

Uncle Terry

By CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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Synopsis.—Uncle Terry is the keeper of the Cape light on Southport Island. He has an adopted daughter, Telly (Etella), grown to womanhood, who was rescued when a baby from the wreck of the Norwegian ship Peterson. Albert and Alice Page are two orphan boys with a heritage of money living in the village of Sandgate. Albert is a college graduate, and through the influence of his chum, Frank Nason, gets a position in the law office of "Old Nick" Frye in Boston. Frye is a second-rate and is attorney for Frank's father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He wants Albert to keep up his intimacy with Frank, who has a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. In an evening's outing with Frank, Albert fritters away \$20. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. Frye increases Albert's pay from \$75 to \$175 a month as a bribe to spy upon the Nasons. Albert tells Frank of his debts, Alice's struggles and his dislike of expensive follies. Frank confesses his disgust with an idle life and induces his father to make Albert his attorney in place of Frye. Albert has \$2,500 a year to attend to Nason's affairs. He takes Frank to his village home for Christmas, with the inevitable result that his friend is smitten with Alice. Frank is delighted with the country holiday of sleighrides and skating. Alice keeps him at a distance and tells her brother that his chum ought to work for a living. A notice appears in the papers calling for the heirs of Eric Peterson of Stockholm, and his wife and child were wrecked on the Maine coast. Frye is the attorney. Uncle Terry goes to Boston and after telling his story in full gives Frye \$250 to recover the estate for Telly. Frank takes a hint from Alice and studies law. Albert plans a summer vacation trip to his home for himself and chum. Alice resolves not to fall in love with the city chap according to the plot. Alice avoids meeting Frank alone. However, he scatters tips so freely among the villagers that gossips set him down as a millionaire courting the pretty schoolma'am.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRANK NASON had consoled himself during the many months of hard study with visions of a yachting trip in July and August, when perhaps in some manner Alice Page could be induced to come, with his mother and sisters to chaperon her and her brother and some other friends to complete the party.

He had the Gypsy put in first class shape and all her staterooms refurnished, and one in particular, which he intended Alice should occupy, upholstered in blue. So well formed were his plans that he timed the start so as to utilize the July moon for the first ten days and mapped out a trip taking in all the Maine coast, spending a week at Bar Harbor, and then a run up as far as Nova Scotia.

He had described all the charms of this trip to Alice and extended to her the most urgent invitation. He had obtained her brother's promise to supplement it and also to make one of the party, and he had persuaded his sister Blanche to aid him with his mother, but he had met discouragement on all sides. In the first place, Alice wrote it was doubtful if she could go. It would be a delightful outing and one she would enjoy, but it would not be right to leave Aunt Susan alone for so long, and then, as her school did not close until the last of June, she would have no time to get ready.

To cap the climax of Frank's discomfiture, when July came his mother announced that she had decided to go to the mountains for the summer.

"It's no use, Bert," he said to his friend one evening. "I wanted your sister to go to Maine with us and mother and the girls and a few more who I can't make a party, but it's no go. I can't induce your sister to join us, and it's no use if she would, for mother has determined to go to the mountains, and that settles it. If you and I have any outing on the yacht we must make up a gander party."

"That suits me just as well as, and in fact better than, the other plan," replied Albert consolingly. "If we have a lot of ladies along we must dance attendance upon them, and if we can't fish, smoke, play cards, sing or go to sleep when we feel like it. I tell you, Frank," he continued, evidently desiring to cheer up that young man, "girls are all right as companions at home or at balls and theaters, but on a yacht they are in the way."

A week afterward, and early one bright morning, the Gypsy, with skipper, crew and a party of eight jolly young men on board, sailed out of Boston and that night dropped anchor under the lee of an island in Casco bay. She remained there one full day and the next ran to Boothbay and found shelter in a landlocked cove forming part of the coast line of Southport Island. It was after dinner next day, and while the rest of the party were either playing cards or napping in hammocks under the awning, that Albert Page took one of the boats, his pipe and sketchbook and rowed down the coast a mile to an inlet he had noticed the day before. The outer point of this was formed by a bold cliff that he desired to sketch, and pulling the boat well up behind the inner point, tying the painter to a rock and taking the cushions along, he found a shady spot and sat down. The sloping rock he selected for a seat was a little damp, but he thought nothing of it, and lighting his pipe began sketching.

He worked for an hour putting the weed draped rocks and long swells that broke over them into his book,

and then, lulled perhaps by the monotonous rhythm of the ocean, lay back on the cushions and fell asleep. The next he knew he was awakened by a cold sensation and found the tide had risen until it wet his feet. Hastily getting up, he took the cushions and returned to where he had left the boat, only to find it had disappeared. The rising tide had lifted the boat and painter from the rocks, and it was nowhere to be seen.

"There must be some road back up on the island," he thought, "that will lead me near the cove where the Gypsy is, and, still retaining the cushions, he started to find it. But he was a stranger to Southport Island, and the farther away from the sea he got the thicker grew the tangle of scrub spruce and briers. It was too thick to see anywhere, and after a half hour of desperate scrambling the afternoon sun began to seem about due east. He had long since dropped the cushions, and finally, in sheer exhaustion, he sat down on a rock to collect himself.

"It looks as though I'm billed to stay here all night," he thought as he noted the lowering sun, "and nobody knows how much longer! There must be a road somewhere, though, and I'm going to find it if the light lasts long enough."

He started once more and had not gone ten rods ere he came to one, and then he breathed easier. His clothes were torn, his hands and face scratched by briers, and to save himself he couldn't make it seem but that the sun was setting in the east. He sat down to think. All sound of the ocean was gone, and a stillness that seemed to crawl out of the thicket was around him. He rested a few moments more and then suddenly heard the sound of wheels and presently saw, coming around the curve, an old fashioned carryall, worn and muddy, and, driving the horse at a jog trot, a man as dilapidated looking as the vehicle. Gladdened at the sight, he arose and, holding up his hand as a signal, halted the team. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the man, who eyed him curiously, "but will you tell me where I am?"

"Waal," was the answer in a slow drawl, "ye're on Southport Island an' 'bout four miles from the jumpin' off place. Whar might ye be goin'?" Ye looked bushed.

"I am," answered Page, "and badly bushed too. I lost my boat over back here on the shore and have had a cheerful time among the Mohawk briers. I belong to a yacht that is anchored in a cove of this island. I can't tell where, and if you will take me to her I'll pay you well."

The man in the wagon laughed. "Say, stranger," he observed with a chuckle, "you 'mind me o' the feller that got full an' wandered round for a spell till he fetched up to a house an' sed to the man that cum to the door, 'if you will tell me who I am or whar I am or whar I want er go I'll give ye a dollar.'"

Page had to laugh in spite of his plight for the humorous twinkle in the old man's eyes as he uttered his joke was infectious.

"'D like ter 'commodeate ye," he added, "but as I'm carryin' Uncle Sam's mail an' must git home an' tend the light, an' as ye don't know whar ye want er go, ye best jump in an' go down to Saint's Rest, whar I live, an' in the mornin' I'll try an' hunt up yer boat."

It seemed the only thing to do, and Albert availed himself of the chance. "Can you tell the spot where you found me?" he said to the man as they started on. "I'd like to go back there tomorrow and find my cushions."

"Waal," was the answer, "as I've druv over this road twice a day for nigh on to thirty year, I'm tolerable familiar with it. My name's Terry, an' I'm keeper o' the light at the Cape an' carry the mail to sorter piece out on. Who might ye be?"

"My name's Page, and I'm from Boston, and a lawyer by profession," replied Albert.

Uncle Terry eyed him rather sharply. "I wouldn't 'a' took ye for one," he said. "Ye look too honest. I ain't much stuck on lawyers," he added with a chuckle. "I've had 'spere with 'em. One o' 'em sold me a hole in the ground onct, an' it cost me the hull o' twenty years' savin's! Ye'll 'scuse me fer bein' blunt—it's my natur'."

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughingly. "But you mustn't judge as I'll by one rascal."

They drove on, and as they jogged up and down the sharp hills he caught sight here and there of the ocean, and alongside the road, which consisted of two ruts, a path and two grass grown ridges, he saw wild roses in endless profusion. On either hand was an interminable thicket. In the little valleys grew masses of rank ferns and on the ridges, interspersed between the wild roses, clusters of red bunchberries. The sun was almost down when they reached the top of a long hill and he saw at its foot a small harbor connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet and around it a dozen or more brown houses. Beyond was a tangle of rocks and, rising above them, the top of a white lighthouse. Uncle Terry, who had kept up a running fire of questions all the time, halted the horse and said:

"Ye can now take yer first look at Saint's Rest, otherwise known as the

Cape. We fetch some lobsters an' fish here an' hev prayer meetin's once a week."

Then he chirruped to the horse, and they rattled down the hill to a small store, where he left a mail pouch and then followed a winding road between the scattered houses and out to the point, where stood a neat white dwelling close beside a lighthouse.

"I'll take ye into the house," said Uncle Terry as the two alighted, "an' tell the wimmin folks to put on an extra plate, an' I'll put up the boss."

"I'm afraid I'm putting your family to some inconvenience," responded Albert, "and as it is not dark yet I will walk out on the point. I may see the yacht and save you all trouble."

The sun, a ball of fire, was almost at the horizon, the sea all around lay an



Stand there unconscious.

unruffled expanse of dark blue, undulating with the ground swells that caught the red glow of the sinking sun as they came in and broke upon the rocks. Albert walked on to the highest of the shore rocks and looked about. There was no sign of the Gypsy, and only one boat was visible, and that a dory rowed by a man standing upright. Over the still waters Albert could detect the measured stroke of his oars. That and the low rumble of the ground swells, breaking almost at his feet, were the only sounds. It was like a dream of solitude, far removed from the world and all its distractions. For a few moments he stood contemplating the ocean alight with the setting sun's red glow, the gray rocks at his feet and the tall white lighthouse towering above him, and then started around the point. He had not taken ten steps when he saw the figure of a girl leaning against a rock and watching the setting sun. One elbow was resting on the rock, her face reposing in her open hand and fingers half hid in the thick masses of hair that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold. A broad sun hat lay on the rock, and the delicate profile of her face was sharply outlined against the western sky.

She had not heard Albert's steps, but stood there unconscious of his scrutiny. He noted the classic contour of her features, the delicate oval of her lips and chin, and his artist eye dwelt upon and admired her rounded bosom and perfect shoulders. Had she posed for a picture she could not have chosen a better position, and was so alluring and so sweet and unconscious that for a moment he forgot all else, even his own rudeness in standing there and staring at her. Then he recovered himself and, turning, softly retraced his steps so as not to disturb her. Who she was he had no idea and was still wondering when he met Uncle Terry, who at once invited him into the house.

"This 'ere's Mr. Page, Lissy," he said as they entered and met a stout, elderly and gray haired woman. "I found him up the road a spell an' wantin' to know whar he was."

Albert bowed. "I am sorry to intrude," he said, "but I had lost my boat and all points of the compass when your husband kindly took me in charge."

Being offered a chair, Albert sat down and was left alone. He surveyed the plainly furnished sitting room, with open fireplace, a many colored rag carpet on the floor, old fashioned chairs and dozens of pictures on the walls. They caught his eye at once, mainly because of the oddity of the frames, which were evidently homemade, and then a door was opened, and Uncle Terry invited him into a lighted room where a table was set. The elderly lady was standing at one end of it and beside her a younger one, and as Albert entered he heard Uncle Terry say, "This is our gal Telly, Mr. Page," and as he bowed he saw, garbed in spotless white, the girl he had seen leaning against the rock and watching the sunset.

CHAPTER XX.

THE appealing yet wondering glance that Albert Page met as he bowed to the girl standing inside the table that evening was one he never afterward forgave. It was only one, for after that and during the entire meal her blue eyes were kept veiled by their long lashes or modestly directed elsewhere.

"It's a charming spot down here," he remarked soon after the meal began "and so hidden that it is a surprise. I noticed the light as we came in, but did not see the village."

"Waal, ye didn't miss anything," responded his host. "None o' the houses are much for style, an' 'mebbe it's lucky they're hid behind the rocks."

"I thought them quaint and comfortable," observed Albert, "but what an odd name you have for the place! Why do you call it Saint's Rest?"

"Chiefly 'cause none o' the people have any chance to become sinners, I reckon," was the answer. "It's a trifle lonesome in the winter, though."

"I suppose fishing is your principal

occupation here," continued Albert, seeing that sentiment was not considered by Uncle Terry. "Your land does not seem adapted for cultivation."

"There ain't much chance for tillin'," he replied. "The land's wuss'n whar I was brung up, down in Connecticut, an' thar we had ter round up the sheep once a week an' sharpen thar noses on the grinstun! We manage ter raise 'nough ter eat, though."

When the meal was over Uncle Terry said: "It's nice an' cool out on the rocks, an' thar's some seats out thar. If ye enjoy smokin' we best go out while the wimmin 'are doin' the dishes."

The moon that Frank had planned to use was nearing its full and high overhead, and as the two men sought congeniality in tobacco out on that lonesome point Albert could not curb his admiration for the scene. His offer of a cigar to his host had been accepted, and as that quaint man sat quietly enjoying an odor and flavor he was unaccustomed to Albert said:

"This experience has been a surprise to me from the moment I met you. I had an ugly hour's scramble over the rocks and through a tangle of scrub spruce and briers until I was utterly lost and believed this island an impassable wilderness. Then you came along and brought me to one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. I should like to stay here all summer and do nothing but look at this magnificent ocean view and sketch these bold shores."

"Do you paint pictures too?" queried Uncle Terry, suddenly interested. "Telly's daft on doin' thar, an' is at it all the time she can git." Then he added with a slight reflection of pride, "Mebbe ye noticed some o' her pictures in the sittin' room?"

"I saw a lot of pictures there," answered Albert, "but it was too dark to see them well. I should like to look at them in the morning."

"Ye'll hev plenty o' time," was the reply, "I must pull my lobster traps fast, an' after that I'll take ye in my dory an' we'll go an' find yer boat. I guess she must be lyin' in Seal Cove, the only openin' 'twixt here an' the head she'd be likely ter run into."

"And so your daughter is an artist, is she?" asked Albert, indifferent now as to where the Gypsy was or when he was likely to return to her. "Has she ever taken lessons?"

"No, it comes nat'ral to her," replied Uncle Terry; "she showed the bent o' her mind 'fore she was ten years old, an' she's pestered me ever since ter git her canvas an' paints an' sich. But then, I'm willin' ter," he added in a tender tone. "Telly's a good girl, an' Lissy an' me set great store by her. She's all we've got in the world." Then pointing to a small white stone just to the right of where they were, he added, "Thar's whar the other one's been layin' fer mor'n twenty years."

"This one has grown to be a very beautiful girl," said Albert quietly, "and you have reason to be proud of her."

Uncle Terry made no reply, but seemed lost in a reverie, and Albert slowly puffed his cigar and looked out on the ocean and along the ever widening path of moonlight. He wished that this fair girl, so quaintly spoken of, were there beside him, that he might talk to her about her art. How it could be managed and what excuse to give for remaining longer than the morrow he could not see. He looked toward the house, white in the moonlight, with the tall lighthouse and its beacon flash just beyond, and wondered if he should see the girl again that night. He was on the point of suggesting they go in and visit a little with the ladies when Uncle Terry said:

"I believe ye called yourself a lawyer, Mr. Page, an' from Boston. Do ye happen to know a lawyer thar that has got eyes like a cat an' rubs his hands as if he was washin' 'em while he's talkin'?"

Albert gave a start. "I do, Mr. Terry," he answered. "I know him well. His name is Frye, Nicholas Frye."

"An' as ye're a lawyer, an' one that looks to me as honest," continued Uncle Terry, "what is yer honest opinion of this Mr. Frye?"

"That is a question I would rather not answer," replied Albert, "until I know why you ask it and what your opinion of Mr. Frye is. Mine might not flatter him, and I do not believe in speaking ill of anybody unless forced to do so."

Uncle Terry was silent, evidently revolving a serious problem in his mind. "I am goin' to beg yer pardon, Mr. Page," he said at last, "fer speakin' the way I did regardin' lawyers in general. My 'spere with 'em has been bad, an' naturally I don't trust 'em much. I've had some dealin's with this 'ere Frye 'bout a matter I don't want to tell 'bout, an' the way things is workin' ain't as they should be. I 'bieve I'm robbed right along, an' if ye're willin' to help me I shall be most t'arnally grateful an' will give ye my word I'll never let on to anybody what ye say—an' Silas Terry never yit broke his promise."

Albert silently offered his hand to Uncle Terry, who grasped it cordially. "I will tell you, Mr. Terry," he said after the handshake, "all I know about Mr. Frye and what my opinion is of him. What your business with him is, matters not. I am certain you will keep your word. I recently worked for Mr. Frye six months and left him to open an office for myself. In that six months I became satisfied Nicholas Frye was the most unprincipled villain ever masked under the name of lawyer. If all those you have had business with were like him, I don't wonder at your remark today."

Uncle Terry leaned forward, with elbows on his knees, resting his face in the palms of his hands, and ejaculated: "I know it! I know it! I'm a blamed old fool an' ought to hev a keeper put over me!" Then turning to Albert he added, "I've paid that thief over \$400 since this year an' hain't got a scrap of paper to show fer 't, an' nothin's been done

so far as I kin see 'bout the business." He meditated a few moments and then turning around suddenly added: "My wife an' Telly don't know nothin' 'bout this, an' I don't want they should. Thar's a sucker born ever milt an' two to ketch him, an' I 'bieve it! I've been ketchin' an' skinned fer dead sure. I want to sleep on't, an' 'mebbe in the mornin' I'll tell ye the hull story an' how I've been made a fool o'. I'm beggin' to think I kin trust ye."

"I thank you for your good opinion," answered Albert, "and if I can help you in any way I will."

When the two returned to the house, Albert was shown to a room that reminded him of his boyhood home, the old fashioned bed, spotless counterpane and muslin curtains all seemed so sweet and wholesome. A faint odor of lavender carried him back to the time when his mother's bed linen exhaled the same sweet fragrance. He lit a cigar and sat down by a window where the crisp salt sea air came in, and tried to fathom what manner of business Uncle Terry could have with Frye. And into this meditation also crept the face and form of the girl he had first seen watching the sunset.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

FUNNY FEATURES OF THE FAIR.

A Waxen Woman—An Iron Man—A Cotton Darkey—A Horse of Hoop—A Prune Bear and Other Odd Objects in the Exhibits.

Correspondence of the Yorkville Enquirer.

St. Louis, May 7.—Quaint and curious are many of the objects on exhibition at the World's Fair. Several of the states vie with each other in presenting the oddest freaks of human conception to exploit their respective products. Some of these creations provoke broad smiles, not to say hearty laughter, but all are useful in showing forth some leading product of the state to which they belong.

California sends several such exhibits. One is a horse made entirely of hops. In size and appearance this figure looks just like a real horse, and some of the athletic girls who have seen the animal in the Palace of Agriculture have remarked facetiously that they would like to harness "Hoppy" for a drive around the grounds. "Hoppy" is from Sacramento county, where hops grow abundantly.

California's exhibit also shows a startlingly lifelike black bear, reared upon his haunches as if ready to hug the visitor. He is made of prunes, of the black variety so popular with boardinghouse landladies in certain cities. His huge mouth is wide open, and one finds on close examination that even his teeth and tongue are made of prunes of the lighter shades.

In Utah's exhibit there is a statue of a beautiful woman in beeswax. This dainty female is plump and solid, no framework being used; she is wax through and through, and is a work of art.

Louisiana furnishes a cotton negro. This is the only white negro on record. He has a black face, however, the cotton forming his face being dyed to the proper hue. The figure represents a typical cotton plantation darkey. He looks happy, and causes many a smile from the spectators.

In the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy is an iron man, a statue of Vulcan, 50 feet tall, cast in Birmingham, Ala. He is mounted upon a pedestal of coal and coke, and is the Goliath of the Exposition.

A statue of the famous Indian girl, Pocahontas, made of leaf tobacco, represents Virginia in both history and agriculture. Kansas has contributed a huge steer made entirely of corn. Red and white grains of corn give it color. Two big eagles made of corn husks add to the Kansas display a touch of American patriotism.

Figures moulded in butter are provided by several of the states, with proper refrigerating accommodations. There is an ingenious map of Oklahoma Territory made of the various kinds of woods found in that territory. Indiana has a clock made entirely of wood, even to the wheels and main-spring.

As a feature of Alaska's mineral exhibit there is an icebox apparently made of gold. It is covered with gold leaf, and is designed to represent the "worthless icebox," as Alaska was contemptuously called when it was purchased from Russia for \$7,200,000.

FRIED ONIONS.

Will Kill Germs and Are a Sure Cure for Pneumonia.

Owing to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which has attended its ravages this winter and spring several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures against the disease. The health board of Little Washington has published a remedy which is said to be a sure cure for pneumonia and other health boards are looking into the matter with a view to having the same thing published for the good of the general public. The infallible cure: Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine; put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add about the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

This simple remedy has never failed to cure the often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease, and won a reputation by simple remedies.—Morristown, N. J. Cor. New York Tribune.

GHOST REVEALS BURIED CITY.

Peculiar Conduct of Other Restless Spirits.

Coadepec, a little village in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, has always had a reputation for ghosts and spirits. In the past year, especially, inhabitants of the air or the streams or the graves of the many dead that lie buried all about the village have been wandering about like a colony of reckless night owls.

They have not been the least shy, like ordinary ghosts, for they have been seen by hundreds. In fact, there is hardly an inhabitant that has not made an acquaintance with some spirit or other from the past.

Jose Miranda, of all the people, seems to have profited most by their acquaintance. One night several weeks ago as he was coming home from a neighboring village, a ghost all in white, its gray cowl falling back from its shoulders leaving its head exposed to view, met him. It was standing between him and the moon, which was shining brightly through the hollow sockets of its eyes and a bullet hole in its skull.

It stood and pointed with one bony hand toward the mountains. Miranda was unable to move, but the horse, as soon as it caught sight of the ghost, made for the village as fast as it could run.

A week later Miranda was riding along this same road when the ghost met him in the same place. This time it seized the animal by the bridle with one hand and pointed with the other in the direction of the hills. Jose thought he had better humor the ghost and turning around went in the direction indicated.

In about a quarter of an hour they arrived at the foothills. The ghost stopped and pointed to a huge stone at the foot of a tall tree and then immediately disappeared.

It was two weeks before Miranda could persuade any person to go with him to the spot, which he had marked by a cross. He succeeded at last in persuading an Indian and a missionary from Mexico City to accompany him.

When they got to the place they tried to move the big stone, but could not. They then dug under one side of it and let it roll down the hill.

After about an hour's work they came upon a circle of skulls, stone axes and relics of a long past age. Examination showed that the big stone had carved upon its surface a gigantic hand, and that the Circle of Skulls, as the place is now called, was part of the remains of a great ancient city which had been buried by landslides.

At Nasonville, in the town of Burhillville, R. L. there was a large house which had for some time been bombarded with showers of stones. The people of the wrought-up village, after weeks of careful investigation and many conferences with their neighbors, are at a loss to explain where the stones should have come from.

They had all heard the bombardment often, and as many as fifty men, women and children had surrounded the house, looked behind every tree and stone wall within a hundred yards, and had even scoured a distant grove of trees; but they had never been able to catch a glimpse of any kind of being either flesh or in spirit that could have been suspected of throwing stones.

Finally, the owner of the house offered a reward of \$25 for the solution of the mystery. Then the bombardment ceased. From this many people argued that a human being was at the bottom of the whole affair, contending that ghosts would not stop their devilment simply because a price had been set on their apprehension.

"But if it isn't ghosts," asks one man who isn't afraid of being called "bughouse," "what then is it?"

The North Woods Cemetery at Haines street and York road, Philadelphia, was the scene of much excitement among the residents of that neighborhood. Many people declared that they had seen spooks.

The supposed ghost appeared regularly as soon as darkness fell, and with an uncanny motion of walking upon air, fitted from one gravestone to another. There was no conventional groans or clanking of chains, but its appearance was so uncanny as to draw crowds of awe stricken people night after night.

A horseman named Edward Hogan awaited the spook's arrival, and when it appeared ran toward it. The ghost proved to be the reflection of a gasolene lamp. The light reflected on a large polished granite monument, was distributed about as the gasolene flickered and gave the appearance of a ghostly moving figure.

About two miles from the village of Canton, Me., is a cosy, old-fashioned farm house which is located directly opposite a graveyard, with no other house in sight. From the window of this little house nothing can be seen except the graveyard with its gleaming stones, and the hills and mountains round about.

The family that has been occupying the house moved out not long ago, declaring that they could not stand it any longer, that they were wellnigh distracted by the demonstrations. When they told their story a former resident, who now lives in Hartford, announced that he had known for years that the place was haunted. He had not told any one for fear of the ridicule of his neighbors.

The demonstrations were not only in the house, but in the barn and around the premises. Regularly every night at 12 o'clock a team of horses rushes from the direction of the village, rumbles over the little bridge at a slashing gait, and then disappears. It never reaches the house. Instead, ghostly voices address the members of

the family who have the temerity to live there, the voices coming from all parts of the house, but never so clearly that they can be located.

On one memorable night a member of the family went to the barn just at dusk without a lantern. A figure stood at the corner of the building, and he ran to learn what the stragler wanted about the place. The figure silently and mysteriously melted into the shadows and was gone.

The foundation of the story was laid seventy-five years ago. At that time a young woman, handsome and apparently happy, was betrothed to marry a neighboring farmer.

One evening she went into the village and later that night she was found dying by the roadside in front of the house. She was buried in the little private burial ground, and the general opinion seems to be it is her unquiet spirit which is disturbing the peace of the dwellers in the old house.

Two districts in Ulster, Ireland, are in a state of great excitement owing to supposed supernatural visitations. In County Cavan no one stirs out after dark, and the people are said to be in a state of terror, as for weeks past the most unearthly sounds have been heard every night.

In the farmhouse of a man named Thompson in County Tyrone, stones and bricks have been hurled through the windows, and churns, milk pans and other utensils have disappeared from the dairy, although the doors have been locked and strict watch kept.

A college story that is often told at Harvard is cited sometimes as showing the effect of an apparition upon the one who beholds it.

The story is of a youth who took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert an infidel companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual ghost attire, having previously extracted the ball from a pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed.

Upon first awakening and seeing the apparition, Brown, the youth who was to be frightened, very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face and said:

"I know you; this is a good joke; you see I am not alarmed. Now you may vanish."

The ghost stood still. "Go on now," said Brown. "That is enough. I shall become angry. Get out of here."

Still the ghost did not move. "By—!" burst forth Brown, "if you don't get out of here in three minutes I'll shoot you."

He waited the time stated, deliberately leveled his pistol and fired. When he saw that the immovable figure stood stock still Brown uttered a shriek of fright, became convulsed and soon afterward died.

In Columbus, Ga., the Fortune Hole, a place where the city carts dump its garbage, was infested by negroes who would search there for articles which they might be able to use, but which had been discarded by the people of the town. But the "haunts" are on the place now, and no colored man will go within blocks of it.

The old pine coffin which contained the body of Charley Sparks,