The Haunted World.

Yonder fall of the leaf, yonder splashing of water, Have all one meaning to me; Under the mute, wet rocks, over the breathing treetops. A voice speaks breathlessly, Ushered into the woods 'mid the still, slim trunks of the pine. Waving the reddened boughs, and tearing the tangled vine-The wild world's misery.

Far have I sped from men, far from the steel-stone city, To meet with God in the woods, To see the beauty of earth as it spins with the flaming planets, And steep myself in its moods; But, oh, not far enough to escape the anguish of man! On every leaf it is stamped, on every blade is its ban; Into the wind it swung, into the stream it ran,

And, lo! in the sky it broods! -James Oppenheim in the Century.

STEALING A SCHOONER BY LAURENCE J. YATES.

It was a very hot day in the city, and late in the afternoon my friend, Wallace Carter, a young attorney in a Liberty street law office, and I went down to Manhattan Beach for a cooling plunge in the ocean. As Carter and I splashed out into the water in our bathing-suits. I noticed a long scar on his left arm midway between elbow and shoulder. It had the appearance of having been made by a bullet, and I said:

"Carter, where did you get that 'badge of courage' on your arm? I didn't know that you had ever smelled powder."

"Oh, that? A gang of crooks-ship thieves-gave me that when I was a young chap down in Maryland. I'll tell you about it after the swim, if you like," and he dived forward and swam away with long strokes.

Later, as we strolled along the beach, I reminded Carter of his promise. Then he told the following story:

"During the summer vacation from college, eight years ago, I was an assistant bookkeeper at my uncle's ship-building establishment, which is in a small village lying ten miles inland on one of the narrow rivers that empty into Chesapeake Bay. One morning in August, work being slack, I took my uncle's gun and his pointer, 'Guess,' and in a canvas canoe paddled down the river to try my luck at snipe-shooting on the marshes.

"I wasn't much of a shot, and six

coast waters in these modern times. "My uncle had gone away the day before for a three days' fishing trip down the bay. He was beyond communication by wire. There was no one at the shipyards with authority to receive money and release a vessel, so there was no chance that since my departure that morning the Virginia people had paid up and rightfully come into the possession of their property. It was plain that crooked work was afoot.

"But what was I to do-alone and, since my cartridges were gone, unarmed? My first thought was that I could only hurry up the river to the village, give the alarm, and start a party of constables in a gasolinelaunch after the rascals. But I saw if I did this, the tug would have time to get its prize out on the bay and disappear before the fastest launch in the village could appear upon the scene.

"Then I remembered the draw of the railroad bridge through which the tug and the schooner must pass, two and a half miles down the river. If I could reach the bridge first and have the draw-tender, whom I knew, hold the draw shut, the schooner could not be taken from the river.

"While I hesitated, the schooner had come on and passed me. I had seen three men on her deck-one forward, one amidships, and one at the wheel; and I was sure that the man amidships had noticed me, lying there close to shore in my canoe. To turn the canoe about now and attempt to get ahead of the tug would surely

create suspicion as to my purpose. "There were extended marshes con-Lining dangerous sinks on each side of the river at this point, and I realized that if I landed and tried on foot to beat the tug to the draw, I should have to make long detours to avoid being mired, and should have little chance of succeeding. I decided to stick to the canoe and follow at a safe distance in the rear of the schooner, seeking an opportunity to slip past when the moon should be obscured by some of the patches of thick vapor still floating overhead.

"Accordingly, I swung the light craft about and glided silently after the schooner, near the shore and a hundred yards behind. Now that I was looking down the river, I could see the signal-lights on the bridge glowing in the distance. It was easy for me to keep pace with the tug.

"But time passed, the moon refused to hide itself, and the two vessels slipped down the river, nearer and nearer the bridge, so swiftly that I began to feel anxious. Finally, however, when the draw was a little more than a mile away, a large cloud drifted across the moon, and I urged the canoe forward as fast as I could.

"I came even with the stern of the schooner forty yards away, and was forging swiftly on to the front when the moon suddenly shone out brightly through a rift in the cloud, and bethere was no use in keeping up a hopeless race; but the thought of the large amount of money at stake kept me struggling on. I saw the skeletonlike structure of the bridge looming up behind the signal-lights, faint in the moonlight. A moment later I heard the tug whistling for the draw to open. "'Beaten!' I murmured, as I stag-

gered on, keeping my eyes fixed on the two lights on the bridge, and expecting at every moment to see them dip in response to the demand of the tug. To my surprise, the lights remained stationary. There came another series of impatient bellows from the whistle of the tug, and still the signal remained unanswered. Then, as the low, distant roar of a train reached my ears, the reason dawned on me. A passenger-train was approaching; it had the right of way. I knew the tug and its tow must wait for it to pass.

"I quickened my pace somehow, although I was panting for breath. In a moment the train burst into view. and swung round the curve toward the bridge, lights gleaming from the windows of its four coaches.

"I was only a hundred yards from the end of the bridge now, and running desperately. Hardly had the rear coach cleared the structure than the tug clamored for passage. But the bridge-tender was slow in heeding. 1 had gained the railroad-track at the end of the bridge before I saw the signal-lights dip.

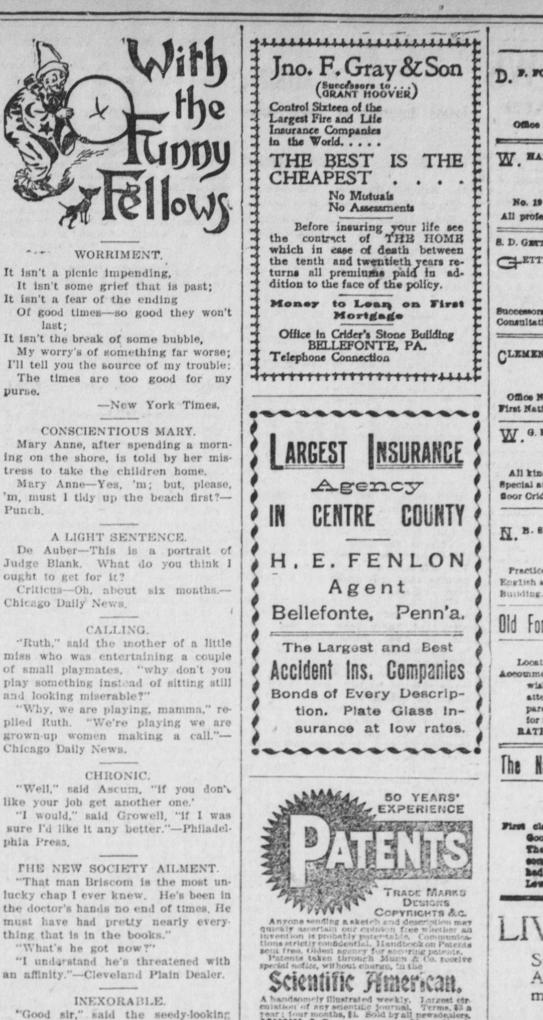
"I did not have breath enough left to shout. I ran out on the first span of the bridge in a frantic effort to reach the central, or draw, span before it should swing out of reach. And I was just in time. I leaped upon the end of the pivotal span as it trembled into motion.

"The little house in which the bridge-tender sat operating the engine was in the center of the span, a dozen yards away. It did not take me long to reach it. As I burst in upon him, with my face white with exhaustion and my clothes all dabbled with blood, old Jack Waterman started back as if he had seen a ghost.

"With difficulty I gasped out my story, and as soon as the slow-witted old man grasped the meaning of my words, he pulled a lever and quickly reversed the swing of the half-turned span

"Then, with a scream of protest from the whistle of the tug ringing in my ears, I sank down in old Jack's chair nearly unconscious. When I came fully to my senses again, I found that the gang of rascals, not knowing with whom they had to contend, I suppose, had become frightened, had abandoned the schooner, and, escaping with the tug under the closed draw, had gone down the river out of sight and hearing. The schooner had drifted down with the current and struck the bridge, slightly damaging her spars.

the great army of the unemployed. J a telephone in "There was am bridge-tender's booth. A message to the night operator at the station in the village brought down, an hour later, a launch containing a doctor for me and five constables. However, the tug had been gone so long when they arrived that the officers made no search for it. "We never learned who the conspirators were. The watchman at the shipyards had been overpowered from behind, and left bound and gagged. He recognized none of his assailants. "The schooner was towed back to the yards the next day and repaired. A week later a member of the firm of ship-owners appeared and, with profuse apologies for the delay, paid the full amount due upon the schooner. Thus the incident closed, but my uncle has since made it a point to have no more business dealings with that firm of ship-owners."-Youth's





o'clock found me with an empty cartridge-belt and only two 'kills' to my credit. I started for home rather disgusted with myself. Two miles up the river, a thunder-shower rolled over from the bay and drove me to take shelter in an empty shack on the river-bank, used by hunters in the duck season.

"The storm was a long one, and while I waited for it to pass, sitting on an old scap-box and leaning back against the wall in the gloomy little shack, I dropped off to sleep. I had been up rather late the night before, and I slept soundly in my uncomfortable position until I was finally aroused by having Guess thrust his cold muzzle in my face.

"I at once discovered that the rain had stopped, and I hurried to the door to look out. The moon, nearly full, was struggling to shine through broken masses of clouds. I drew out my watch, and could hardly believe my eyes when I made out that it was past one o'clock in the morning.

"Quickly I pushed my canoe into the water, called Guess, and resumed the homeward journey. A mile and a half from the shack I passed under the drawbridge that bore the railroad over the river. When I was two miles and a half farther on I heard a tug chugging its way down the river toward me.

"It was not very often that a tug had occasion to be abroad on the river at that time of night, and I wondered what had brought out this one. The moon was in shadow, and the tug came near before I made out that it had a vessel in tow.

"I turned the canoe in near shore to give the vessels the right of way. As the tug was opposite me the moon peeped out for a moment, and I recognized the vessel in tow as the fourmasted schooner Shenandcah---schooner which had recently been built at my uncle's yards for a firm of ship-owners with headquarters in a Virginia city, and which had been anchored in the roadstead in front of the yards for more than two weeks. since it had been finished. My uncle had refused s turn the vessels over to the owners until they should make the last payment on the contract price.

"The fact that there was no other four-masted vessel in the river at that time made me sure as to the identity of the schooner. Immediately arose the suspicion that the men on the tug had taken her by stealth, with the intention of towing her across the bay into Virginia waters, where the owners could boldly assume possession and let by uncle whistle for the money still due-so long as the vessel was kept away from Maryland ports. I did not think for a moment that any one would be so foolish as to steal outright such an unconcealable thing as a ship-at least, not in

trayed me to the men on board. "A voice from amidships sang out sharply:

"'What's your hurry, young fellow? Hadn't you better drop back a bit?" "I knew now that I had really to deal with a gang of scoundrels, and that they had divined my intention

in attempting to steal past them. "But I did not take the hint. Instead, I did a foolish thing. I bent forward and tried to paddle harder than ever.

"Swift was the action on the part of the men on the schooner. I had not taken more than three strokes before there came the flash and crack of a revolver, and a bullet whistled over my head. Then in quick succession several more shots rang out; the leaden missiles sang round me like spiteful hornets; the paddle dropped from my hand. I heard three bullets Companion. strike plunk! plunk! plunk! into the canoe just beyond the middle.

"The next instant Guess sprang up with an agonized death-yelp, and the sudden lunge of the stricken dog, alded by an involuntary movement of my own, upset the canoe. I spilled out sprawling into the water, and as I did so, another bullet plowed a burrow through the flesh of my left arm, leaving a stinging, smarting wound.

"However, I was able to right myself quickly, and with a few strokes reach the shore. I crawled cautiously up the low bank until I was hidden by the high grass. No more shots were fired.

"I don't know whether the ruffians on the schooner saw me emerge from the water or not. At any rate, I do not suppose that they wanted to add murder to their crime. I think that they had simply tried to frighten me away.

"When I had made my way through a rank growth of marsh-grass to a point several yards from the water, and out of revolver-range, I paused to examine the injury to my arm. Blood was flowing freely from the wound, but I found that it was not very deep. I knotted my handkerchief about my arm, and then dashed on, determined to reach the draw in time to hold up the schooner.

"The dangerous part of the marsh on this side of the river extended for some little distance farther. But I ran on carefully, skirted three sticky slough-holes, and without accident reached higher ground. The tug was two hundred yards in advance of me now, hurrying on with a quickened throb of the engine. I exerted myself to the uttermost, but I could not gain, running as I did through a meadow of rank grass and rushes. The tangled growth tripped my feet, and every little way I would stumble and fall headlong.

"My strength was rapidly being exhausted; soon I began to feel that ings.

MOON CAUSES CRIME.

Outrages Laid at Her Door by Sir Conan Doyle.

Sir Conan Doyle having successively cleared two innocent men charged with the perpetration of the horrible cattle maining outrages at Great Wyrley, in Hertfordshire, seems at length to have brought home the crime to one of those numerous creatures with unbalanced minds who should be kept under severe restraint. but who are allowed to remain at liberty, owing to the fact that their dementia seizes them merely at stated epochs, and is restricted to a certain class of acts, leaving them in an absolutely normal frame of mind at all other times and in all other particulars. Sir Conan, by means of "Sherlock Holmes" lines of investigation, first ascertained the significant fact that the crimes in question, so falsely ascribed to the unfortunate Edalji, were invariably committed when the moon was full. This convinced him that he had to deal with a lunatic, for, as an Elizabethan dram atist puts it, "When the moon's in the full then wit's in the wane," and there is no doubt that the old superstition to the effect that the moon causes and aggravates insanity has some foundation for its existence. Indeed, the very word "lunatic" testifies to it, since the word, etymologically considered, means moonstruck. Sir Conan Doyle's discovery will now render this conviction as to the powers of the full moon more pronounced than ever.

The salamander looks like a lizard, but its character is that of the frog. The old story that the salamander can endure fire is unfounded. It is stated that a chameleon which

is blind loses its power of making itself of the same hue as its surround-

"And I am a member of the army of industry, to which you could belong if you had proper pride in your breath I shall give you no quarter."-Chi cago Record-Herald.

'gent," "may I have just a word with

you. I am, as you see, a member of

HIS CHOICE "Why don't you try to get some thing to do?"

"Mister," answered Meanderings Mike, "I can't find nothin' suited to me.' "What's your choice of occupation?"

"I want to be a wine agent."-Washington Star.

A NICE DISTINCTION. Stella-Is she a flirt?

Bella-No, just oversubscribed to the bonds of matrimony .- New York Sun.

ONE EXAMPLE.

Ambish-"Is there anything in this story writing business?" Naggus-"Is there? Rich girl fell in love with story written by friend of mine and married him. Should say."--Chicago Tribune.

NO USE.

"Did you bring your vaccination cer tificate, Jane?" "No, ma'am, it didn't take."-Cleve land Plain Dealer,

WHEN ON TOUR.

Papa-Ah, my boy, the old days were the best! Then we did our courting, walking in the country lanes, gathering buttercups and daisies. Son-Why, pop! We go courting

in the country lanes just the same today; only instead of walking we go in autos, and instead of gathering daisies we gather momentum .-- Town and Country.

PAIRS IN PEARS.

"Pop!" "Yes, my son,"

"It was natural that there should be two worms in the Ark." "Why, my boy?"

"Because worms nearly always come in pears."-Yonkers Statesman.

A PERFECT FELLOW. Jones-Who is the really perfect man, I should like to know? Brown-The man your wife was go-

ing to marry if she hadn't married you .--- Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE TRUTH COMES OUT. Miffkins-The happiest hours of my life were when I was going to school. Biffkins-I cannot tell a He, old man. The happiest hours of my life were when I was playing hooky from school .-- Chicago News.

City air contains 14 times as many microbes as that of the country. "nd written more."

.............................. A Man Who Danced For Nine Days

625 F St. W. shi

In his article on the "Morris Dance," in Harper's, a quaint survival of old times still seen in English towns on May day, Max Beerbohm tells of a famous dancer who danced his way from Norwich to London-a feat that occupied nine whole days. "Such a one was Mr. William Kemp, who, at the age of seventeen, and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, danced from his native village to London, where he educated himself and became an actor. Perhaps he was not a good actor, for he presently reverted to the Morris. He danced all the way from London to Norwich, and wrote a pamphlet about it-'Kemp's Nine Daies' Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwich. Containing the pleasures, paines and kind entertainment of William Kemp, betweene London and that Citty, in his late Morrice.' He seems to have encountered more pleasures than 'paines.' Gentle and simple, all the way, were very cordial. The gentle entertained him in their mansions by night. The simple danced with him by day. In Sudbury 'there came a lusty tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morrice keep me company to Bury. I gave him thankes, and forward wee did set; but ere ever wee had measur'd halfe a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting he would not hold out with me; for, indeed, my pace in dauncing is not ordinary. As he and I were parting, a lusty country lasse being among the people, cal'd him faint-hearted lout, saying, "If I had begun to daunce, I would have held out one myle, though it had cost my life." At which words many laughed. "Nay," saith she, "if the dauncer will lend me a leach of his belles, I'le venter to treade one myle with him myself."] lookt upon her, saw mirth in her eies. heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke up her russat petticoate; and I fitted her with bels, which she merrily taking, garnished her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the tabur begin. The drum strucke; forward marcht I with my merry Mayde Marian, who shook her stout sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her (besides her skin-full of drinke), and English crowne to buy more drinke; for, good wench, she was in pittious heate; my kindness she requited with dropping a dozen good courtsies, and bidding God blesse the dauncer. 1 bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good eare, daunst truly, and wee parted friends.' Kemp, you perceive, wrote as well as he danced. I wish he had danced less