

THE KEEPERS OF THE PASS.

Now heap the branches barriers up; No more for us shall burn The pine-trees on the happy hearth, For we shall not return.

HIS SWEETHEART.

"Use Evan Routh's sweetheart." The speaker was a child of about five years old, seated on a high haycock, and making one of the prettiest pictures we

"We all said it would a' been a mercy had it died too, for there was no money, and not a relation left to it nor a friend in the world. We were wrong there, however. Evan Routh, for his great love for the girl who had so cruelly jilted him, took the infant, and paid a woman to bring it up. Now it lives with him in the cottage as if it was his own little daughter, and he just spoils her."

SOME SPOOKS

Seen by People Who Vouch for the Truth of Their Statements. The "committee on phantasms and premonitions," of which Prof. Royce of Harvard is chairman, has made a report to the American Society for Psychical Research, expressing perfect confidence in the entire accuracy of all the statements made to it.

Mrs. C. L. C. of Washington, sends the following: "Some years ago, when my children were young, I was sleeping in the room with them, they in one bed and I in another. I went to sleep as usual. I dreamed a fearful dream. I thought that, with my oldest child, I had taken passage on a steamer and was crossing a wide expanse of water. My boy had left me to play about the boat, when I suddenly heard the most piercing shrieks and recognized his voice. Filled with agonizing apprehensions I made my way to the engine room, from which the sounds proceeded, and was met by an old servant, who told me that the fuel having given out, they had cut up my boy and fed his body to the flames. I awoke shivering as in an ague, stone cold perspiration bedewing my whole body. I immediately became conscious of stifled moans proceeding from the opposite bed. I sprang from mine, and, running across the room, found that my eldest boy was struggling with nightmare, making inarticulate sounds in a vain effort to speak. I shook and called him two or three times before I succeeded in breaking the spell, when he cried out, in tones of the utmost anguish: "'Mamma! Mamma! I dreamed they were cutting me up for kindling wood!'"

Under date of May 1, 1888, E. G. Trankel, of Camden, N. J., writes to the society regarding a peculiar case of clairvoyance on the part of a dying relative: "I shall endeavor to narrate the incidents of the last illness of Mrs. Anne J. Field. On the 16th of February, 1888, Mrs. Field contracted a cold, which culminated in pneumonia with typhoid fever. Five days later the suspicions of her physician were aroused by a marked symptom (the patient also steadily growing weaker) of Bright's disease. "Upon the evening of the murder and suicide near the City hall (an account of which is appended) Mrs. Field lay probably in a semi-comatose condition, though apparently awake, as her eyes were open, with nothing unusual to attract attention in her occasional remarks, when suddenly she raised herself in her bed, exclaiming: "'Help! he's killing her! Won't some one go to her assistance?'" She then recited to her daughter, in close attendance upon her during her illness, a long story, detailing a walk that evening upon the avenue upon which the City hall is situated, stating that while there a sorrel horse drawing a light carriage or buggy, in which a quarrelling pair of human beings were seen, passed her, and shortly after stopped. It was then the quarrel became fatally warm, as Mrs. Field at this juncture startled her daughter with her outcry: "The details of the murder and suicide at Camden, published in the Philadelphia newspaper referred to, coincided exactly with the vision reported by Mr. Trankel. Dr. S. of Albany, N. Y., writes to the society under date of Sept. 10, 1888: "I am a physician; have been in practice about eleven years. Am in excellent health. Do not use intoxicants, tobacco, drugs or strong tea or coffee. Am not subject in the least to dreams, and have never been a believer in apparitions, etc. On Monday last, Sept. 3, 1888, I went to bed about 11 p. m., after my day's work. Had supper—a light one—about 7 p. m. Made calls after supper. "My bedroom is on the second floor of the house, and I keep all my doors locked except the one leading to my wife's room, next to mine by a wide sliding door, always left wide open at night. Her room has but one window and a door opening only into my room. My room has three doors, all bolted at night, and one window. Both the window in her room and that in mine have heavy green shades, which are drawn below the bottom of the window at night, shutting out early daylight. No artificial lights command the windows, and the moonlight very seldom. "I undressed and went to bed about 11,

farther down the beach some fishers drew out one and uttered no cry. Mark could not stay me; I felt excited, mad! I hastened to the spot. Oh, heaven! there he lay—handsome, calm, as in sleep—the man who had so bravely risked his life for others—Evan Routh—dead! The men in their hearts' deep sympathy could utter no sound. But somehow the truth was divined, and others formed a ring around. Abruptly there was a movement, a whisper: "Keep the poor lass back." Keep her back? Would it have been possible? Winnie had guessed who lay there. Her hair loose, and tossed by the wind; her head uncovered; her features stony, but now rigid with grief, an agony that could utter no sound!—she broke her way through, and looked upon the body. One low, appalling cry, piercing every heart, broke from her lips. She sank on her knees, then dropped over the dead fisher, her face on his wet breast, her arms about him tight—tight. Then—silence! Was she weeping? Was her sorrow too deep for tears? Had she found temporary relief from misery to unconsciousness? A space we waited. Then a woman, stepping to her, stooping, gently raised her, saying: "Come, dear lass! take comfort. The Lord's will be done! If man ever went to glory, he has, for he died trying to save others." The girl made no resistance, uttered no word. Her arms hung limp, her head fell back on the woman's shoulder. The woman uttered a cry of terror. "Heaven be merciful to us!" she exclaimed. "The lass is dead!"—Young Ladies' Journal.

and soon was asleep. In the neighborhood of 4 a. m. I was awakened by a strong light in my face. I awoke and saw standing near the bed, what I thought was my wife, as she was to rise about 5.30 to take an early train. The light was so bright and pervading that I spoke, but got no answer. As I spoke the figure retreated and gradually faded to a spot. The noiseless shifting of the light made me think it was a servant in the hall and the light was thrown through the keyhole as she moved. That could not be, as some clothing covered the keyhole. I then thought a burglar must be in the room as the light settled near a large safe in my room. Thereupon I called loudly to my wife and sprang to light a light. As I called her name she suddenly awoke and called out: "What is that bright light in your room?" I lit the gas and searched; there had been no light burning in either room. Everything was undisturbed. "My wife left on the early train. I attended to my work as usual. At noon, when I reached home, the servant who answers the door informed me that a man had been to my office to see about a certificate for a young lady who had died suddenly early that morning from a hemorrhage of the lungs. She died about 1 o'clock; the figure I saw about 4 o'clock. There was little resemblance between the two that I noticed except height and figure. It was very clear—the figure or apparition—at first, but rapidly faded. My wife remarked the light before I had spoken anything except her name. "I inclose my wife's statement as requested. The parents of the young lady who died are ignorant and superstitious, and I can get no statement out of them." The letter of Mrs. S. is as follows: "On the morning of Sept. 4, I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by my husband's calling to me from an adjoining room. Before I answered him I was struck with the fact that, although the green shade to his window was drawn down, his room seemed flooded by a soft, yellow light. The first thing I said was: "'What is that light?'" He replied he didn't know. I then got up and went into his room, which was still quite light. The light faded away in a moment or two. The shade was down all the time. When I went back to my room I saw that it was a few moments after 4. "My husband seemed greatly perplexed and said: "'How strange! I thought surely there was a woman in my room.'" I said: "'Did you think it was I?'" He said: "'At first, of course, I thought so, but when I rubbed my eyes I saw it was not.'" He said, moreover, that the figure never seemed to look directly at him, but toward the wall beyond his bed, and that the figure seemed clothed in white or something very light. That was all he said, except that later, when he knew the girl was dead and I asked him if the figure at all resembled her, he said: "'Yes, it did look like her, only older.'" Cruel Treachery. "Ethel," said Lionel Bertram Jones, as he dropped his slice of bread in the plate with a noise that set the canary in the gilt cage overhead chirping merrily. "Ethel, I have something to say to you." They had been married only four weeks, and the time had not yet arrived when she did all the saying. "Do you remember the day on which I proposed to you?" "Yes," she replied. "I will never forget it." "Do you remember," he went on, as he abstractedly drilled a hole in the loaf with the point of a carving knife, "how, when I rang the bell you came to the door with your fingers sticky with dough, and said you thought it was your little brother who wanted to get in?" "Yes." "Oh, Ethel! How could you? How could you?" "How could I what?" she responded, as a guilty look crept into her face. "How could you make me the victim of such a bluff?"—Merchant Traveler.

THE HAPPY DANCE.

Is this the girl I knew, So proud, so lonely? Who thrilled me through and through, If she spoke only? So fair, so fine was she, So far away from me— Now her eyes shine for me— Shine for me only.

Is this the town I knew, So dull, so dreary? Is this the heart that grew Therein so weary? Now, now, so kind is she, Green grow the trees to me— Bright is the town to me— Winter's grown weary!

For last night the fiddles played A tune that never before Any fiddle in mortal hands had played— And my heart is playing it o'er.

Is this the town I knew, So dull, so dreary? Is this the heart that grew Therein so weary? Now, now, so kind is she, Green grow the trees to me— Bright is the town to me— Winter's grown weary!

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