... remained on the track. The ... cars took fire and almost the ... rain was burned. Mrs. Barker ... ned. She was a first-class passenger en route to Elkhorn, Man., from ... Express Messenger Mort Brown ... is missing, and is believed to ... the bottom of the river. The injured: Fireman Whitehead, may not ...; Engineer Elms, slightly injured; ... Bickies of Middleville, Mich., ... Several others were ... injured. The train was running ... when the accident occurred ... body of Mrs. Barker was found ... down the river. All the ... that from Montreal ... on Thursday was ... also all express matter ...

[illegible]

... happened at the ... Quebec street ... morning. Mrs. ... drowned her ... [illegible]

... affray occurred at ... evening. Train No. 79, ... the siding at ... Pacific Express to ... stealing a ride ... Turner, who ... put them off. ... The gang followed ... the caboose, ... a revolver and ... in the head ... shoulder. Brakeman ... gave the alarm, ... to the woods ... The villains ... immediately summoned ... arranged a ... the desperadoes ... the fugitives in ... The tramps ... as they advanced ... men returned ... the constable's ... they surrendered ... party of tramps, ... who shot Turner. ... gave the boy ... his tongue. ... will recover.

... says: "At the ... Trunk Company ... the interest ... the time ... change in the ... less than the ... board in ... good—a board ... no interests ... which will ... post, both in ... system. This ab... Henry Tyler, by ... trip across to ... can manage an ... treated his ... expected ... would not go from ...

[illegible]

... Mr. Caleb ... resumed on ... to the ... excluded ... Hartley's ... symptoms were ... and the analy... presence of ... man, ... Mr. Caleb ... and ... Allen, who ... offered him ... of the scraps ... ahead at ... Dr. ... Kingston; ... Notre Dame Hospital ... priest of ... and the ... Mr. ... given at ... not thought ... next ...

... Dewdney of British ... Lord ... of the flood ... the greatest ... that no lives ... the time of ... rows of stock ... been received.

... Thursday morning ... Phillips, aged 19, ... Michigan Central ... dropped dead. ...

... Sabbath observance bill ... reading in the House ... evening. As passed ... closing of ... Sunday from six a.m. to ...

... Carson of Durham, Ont., ... believed to be a notorious ... thief ... authorities. Ho ... James McLean, Gow... Griffith ...

... of high grade ... have been shipped from ... to the old country already ... probably larger than the ... in any previous year.

... Kells, a farm laborer at New... West York, committed suicide ... evening by taking Paris ...

... Monday a three-year-old ... of John Fahrner fell beneath a ... wagon and was crushed to ...

H. ... Molson has made a further ... $10,000 to the Protestant Asylum ... insane at Montreal.

... son of D. McDonald, ... fell into the canal at Perth ... was drowned.

Justice Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie of British Columbia, is dead.

MISCELLANEOUS READING

GRAVE AS WELL AS GAY.

Old and Young will find these Selections Interesting and Profitable as they are Carefully Selected.

"Good-Bye, Jim, Take Keer of Yourse'f."

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heard him speak but once
Er twice in my life, and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months,
And all 'at I heard the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over, I mind the day,
The old man come and stood round in the way,
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim;
And down at the depot a-heerin' him say,
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nuthin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;
But when Capt. Bigler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy he had
In the whole durn regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, an' carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f!"

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guess he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress parade;
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim;
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum;
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in mind all day:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dying boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears:
"Well, good-bye, Jim;
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Visiting the Old Home.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The gentleman stopped, shook hands with his friend, and replied: "I've been home to see my old father and mother, for the first time in sixteen years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed one day of all that visit for all my fortune."

"Kind o' good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet. Sit down. I was just thinking about the old folks, and feel talkative. If you have a few minutes to spare, sit down, light a cigar and listen to the story of a rich man who in the chase for wealth had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down and the man told his story:

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up for me, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped up in a piece of the little, patent inside, country weekly published in my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellogg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! It made me homesick, and I determined then and there to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with a dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the very house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thought of my parents from me, and, when I think of them, the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I tell you, John, my train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes and, upon my word, they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same; but—great Scott! what were all the other houses? We rode nearly a mile before coming to the station, passing many houses, of which only an occasional one was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size when I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said: 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?' He stared at me and replied: 'You've got the best of me, sir.'

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't waste any books in talking to me. Said he: 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send me $1,000 by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there and put on an old, hand-me-down suit that I use for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft one, took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard, and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maple trees were planted. The house looked smaller somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said: 'We don't wish to buy anything to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take me a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and a darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over her eyeglasses shone those good, honest, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her, and she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face, and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and nervously clasped me about the neck, hysterically crying: 'It's Jimmy, it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George!'

"Father cried from the depths of the kitchen: 'What do you want, Car'line?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a moment. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine, and said sternly: 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?' He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper-time came, and mother went out to prepare it. I went into the kitchen with her.

"'Where do you live, Jimmy?' she asked.

"'In New York,' I replied.

"'What are you working at now, Jimmy?'

"'I am working in a dry goods store.'

"'Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear of city clerks who don't get enough money to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've nothing but roast spareribs for supper. We haven't any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer nor Job's turkey.'

"I told her I would be delighted with the spareribs, and to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as good as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend, and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week, and not a cent to pay it with—just $800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they wouldn't. At last 9 o'clock came and father said: 'Jim, go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right. Bring in an armful of old shingles that are just inside the door and fill up the water-pail. Then we'll go off to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped up a pail of water, filled the woodbox and then we all went to bed. Father called me at 4:30 in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot cross lots and got my best bass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and a spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, Jim, I never saw a man catch fish as he did. To make a long story short, he caught four bass and five pickerel, and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore and father went home, while I went to the post-office. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for $1,000 in it. With some trouble I got it cashed, getting paid in $5 and $10 bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and a lot of delicacies, and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours, and went home. The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes; none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast. Father was out to the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put the thousand dollars in it, and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"'We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said, and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, excepting the times when we went a-visitin'.' Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar-bowl, asking as she did so: 'How many spoonfuls, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it. 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling fingers drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there, then, on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: 'Put your trust in the Lord, for He will provide.'

"Then she fainted away. Well, John, there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and then we demolished that dinner, mother all the time saying: 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy!'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time, and came back again to New York. I am going to send $50 home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking stealthily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said: "Jim, old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow."

Colossal Pawnbroker Scheme.

The millionaire pawnbroker scheme, about which so much is written, is a practical charity, but it is not an original one. The exorbitant rates of the regular pawnbrokers bear so heavily upon the poor that such an establishment as that started by the millionaire directors of the new company will be beneficial in every way. It is modeled in some respects upon the famous pawnbroker establishment in Paris, which the French people allude to affectionately as "my aunt." In this country "uncle" is the popular term. In Paris, as here, no charge is made for storing or caring for the goods left with the concern, and many Parisians take advantage of the opportunity to store their furs and winter clothes with their "aunt." They are packed so that there is no danger of moths, and no insurance is necessary, since the owners receive nearly the full value of their clothes, and the interest is less than the charges for storage would be in the big warehouses. The Paris establishment is one of colossal size, and it is not considered a reproach upon anyone to pledge their winter or summer clothes instead of storing them.

The United States Government has filed a claim for $15,000,000 against the estate of the late Leland Stanford as a preliminary step to enforce the Government's claim against the original holders of the Central Pacific Railroad grant. It is said the enforcement of the claim will practically wipe out the estate, which was originally valued at $17,600,000.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

AMATEURS IN THE GARDEN.

Notes of Interest to the Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Grower, and Talks on Trees and Shrubs.

Poison Ivy.

The plant commonly known by this name is a climber, adhering by rootlets from the stems to trees or fences. It has three-parted leaves, roundish and pointed at the tips, is a species of sumach, and extremely poisonous, so much so that persons are often injured by it when passing within a few feet of it. To get rid of it, it should be cut off at the roots, and the roots dug out. When cut it should be gathered with a long hayfork and put in heaps and burned, but the smoke of it is to be carefully avoided.

Plant More Grape Vines.

Contrary to the general opinion, grapes may be readily grown over the greater portion of Canada. In villages they do well trained to trellises placed against the house. In the fruit garden they should be planted eight feet apart in rows. Plants one year old should be purchased. The first year they may be fastened to a stake or be permitted to grow lying on ground. After this a trellis four or five feet high may be constructed of posts and strands of wire. Grapevines need frequent and clean culture, and thrive best when fertilized with bonedust and ashes. Stable manures promote a growth of wood rather than of fruit. It is absolutely necessary to prune grapevines each year, if much fruit is desired. Spray the vines for fungus diseases.

Deterioration of Fruits.

The question of the deterioration of fruits comes up in cycles; and it is pretty sure to be asserted by some one who fails to make a special fruit grow that has gone into its dotage. The Spitzenberg apple and the White Doyenne or Virgalieu pear are most frequently instanced as cases of fruit decadence. But there are so many incidents that affect the life and development of trees that we must know a good deal about a fruit before we can draw the conclusion above noted. For instance, I have a new seedling apple that came up not more than about a dozen years ago, and it is so handsome, so good and so long-keeping that I desire very much to propagate it. But it is, in all respects, like a dotard Spitzenberg, or worse. It would be picked out, in all cases, as a decrepit, wornout variety. The truth is it is peculiarly subject to anthracnose, and the fruit is beloved by insects. To make it sound requires that the young trees be constantly cared for, washed with kerosene emulsion, and the fruit thoroughly sprayed. The Jonathan, which is a seedling of Spitzenberg, is, like its parent, a special favorite of the codlin moth, and the tree is delicate. Baldwins do best grafted high on old stock; so do Greenings. There is no reason why we cannot get good Spitzenbergs, and I do get them by exercise of great care. The price paid for them abundantly compensates extra attention and labor. The history of all our fruits shows this same story of special liabilities to fail under special conditions. Most particularly true is it that some fruits need a large amount of fertilizing material or plant food to do their best.

Cultivation of Apple Orchards.

The apple orchards do not receive the cultivation that ought to be bestowed upon them. Many orchards, it is true, are located on such rough and rocky ground that it would not be possible to cultivate to any considerable extent, but where the land can be cultivated it is highly desirable that it should be. Especially is it desirable that a young orchard should be kept in cultivation until it comes into full bearing, and even after that there are great advantages to be derived from cultivation. Take two young orchards planted at the same time on equally good soil, with the same care and equally good trees for the purpose, and let one be kept in cultivation and the other kept in grass. The result in ten years will be a very instructive lesson. The trees kept cultivated will be nearly full grown or in full bearing, while the trees in the uncultivated orchard will be only about half grown and just beginning to bear. Now, if cultivation is good to develop an orchard and bring it into bearing quickly, it is certainly equally beneficial for an orchard during its bearing period.

In Southern California the apple orchards are cultivated and irrigated about the same as orange groves, resulting in an abundance of fruit. Belleflower apples raised in this way are twice as large as those raised in Maine, and equally as fine flavored, if not superior. Irrigation in New England is not so much needed, of course, as it is in Southern California, but in dry seasons it would be a great benefit. It would save the dropping of fruit from drouth, and enable the trees to bear larger and more perfectly developed fruit. If the surface in our apple orchards were kept cultivated but not planted to crops, the ill effects of severe drouths could be guarded against to a great extent. By keeping the surface often stirred the pulverized soil of the surface would act as a mulch and prevent the soil beneath from drying up. By cultivating the surface lightly after each rain, the evaporation from the soil would be checked to such an extent that the orchard would not suffer for want of moisture, even in severe drouths. In Canada we very seldom have drouths lasting more than six weeks, so that by cultivating the surface soil after each rain the orchard would be materially protected from very dry weather.

Summer Care of the Calla.

How to care for the calla during the summer, in the most satisfactory way, seems to be a question on which many growers of it differ. Some keep it growing all through the year, and because it does comparatively well with this treatment, they argue that the proper way is to keep it growing. I do not agree with them, however, because I do not believe any plant ought to be kept growing actively all the time. There should be a period of rest. My plan is to put the pots containing the plants out of doors in June, turn them on their sides under a tree, or in some partially sheltered place, and there I leave them until September, without any attention whatever. After a short time the foliage turns yellow, and very soon it drops off, because the soil in the pot is becoming dry. In two weeks after the pot is put out, you would not suspect that there was a live root in the soil it contains. But the live root is there, all prepared. Of course the soil absorbs more or less moisture from the air, but not enough, in an ordinary season, to keep it from getting as dry as dust. One would naturally think that the root would wither away, but it does not. Although the soil about it seems robbed of all moisture, the root holds enough to retain plumpness.

In September I prepare a fresh compost of mucky earth, some sharp sand, and a little loam. If the roots are strong, good-sized ones, I use an eight-inch pot to plant them in. Good drainage must be provided, for, while the plant likes a great deal of moisture at its roots while growing, it does not take kindly to stagnant water about them. Keep the soil moist, or wet, by frequent applications of water, rather than by confining it to the pot by imperfect drainage. An imperfectly drained soil soon becomes sour and heavy, and this induces disease; and an unhealthy calla seldom gives flowers. Plant the roots so that the crown will be two or three inches under the soil, water well, and in a short time young leaves will appear. Then give more water, but do not keep the soil very moist until strong growth has begun. If there are two or three good, strong roots, do not separate them, but give a larger pot, if necessary. I prefer to grow two or three roots of blooming size in the same pot, because the quantity of foliage will be much greater than when but one root is used to a pot, and there will be as many again flowers. If given proper care, a pot containing two strong roots ought to have at least one flower open and a bud showing nearly all the time from January to April.

A Slipping Process.

Some very curious processes for propagation are practiced at the public gardens. One consists in cutting with a knife a ring around a branch of a plant. One might imagine that the intention was to kill the branch, but such is by no means the object in view. The cut having been made, a piece of wet moss is wrapped and tied around the branch at that point. Beneath this protection the sap exudes from the wound and little rootlets are developed. After a few days the branch is cut away from the parent stem, being then itself a complete plant, with roots, all ready to put in a pot. This plan is adopted with plants of slow growth, because one plant may thus be split up into half a dozen or more of good size, instead of waiting for a seedling or little slip to develop.

Strawberries and Weeds.

One of the worst things the large grower of strawberries has to contend with is the presence of weeds. With a crop of corn or potatoes, or any annual planted in hills, the matter of keeping down the weeds is comparatively light; for these demand attention during but eight or ten weeks, and close work with the cultivator is about all that is needed. But the strawberry requires one whole season and half of another for the growth of vine and production of crop; and during this entire period, up to the ripening of the berry, the presence of weeds is harmful. To make the matter worse, since the plants should not be disturbed during the bearing season, the whole work has to be done during the first year. Hence the necessity of the most thorough work from the time of setting out the plants in the spring until the ground freezes in the fall. No intruding perennial weed should be allowed to get a foothold, and no annual to drop its seed. It is toward the latter part of the season that the work becomes most discouraging, and is most likely to be neglected. During the earlier months the weeds may be kept down easily with the cultivator; but as the season advances, and the runners fill up the rows and narrow the intervening spaces, a great many weeds appear that must be removed by hand.

With these facts in view the experienced grower soon learns the importance of beginning a year or two, or even several years previous to the setting out of the plants and carrying on a systematic work of ridding the soil of unwelcome seed. For a short course of preparatory work I have found it a good plan to plow under a clover sod, plant to potatoes, and keep the ground free of weeds. If weeds cannot be subdued in any other way, let the potatoes be planted in check rows and cultivate both ways. The next year manure the ground heavily and plant to corn. If the manure is worked into the surface soil after plowing, it will give the seed it contains a better chance to germinate and be destroyed. Keep all the weeds down during the season, so that no new seed may be sown, and the ground will be in pretty good condition next year for a strawberry bed. If the soil needs further enriching I would spread a heavy coat of manure in the fall, let it lie and soak into the ground through the fall and winter, and plow it under the next spring. The soil will then be permeated with richness, while the weed seeds will be buried where they cannot grow.

A friend of mine who has had much experience in strawberry growing, sets out his plants on corn stubble, without plowing. He does all necessary manuring the previous year, and through thorough cultivation gets the surface soil free from seed. He sets the plants along the old corn rows, so there is no marking out to do, and no stubble to interfere with cultivation. As soon as the plants are set out, he runs a narrow-toothed cultivator close and deep, and the soil is made mellow and light. My friend says the plan is a success with him, and that he has no more than half the weeds he used to have. One of the most troublesome of weeds, when it gets a foothold, is purslane. It is a rapid grower, is very prolific in seed, and is hard to kill. To make a bad matter worse, it appears late in the season, when it must be fought by hand. It covers the ground, crowds out the running vines, and occupies the soil at the very time the new plants are forming and trying to get a foothold. I know of one strawberry grower who was actually driven out of the business by the persistency of this little plant.

There is much danger of scattering weed seed on the beds when the fall mulching is done. Cornstalks furnish about as seedless a mulch as can be obtained; but taking everything into consideration, I find coarse marsh hay preferable to anything else I have ever tried for this purpose.

The notorious Bill Dalton is again reported to have been killed. This time the despatch comes from Ardmore, I.T., and announces definitely that the dead body of the desperado lies in that town with a Winchester bullet hole through it.

THE SELECT STORY TELLER

SHORT, BRIGHT FICTION.

The Latest Stories by Popular, Well-Known Authors. Light Reading For the Whole Family.

THE ANCESTRAL GHOST; or The Haunted Room at Membling Hall.

It is now forty years since Josiah Membling, clock and watchmaker, retired from Grace Church street and the little shop where he had done extremely well, to his native village in Essex. He was the son of a small farmer, and the descendant of sturdy yeomen; the instincts of old family were strong in him; when, therefore, being a good way past sixty, he thought the time had come to sell the business and retire, he was encouraged by the fact that the Hall of his native village was for sale, with the park and grounds. He bought them; took his family into the country with him and settled down, for the fifteen years of life which remained to him, not as a country gentleman exactly, for the good man had no idea of going into society, but as a mixture of retired tradesman and farmer.

During the latter years of his life the old man spent most of his time locked up in his own room, on the first floor, having two windows facing the south and four looking west; beside it was a small dressing-room which he occupied as a bedroom; and no one at all was ever allowed to enter the large room, which was always locked; but his grandson knew that it contained a bench, a lathe and all the tools requisite for mechanical work. Sometimes he worked there till late at night, sometimes he would not come out even for dinner. There was something uncanny about the old fellow working by himself continually, nobody knew at what. He might have made watches, but he brought none out; he might have turned things with his lathe, but none were ever shown; he might have been prosecuting some grand research in the horological mystery, but he said nothing about it.

He kept on working till the day of his death. It happened, one Sunday evening, that his unmarried daughter and his daughter-in-law were in the drawing-room when the old man unexpectedly walked in. He stood before the fire and looked at them, turning from one to the other with a strange smile. It was so seldom that he came out of his own room that the two ladies were perplexed and a little frightened.

"My work," he said, with another weird and uncanny smile, "is finished."

The words were hardly spoken when he suddenly reeled, caught at a chair, and fell heavily on the ground in a fit.

In the morning he became conscious again, and presently began to understand that he was dying, and that he had better give any directions he had to give at once. They sent for his grandson, who was at Cambridge, and it was to him, his heir, the old man gave the one injunction that he seemed to care about. "Let no one," he said, shaking his lean and long forefinger in the most solemn manner, "let no one presume to enter my room. Let it remain locked; or, if any desire to enter"—here he laughed and his hearers shuddered—"let him enter alone and after dark. I shall be there," he added, while they shuddered again, "on the watch—a day and night watchman—a watch that always goes—a repeating watch, a keyless watch, with the newest improvements—an everlasting watch"—here his mind wandered a little—"Watches neatly repaired. Established forty years. Clocks kept going." And then he laughed again, and breathed his last. It was dreadful to see an old man die with a laugh upon his lips!

They buried him in the churchyard, under a magnificent marble tomb, among a great number of Memblings, including his only son. And it was, as stated above, his grandson who succeeded, being then only one-and-twenty years of age.

His successor shortly afterwards married, and in course of time had a family, like most people, of sons and daughters. The young people knew very little about the watchmaker's shop, but they knew that the churchyard was full of Josiah Memblings, and very easily they grew to believe in a legendary history about the family greatness. They were the ancient holders of the estate, the lords of the manor; they were found on the spot by the Norman conquerors; they experienced many adventures in the various civil wars; there came a time when their fortunes were quite fallen; even the Hall passed for a while out of their hands; then came the second founder, who amassed wealth in the city, and bought back the old house. And they really did not know—the innocent girls who built up this legend—what a collection of fibs they were putting together.

For fifteen years or more the old man's last wishes were faithfully and piously obeyed. No one entered the old man's room at all; the key was in his grandson's possession; it became a matter of common belief that the old man haunted the room. The maids at dusk, and after dark, would hurry past the door; in full daylight they would stop and listen, trembling, if by chance they might hear the sound of a dead man's footfall; and the younger members of the family were brought up to feel doubly grateful to an ancestor who had not only restored the fortunes of the house, but had endowed it with a haunted room.

One day, however, when Laura, the oldest daughter, was in her father's study looking for something else, she found hanging up in a cupboard the key of the haunted room. It was a bright sunny morning; there could be no fear of ghosts on such a day; she looked at the key, she remembered the solemn injunction, which of course everybody knew, but the sight of the key filled her with strange and irresistible curiosity and a longing such as she had never before known; she took it down with a trembling hand; she crept like a thief out of the study and up the broad stair to the door; she put the key in the lock and turned it. It was a little rusty, but the bolt flew back and she opened the door. Strange, how hard she had to press that door with her shoulder before it opened; she went in and looked round curiously, yet but for a single moment; a grating noise behind her caused her to turn quickly; to her horror the door was closing of its own accord, and a great bar was slowly rising behind it. She shrieked and fled; there was just time; the door closed as she rushed through, there was a noise as of a falling bar, and Laura fainted away. When she recovered the maids were running up the stairs and about the house, wanting to know who had been ringing bells and who was making such a strange noise in the house.

When Laura told her story, her father put on the semblance of great wrath, but secretly he rejoiced because here was proof positive of the haunting. No family of yesterday ever got a ghost. In fact, it is only the members of an old family who can be got even to believe in ghosts at all. It is a curious thing that in poor and new neighborhoods, like the East End of London, there seems no place for a ghost. Now, for a thick population of ghosts, give me Northumberland.

The next day Laura said that she had felt a cold breath on her cheek.

The next day after that she said that a heavy sigh had fallen upon her ear as she fled.

The day after that she said that the sigh was a faint whisper of the words "My dear child."

It was enough. The ghost was established. Henceforth unpleasant things might be said of money made in trade, but the old family tradition would not be attacked. There was the evidence of the supernatural bar, there was the door closed by an invisible hand, there was the voice, there was the ringing of bells; there was the strange noises heard by the maids while Laura was lying supine and unconscious. No ancient Scottish house ever had such a ghost. The Squire, however, put away the key in his strong box, among his valuables. The door, he said, should never again be opened in his lifetime. But Laura used to stand outside like a Peri, listening for another message from the other world, and it became recognized in the family that she was her great-grandfather's favorite. This gave her a kind of rank. Respect was due to one thus singled out by an ancestor who had been such a benefactor as to become not only the restorer of fallen fortunes (which is in itself romantic), but also the family ghost. All the Memblings walked more upright than before; they stuck out their chins, so to speak; they believed in their coat of arms; what was better, other people believed in it as well.

They entertained people at the hall and when they offered them quarters for the night spoke with reserve of the haunted room; they laughed; but with affection and reverence, not with scorn, at their ghost; the girls bade their friends, when they left them after a hair-brushing, have no fear, because their ancestor worked very quietly and disturbed no one outside his own room, though, they added, as might be plainly heard by any who listened at the door after dark, he was always at work. It was, in fact, one of Laura's ... that she could hear the lathe at work, and the Squire, who good-humoredly received the avowed incredulity of his friends, always finished the conversation by saying that the key of the room was in his strong box, where he intended it to remain.

Things might have gone on in this quiet and peaceful manner until now but for a misfortune, the nature and extent of which will become presently apparent. All misfortunes, said the sage (who married ...), proceed from ...

Yet, who would have thought that the Humbling of the Memblings would have followed upon so simple and natural a thing as the engagement of young Dalmahoy to Laura? Certainly not she herself, nor her father, nor her sisters and brothers, because Dalmahoy was in every respect a most eligible parti, being not only young, tolerably well off and handsome, a good waltzer, a good rider, a good shot, a good actor and one of those gallant headlong lovers before whom feminine courage breaks down, but, he was also—a point naturally insisted upon by the Memblings—a man of undeniably good family. There was no taint or trace of trade in the long line of Dalmahoys.

When Jack Dalmahoy came to Membling Hall—the girls almost believed that the place had never possessed any other name, so that they could, if they pleased, call themselves the Memblings of Membling—one of the first things they did, after showing him their gardens, stables and other interesting parts of the establishment, was to tell him of the family ghost. He naturally laughed, and spoke with disrespect of the spectre; Laura rebuked him, letting it be understood quite plainly that she was to be taken with the ghost or not at all. Who would offend his mistress by objecting to such a trifle? "I would gladly," said Jack; "have the ghost in my room every night if that would give you any pleasure. Invite him, Laura, to visit me."

Laura gravely shook her head. "This was not the proper spirit in which to speak of an ancestor who walked. He might even be listening at that very moment. Indeed, the opportune cracking of a piece of furniture gave some color of probability to the supposition.

After dinner, when the ladies had gone, Jack asked the Squire to allow him to pass the night in the haunted room. His request was refused, gently but firmly.

"I am not," said the chief of the Memblings, "a particularly superstitious man, but the fact that there is undoubtedly something supernatural in the room, and the equally undoubted fact that the appearance and manifestations are connected with my grandfather, make me respect his desire to remain after death unmolested in what was in his lifetime, his favorite room."

Laura was angry when she heard of this proposal. Did Jack, she asked, consider her great-grandfather in the light of a common ill-bred ghost, one of those unthinking and vulgar ghosts who break the crockery, throw the furniture about, rattle chains, and are disagreeable in the house? "For my part," she said, "I look upon the tenancy of this room by my dead ancestor as a singular proof of the affection in which he continues to regard us. His spirit remains with us," she added, clasping her hands and turning her soft eyes, which were as limpid as a pair of opals, up to the heavens, "because he loves us still. He is our guardian angel, he watches over the house. We are under his special protection, and if we were to lose him, through any act of irreverence or intrusion, farewell the luck of Membling Hall!"

Jack desisted, though loth to relinquish his interview with the ghost. Indeed, when one thinks how seldom one gets the chance of a talk face to face with a ghost, it is not surprising that Jack was sorrowful when it vanished. I have never myself had such a talk, and with the exceptions of a friend who saw the ghost of Joe Morgan, another who was privileged to amuse Lady Ditty, and a third who received Lady Bab, I think I know no one who has actually talked with them. And, without going quite so far as a certain ... of my acquaintance, ... desires ... half-hour's friendly ... with the devil, I must say that ... many ghosts for whom one ... great deal of inconvenience ... Doctor Johnson; Emanuel Swedenborg, Cagliostro, Doctor Dee, ... George Psalmanazar, the late ... Robespierre and ... occur to one in a ... interesting ghosts if they would ... talk in a friendly way ... frightening one. Two or three ... afterwards, Jack tried another ... he could not be allowed to ... and converse with the old ... he begged permission just ... He would not go in ... the door and look round. "It ... Laura," he said, "as if one ... your ancestor's expressly ... to pay a kind of—... you know—morning call—... the place, not even to ...

[illegible]

... of the reasons why ... permission to spend the night ... was that he was afraid ... You see, he knew more ... children, he entertained ... as to the greatness of the ... all about the shop, and ... him that a conversation ... grandfather and his son-in-law ... awkward. Fancy a poor relation ... when you have been comfortable ... for a generation and ... your friends that the ... only forty years old or so ... history was fudge, and ... the good, old, honest, ... the foundation, and ... all of the house; and ... asked to turn a guest ... where he might, and very ... informed by the purchaser ... Membling Hall how his money ... "We have," the Squire ... reasoned, "a highly respectable ... ghost. But there are reasons ... should be kept in the family ... have disclosures to make ... confidences to prattle ... to conveyed to the ear ... of the family only. Or, as ... no inclination to leave ... let there be no disclosures ... There is at least no occasion ... revelations about the shop."

The ... in the whole day, ... afternoon. No one expects ... to have any luck in the ... Spaces are always ... old-fashioned wizards ... spirits at midnight ... spectres, lutins, hobgoblins ... morning, they were gone ... down. The garish light ... painful to supernatural eyes ... when it begins, they wink ... have to endure it many ... long before noon they ... in hiding. Who would ... then, that old Membling ... played the tricks he did ... in the afternoon? You shall ...

"It was ... in January—the first ... year. Snow was spread upon ... it had melted on the roof ... a gentle mist rising from ... through which the sun was ... a blurred circle of pale ... warmth. But the sun was ... and the pale winter ... to begin; the mist ... making it lighter than ... ghostly, if one can use the ... four-o'clock appearance ... tea-time manifestation ... strange.

Jack ... and Laura, after luncheon, ... talking of the little nothings ... young lovers, ... conversation flagged. Then ... devil, seeing ... a little mischief, by ... which he had at ... work upon (being ... imaginary perfection) ... in his ear that ... to pay a visit to ... The very thing." ... very thing, Jack?" asked ... with surprise.

"My ... he said. "Let us go this ... the key, we will pay a ... haunted room."

Laura ...

"You ... said her lover. "that ... as curious to visit the room ..."

"I ..." she replied, "and I heard— ..."

"Yes ... Jack had heard the story ... perfectly remember. But we ... the door and look in. Go ... ask your father for the key."

The ... consent with some reluctance ... returned with his daughter ... key with as much respect ... the key of a city's gates, ... which the citizens ... to bring out when ... their last rat.

"Here ... he said solemnly ... the door and look in, no ... I should think. As the ... you might even, if you ... The injunction was that ... in except after dark, ... Laura may be considered ...

Jack ... went in Laura should ... that, as regards respect ... on the room as the family ... said he meant, she presumed ... not the vault.

First ... key, which was rusty; ... by Laura, he turned ... and with some difficulty, ... it was like some fellow ... other side, he succeeded ...

"Could ... Laura thought, with a ... her revered ancestor?

When ... was open Jack forgot his ... stepped inside, looking about ...

It was ... room, lighted by three ... looking west, and reaching ... to ceiling. It was most ... furnished. For, beside one window ... was a table furnished exactly ... those used by working watchmakers ... with glasses in bone frames, ... stick in their eye when ... at a watch, and, observing a ... which they blow away ... release the machinery, declare ... watch requires cleaning, which ... eighteen-and-six. By such subtleties ... the fortune of the Memblings ... Lamps, jets for gas, low ... containing portions—dissected ... of watches, small brushes and ... themselves covered with dust, ... this table. Before the next window stood a lathe with tools, "chunks" and wheel. Before the next was another table, larger than the first, and covered with books, papers, mathematical instruments and drawings. "My great-grandfather," said Laura, thinking of the mythical and almost disbelieved shop, of which even the younger members of the family were somehow conscious, "was in his day a great mechanician."

"What did he hang the walls with peacock's feathers for?" asked Jack.

It was a strange thing; one side of the room was given over to a watchmaker's table, a lathe and books on mechanics; the other side was decorated with everything bizarre, as if the old man had resolved on gratifying his own taste without consulting the taste of the age. A Persian carpet lay on the floor; there was a broad sofa on which he had often slept, covered with costly skins, a chair also covered with skins stood facing it; common tobacco pipes and a common tobacco jar stood upon the plain mantelshelf, on which were such trifles as pots of glue and paste, glasses which suggested the "rummer" of a country public house, a spirit case open, a note-book and an umbrella. The fireplace itself was a beautiful specimen of costly brass work and tiles, there were carved cabinets very precious, filled with china, though the old man died before the great china revival was born, and there were pictures worth crying over, so delightful were they. The whole of this side of the room was covered with peacocks' feathers attached one over the other to the wall. The ceiling of the room was of polished oak, dark and deep, relieved with a little gold. The effect of the pale wintry light falling upon their splendors was very strange. Laura clasped her lover by the arm and gasped. Then she looked round and shrieked.

Six years before this, when she stood within the room, she had seen the door closing slowly, and of its own accord, before her. Now, as she turned, she saw that the same thing was happening again, but that it was too late; for with a heavy, grating noise the door shut close; while, also of its own accord, there slowly fell behind it a heavy wooden bar. As the bar fell there was a sound as of a deep sigh. Then all was silent.

The pair, thus strangely made prisoners, looked at each other with pale faces. Even the man, as brave a fellow as may be, saw with a terror which froze his blood this great bar lifted without visible hands and falling slowly as it guided into its place. He rushed to the door and tried to lift it. It was lying in a strong clamp closed by some spring; he could not lift it out, nor could he by any strength tear it away and open the door.

Another shriek from Laura called him to her side.

"Fingers," she cried, "fingers at my throat! Jack, save me, save me!"

Jack took her in his arms ... "Nothing," he said, "... Whatever it is, ... first, oh, Lord!"

He stopped, because a ... violently ... solemn sigh was heard ... on the floor, in ... which she had never ... Jack lifted her ... upon the chair ...

What next? Laura held ... imploring him not to leave her ... his heart ... with wonder and terror. What next?

A third time ... in deep ... again cold ... but it was ... quite ... night was ... snowfields ...

Then there began ... beating of ... lightly and ... good cheer ... attentiveness ... could not ...

The bells ... were being ... suddenly ... and ... were ... for a moment ... as if ... during all the ... the drums ... as if ... prisoners ... to listen ... about ... dropped ... a person ... Also, Laura ... began to ... Of all forms ... of fingers ... used to ... The ... of a ... with ... hands ... inadvertently ... breathing ... ghosts ... dragging of chains ... by the ... the crockery ... upheaval of heavy furniture, the creaking on the stairs, the ... in unsuspected places, the unreasonable claim to property in a place after you have become a ghost—all these things are effective, though perhaps overdone. New ghost machinery has to be invented if the popular imagination is to be fired, and I take it that the miserable falling off in ghosts during the last fifty years must be attributed mainly to the weariness of the imagination, which refuses any longer to be stirred by old-fashioned modes of spiritual manifestations. Every ... had its day, and one sees no hope for ghosts in the future, unless they are prepared to bring trustworthy information as to the rules and regulations ... Then, indeed, there would be so great a run upon ghosts that the good old times would come back again, and many a musty family ghost, long since laughed at, scorned and forgotten, would return to bloom and blossom again among a curious and credulous posterity.

But to have one's throat felt, touched, and fingered by ghostly fingers! That is, if you please, a thing which in no way attracts the curiosity or stimulates the imagination. Quite the contrary; it simply terrifies.

Laura shrieked and would have fainted had she thought it would be of the least use. But she was too much terrified for fainting. In real moments of crisis, in supreme moments, as the prigs say, one is too much in earnest to faint. One may faint comfortably when a tooth is pulled out, and feel all the better for it afterwards, but when a more serious operation is performed no one thinks about fainting and takes chloroform instead.

"N-n-othing," said Jack, with less heart in his tone than he could have wished, "c-can hurt you while I am here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]