#### ...The Ghost of No. Fifty-Nine ...

Theodore and I had been tramping about Halifax all day. We had pulled our feet from the asphalt pavements for the sun was hot; we had toiled to the wind-slapped citadel, and gazed at Dartmouth, gleaming white across the water, and watched the seething foam in the far haze at the harbor entrance. We had sneered at the gowns of the women, and had been stared at by the monkey-clad privates. We had prayed in the dusk of St. Mary's, and driven through the gardens, and even out the Bedford Basin road for a few miles. I had dragged Theodore to moth-eaten shops and bought vile candy and acted generally in what Theodore calls my "American girl" manner. There was a touch of the spring-time weariness upon me when we got back to the Halifax House, with spare time in the truth and be safe." which to dress for dinner. It was early in May, much too soon for the tourists, and every person, not a Troy to their finger tips, was spotted in the hotel. That is the reason that Ted and 1, when we went into the dining room were immediately taken over to a table where already two people sat waiting for their dinner. The girl was an American. That much-and no more-I knew. The man -- Now, Theodore had come to Canada on business, and I had accompanied him in

I had meant to be so gentle with Tom time I had seen him, I had refused, with great haughtiness, to accompany again. It gave me an unreasonable eyes. pang to see how well he looked and I sented the girl, whose highly interestby our entrance.

I loathed that girl before I met her. home was-business. In a few minaltogether disgracefully.

the suicide," said Miss Reynolds as we

as and awful r's. Tom hated that girl!

here in the house, just three days ago. it was ead, her waiting for that message, and her despair when she got it? guilty of hiding the dark stains. I used to hear her walking the floor at

dore, with the first glow of interest he never bothers with-some girls.

"O, dear nol" said Miss Reynolds. "I was at the office, and indeed, I had bear to be near the place. In fact, I couldn't sleep at all in my room."

It was nothing except a spiteful desire to beat the girl, to do something she was afraid to do that made me reply like a boastful child: "I shouldn't be afraid to sleep in number 59. I think I'll have my things moved to-

Tom Merrill raised his eyebrows, and looked at me steadily for a moment. I saw by Teddie's expression that he was plainly aware of my in-

you are."

" but when it comes down to the thing, I'm quite sure you would back down, There isn't any woman I know who get them back to their proper state. I has nerve enough to sleep in No. 59," have a mind to rouse the proprietor."

I hope, of carrying out this absurd

Now, I might have given up the dea, but just at that moment Miss Reynolds, who had apparently forgotten that we were there looked down at Tom's hand, idly crumbling bread crumbs on the white cloth, and archly said: "I must have my ring, Tom. All my luck has flown to the winds since I gave it to you. I botched half dozen things today,"

I must be heathen at heart, for I elt, at that moment, exactly like taking my tish knife, and slowly sawing that wretched girl's throat with it But, instead, I dimpled and replied, with my best grade of coax, "Tiddle wink, please have my things sent over o No. 59. That's where I'm going to sleep tonight." And then I looked at Tom Merrill, sitting across the table, with a girl's ring on his finger. Bah! but he had grown common in his tastes since I had denied him a wife. I wonder if he knew what my eyes said?

Miss Reynolds laughed outright when she heard my order. "¡You can't make me believe that you will go into that suicide's room, with its horrible associations and sleep tonight. You'll get out of it some way or other. You brave, high-spirited girls always do in the end. Pd much rather tell I in a most fetching nightdress, cover-

her remark, and Tom added insult to to soothe me, and quiet my nerves, and injury by quietly suggesting that there those two idiots of men actually spilled adventurous American beauties.

steel industry, and Tom asked me huge joke instead of hysterics, through about the girls at nome, and I utterly I never, never told how that mistaken many kinds of sperits in the world—in refused to be enticed into giving him old Englishwoman did really scare me any of the thousand and one delightful messages that had been sent to ful water bottle, I got the story out him. Miss Reynolds and I finished our dinner in polite commonplaces, Tom had whispered: "You'll have the hope of meeting the very man, who while she took in every detail of my to marry me the first thing in the on my flat boat as ever was foch down costume. She had been in Halifax morning, my Peggy, love, to save my to an utter stranger, not five feet four months, and her neck fixings and the way she wore her hair showed it.

As we passed out of the dining-room Merrill when I met hua, for the last Theodore asked me if I really meant girl in the world, and the sunshing what I said. Miss Reynolds laughed dawn of my wedding day streamed doubtingly, and I heard Tom say to through the broad window of No. 59. him, as a loving wife and helpmate, to her: "I can't believe that she has this end of the world. After six nerve enough to do it. Gee whiz-" months of abject misery, though I was And then he stopped, for I was watch- BILL ARP REVIVES A SERMON. quite willing—to have him ask me him straight and level, with blazing

I picked a piece of lint from my gray pang to see now put on my most dignified air as he present the present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my most dignified air as he present a piece of mit from my gray put on my my manufacture. "I am going to sleep in No. 59, ing conversation had been broken upon Teddie Coulson, and you know it, without asking me."

So my things were sent to No. 59 I knew, before she opened her lips, and we all followed the boy, through that she would talk through her nose the old-fashioned parlor, and the queer reproduce and save from oblivion a -and she did. She was a native of little conservatory, and out the long sermon that went the round of the some mountain village in Pennsyivania hall, overlooking the harbor. The boy Southern press some fifty years ago and her reason for being so far from slammed open the door and threw my and was known as the "Harp of a bags down in No. 59, while I stood Thousand Strings." Not long ago I utes we had her history, and knew idly at the low window watching the quoted a paragraph from it and a friend that she was a bookkeeper in the most dickering white eye in the mouth of writes me from East Feliciana, La., up-to-date hardware shop in Halifax. the ocean. A soft-voiced maid brought and says that the author of that quaint She had met Tom on one of his trips us chairs, and we sat at the broad win- old sermon lived and died in that parto Halifax, and seemed to know him dow in the hall until eleven o'clock. ish, and his daughters and grand-chilvery well indeed. At least, she called Every time that I forgave Tom, and dren live there now and are his near him "Tom," and looked at him as wished that he would come near, and neighbors. Strange to say the author fire of hell and damnation, ah! "And though he belonged to her, and acted call me Peg, the light would glint on was a minister of the gospel, soher, se. he played on a harp of a thousand "Tom and I were just discussing in my soul would shut with a click.

began our soup. "You have heard of shut the door of the haunted room the signature of "Zedekiah the Scribe," upon three faces; one scornful, one came from his gifted pen. But some the world, ahl jes so there are many "No," 1 replied untruthfully. I tenderly solicitious, and one full of preachers can't help seeing and enjoyknew all about it, but I wantedjtojhear her talk some more. There was a was marred by a good band. How I lish divine, was as solemn as the grave likewed and one of the ladicrous side of human nature. Sidney Smith, the famous English divine, was as solemn as the grave likewed and one of the ladicrous side of human nature. Sidney Smith, the famous English divine, was as solemn as the grave likewed unto a turkey buygard that divine, was as solemn as the grave likewed unto a turkey buygard that divine and the ladicrous side of human nature.

winced. He had indeed comforted the heavy, old silver in the dining-room smile. He provoked others to the and up, and up, till he looks no bigger the quaint, carved furniture in the most convulsive laughter, but gave no "It's a bound tale to go with a meal!" parlor, and those weird works of art sign save in the twinkle of his eyes. she said. "You see, a woman, young, adorning the mantels. A ponderous and an American at that, shot herself walnut bed stood in one corner of the rist, the learned preacher, the digniroom. At the side was a small fire- fied president of two colleges and a Post thing I sav has the first day she place, now clean and brushed of the university, and the author of "Georgia played on a harp of a th usand strings, came. See came are less of the week, tell-tale ashes. Over by the window, Scenes," was of similar type. I met and handhed the chegrant and post- where the gray light from the sea him often during my youth, and do not offices from norming incl. Tight. She struggled through in the early dawn recall that he indulged in a humorous was hvrys seassifully treased, and stood a huge bureau. I went and anecdote. The last time I met him would have been manusome if she looked at myself in the glass. And was during the war in the office of The could but one that entitie itself gaze. then a horrid fear crept upon me. Un- Columbus Enquirer, when he indulged She got a steeran in the evening of der my feet stretched a great rug, much in bitter sarcasm against some Georthe fifth tay and and natura the shot too large for the room, and pushed gians whom he called traitorous obherself anyong the lear at room No. under the legs of the bed to get rid of structionists. I could hardly imagine She ach homestary working that the extra corners. I did not dare look that he it was who molded the mimitawould establish her dentity. Burned all her letters, and even her rings. Three magnificant diamonds were sleep I seemed to see the wretched Johns Hooper was not a preacher, found in the twisted gold among the countenance of another woman, alone, ashes. They can't had out who she and sinking to an agonized death by is, and the pouce have buried her in her own hand. I moved from the the potter's field. But don't you think spot. If the mirror had helped in the doing of the evil deed, the rug was

night. Her room was just across the in a hazy way. I was very unhappy, story tellers and conversationalists hall from mine. It's supposed to be but fell asleep at my prayers, and have the least inclination to write or haunted now."

haunted now."

hall from mine. It's supposed to be finally climbed into the great bed, to publish their own scintillations. It

It was early in the morning when 1 had displayed. Dear old chicken. He awoke. Too early for the dawn to paper in that line. He said that a show. It was raining, too, and the good story or a flash of wit and humor wind howled about the corners of the lost its relish by writing it, for the tone roof, like an enormous man who was my room changed at once. I couldn't ill. It was a small sound that brought facial expressions could not be recordme clear-minded, and keen-eared to my ed. senses. A gurgling slop, slop, something thick like blood. Weird and this sermon it was not uncommon for bubbling, the noise grew nearer. Then amateur preachers to perform up and sudden, uncanny, horrible, I heard my down the Western rivers and thus adheart beats in twos and threes-with vertise their business, which was prinstartling jumps. My hair stood on end, my body laid helpless in the great bed. For there, moving in that tiny room with me-was something! Some- but he was a pretty good orthodox thing white and long and lean, coming preacher. These flat boat preachers nearer and nearer with a beastly slop, slop, gurgle and bubble of blood. I gled up the Scriptures awfully, but tention, and also aware of his incompatibility to cope with his adored and so much blood in a bullet wound. God whiskey was a good card. It was an very much spoiled sister. "Well," at in heaven! the thing was coming to-last, I enquired, as Tom still stared at ward me. It fumbled with the covers, and the people were as fond of it as me, "do you think I'm afraid, Mr. striving to turn them up from the old Father Noah, who was a preacher Merrill?"

"No," said that young man slowly, and with emphasis. "I don't think then something in me broke at the his sermon has been sent me by my sound of the figure's voice. Clear and friend and I give it to your readers as Miss Reynolds looked her supreme golden, English all over, came the it was given to me. When it first scorn and unbelief. "Indeed, it's all beautiful modulated tones: "Dear came forth we thought it inexpressibly very well to talk that way," she said, me, but I have had the trouble this funny. It is not so funny now to the

bit of hot water. This water will never "Oh," I rippled out quite sweetly, but you see you don't know me, or any of my friends. Wouldn't Betty Parker or Till Bliss just give their very souls for this chance, Theodore?" Sheer, horror tied her tongue that had brought down the house. Sheer, horror tied her tongue that had but a moment gone been so limber. "Do you know where you are?" said knew he wanted to be strict. He always tries to be when he forgets to to call me Peg, "I don't like you to talk this way. You haven't any idea.

I sat bolt upright with a scream of laughter. The old lady, for such she was, turned a ghastly face upon me. Sheer, horror tied her tongue that had brought down the house.

This sermon was said to have been preached at l'ort Hudson, where the double purpose of observing the Sabbath and selling whiskey.

I shall never forget her face. The principles of a lifetime were forgotten. She thought I was a ghost, and the that I am not an edicated man, an' I "Oh," I rippled out quite sweetly, I sat bolt upright with a scream of

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ghost of an American at that. With a terrible screech she was gone down the hall, spreading her fright like disease through the hotel. I moved in the bed and the gurgle again fell upon my ears. I picked up a lukewarm gum water bottle and I was still howling and hugging that awful instrument of torture when Theodore and Tom Merrill burst into my room. I have always told Tom since that he actually patted me on the back that night and called me "darling," while he was attired in a bath robe and pajamas, and ed, alas, with a blanket. I couldn't Tom and Teddie saw some humor in make them understand. They wanted was probably a secret passage built for a half pint of good Overholt before I could get anything into their heads. Perfeck." And then Tom and Ted talked of the They might have known that it was a and was left alone. But not before reputation.'

And that's why I went to sleep the second time that night the happiest

### HUMOR OF THE LONG AGO.

"And He Played on a Harp of a Thousand Strings-Spirits of Just Men Made Perfect."

Atlanta Constitution: I have had an occasional request to that hateful little ring, and something rious, solemn and devoted to his call- strings-sperits of jest men made per ing, and for a long time it was not I was drowsily weary when I at last known that the humorous writings over on solemn occasions, but he inhaled a likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies Merrill, New Yorker to the core, never | Number 59 was a match for great deal of merriment without a up into the air, ah! and he goes up,

Judge Longstreet, the eminent ju-

but always a sedate and very dignified gentleman. He was secretary of the embryo Confederacy that assembled in Montgomery and there was no sign of "Simon Suggs" or "Taking the Census" in his solemn deportment. My I remember thinking of everything observation has been that the best

"It must have unnerved you. Were slide through three thousand miles of you here when she died?" asked Theoheavy, stolid slumber. "Oh! rare Judge Underwood," but I could never induce him to put pen to of voice, the accent, the piquancy, the

> night. My feet like ice, and never a old people, but the younger generation are more easily amused than the veterans, and for their sake I append it. A pretty school girl recited it last week

no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here today, my perfeck." brethering, as don't know what peryour landing, I'm not proud, my men made perfeck. brethring, ah.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my text may be found; suffice it to say it is in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of the book of Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you will go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus, ah:

"And he played on a harp of a thou-

My tex, my brethering, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great vived on arrival in this country, and the fuss place, thar's the sperits some The two remaining, however, were into a fit. At last, aided by my faith- folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits of terpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says: "He played on a harp of a t-h-o u-s-and strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck." And thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place thar's the common sort of fire, and then there's toxfire, and camphire, fire before you are ready and fire and fall back and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, "He played on the harp of a thousand strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck.

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is spoken of in the Bible, my brethring, is flell Fire! and that's the kind of fire as a great many of you'll come to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'-for " He played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck." And that's the kind of fire you can't dodge, my brethring, ah, for it's the fire that won't be quenched. You may fly to the mountains of Hepsidam, where the woodbine twineth and the lion roareth and the whangadoodle mourneth for its first born, but you can't hide from the unsquenchable fire, for it is the

feek." Now as there are many kinds of sperits and many kinds of fire, ah! in kinds of Christians, ah! In the fuss than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, and goes to film' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss schedule of Trains at Greenville, s, c by the side of the road, ah! and " He sperits of jest men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methodis, ah They may be likened unto the squirrel runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls. and down he comes kerflumix, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin from grace, ah! "And he played on a harp of a thousand strings sperits uv just men made perfeck."

And thar is the Presbyterians, my

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am not one of them as believes that deadened no timber, nor killed no edication is necessary for a gospel bars. They always waits for us hard minister, for I believe the Lord ed-shells to do that and settle up the wilicates His preachers jest as He wants derness, and then they will ship in and em to be edicated; an' although I say go to plantin' and put on heavenly airs it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the and claim to be the only people that are State of Indianny, where I live, thar's elected and shore of eternal salvation -and they play " on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits of jest men made

And then, my brethring, thar's the suasion I am uv. Well, I must say to Baptists, ah! And they have been you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard likened to a 'possum on a simmon tree, Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as and the thunders may roll and the don't like the Hard Shell Baptists, but earth may quake, and the lions roar I had rather have a hard shell as no and the whangadoodle mourn, but the shell at all. You see me here today, 'possum clings thar still, ah! And you my brethring, dressed up in good may shake one foot loose, and the clothes; you mout think I was proud, other's thar, and you may shake all but I am not proud, my brethring, and feet loose, and he laps his tail around although I have been a preacher of the the limb, and clings and he clings gospel for twenty years, an' although furever, ah! for "He played on a harp I'm capt'in of the flat boat that lies at of a thousand strings, sperits uv just

The Department of Agriculture is

preparing to fight the ravages of the San Jose scale throughout the country with its natural enemy, the ladybug, brought for the interior of China. Assistant Botanist Marlatt has just returned from the Orient, where he sought the original home of the dreaded scale. Far in the interior of the latter country, where European plants have not penetrated, he found the scales and also the ladybugs, which keep the sand strings—sperits of jest men made native plants to flourish. Mr. Marlatt scales in subjection and permit the started home with a good supply of these ladybugs, but only sixteen surnursed carefully by the government, with a view to fighting the scale in the same manner as in China. There are not fifty of them, requiring the constant gathering of scales from the department grounds for food. While not expecting the scales to be exterminated from this country, experts are planning to attack them with the increasing breed of their natural enemies.

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ing cars.

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And that is the Presbyterians, my brethering, with their long frock coats and high shirt collars and dismal swamp faces, but they never cleared no new ground nor burt no bresh nor Pressure Posse

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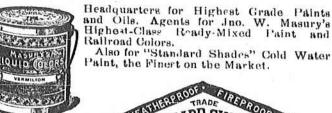
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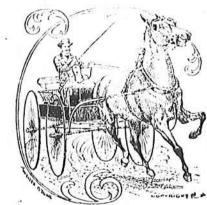
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part, profit or no profit.

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