Sonorous sands are now known to be widely distributed throughout the world. They have been found on the coast of Scotland and the Hebrides; on the coast of California, in Nevada, and on the northwest shore of Lake Champlain; along the shores of the Caribbean Sea, where, in some places, it is said to be as loud as the barking of a dog, and in several places in Asia. The phenomenon is, therefore, widely extended.

W. R. I.

A Shrewd Device.

After the power of Prussia had been so thoroughly broken by the first Napoleon in the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, the Prussians set secretly to work to retrieve their misfortune. As a means toward this end a secret society, known as the Tugendbund, was formed, whose members were chiefly professors and students of the universities. As the people of the country had been disarmed by their conquerors, one duty of the society was to secretly supply them with arms and ammunition. These had to be smuggled in from England and other friendly countries, and, since the French troops, who garrisoned the towns, kept a strict surveillance over them, it was necessary to employ many shrewd devices to prevent discovery.

In the midst of a forest near the little village of Waldheim, and far from the highway, stood a large, lonely building, long since deserted by all except the owls and bats which had taken their abode there, and half fallen into ruins from age and lack of repairs. It had originally been built and occupied as a hunting-lodge by an owner of the estate, a part of which the forest was. In late years it had been inhabited only by the forester and his son, and since one morning when they had been found murdered in their beds, nobody had lived there. Its lonely location and desolate appearance kept people from visiting the place, and it is not strange that it soon won the reputation of being haunted; at least, that was the current belief among the good people of Waldheim. Nevertheless, they had no absolute proof of this until one day when one Heinz Berger, an idle and worthless fellow of the village, who was suspected of being a poacher between the intervals of his drunken spells, confirmed the belief by an account of his own experience there.

His story was, that on the evening in question he happened to be passing the house on his way home from Grenwitz, a neighboring village, whistling to keep up his courage, when he noticed a glimmer of light through the cracks in the shutters before the cellar windows. Much startled by this appearance, all the ghostly rumors about the place passed through his head in an instant, and his first impulse was to make his way from the place as soon as possible, but his curiosity overcoming his fears and his discretion, he cautiously approached the window and looked through a crack in the shutter. He had not looked long, however, before he started off at full speed for the village, and did not slack up for a moment until safe at the village inn, where his sudden and precipatory appearance and pale face caused great commotion among the company assembled there. After his fear had been allayed by the presence of so many friends, and he had recovered breath, lost in so long a run, he told his story.

When he had peered through the shutters, he said, he had looked into a long, low room, which must have extended out beyond the house, and underground, for the window was at a corner of the house, and opened into the upper end of the room. He could only just see one corner of the further end of the room, but there he plainly beheld two black coffins, standing on end, before each of which a candle was burning. On the fronts were inscribed some white letters, which he could not read. Greatly amazed at this sight he now, without making any noise, changed his position so that he could look into the upper end of the cellar. There, at a table on which two candles were burning, was seated a man with long white hair and beard, apparently reading some papers, though, as his back was turned, Berger was not quite sure what he was doing. Forgetting himself for the moment, Berger slipped and struck the shutter, causing it to rattle violently. The man at the table