

body of a man, all in a heap. On his throat were livid marks ; his mouth was open, and his eyes starting from their sockets. On his face was such a look as was never seen on living features,—a look of almost superhuman terror.

Such is the legend the old man told me, with ill-concealed shudders. "The pile of gold is still there," he said, "and there is much gold in the mine, but no one dares to go near the place. The Devil guards it. I went there once—," and he paused, shaking his head ; nor could he be induced to tell what had happened to him on that occasion.

A Modern Pan.

"SPEAKING of the Breckinridge case," said a drummer as he leaned on the bar and gave his order to the affable mixer of drinks, "reminds me of a certain Kentucky Colonel whom I used to know. I remember him best by a little incident which happened when I was in the 'Blue Grass State.'

"It was during that time when transfusion of blood was all the rage for unhealthy people. The physicians all over the country were busy inserting little funnels into the limbs of the élite, and in fact a man wasn't considered in it at all, unless he was a blood relation to at least two or three orders of the animal kingdom. It happened that the Colonel had been suffering for some time with that *pneumatic tired* feeling, and he thought that if he were to feel the blood of some healthy animal coursing through his veins, he would be a well man again. Accordingly he hunted around until he found a stalwart billy goat that looked as if it might contain the longed-for fluid in rich abundance. Perhaps it was only an idle fancy of the Colonel, but he fattened that goat on blue-grass so that he might still lay claim to having nothing but blue blood in his veins. He informed his physician that he wished to have the blood of the William transfused into his own. The doctor being a little surprised, protested, but knowing how eccentric the Colonel was at times, at length yielded.

"The operation seemed to have been a great success at first, but after a while it was noticed that the Colonel was acting strangely. He let his imperial grow to an enormous length, evinced a desire to eat brown paper, and insisted upon drinking his dram out of an old tomato can. He even declared