

We have warrows, manufast surveys. High grade; as light, strong damble, statish, as beautifully finished as modernaid

remarked one of the cousins present, in an awasome tone. 2 "Oh, if it comes to that, we are all said another one: "we car

"Mercyl goodness! what is that?" No one responded; no one moved, and for thet time, at least, the ghost of the widow's first husband was laid uncerc-

to each other, in the days before Stella married that wild, reckless young Martin, who spent her money and broke her heart in such short order, and then shot himself in a gambling saloon.

"Harry," chirped Phebe, "be merciful, as you are strong. For my sake, harm not my uncle!"

was a very musty proverb that she knew would meet her on their threshold: "You made your bed; now lie on

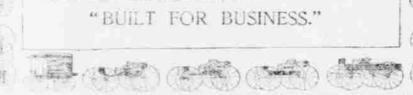
her leff and child.

wife and child.

him off in utter scorn.

P. Gibbs picked up the paper. "What do you mean?" he asked. "That woman's name there! It's the

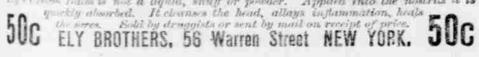
experience. Remony is our policy; prompt alignment carspecialty. We want to know you. Write us. Costs you nothing. May lead to business by and by. Send for our confidence. It is tree to every reader of this paper. Bingfamilion Wassen Co., Binghammon, N. Y.



"Seeing is Believing." And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good-these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either. Lock for this stamp-THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer hasn't the genuine









JAMES H. GANT.

the vere ale of

our ghosts with us. But as the good lames cannot, even as phosts; wear their old garments, why should we be denied that privilege?"

"I tell Helen she will only have the clothes, not the air of one born to them. My grandmother was a belle and a beauty. She had-well, there she is; you can all see her and judge for yourselves;" and Mrs. King led the way down the long room into the vista of faint darkness to the portrait. A candetainoun was lighted, and in that pale glimmer they saw the beautiful face of a girl of nineteen, with the shoulders und waist of an ideal figure. Her fair checks and rosy lips, her maughty chanwith a dinuble set in it, her haroe, has trous eyes, were framed in a mass of such curls as were worn in that day. They hung over her lovely shoulders lown to her small whist.

"There," said Helen, in an eager oice, "look at that peach-colored silk lounce to the waist; see the puffed sleeves and the capes-oh! isn't it delicious, just as they are wearing them now, and it's upstairs in an old mahogany trunk, packed in camphor! Greatgrandmamma wore it as a bride. And those lace mitts and the dear little handkerchief bag on her arm, and the medallion picture of great-grandpa with his hair in a queue - oh! it would be too lovely! And I." she conluded, with pardonable pride, "am said to resemble her."

"You do," said her mother; "at least we think you look like her picture, but you need not imagine, you presumptuans child, that you will ever be half so beautiful."

"Not even in that dress?" queried Helen, with an alluring smile.

"I have not fully decided that you shall wear that dress. I have often thought that there may be something in the suggestion that people do return-

"Not as entities?" suggested Helen's annt.

> "I do not know. All my traditions teach me to respect that which I cannot understand. I have often been shocked by the unkind haste with which the living appropriate the possessions of the dead, as if they were eager to obtain the spoils." "We brought nothing into this world

-" began the aunt. "Don't," interrupted Helen; "I take

quite another view of it. As my greatgrandmother had her day, why should she object to me having mine? She does not need these gowns of hers in her present condition, and should be pleased to know that after lying in state for so many years they are to be brought out by one of her descendants. I am quite willing to run the risk of incurring her wrath, if you will let me have the gowns," added Helen, turning to her mother.

Mrs. King shook her head, and the subject was dropped.

But another one was evolved from it later in the evening, when Helen and her lover, Walter Harter, and a visiting young couple disappeared to the library, caving their elders basking in the fire ight, so grateful on the spring evening, and teiling to each other a collection of ghost stories, such as people who don't believe in ghosts can always tell better than those who are more credulous. There was Aunt Lavinda, from La Porte, Ind., who told a story current in the family ever since the first part of the century, concerning her great-aunt, whose son came home at night from a journey, entered her room, took off his coat, which was wet, hung it over a chair, wrung the water out of his hair, looked at her steadily and intently, but | trait .-- Detroit Free Press.

did not speak, leaving the room finally

moniously-something ghostly was happening under the very face and eyes of the party.

A puff of cold air ran through the room with such startling rapidity that the way candles flared and went out, leaving only the light of the full moon through the lace-draped windows, mingling with the flickering firelight in a strange, spectral glare, which was focused upon the square of velvet carpet in front of the portrait they had been examining that very evening.

But what was this? Had the picture come to life and stepped out of its frame? The startled group at the fireside could see only a shadow there that paled and flickered, but stepped bodily and audaciously into the light. Was it the semblance of the portrait, or was it really the beautiful form and face of that woman of a century past, wearing the same clothes which fluttered noiselessly, diffusing a cold sweet perfume that affected the senses like the incense of death? Her eyes were fixed as in the picture, but the red was on her lips and checks, and her little feet, peeping from the flounces and laces of her wide skirts, wore the clocked stockings and ribbon-crossed slippers of long ago. There she stood before them all, set never noticing them, and then she began to dance in stately measure a ninuet, as if some unseen cavalier were treading the meature with her, and all the time that cold wind was

blowing and a strange, quaint melody was being played by invisible hands, aside from which there was not as much noise as if a hummingbird had fluttered its wings. Then somebody screamed or fainted,

and in a moment the music ceased; the dancer was gone. Somebody lighted all the gas burners, and there was the portrait just as it had already been, and when the four young people, hearing the hubbub in the library, came rushing in they were overwhelmed by what they missed, nor dared they east discredit on the evidence of their elders. But youth throws off impressions easily, and Helen and Walter and their friends made such charming jest and gayety out of it that with the help of a warm supper the elders were finally induced to throw off the mystery and solemnity of the astral dance, and looked upon it as a mirage, something quite explainable by certain laws of human occult development. Helen even declared, sancily, that her great-grandmother must have been a giddy girl to come back for a brief visit to earth just to dance that tiresome old minuet, and then she looked at Walter and blushed vividly.

"You see, you dear old stupids, you had talked ghosts until you were quite ready to see one in every corner. If great-grandmamma did appear, then. it was to signify that she was quite willing that I should step into her shoes."

"I assure you that no power on earth would persuade me to ever allow her clothes to be disturbed in my life-time." said Mrs. King with emphasis. Helen looked at Walter, and her pretty mouth made a distinct shaping of

the letters "P-h-e-w!" Walter looked at Helen and telegraphed the word back again. But none of those worldly-wise people ever came near suspecting what might have been the real truth, not even when they saw Walter's auto-harp, the most dreary musical instrument that was ever conceived, lying on the hall sofa the next day, or when they alluded, as they often did, to Helen's wonderful resemblance to her great-grandmother's por-

A Remarkable Robbery.

Such a merry, laughing gypsy as she used to be, and now-"Why," cried the neighbors, "she

don't speak to nobody!" It was lovely old place. Hollyhocks elustered in the garden, tangles of velvet red sweet-williams bordered the path and bushes of dark southernwood hung over the door steps. To Mr. Tipton it was the dearest spot in the world. Mrs. Martin used to bring the family mending out into the porch, sometimes, of a summer evening, and look wistfully at the red sunset shining through the trunks of the cedar trees. But whatever her impressions might have been, she kept them to herself.

If Mr. Tipton did not like the idea of a young girl visitor beneath the ancient roof of Tipton Hall, Phebe Cresshill liked it still less.

"You can send me out into the wildernesses as much as you like," said Phebe, crying a whole river Gauges of tears into her trunk, as she threw slippers, collars, cologne bottles and work baskets, an incongruous mass, into its depths; "but I never, never shall leave off caring for Harry! Not if you were to send me to Alaska!"

"Child," said Mrs. Cresshill, sharply, "don't be a goose! The engagement is to be broken off, and there is an end of the whole thing!"

Through her tears Phebe could not but smile to herself. It was all very well for mamma to talk, but ma ma did not know that the baker's boy had carried at the bottom of the basket of rolls a note to Harry Havens, and that Harry knew, as well as she did herself, that she w s going to a crabbed old uncle down in New Hampshire, and that she should always, always love him, no matter what they said to her or whither they sent her.

And so, in the peaceful purple afterglow of the June evening, Phebe Cresshill and Mr. Tipton eyed each other with mutual disfavor. "How do you do, uncle?" said Phebe,

with a stiff little courtesy. "Oh!" said Mr. Tipton. "This is the girl, is it? Yes. How do you do? Mrs. Martin, here, will give you some sup-

And he went off to make sure that the barn doors were properly locked and the hen house secured, for there was a rumor of burglars in Quiet Valley, and Mr. Tipton had the finest Alderney cows and the choicest breed of Brahma fowls in the neighborhood.

"It stands to reason," said he, "that they'll come first to me. And I don't mean to be taken unawares." Mrs. Martin poured the fragrant tea and served the hot, buttered biscuit and honey in the comb. Phebe choked back

the tears that would come and tried to eat something. "Will you go to your room now?" said

Mrs. Martin. "Yes, please!" faltered Phebe.

It was a spacious, low-ceiled room, full of the sweet scent of dried avender, and furnished with shining cherry wood presses and high-backed chairs. "I hope you will rest well," said Mrs.

Martin. "Thank you," said Phebe.

Mr. Tipton was hanging up his lantern in the back kitchen, when Mrs. Martin came downstairs. "Well," said he, "did you tell her she

must go home to-morrow?" "No, I did not."

"Humph!" said Mr. Tipton. "You might as well." As Mr. Tipton lay asleep that night he dreamed that he was a boy again at

an old-fashioned husking-bee; that the Cook's Resources. corn was all husked and the barn floor

cleared off, and that he and Stella-not pale, silent Mrs. Martin, but the gold-

But Hester, charging with a pair of tongs, soon changed the aspect of affairs. Explanations ensued that way

-rage changed into laughter -- 'and Mrs. Martin went upstairs to prepare a quaint apartment, commonly known as the oak room, for the reception of the troubadour who had so nearly been shot for a burglar.

"And, look here, young man," said Mr. Tipton, "the next time you come prowling around a house at one a. m. come to the front door instead of the wing window. What the dickens! I'm neither a jailer nor an ogre! If my niece wants to marry a man and the man can prove himself able to support a wife, I should not stand in the way!" "Uncle," lisped Phebe, "you are

darling!" "Give me a kiss, my girl," said Mr. Tipton. "I declare, I didn't know how

pretty you were, until now?" Mrs. Martin, always an early riser, came down at five o'clock in the sweet June morning, when the blackbirds were whistling and the cabbage roses were weighed down with dew. But, early as she was, Mr. Tipton had come down before her and stood on the doorstep, with his hands in his pockets. "Well, Stella," sail he, chuckling,

"who would have thought of our having an adventure in the old place?" Mrs. Martin smile l.

"What are you doing?" said Mr. Tipton, turning rather abrupily around. "I am sealding meal for the young turkeys. "Well, leave it off a minute, and talk.

I sny, Stella?" "Yes?" She looked at him with her large, wine-brown eyes full of serious ques-

tioning. "All this sort of thing makes one late upon a bench in a public square. think of one's own young days, ch?" There was the least quiver of a sad Hazy in head and stiff in joints he slightly staggered. He heard behind

smile arou.id her lips. "The days, Stella, when I used to be fond of you. Before we quarreled. Before Wilfred Martin crossed your

path! Still Mrs. Martin did not stir. There was something in that reposeful manner of hers that fitted in wonderfully to his ideas of life. He hated a flurry. Mrs. Martin never was in a flurry.

Tipton, "This little love affair in our midst has wakened me up; 1 don't know how, and I don't care. Is it too late, Stella, to begin life over again, you and 12"

She went up to him, with her slow. graceful step, and put her hand in his. Still she did not speak. She only looked and smiled. But he understood her.

"God bless you, Stella," said he.

Mrs. Cresshill, of No. - East Fortieth street, was highly scandalized when the letter from Tipton Hall came. "A pretty state of things," said she "To think that Harry Havens has followed that girl straight into the New Hampshire wilds and married her! And with her uncle's consent into the bar-

"That's not the worst of it," dryly remarked her husband. "Your brother Tipton has got married, too! And there's an end of your expectations from that branch of the family."

SERVED HER SHOE FOR SUPPER. A Galtant Noble and How He Taxed His

Remarkable instances of gallantry

this sign, lettered roughly with char-

ward.

Her father was a man of no orig inality, hence he would have put it in

fort to pull himself together. He ob-

tained a position as draughtsman from

one who had known him in his re-

spectable period, and he went trem-

blingly and sheepishly to call upon his

The consequence of his visit was a re-

union, which endured for two whole

weeks. At the end of that time she cast

How he lived for the next two years

can be known only to those who are fa-

miliar through experience with the ex-

istence of people who ask other people

on the street for a few cents toward the

price of a night's lodging. By those

who knew him he was said to be "no

good to himself or anyone else." He

acquired the raggedness, the impu-

dence, the phraseology of the vagabond

class. He would hang on the edge of a

party of men drinking together in front

of a bar on the slim chance of being

"connted in" when the question went

round, "what'll you have?" He was

perpetually being impelled out of sa-

whose function it is in barrooms to

substitute an objectionable person's

Awakened by an officer, he rose to go.

leave the city. He had herded with

vagrants of the touring class. The

methods of free transportation by

means of freight trains and free living

by means of beggary and small thiev-

ery in country towns were no secret to

him. He walked to the suburbs and at

nightfall he scrambled up the side of a

coal car in a train slowly moving west-

fair degree of comfort upon the moth-

er's wages, but often the mother shud-

Mrs. Blake and the child lived in a

"Busted" Blake, with ten cents in his

While awaiting a response his eyes

One winter Sunday morning he slept

room for his company.

loons at foot race speed by the officials

name of my widow; the address, too, of a photograph man who will tell you She got employment in a photograph where she is. Get the money to her 'gallery, where she made herself useful quick, before the governor comes down by being ornamental, sitting behind a on you with the troops to close you up. desk in the ante-room. I know not And don't let her know how it comes what duties devolve upon the woman about. Pick out a man to take it to who occupies that post in the average her, let him pay his expenses out of it photographer's service; whatever they -a man you can trust-and make him are, she performed them, and with the tell her I made it somehow, mining or wages received managed to care for something, so sho'll take it. You know." The next day he made a Herculean ef-

P. Gibbs, who had listened with increasing amazement, opened wide his eyes and drew his revolver. He spoke in a strangely low, repressed voice: "Stranger, do you mean to say-"

"Yes, that's it," shricked "Busted" Blake, turning toward the crowd of intensely interested on-lookers. "And I call on all of you here to witness, and to hold him to his word. That's no mere bluff, he says, in his notice there, and I'm the sneaking hound that informed. My widow's entitled to his five thousand dollars. I did it in Topeka, and for proof see this newspaper:

P. Gibbs fired a shot from his revolver through the newspaper that Blake pulled from beneath his shirt. Then the saloon-keeper brought his weapon on a level with Blake's face.

"It's good your boots is on!" said P. Gibbs, ironically.

But he did not fire. Blake stood perfectly still, awaiting the shot, and feebly laughing.

So the two remained for some moments, until Blake suddenly sank to the floor, quite exhausted. He died within a half-hour, on the saloon floor, his head resting in the palm of P. Gibbs, who knelt by his side and tried to revive him.

At the next dawn a man whom they called Big Andy started east; and the piece of paper that Blake had handed to P. Gibbs was not all that he took with him. The United States marshal arrived and duly closed Gibbs' saloon, which reopened very shortly afterward. minus the five thousand dollar offer.

And Big Andy found the widow of "Busted" Blake, to whom he told a bit of fiction, in accounting for the legncy conveyed by him to her, that would have imposed upon the most incredulous legatee. When she had recovered from the surprise of finding herself and her child provided with the means of surviving the possible loss of her situation, she forgave the late "Busted," and there was a flow of tears unusual to a boarding house parlor and unnerving to Big Andy.

Presently she asked Andy whether he knew what her husband's last words had been.

"Yep," said Andy, "I heard 'm plain and clear. Pete Gibbs, the other executor of the will, you know-Pete says: 'It's all right, partner; me an' Andy will see to it,' and then your husband says: 'Thank Gawd, I've been some good to her an' the child, at last.""

Which account was entirely correct. When Big Andy had returned to Getthere City and related how he had performed his mission, he added:

"I'd been such a lovely liar all through, it's a shame I had to go an' spoil the story by puttin' in some truth at the finish.

They put up a wooden grave mark where Blake was buried, and after his name they cut in the wood this testimonial:

"A tenderfoot that was some good to his folks at last."-R. N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

A Suburb of Chicago.

It appears impossible for foreigners to gain a clear idea of the great extent

gain!

are the subject of an article in the San

dered at thought of what might happen should she ever lose her situation at the photographer's. Consumption had its hold on "Busted" Blake when he arrived in the mining town called Get-there City, in Kansas, one evening. Get-there City had not gotten there beyond a single stragging street of shanties, but it had acquired a

saloon, although liquor selling had already been forbidden in Kansas. Mrs. Cresshill wrung her hands, but what mattered idle tears? What was clothes, entered the saloon and asked done could not be undone, and Cupid, in an asthmatic voice for as much as all the world knows, cares nothing whisky as thats um was good for. for sequins .- Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger. turned toward the only other persons

in the saloon-three burly, bearded miners of the conventional big-hatted,

big-booted and big-voiced type. Above their heads and against the wall was

him the cooing laugh of a child. He looked around. It was himself that had awakened the infant's mirth-or that strange something which precedes the dawn of a sense of humor in children. The smiling babe was in a child's carriage, which a plainly dressed woman was pushing. He looked at the woman. It was his wife, and the pret-"I am fond of you still," went on Mr. ty child was his own. He walked rapidly from the place, and on the same day he decided to

