

have remained a prisoner for twelve years, seeing that it is only within the present year that such gigantic bergs as have been reported have been seen floating so far adrift from their glacial fastness. It is to be feared, however, that what we have said is a speculation founded upon doubtful premises.

A SCIENTIST'S GHOST.

It is not necessary to go to the length of asserting that the following extraordinary incident in the early life of Sir Richard Owen, the English scientist who died December 18, 1892, was the sole reason that the "Newton of Natural Science" held views on the subject of the immortality of the soul diametrically opposed to those of Spencer, Darwin or Huxley says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. That it was a factor in modifying his opinion on the matter there can be little doubt. There is his word for it that the story as here related is absolutely true.

Sheen Lodge, the residence in the royal park at Richmond, given to the professor by Queen Victoria, was built by the famous Adelphi brothers for one of the cast-off mistresses of George IV. It is not intended that the following veracious history should be the means of casting additional aspersions on the morals of a dead woman, for of morals, as the term is usually employed, she seems to have been quite innocent, but the fact is worth mentioning and there is nothing to prevent people drawing their own conclusions.

Just at the time the professor took possession of the picturesque cottage in Richmond Park, his wife was not enjoying the best of health and was wakeful and restless at night, for which reason she slept in a room adjoining that occupied by her husband. For more than a week the professor had been greeted the first thing in the morning after this fashion: "Richard, my dear, there was that child in my room again last night. I could hear the pattering of its little feet."

He finally remarked, "I'll see if I cannot put a stop to this infant's wanderings, even if I have to sit up all night, if, indeed, the whole thing does not originate with your imagination and the state of your health."

Accordingly, one night after the rest of the household had retired, Sir Richard placed a table in his wife's room, taking in also his favorite books and his writing materials. He settled himself then to pass a night in work instead of sleep.

For an hour or two he wrote steadily, turning now and again to his books of reference and secretly congratulating himself upon the facility with which his thoughts arranged themselves into sequence as his pen flew over the paper, owing to the perfect quiet which prevailed, unbroken save by the ticking of the old clock on the landing. Mrs. Owen seemed to be enjoying an unusually sound sleep, possibly soothed by the presence of her husband in the room.

Long past midnight the scientist had fallen to musing when an unusual sound recalled to him the purpose of his vigil. A rat of course, he thought, an unusually large and heavy one, but still a rat. It could be nothing else. Patter, patter, patter. Now close to his

chair, now moving away, hesitating and irresolute, the sound continued.

Sir Richard agreed with himself that the sounds bore a remarkable resemblance to the pattering of a little child's bare feet, now indistinct as if on the carpet, again sharp and well defined, coming apparently from the border of polished oak allowed to show free from carpet around the room a short distance from the walls.

Mrs. Owen was becoming restless, and Sir Richard feared that if she awoke her nervousness would impede careful investigation. He followed the sounds carefully. Always they returned to one part of the room—the hearth. The professor rose from his chair and moved it close to the spot whither the sounds seemed to tend. Pitter pat, again.

If it was a rat a new species had been discovered—one that could run head downward like a fly, for the sounds were now directly in front of Owen. Still he could see nothing. Mrs. Owen was turning uneasily and seemed on the point of awaking. It undoubtedly sounded like the pattering of a little child's bare feet around the room, coming always to a halt in the vicinity of the strangely situated fireplace.

This fireplace is a curiosity, the ingenious work of the Adelphi brothers. It would serve as a kind of architectural conundrum. Given a fireplace and grate situated immediately underneath a casement, find the exit for the smoke. The solution is that two passages are provided, one on each side of the diamond paned window, forming a sort of double-barreled flue, uniting again and appearing on the roof again as one chimney. Modern imitations there are, and it is interesting to know with whom the clever device originated.

Down on his knees dropped the professor, his ear pressed to the floor.

Pitter-pat once more. Something passed close to his face, creating a slight draught. Suddenly he saw that the dust on the hearthstone had been disturbed.

Plainly printed in the white dust caused by the holystoning of the hearth was the print of a little child's bare foot.

"Richard, Richard, there's that child again; don't you hear it? Oh, Richard, don't leave me," cried Mrs. Owen, now wide awake.

Quickly crossing the room the professor took up his position at his wife's bedside, stroking her face and hair. He spoke reassuringly, trying to soothe her. The room was perfectly silent, save for the pattering of the unseen feet. The impression on the hearth was visible from where he stood, but he was yet unable to persuade himself that it was due to naught but natural causes. Then as the clock chimed again the sound ceased. For fully five minutes the scientist stood listening intently, but could hear no sound beyond the beating of his own blood and the regular breathing of his wife, who had fallen fast asleep.

Leaving the bedside the professor hastily brushed over the imprint on the hearth with his handkerchief, blew out the candles and threw himself upon the sofa at the foot of the bed. The next day Sir Richard had his wife's bed removed to another room, under the pretext of repapering. A stonemason was sent for and ordered to pull up the hearth-stone. The work was soon done.

It only remains to add that Mrs. Owen, to her dying day, knew nothing of the removal of the stone or of the discovery made underneath; for the work was well done, and after replacing it none could tell that the hearth had ever been disturbed. Beneath the stone were found the bones of a child, not more than five months old, in a good state of preservation. The rector of Sheen, then only a curate, said the burial service over the little skeleton. The local sexton gave the child's remains a decent burial. The former and the son of the latter are living and will bear witness to the truth of these things.

THE FAR NORTH.

SWEDEN.

The streets of Stockholm have no artificial light from June 1 to July 21.

The Korsnoes box factory exported the other day a large supply of boxes to Arabia.

A young nobleman of Malmo committed suicide at Monaco on account of losses at the roulette table.

The Gothenburg Handelstidning has raised 3,000 crowns for the sufferers at Vaerdalen Norway.

Prince Bernadotte is staying with his family at the Royal castle, Rosendal, during the summer.

The Y. M. C. A. of Stockholm, is raising funds for a new hall. Six parties have given 5,000 crowns each.

The artists of Stockholm and vicinity had their annual jollification rendezvous at the beautiful Nackanes.

Two hundred and forty-six petitions from conscripts who wanted to emigrate were discussed at the last cabinet meeting.

Rev. Erik Boden, of Ostersund, has been expelled from the state church on account of drunkenness and cruelty against his wife.

Diphtheria is raging epidemically among the conscripts of the Leksand company at Rommeled. Ten cases were reported the other day.

It is rumored that Colonel Wilhelm Reutersvard, commander-in-chief of the First Grenadier regiment, will be appointed governor of the Orebro Loen.

On account of the smallpox now raging in Gothenburg the English authorities have decided that no Swedish emigrant will be allowed to land in England before he can prove that he has been vaccinated.

The Bethel seminary, the theological seminary of the Baptist church of Sweden, graduated ten candidates of theology at the commencement last spring. The attendance last winter was, forty, and the number of classes, three.

The temperance people of Stockholm will have a convention at Ladugardsgaerdet, July 9. At least sixteen of the foremost temperance lecturers of the country will speak on temperance and prohibition from four different platforms.

The military bands of the Svea body guard, the Second body guard, the mounted body guard and the Svea artillery regiment have together given