

HOUSEHOLD.

The Boy's Grandmother.

A stitch is always dropping in the everlasting knitting;
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalm and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

But there always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket;
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep;
And she lets the candle in my room burn to the very socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't,
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says, "I wouldn't";
The boy that won't go swimming, such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse;
And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house.

—Independent.

Some Choice Desserts.

COCOANUT MERINGUE.—One quart of sweet milk, five tablespoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut, three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, a generous half-cupful of granulated sugar, the yolks of three eggs, salt and vanilla to taste. Wash the tapioca and soak for several hours in plenty of cold water. After draining off the water, add the tapioca to the milk and set them on the range in a pudding dish. If there is the least doubt as to the freshness of the milk, stir in a pinch of soda. Cover until the boiling point is reached. Now stir in two tablespoonfuls of the cocoanut, and, after drawing the dish to the edge of the range where the milk cannot boil, add gradually the yolks of the eggs and sugar, which have been beaten together until light. Replace on the hottest part of the range, stirring continuously until the custard has thickened. Remove from the fire and set aside several hours to cool, when salt and flavoring may be added, and the meringue spread upon the top.

JELLIED PINE-APPLE (WITH WHIPPED CREAM).—One can of sliced pine-apple, one half box of gelatine, one cupful (one-half pint) of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, the grated rind and juice of one large or two small lemons. Cut the pine-apple into large dice and stew gently in its own juice until tender. Unless the pine-apple is very sweet add a little sugar—two or three tablespoonfuls according to the acidity of the fruit. Soak the gelatine in the cold water until light and tender; then add boiling water, sugar and lemon. Stir until the ingredients have become liquefied, then strain over the pine-apple and set on ice to harden. The pine-apple should be cold before the jelly is poured upon it, and if the jelly is also allowed to cool before mixing with the fruit, it will hasten the setting process. Whip and sweeten one cupful of cream, and serve with the jellied pine-apple. The cream should not be flavored, as the pine-apple and lemon of the jelly is sufficient flavoring.

CUSTARD FOR SAUCE.—Heat to the boiling point one pint of sweet milk. Remove from the fire and stir in gradually the yolks of three eggs beaten together with one-half cupful of granulated sugar. Return to the fire and stir constantly until thickened sufficiently. Flavor with grated lemon peel. The custard to be cooked over hot water, or in a custard-kettle, like all boiled custards. If difficulty is found in removing the Snow from the mould, immerse for an instant in hot water. Place in a deep dish and pour the custard about the base.

QUEEN PUFFS (WITH LEMON SAUCE).—One pint of sweet milk, five scant tablespoonfuls of flour, the yolks of five eggs and whites of three, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt. Whip the whites very stiff and add to them the beaten yolks. Then, with an egg-beater mix in lightly the other ingredients in the following order: First the flour, then butter, milk and salt. Have ready nine earthen cups, generously buttered, and divide the mixture between them. Bake in a rather hot oven about 25 minutes. The puffs should have risen almost to the top of the cups, and should be finely browned on top. After removing them to a deep dish, pour about them.

LEMON SAUCE.—One cupful of granulated sugar, a large tablespoonful of butter, one egg, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, six tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Mix butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, next the lemon and boiling water, beating briskly for a moment. Set the bowl containing sauce in boiling water and cook until the consistency of honey.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-colored fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the coloring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mould, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mould, cut the colored jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base.

How to Clean Ornaments.

Clean carved ivory with a paste of damp-

ened saw-dust and a few drops of lemon-juice. Lay it on thickly, allow it to dry, and then remove with a nail-brush.

Alabaster figures are cleaned with the following mixture: One ounce of borax and a quart of boiling water. When cool, wash the figures gently, and dry with a silk handkerchief. If badly stained try a paste of quicklime and water, and let it remain on for a day; then wash off in soap and water. Olive oil occasionally applied with a soft woolen cloth keeps built cabinets and ornamental ornaments bright; first, clean off all of the dust.

Bronzes may be plunged into boiling water until warm, then cleaned with soap-suds and dried with old linen cloths. If this is ineffectual try bees-wax and turpentine, rubbed on and off with clean, soft cloths, sweet oil, and polishing with a chamois, is another remedy.

Buying Potatoes.

When the prudent housekeeper has made her choice, she is wise if she orders her potatoes directly from the grower, thereby saving from 20 to 25 cents per bushel. If possible, crates should be used to store them in; these crates are made to hold a bushel, and they can be taken to the grocer, who will fill and return them; some farmers furnish them, charging their price extra. The advantage is, that the potatoes are not tumbled about and bruised, and that they are convenient to handle, while an occasional change of the position of the crate in the cellar gives air on all sides and retards the growth of sprouts. In the construction of these crates, four posts one inch square form the foundation, and to them are nailed strips of lath 17 inches in length, forming an interior 16 inches square.

Beds and Bed Coverings.

Beds ought to be neither too hard nor too soft and mattresses and pillows of hair are best. Soft beds are enervating. Persons unused to them are always uncomfortable when forced to occupy an unaccustomed couch. They whose rest is spoiled by a hard bed never make good travelers or endure hardships cheerfully. To the well-trained person a couch or spruce boughs in the North woods is better than Sybaritic luxury. And who would be slave to a mode of sleeping?

Bed-coverings should be light and sufficiently warm, but not too warm. The old-fashioned comforter, unless made of cheese-cloth, ought to be discarded in favor of woolen blankets, which, together with mattress, ought to be frequently aired and sunned. Under-vests worn during the day should be changed at night and each set aired when unused. Pillows need not be large, as it is a mistake to raise the head high above the level of the body.

To Tiberias.

The descent upon Tiberias is as beautiful as everything must be that is connected with that lovely lake. Our camp is pitched on its shores some hundreds of yards south of Tiberias itself. Of this little town, the only collection of houses which we ever saw on the lake—though I believe there is a village at Medjdel, the ancient Magdala—I can say little, for I was never inside it, but especially as seen from the water, it appeared to be one of the most beautiful places we had yet come across. Perhaps it was the illusion of the lake which made us think so, for some camping neighbors who visited the interior did not seem to be extraordinarily delighted. It is very dirty, I believe, and is inhabited chiefly by Jews; indeed, it is, like Safed, one of their holy cities. Other sects generally speak of it as the residence of the king of the fleas, who should certainly be a great potentate in Palestine. We did not seek audience of his majesty, having already made acquaintance with too many of his subjects, but, leaving Tiberias, took boat for the upper end of the lake. There is a kind of glamour about all the surroundings here.

I have so far kept up a stolid belief in appearances, and had no doubts that I really saw Jerusalem or Bethlehem, or whatever the spot might be; but it seems much harder to realize the fact that we are actually rowing across the Sea of Galilee, and it requires all the discomfort of a cramped position in a not very roomy boat to prove to us that we are not dreaming. Our rowers are doing their utmost, for the dreaded west wind is said to be coming, and against it we can make little way. But, for the present, nothing can be more delightful than the tranquil progress over the calm, solitary sea. Far away, toward the part where the Jordan flows into the lake, we can catch sight of one white sail, probably a fishing boat; but there is no sign of any living creature on sea or land as we make for the northern shore by the ruins of Tell Homs. It is strange to think that in the days of the history which gives life and interest to all these scenes this northern coast was a centre of bustling life and commerce with the four cities of Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin, and that other unknown one whose ruins are to be found at Tell Homs or Khan Minyeh—whichever is not the site of Capernaum—looking down upon waters covered with fishing and pleasure boats.

Executions in Greece.

For six years Greece has been searching for an executioner. The office is looked on with peculiar abhorrence in that country, and the present difficulty is no new development. The last capital execution occurred in 1831, also after a long wait for an individual who was willing to perform it. A man named Messenger, who had killed his wife, offered to serve the State as executioner for a pardon, and he guillotined seventeen murderers, the accumulation of five years' death of an executioner. There are now five murderers awaiting the penalty in Athens and eleven others in the rest of Greece. They all will before long suffer death at the hand of a pardoned assassin named Roukis, the henian convicts being attended to first, and then the executioner embarking on a man-of-war for a voyage along the coast, stopping here and there for a journey into any interior town needing his services. So uncompromising is the national detestation of an executioner that even on the man-of-war Roukis will be protected from furtive assaults by the crew by being cased in an iron cage.

Johnny (reading aloud a tale of adventure)—"And he was cast on a desolate shore and he did not see the face of a man for years." Sister Kate—"Why, mamma! the poor unfortunate must have been wrecked on the beach where we were last Summer. We were there three months you remember, and didn't see a man the whole time."

YOUNG FOLKS.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

There was once a very elegant silver teapot, beautifully ornamented, and of graceful shape and design; it stood on a table near an open window; beside it stood two common earthenware cups.

Those who lived in the house went out to a hotel near by for their meals, so the teapot, not being needed for tea, had been filled with water for people to drink.

This the teapot did not like. "It had much to say about being used for such a commonplace thing as water.

"I was not intended for the sort of work that the commonest tin pail can do," she said to the cups; "I was made to hold choice teas from foreign lands; it is disgraceful to treat me in this way. I'm not going to endure it."

"As to that," would the cups reply, "we supposed you were made to do whatever your owner wished."

"No, I was not," the teapot would snappishly answer; "I was made to hold tea." After much grumbling, sometimes to the cups and sometimes to herself, the silver teapot declared one morning that the end had now come; she should certainly not stand there meekly and pour out water for anybody who happened to want a drink; no, not for another hour.

"I'm brimful of water," she said, "and I mean to stay so. Water is pleasant enough in itself, if people will let it alone. I like the feeling of it better than tea. It is cool and refreshing; I shall just keep it for myself. The idea of my being carried to the spring every few hours as though I were a tin bucket or dipper! It is simply ridiculous. I wonder that I have endured it so long. After this you will see that no one short of a king, or at least a prince, will get a drink of water from me."

"I do not feel so at all," said one of the cups. "I like to be used. There is nothing that gives me greater pleasure than to be filled fresh and have a chance to sparkle for a few moments before the water is swallowed."

"I think it very likely," said the teapot, with a complacent smile. "The truth is, you are made of clay, and of course it is honor enough for such as you to serve everybody, even with water. But for me it is another matter; not another drop will I give."

The cups looked troubled. "But we get our supplies from you," one of them said timidly. "How are we to furnish water if you do not fill us?"

"That is your own lookout," answered the teapot, flashing proudly in a sunbeam which just then struck her. "Somebody will carry you to the spring, perhaps. I'll have nothing to do with it—I know that."

She was true to her resolves. Half an hour afterwards a pretty girl tripped out on the piazza and attempted to pour some water. She tipped the teapot until it almost lost its balance, but not a drop came.

"How queer!" she said. "Are you empty?" and she lifted the lid and looked. "Why, no, you are full to the brim. Why don't you give me some water?" She tried again, to no purpose. "Mean old thing!" she said at last, and seizing one of the cups ran to the spring, drank all she wished, then filled it again, and set it on the table. That is for the next thirty one," she said, laughing.

The "next" proved to be some lovely birds, who flew down from the trees near the window and dipped their bills into the full cup, then looked up to heaven, as though thanking God for water.

"Even the miserable birds come chirping around to be waited on by us," said the teapot sharply; "they will get nothing from me from this time forth."

"I enjoy it," said the cup briskly. "It was surprising how many people were thirsty that day. Men, women and children stopped at the table to be refreshed. Each of them trying the teapot in vain, exclaimed over it, 'scolded it a little,' then carried the cup to the spring and filled it."

At night the teapot congratulated itself and snarled at its neighbors. "I've had one day of rest, at least, and haven't been bumped and bruised at the spring, either. I have every drop of water left, and have felt cool and comfortable all day."

The cups laughed gleefully. "We've had a good day," they said, "we have given to every one who came, and we have as much as when we began the day; the world is richer because of us, and we are no poorer. We like our way the best."

The days passed smoothly after this, the teapot maintaining its dignity and refusing to give a drop of water, until finally the people ceased trying to get any from it. They said its mouth was stopped up in some way, or its valve was out of order, and the cups were always so ready, and the spring so near at hand it was just as well to have the water fresh.

So the teapot rested and stilled, and was more crisp than ever. At last one day came a determined person who said, "How strange it is that the water does not pour from this nozzle! What can be the matter?" and she lifted the lid to examine. "Faugh!" she said, "I don't know who would want it to pour. How horridly it smells; why, this is a disgrace! We cannot have such a smell as this here, the water has spoiled. Who would suppose that spring water would get so horrid just by standing unused a little while. It must be thrown away, and I don't know but the teapot will have to be also; there is a dreadful slimy mold formed all around the inside. I'm afraid it is spoiled." Imagine what the teapot must have felt to hear such words as these!

At just this moment came a noble stranger. At least the teapot did not recognize him, but the cups did; they knew that he was the real owner of the house and all its belongings, and of themselves as well. They knew he was a great and glorious person, and they felt mean and small in his presence. If only they were made of silver instead of common clay, what a joy it would be now to serve him.

But the teapot, silver though it was, and of rare workmanship, was not ready to serve him. It had disabled itself by hoarding its treasure.

The prince gave not a second glance at it. He lifted a cup to his lips and drank freely, then said to the lady standing by: "Friend, I want to take these cups with me. I will have others placed here to do the same work these have done, but these I will buy with gold and set with diamonds, and give them a niche in my palace, because they have done their work well here in this humble place. As for this

silver dish, pray remove it out of sight; it is not a fit object for passers-by to look at."

You think there never was such a teapot and such cups?

Oh! I know it, but what if there were—no, that isn't it—what if there were people who acted just as we have pretended these senseless things did?

Are you and I quite sure that we have never seen or heard of any such?—PANSY.

ELECTRICAL.

A Delicate Experiment—A New Departure—Electricity Applied to Private Vehicles—A Feature of the Forthcoming Frankfurt Exhibition—General Notes.

In the course of some very delicate electrical experiments which were being conducted some time ago at Harvard University, the instruments were so disturbed that it was found impossible to proceed with the work except during a few hours in the middle of the night when everything was quiet. The disturbance came partly from railroad trains, which passed to and fro at a distance of about half a mile, and partly from the rapid beat of the feet of the baseball players in an adjoining ground. A remedy was eventually adopted by the placing of a very heavy stone, separated by thick layers of rubber, on the top of the independent brick pier on which the experimental apparatus was placed. After that neither the rush of the express train nor the fiercest slide to second base had the slightest effect on the labors of the electrician.

A striking instance of the important effect on an industry which the use of electricity may have is afforded by the new departure in the manufacture of cellulose paper. This paper is of particularly fine texture, but in consequence of the high cost of its manufacture the supply has been much restricted. Now, however, the shredded wood is put into lead-lined boilers with a solution of common salt and electrolyzed for three and a half hours. The nascent chlorine bleaches the wood fibre to a snow-white silky substance, and the result is the production of paper at a tithe of its former cost.

English electricians seem determined to keep the lead they have been lately taking in the application of electricity to private vehicles. No sooner is the success of the electrical omnibus and the electrical dog cart an assured fact, than the report of an electrically lighted brougham is published in the English papers. The brougham has two dress lamps—one at each side—as usual, and the electric current is connected with these by means of the ordinary wires run beneath the upholstery inside the vehicle. A battery fitted up with accumulators sufficient for an eight-hours' run is fixed inside the box on which the coachman sits. In addition to the outside lamps, there is an incandescent lamp fixed in the roof of the carriage at the rear, and as this is covered by a colored globe the effect produced is unique. The lamps at each side give an excellent light for the coachman, and the one inside effectually illuminates the interior of the brougham. The whole of the lights can be worked by the coachman without the least trouble.

It has never been questioned that some men have greatness thrust upon them, but it seldom happens that a man is made rich in spite of himself. Charles Williams, Jr., whose name has been so intimately connected with that of Prof. Alexander G. Bell in the history of the telephone, may be said to have had this singular experience. Mr. Williams, back in the "forties," was a maker of electrical apparatus and supplies. Prof. Bell met him, and together they followed out a series of experiments in practical telephony, which led to their establishing a private line, with somewhat crude magnets call-bells and switchboard devices. The Williams factory also supplied for a considerable time the material required by the National Bell Telephone Company. Presently the bills came rolling in, but the company was not in funds, and its shares, which were not in very good repute, were the only available stock. With the greatest reluctance Mr. Williams accepted some of the stock, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. Another batch of bills became due, and in spite of an emphatic protest the manufacturer had again to submit to a transfer of his name to the unwelcome Bell stock. In the course of time came the telephone boom, and the patient but somewhat weary manufacturer suddenly found himself a millionaire.

One of the features of the forthcoming Frankfurt Electrical Exhibition will be a large electric boat, driven by storage batteries, and capable of carrying 100 persons. The boat will ply on the River Main, and will play an important part in the traffic between the interior of the city and the eastern part where the exhibition is situated. At the last meeting of the committee of the exhibition, a very wise resolution, and one which it is to be hoped will be adopted hereafter in the management of similar functions, was passed. It was decided that in consideration of the expense to which exhibitors would be put, a certain proportion of the profits of the undertaking should be put aside for their benefit. It was subsequently resolved that one-half the net profits should be distributed among the exhibitors in proportion to their respective expenses.

An English Member of Parliament has patented an invention in which electricity is made use of for improving the extraction of gold. An electrical journal, in making a note of the fact, expresses a most feeling regret that some reader means is not available for the extraction from the pockets of its subscribers of the gold which has been so long overdue.

Prof. J. E. Sweet makes a very welcome proposal for the improvement of the streets in which the electric car is about to take the place of the horse car. He proposes to narrow up the roadbed to the minimum width that the traffic will require. This he considers should not exceed 14' or 18' feet. Permanent curbstones would then be set, and from the top of the curbstones to the sidewalk would be a perfect lawn. The advantage claimed is the getting rid of the rills in the roadway and the narrowing down of the roadbed to a width that can be well paved for the same money that it is badly done for now. It will cost less for repairs, will give less dust, and the grass strips will

make travelling cooler, healthier, and much more pleasing to the eye than it was under the old conditions.

The ability of the electric system of street car propulsion to handle enormous loads was demonstrated in many places during December week. In Buffalo, on the following Sunday, the four electric cars of the street railway company carried over 15,000 passengers.

A trial was recently made in Pennsylvania of an electric coal cutting machine. The dynamo was at the entrance to the colliery and the power was transmitted by wires to the place where the cutter was doing its work. The machine weighed 1,200 pounds, and was managed by two men. At the trial, shaft, the machine made an undercut four inches high, three feet wide, and four feet deep in two minutes and ten seconds. The series of augers, and its work is clean and effective.

It is reported from England that a new electric brake, recently experimented with there, stopped a car travelling at a rate of thirty miles an hour, in 200 feet.

As showing the extent to which technical education in this country is being improved, the work of the boys at the Hebrew Technical Institute in this city is worthy of notice. Among the various branches taught in that institution, both theoretically and practically, is electricity. A dynamo machine lights the building, and a small electric laboratory equipped with the necessary instruments gives the boys whose ages range from 12 to 16, an opportunity of becoming conversant with the general applications of electricity. An examination which has just been held by a well-known electrician showed that the boys were well grounded in both the theory and practice of electricity, one of the boys having designed a complete dynamo machine, and made his own drawings and calculations throughout.

Some remarkable results have been the outcome of recent experiments for overcoming the scale in boilers by the employment of magnetism. Mr. Bull, of the Committee on Electrical Boiler Devices, stated at the Convention of the American Water Works Association that in a test on a boiler in a lime-burning establishment the boiler was freed from a well at the edge of a limestone quarry. The water was clear to the eye and free from organic and visible impurities, but chemical tests showed it to be of unusual hardness. The result of the magnetic process was that in ten days a heaping shovelful of sand or disintegrated scale was taken out of the boiler, and in a few more weeks not less than three shovelfuls of the same were removed.

New applications of the electric motor are being made daily. There is a flavor of the grotesque in the fact that it is now being used for massage. The enterprising practitioner is a doctor in Louisville, Ky., who found that however satisfactory the pounding and pummeling of the process might be to the patient, it was no joke to him. In a happy moment he bethought himself of the Briarean electric motor, and now all he has to do is to hitch on his adjustment and to keep an eye on its accurate and never-tiring operations.

A Desirable Location.

House-Hunter—"I have looked over that house which you recommended so highly, and I find the walls damp, the shutters half off, the drainage out of order, the cellar full of water, and the roof leaky."

Agent—"Yes, sir, I know the house is in rather bad condition, but think of its advantages—there isn't a piano in that block."

Contract Tours.

First Traveler (in Europe)—"Hello, George! Where you going?"
Second Traveler—"Don't know."
"Where you been?"
"Don't know. I'm on a 'personally conducted tour.'"

Too Risky.

Country Editor—"My uncle has left me \$100. What on earth shall I do with it?"
His Wife—"Spend it."
Country Editor—"I daren't. People will think I stole it."

Public Spirited.

Dryas (to his clerk)—"I understand, Sorber, that you are in the habit of taking a glass of beer every day with your lunch."
Sorber—"Yes, sir; the supply of water is very short just now, sir, and every little helps."

He Came Promptly.

"I wonder if Mr. Goodkatch will come this evening?" said Susie to her father.
"I hope not," replied her father.
"Why, father, what can you mean?"
"I am not prepared to return that money I borrowed of him yet. I want a few days more."

Caught Napping.

Mr. Wiggs (admirably)—"Mrs. Hanson looks as pretty as a picture this afternoon."
Mrs. Wiggs—"That costume is very becoming. She has a husband who likes to see a woman decently dressed, and isn't too mean to pay for it."

A Father's Mean Trick.

Enamored Youth—"I beg you, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I cannot live without her."
Old Grumps—"Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon."
Enamored Youth (backing off)—"Um—ar—please give me time to reflect."

Why He Abandoned the Trip.

"How soon do you start on your talked-of trip to Europe?"
"I had to give it up."
"Why so?"
"Because my wife went and ordered a bonnet for the voyage, and when the milliner's bill came it took all my money."

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Published by...

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The housekeeper...
"Does any one...
"Well, not very...
"Oh, it doesn't...
"These are...
"Very good of...
"I don't know...
"I'll say so...
"Yes; thank...
"Good-night...
"As soon as I...
"I locked the door...
"I have said, or...
"I found that...
"I had a look...
"I went back to...
"ed that. It was...
"too, was panelled...
"no pictures, two...
"heavy material, a...
"while an hour aw...
"The Captain...
"quarters down...
"However, I'll...
"I looked for the...
"son had spoken of...
"oak panelling by...
"Inside reposed...
"which melt partic...
"boxes lay a couple...
"on eagerly. I look...
"choosing a cigar...
"smoke cigars in...
"a lot of pleasur...
"delights. I look...
"them with the...
"lighted one, and...
"an easy-chair vi...
"hand. You may...
"ious, and bless...
"brought me to...
"If only Alicia...
"have been perfect...
"So an hour pas...
"splendid, the nov...
"read many novels...
"sensational. Like...
"sational, and at...
"to chain my atten...
"cigar and began...
"was she doing?"
"was she dreaming...
"ing of that little...
"take at Clapham...
"money and she wa...
"were to be as...
"Dear Alicia! W...
"how—When I...
"great clock some...
"gan to strike the...
"Now I have sa...
"nervous. I was r...
"clock made me jum...
"sound which remi...
"ghosts and all ma...
"I confess that a...
"my cigar and star...
"well, in something...
"died away, the sil...
"I'll go to bed...
"thing decidedly q...
"I went into the...
"door. In five mi...
"the sheets, with...
"moonbeams strug...
"pained windows...
"tired, for I was...
"lions of anything...
"How long I slept...
"do know is that...
"found myself sit...
"something which...
"at me! I felt a col...
"and perhaps my h...
"hid behind a clou...
"only see the outl...
"my room. Sudd...
"in again with red...
"standing at the fo...
"died in sable...
"brightly from un...
"the Black Friar...
"What happened...
"member; but I k...
"and went after th...
"wards the tapes t...
"follow. There wa...
"there. I rubbed...
"more clearly. He...
"and sandals; a la...
"I could catch gli...
"bright eyes. He...
"ing motion toward...
"the hangings asid...
"on the panelling...
"and surprise, I s...
"a flight of stairs...
"ness. The Friar...
"began slowly to...
"Somehow, thoug...
"ing way, I had...
"in scanty attire...
"chilly, and I...
"as my bare foot t...
"stone steps. The...
"dipped in the...
"down, down, ar...
"the moonlight fr...
"to give any light...
"Yet even then I...
"before me in so...
"now and then he...
"a white hand...
"a ghost's hand