit nervous and uncomfortable, but we were doing fairly well in our respective claims and were willing to risk something by staying. We expected to see Egbert Johnson's ghost stalk about the camp any night after that, but, as night after night passed away and nothing occurred, we gradually came to drop the subject and feel more at our ease.

It was, I believe, on the 18th of June that we buried Johnson. On the night of July 16, close upon midnight, I suddenly awoke from a sound sleep. I was alone in the tent, and as it was a warm night the fly at the door was tied back. This permitted the full moon to light up the interior as bright as day. I lay on my side, facing out and the first object my eyes rested upon was the familiar form of Egbert Johnson. He sat on the box reading one of his books, and for a moment I forgot that he was dead and buried. He was dressed in his working clothes, as on the day he was killed, and the hand which held the book had one finger wrapped up in a rag just as I had wrapped it three days before his death to heal a cut accidentally inflicted. I repeat that it was a full minute before it flashed upon me that Johnson was a dead man, and then I uttered a yell which aroused half the camp and rolled off my bunk and rushed outdoors. In three or four minutes I had thirty men around me making inquiries, but I was so upset that I could only point to the tent and whisper Johnson's name. The crowd moved forward and investigated. The man I saw had disappeared, and I was unmercifully guyed for having an attack of nightmare.

Did I see Johnson ? Was I really awake? I would have sworn to it a dozen times over, and yet not a man in the camp believed my statements. The adult reader won't ; only here and there will any one be found to admit that it might possibly have been so, There has never been a doubt in my mind, however, and it will at least interest you to learn what happened next day. We were drifting into Strawberry Hill again, and it was my turn at the heading. I was detained fifteen minutes at the tent to sharpen tools, and a miner named Jackson took my place temporarily. He had not been at work five minutes when there was a fall of rock and

HE WAS CRUSHED TO DEATH.

His fate would have been mine had I been on time. Did Johnson come to warn me? Some of the miners believed so, and some still declared that I had seen nothing. I was undecided, but leaned toward the belief that his visit had something to do with my escape.

A month later, as soon as I could do so without exciting ridicule, I left the diggings and went to Bald Eagle Gulch, fifty miles away. There were about seventy men on the ground, and I was a stranger to all. I staked out a claim, put up my tent, and was soon a resident of the Gulch. One night about the middle of September, having gone to bed earlier than usual on account of not feeling well, I was aroused at exactly half an hour after midnight by some one speaking my name. I say I heard a voice call me by name, but I can't offer you any proof.

You will say I thought I did, as one who is aroused cannot tell just what sound disturbed his slumber I will let it go at that. The instant I opened my eyes I saw Egbert Johnson. In this case my bunk faced the door and the fly of the tent was down, while the interior was dark. Where the light came from I shall not attempt to discuss ; there was a light, however—a light strong enough to enable me to see the face and figure of my old tentmate. I saw him just as plainly as I ever saw a living human being, but only for a few seconds. Then he faded away and was gone, and though terribly rattled I had not cried out.

After a few minutes, when I could get some of my nerve back, I got up and dressed and walked out. There was a light in the tent next to mine on the right, but all others were dark. I walked down to the creek, thirty rods away, and had just reached it when there came a sudden flash and a terrific report, and I thought the whole diggings had been blown skyward. It was a powder explosion in the tent next to mine, where I had seen the light. Six tents were swept away by that terrific blast, and four men were killed and six others more or less injured. Of the two men in the tent with the powder we found only fragments. It is my firm belief that Egbert Johnson appeared that night to warn me of the danger which menaced. You will smile in pity, even though at mid-night to-night

THE MYSTERIOUS TAPPING.

of a "death tick" in the wainscoting will shake your nerve and give you unpleasant thoughts. I have no argument : your smiles will not clear up the mystery or illusion, or whatever you choose to call it.

No one at the Gulch knew of my visitor, and you may be sure I did not spread the information. While I felt that in one sense my old tentmate had constituted himself my protector, the idea of being watched over by a spirit took away my nerve and finally induced me to quit the country. I went to an eastern State and engaged in other business, and it was two years before I saw Egbert Johnson again. I was visiting friends at a farmhouse in Ohio, and it was summer time. I occupied a bedroom off the parlor, and the night of which I write was a close and sultry one. This time I was more certain of the cause of my awakening. An outside blind on my bedroom window was swinging to and fro and giving forth a creaking sound. The curtains was up and the sash raised, and I could see the blind move.

The evening had been without a breath of air, but now I felt the wind and wondered if a storm was at hand. I had been awake at least five minutes, when

I SUDDENLY SAW

my old tentmate in the room. He stood facing me, his right hand resting on the footboard of the bed, and he was dressed the same as when I last saw him. If all the world was to tell me that I was asleep, or that I didn't actually see him, it would make no difference to me. I know that he stood there looking at me, every feature as lifelike as the day before he was killed, and so why should I argue the case ? For one long minute I looked full into his face, say-to myself that he must be a living man. I was not unnerved, and should have spoken to him had he not suddenly disappeared.

What followed was recorded in the newspapers. I got out of bed, pulled on my trousers, and went into the parlor and looked out of a west window facing the road. I had just made out that a black thunder cloud covered the sky when there came a blinding flash, and I fell to the floor. Half an hour later, when I had been revived, I learned what had occurred. A thunderbolt had struck a flag-staff on the roof, run down the cornice to an iron bolt, and then glancing off had penetrated into the bedroom. Pictures were flung down, vases dashed to pieces, and the quilts on the bed hadbeen fired. Every one of the family had been shocked, but I got the neaviest dose, and did not fully recover from it for six months. Did Egbert Johnson come to warn me of my danger? You smile again, but we will not argue.

You remember the awful railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O. I should have been a passenger on that train but for a singular occurrence. I sat in a depot only a few miles from Ashtabula, trunk checked and ticket bought and waiting for that train. There were eight or ten of us in the waiting room. Opposite me, on the other side of the room, were two women and a man. The women were conversing and the man reading a newspaper. From his appearance I took him for a commercial traveller.

One reason why I came to look him over was because I happened to notice that he had lost two fingers from his left hand. They were the second and third fingers, and I wondered how he could have injured them without injuring either the fore or the little finger. The second finger

HAD BEEN AMPUTATED

at the first joint, and the third at the knuckle or second joint. That seemed an odd thing, too, and having nothing to do but wait I speculated over it. While the man was perhaps sixteen feet away from me, he sat so that the light fell full upon him, and I could notice every line in his face and every detail of his dress.

The train was due in seven minutes, as I saw by glancing at the clock, when the stranger with the newspaper suddenly vanished, and in his place, his hands empty and resting on his knees, sat Egbert Johnson. He was looking full at me, and for a few seconds I had no more doubt that he was alive than I had of my own identity. Not to strengthen my case, but to add to the mystery a bit further, I will relate that as I sat there looking at my old partner, who had been buried years before on Strawberry Hill, both women turned in a startled way and then moved along a litt'e.

You will say in this case, as in all others, that I did not see what I believe I saw. I have no proofs to offer that I did ; you have none to offer that I did not. I sat right there with my eyes fixed upon Johnson while the train thundered up, took on the other passengers, and went its way to meet a terrible fate. When the rumble of the trucks had died away in the distance Egbert Johnson faded cut of the existence as a June fog vanishes before the summer sun and I was all alone in the room. Will he come again ? And when and where ?

Gentlemen—"You don't mean to say you call this flavorless stuff oxtail soup, waiter?" Waiter—"Yes sir." Gentleman—"Then take out and let the ox dip his tail in it two or three more times !"

"Do you believe in a third party?" asked old Dimmick, (referring to the political situation,) of his daughter's beau, as all three sat in the parlor. "Well," replied the young man, who had not called to discuss politics, "I wouldn't have thought of asking you to retire; but since you mention it, M. Dimmick, I will say that it is the general belief that two are company."

TO FLY AS THE FLY FLIES.

Photography Invoked to Show the Human Creature How to do It.

Mr. Edward Muybridge of the University of Pennsylvania, whose study of animal locomotion and volume on that subject made him famous a few years ago, has set himself to a new task. He believes that he is on the right track towards the construction of a working flying machine, and with the support of such men as Edison, Sir John Lubbock, Von Helmholtz, Sir William Thompson, and others, is prepared to push forward his investigations.

By these scientific men the flying machine, in its perfected state, has long been regarded as a certainty of tke future. But a flying machine to be perfect, these men—and among them Edison especially—consider, must sail a swiftly as a bird flies, and must answer to its helm as easily and with as much precision as does a ship. They hold that there is but one method of construction that will secure this result ; that is to model the machine after the wings of a bird or of an insect. But they recognize the almost insurmountable difficulty of imitating a bird's wing, with its numerous complicated revolutions and its hundreds of feathers, each of which performs a certain function. They also recognize that, although as yet they have only a theoretical knowledge of the flight of insects, an insect's wing presents about the one-thousandth part of the difficulty of imitation in the bird's.

For this reason scientists feel that a knowledge of the aerial navigation of insects will be the greatest leap forward that has yet been made toward the proper construction of the flying machine. They also feel that this knowledge can only be obtained through photography, and that the only man who is capable of conducting the delicate and precise instantaneous exposures that the work will require is as has been evinced by this world-renowned "Animal Locomotion," Mr. Muybridge,

Mr. Muybridge who has recently returned from an extended European tour regards with considerable approval the wishes of his scientific friends. He is willing to undertake the project, which he calls a "a study of the aerial and terrestrial locomotion of insects," and so stated last night, at his residence.

"The knowledge that might be gleaned from the study of insects—I mean, of course, from a study of their aerial locomotion," he said, "would be of incalculable value to the many renowned gentlemen who now are devoting their attention to the flying machine. That I am right in this assertion has been attested by every scientist with whom I have conversed. Edison has told me that he firmly believes a perfect flying machine some day will be invented, and that he also believes the wing of a fly is the model upon which that machine will be constructed. Lubbock and Helmholtz and Langley of Johns Hopkins University. Ray Lankester, and Sir William Thompson—a group of names that are probably the most renowned in the scientific circles of to-day—share Mr. Edison's opinion, and unite with him in urging me to make a study of the locomotion of insects upon the same system I adopted in my "Animal Locomotion."

"I have already elucidated to the world the bird's flight, and shown how complicated a matter it is. Now an insect, it is well known, can fly faster than a bird, although the manner of its flight is not known, but merely guessed at. Yet guesses are not always so very inaccurate, and we are pretty certain already of one most important fact, which is, that in an insect's flight there is no lost motion. The action of a bird's wings, on the other hand, may be compared to a man rowing a boat; he of course, in his recovery from every stroke loses an immense amount of motion, and so does a bird in its recovery from the downward flap of its wing. The fly's wing, however, presents a perfectly plain surface, and, in its upward as well as its downward vibrations, assists in the work of propulsion: the fly's wing action may thus be compared to that of a man sculling a boat; there, also, no useless exertion is made.

"Now," continued Mr. Muybridge, "the advantage of modelling a machine after a wing that in its action loses not one iota of motion, rather than after a wing half of whose exertion is a dead loss, can very easily be seen. But this is not the only advantage. A fly's wing is but a flat surface, and its action, so far as is known, is in but two directions, upward and downward. But a bird's wing, besides being covered with a myriad of feathers, each of which, as I said has its own particular function, in its action takes four distinct positions, each of which is so complicated as to defy imitation.

After the perfect flying machine has been constructed," he continued, "the question remains as to the sort of power with which to run it. This, however, is a question that can be easily solved, electricity, the gas engine, or a dynamite engine working on the same principle as the gas engine, all being motive powers that could be readily utilized.

Mr. Muybridge concluded with the statement that while he would gladly, undertake the demonstration of the insects flight that has been suggested to him. He could not undertake it upon his own responsibility. He intimated, however, that in a short time the scheme would be taken up either by some young university that encourages original research or by some wealthy individual.

Education in Australia.

A few years ago Matthew Arnold, writing to me on the subject of the future of education in Australia, prophesied that the rich class would send their children to England. Nothing of the sort is happening. The first generation, from which he probably argued, has set no abiding fashion. Fewer and fewer rich Australians will be found at Eton and Rugby, and Oxford and Cambridge. A batch of travelling scholarships may enable a few university pets to realize (or not) something of what European culture has to teach them. But the average temper of Australians more and more shows itself either ignorantly indifferently or hostile to the outer world. The well-to-do "Australian native" is beginning to get touchy about his nationality and to resent "importations" from "foreign" lands while the rich people have not the wits to see the difference between a good education and a bad. Ten years ago the Old Country, or Home. Now it is "home," or more sarcastically, "'ome." The inverted commas make all the difference, and the dropped "h" contains a class contempt.

Amsterdam in Winter.

Amsterdam under frost is not lacking in picturesqueness. How should that be when one knows that there are about as many canals as streets to the city? It was very diverting to see the little boys and girls skating to school and colliding with aggresive butcher boys having meat trays on their heads. The rosy color of the cheeks of the Amsterdam young ladies as they, too, sped up and down the more select canals (swept and furnished with chairs for their sweet service) also proved a feature of attraction I had hardly dared to hope for. I grieve from the heart to add that, as a rule, the chief charm of these damsels consisted in their youth and the dexterity with which they moved their feet. These latter might have been smaller, but they were, no doubt, designed not to put out of countenance the irregular noses and very large ears which seem a characteristic of Dutch maidens and Dutch matrons alike. I imagine, however, that their hearts are built to the standard of their bodies, which may well atone for any external deficiency of homeliness.

The famous harbor of the capital was, of course, clogged "to the rimes." Looking over its spacious waterway, whether toward the Zuyder Zee or Zaandam, the prevalent stillness of the big steamers which studded it was very remarkable. Some of them snorted now and then, as if to proclaim their disgust with the frost, but it was futile rebellion. The icy wind was adding decimals of an inch to the thickness of the harbor's jacket every minute. It soon strung my mustache with icicles when I essayed to speed toward Zaandam, that celebrated village where Peter the Great put on the masquerade of a mechanic.

It brought tears into the eyes to skate against the wind in the direction of Zaandam ; and though the distance is but seven miles, an hour was none too much for it. The low banks of the river were simply no protection. Its regiments of windmills might, had they been amassed, had served as a fine, if limited, stockade. But set along the reedy shores one by one, like sentinels, they were only haunting irritations. The whirl of their sails seemed to get at the brain by way of the salt wind, and to make one's ideas and thoughts whirl in sympathy.

Brahman Influence in India.

The last common characteristic to be noticed by the traveller among the Indians is their subjection to Brahman influence. The people of India may speak different languages, they may belong to different races, they may even have different forms of religion, but all, except the Mohammedans and Sikhs, who indeed are not uninfluenced, seem to have admitted the supremacy of the Brahmans. "Why did that man bow to you in that way ?" I asked an Indian lawyer with whom I was walking at Allahabad, as a stranger prostrated himself before him. "He sees I am a Brahman," was the answer. "Why has this fine room been built," we asked in Bombay, as amid some squalid huts we found a good stone building. "It is," we were told, "that one hundred Brahmans may be daily fed." "Why are there so many idlers about Benares ?" is the question every one asks, and the answer is, "They are Brahmans who are fed by the pilgrims;" and when enquiries go more deeply, and it is asked, "Why does education not reach the masses ?" "Why are superstitions so strong ?" those who know most reply that it is because the Brahmans are afraid lest education should destroy their influence.

The secret of the Brahman's power it is difficult to discover. In early days they were at once the teachers and the nobles of the race, created, it is said, from the head of God, while soldiers and workers were created from his hands and feet. As teachers in other lands, they became more eager for ritual than for truth, as other nobles in other races and, more concerned for rights than for duties. They enforced, therefore in the name of religion, that ritual which gave themselves the foremost place, and they more and more adapted the ritual to the tastes of the people. Their own being the highest caste, and men being lovers of inequality, caste has received religious sanction, and it is an offense against God to take even a cup of cold water from the hand of one of a lower caste. Passion being strong, marriage is made for every man a religious duty, and woe to the father whose daughter is of marriageable age and is not married. "I shall go to hell," said to me one father, using a term which he thought would be familiar to my mind, "if my daughter is not married before she is 14."—[Nineteenth Century.

"That was quite a little joke of mine," he said with enthusiasm just after he had exerted himself with a bon mot. "Did you see it ?" "Oh, yes," she answered wearily, "I saw it last week in the paper."

For welding wrought iron a German chemist proposes a powder consisting of 50 per cent. of borax and 26 per cent. each of sal ammoniac and water. This mixture is boiled, being at the same time continuously stirred until it is reduced to a stiff mass, which is then held over a fire until it becomes hard. When cold the mixture is well pulverized and assimilated with one-third part of rust-free wrought iron filings The pieces to be welded are first dovetailed, or otherwise connected ; the welding parts are then heated to redness, and the powder strewn over them and allowed to liquefy over the fire. Only very light blows are needed to make a perfect conjunction of the pieces.

Cannibalism In a Western Camp.

A horrible discovery has been made in the mountains of South Dakota, about ten miles from the border, which indicates that a party of lost people have been driven to the dire extremity of feeding upon each other.

In a deep canon, where the camp was sheltered from the storms, there were found the remains of a camp, and at the fire, in the ashes, were several bones and pieces of a human body which had been cooked and partly eaten. There had evidently been five or six in the party and three of them had been killed to furnish food for the others, for there were three skulls found, and from their size it is evident that all of them were those of women or children, for they were much smaller than the skull of a man. The bones of the legs and arms were found, and to one leg bone there was still a qnantity of cooked flesh hanging. The survivors had evidently got some other meat and left the undevoured part of the last victim in the fire, with the intention of burning it up, but the fire was put out by a storm and discovery thus made possible.

It is believed the party originally consisted of two men, two women, and a boy, and that they passed through this place last fall on their way to the West. If such was the case the men have sacrificed their companions in the attempt at self-preservation and are now alive. It is understood that the authorities of South Dakota will make a searching investigation and see if they can find out the survivors of the terrible deed.

The London and Northwestern Railroad

The following items of information show at a glance the great magnitude of this commercial undertaking. Capital, £101,000,000 ; revenue per annum, £11,580,000 ; expenditure, per annum, £6,229,000 ; number of persons employed by company, 60,000 ; number of persons employed in locomotive department, 18,000 ; miles operated on, 2,700 ; engines owned, 2,620, carriages owned, 6,000 ; wagons owned, 57,000 ; carts, 3,500 ; horses, 3,500 ; steamships, 20 ; passengers carried annually, 63,000,000 ; weight of tickets issued annually, 50 tons ; tons of goods and minerals carried annually, 37,500,000 ; number of stations, 800 ; signal cabins, 1,500 ; signal levers in use, 32,000 ; signal lamps lighted every night, 17,000 ; value of work done at Crewe for various departments, £650,000 ; mileage per annum, 61,417,483 ; fuel consumed, 1,129,612 ; tons ; water used, 8,416,000 tons ; number of special trains run — passengers, 56,000 ; goods, 155,000.

Crewe provides for the whole line. All the 18,000 men in the locomotive department are under the locomotive Superintendent ; of these about 10,000 are drivers, firemen, cleaners, and mechanics at the various steam sheds on the line.