DOLPH HEYLIGER

B. WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the early time of the province of New York, while it groaned under the tyranny of the English governor, Lord Cornbury, who carried his cruelties towards the Dutch inhabitants so far as to allow no dominie, or schoolmaster, to allow no dominie, or schoolmaster, to officiate in their language, without his special license; about this time, there lived in the jolly little old city of the Manhattoes, a kind motherly dame, known by the name of Dame Heyliger. tain, who died suddenly of a fever, in consequence of working too hard, and gating too heartily, at the time when all the inhabitants turned out in a panic, to fortify the place against the invasion of a small French privateer. He left her with very little money, and one infant son, the only survivor of several children. The good woman had need of much The good woman had need of much management to make both ends meet and keep up a decent appearance. However, as, her husband had fallen a victim to his zeal for the public safety, it was universally agreed that "something ought to be done for the widow;" and on the hopes of this "something" she lived tolerably for some years; in the meantime, everybody pitied and spoke well of her; and that helped along.

She lived in a small house, in a small street, called Garden street, very probably from a garden which may have flourished there some time or other. As ber necessities every year grew greater,

hourshed there some time or other. As her necessities every year grew greater, and the talk of the public about doing "something for her" grew less, she had to cast about for some mode of doing something for herself, by way of helping out her slender means, and maintaining her independence, of which she was somewhat tenesies. somewhat tenacious.

Living in a mercantile town, she had

caught something of the spirit, and de-termined to venture a little in the great termined to venture a little in the great lottery of commerce. On a sudden, therefore, to the great surprise of the street, there appeared at her window a grand array of gingerbread kings and queens, with their arms stuck akimbo, after the invariable royal manner. There were also several broken tumblers, some filled with sugar plums, some with marbles; there were, moreover, cakes of various kinds, and barley sugar, and Holland dolls, and wooden horses, with Holland dolls, and wooden horses, with here and there gilt covered picture books, and now and then a skein of thread, or a dangling pound of candles. At the door of the house sat the good old dame's cat, a decent demure looking personage, that seemed to scan everybody that passed, to criticise their dress, and now and then to stretch her neck, and look out with suddon curiotity, to see what out with sudden curiosity, to see what out with sudden curiosity, to see what was going on at the other end of the street; but if by chance any idle vagabond dog came by, and offered to be uncivil—horty-toity!—how she would bristle up, and growl, and spit, and strike out her paws! she was as indignant as ever was an ancient and ugly spinster, on the approach of some graceless proflicate. But though the good woman had to

come down to these humble means of subsistence, yet she still kept up a feeling of family pride, having descended from the Vanderspiegels, of Amsterdam; and she had the family arms painted and framed, and hung over her mantelpiece. She was, in truth, much respected by all the poorer people of the place; her house was quite a resort of the old wives of the neighborhood; they would drop in there of a winter's afternoon, as she sat knitting on one side of her fireplace, her cat purring on the other, and the tea kettle singing before it; and they would gossip with her until late in the evening. There was always an arm chair for Peter de Groodt, sometimes called Long Peter, and sometimes Peter Longlegs, the clerk and sexton of the little Lutheran church, who was her great crony, and indeed the oracle of her fireside. Nay, the dominic himself did not disdain, now and then, to step in, converse about the state of her mind, and take a glass of her special good cherry brandy. Indeed, he never failed to call on New Year's day, and wish her a happy New Year; and the good dame, who was a little vain on some points, always piqued herself on giving him. giving him as large a cake as any one in I have said that she had one son. He

was the child of her old age; but could hardly be called the comfort—for, of all hardly be called the comfort—for, or an unlucky urchins, Dolph Heyliger was the most mischievous. Not that the whipster was really vicious; he was only full of fun and frolic, and had that daring, gamesome spirit, which is extolled in a rich man's child, but execrated in a poor man's. He was continually getting into scrapes: his mother was incessantly harassed with complaints of some wag-gish pranks which he had played off; bills were sent in for windows that he had broken; in a word, he had not reached his fourteenth year before he was pronounced by the neighborhood to be a "wicked dog, the wickedest dog in the street!" Nay, one old gentleman, in a claret colored coat, with a thin red face and ferret eyes, went so far as to assure Dame Heyliger, that her son would, one day or other, come to the gallows!

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor

old soul loved her boy. It seemed as though she loved him the better, the worse he behaved; and that he grew more in her favor, the more he grew out of favor with the world. Mothers are foolish, fond hearted beings; there's no reasoning them out of their dotage; and, ndeed, this poor woman's child was all that was left to love her in this world-so we must not think it hard that she turned a deaf ear to her good friends, who sought to prove to her that Dolph would come to a halter.

To do the variet justice, too, he was strongly attached to his parent. He would not willingly have given her pain on any account; and when he had beer loing wrong, it was but for him to catch his poor mother's eye fixed wistfully and sorrowfully upon him, to fill his hear with bitterness and contrition. But he with bitterness and contrition. But he was a heedless youngster, and could not, for the life of him, resist any new temptation to fun and mischief. Though quick at his learning, whenever he could be brought to apply himself, yet he was always prone to be led away by idlo company, and would play truant to hunt after birds' nests, to rob orchards, or to swim in the Hudson. swim in the Hudson.

In this way he grew up, a tall, lubberly boy; and his mother began to be greatly perplexed what to do with him, or how to put him in a way to do for himself; for he had acquired such an unlucky reputation that no one seemed willing to employ him.

Many were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and

sexton, who was her prime counselor. Peter was as much perplexed as herself, for he had no great opinion of the boy, and thought he would never come to He at one time advised her to send him to sea—a piece of advice only given in the most desperate cases; but Dame Heyliger would not listen to such an idea; she could think of letting Dolph go out of her sight. She was sitting one day kniting by her fireside, in great per-plexity, when the sexton entered with an air of unusual vivacity and briskness. had just come from a funeral. It had been that of a boy of Dolph's years, who had been apprentice to a famous German doctor, and had died of a con-sumption. It is true, there had been a whisper that the deceased had been brought to his end by being made the subject of the dector's experiments, on which he was apt to try the effects of a new compound, or a quieting draught. This, however, it is likely, was a mere scandal; at any rate, Peter de Groodt did not think it worth mentioning; though, had we time to philosophize, it would be a curious matter for speculation, why a doctor's family is apt to be so lean and cadaverous, and a butcher's

so jolly and rubicund. Peter de Groodt, as I said before, en-tered the house of Damo Heyliger with an exal sheritr. He was full of a bright toles that had popped into his head at the funeral, and over which he had chuckled as he shoveled the earth into the grave of the doctor's disciple. It had occurred to him, that, as the situation of the deceased was vacant at the doctor's, it would be the very place for Dolph. The boy had parts, and could pound a pestle and run an errand with any boy in the town—and what more was wanted in a student?

The suggestion of the sage Peter was a

a student?
The suggestion of the sage Peter was a vision of glory to the mother. She already saw Dolph, in her mind's eye, with a cane at his nose, a knocker at his door, and an M. D. at the end of his name—one of the established dignitaries of the

and an M. D. at the end of his name—
one of the established dignitaries of the
town.

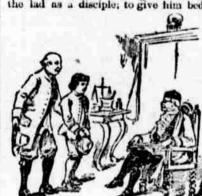
The matter, once undertaken, was soon
effected; the sexton had some influence
with the doctor, they having had much
dealing together in the way of their separate professions; and the very next
morning he called and conducted the
urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to
undergo the inspection of Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an
elbow chair, in one corner of his study or
laboratory, with a large volume in German print, before him. He was a short,
fat man, with a dark, square face, rendered more dark by a black velvet cap.
He had a little, knobbed nose, not unlike the ace of spades, with a pair of
spectacles gleaming on each side of his
dusky countenance, like a couple of bow
windows.

Dolph felt struck with awe, on entering into the presence of this learned man;
and gazed about him with boyish
wonder at the furniture of this chamber of knowledge, which appeared
to him almost as the den of a magician.
In the center stood a claw footed table,
with pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of small, burnished
scales. At one end was a heavy clothes
press, turned into a receptacle for drugs
and compounds, against which hung the scales. At one end was a heavy clothes press, turned into a receptacle for drugs and compounds, against which hung the doctor's hat and cloak and gold headed cane, and on the top grinned a human skull. Along the mantelpiece were glass vessels, in which were snakes and lizards, and a human foctus preserved in spirits. A closet, the doors of which were taken off, contained three whole shelves of books, and some, too, of mighty folio dimensions—a collection the like of which Dolph had never before beheld. As, however, the library did not take up the whole of the closet, the doctor's thrifty housekeeper had occupied the rest with pots of pickles and preserves, and had hung about the room, among awful implements of the healing art, strings of red pepper and corpulent cu-

strings of red pepper and corpulent cu-cumbers, carefully preserved for seed.

Peter de Groodt and his protege were received with great gravity and stateli-ness by the doctor, who was a very wise, dignified little man, and never smiled. He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, above and under, and through his spectacles; and the poor lad's heart qualled as these great glasses glared on him like two full moons. The doctor heard all that Peter de Groodt had to say in favor of the youthful candidate, and then, wetting his thumb with the end of his tongue, he began deliberately to turn over now after page of the great block over page after page of the great black volume before him. At length, after many hums and haws, and strokings of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation with which a wise man pro-ceeds to do what he intended to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed,



The doctor agreed to take the lad as a board and clothing, and to instruct him in the healing art; in return for which he was to have his services until his

twenty-first year. Behold, then, our hero all at once transformed from an unlucky urchin, running wild about the streets, to a stu dent of medicine, diligently pounding a pestle under the auspices of the learned Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen. It was a happy transition for his fond old mother. She was delighted with the idea of her boy's being trought up worthy of his ancestors, and anticipated the day when he would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or, perad-venture, with the dominic himself.

Dr. Knipperhausen was a native of the Palatinate of Germany, from whence in company with many of his countrymen he had taken refuge in England on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly 3,000 Palatines who came over from England in 1710 under the protection of Governor Hunter. Where the doctor had studied, how he had acquired his mealing the protection. he had acquired his medical knowledge. and where he had received his diploma, it is hard at present to say, for nobody knew at the time; yet it is certain that his profound skill and abstruse knowledge were the talk and wonder of the common people far and near.

ictice was totally different from that of any other physician, consisting in mysterious compounds known only to himself, in the preparing and adminis-tering of which, it was said, he always consulted the stars. So high an opinion was entertained of his skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabitants, that they always resorted to him in desperate cases. He was one of those in-fallible doctors that are always effecting sudden and surprising cures when the patient has been given up by all the reg-ular physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long before it was put into their hands. The doctor's library was the talk and marvel of the neighborhood, I might almost say of the entire burg. The good people looked with reverence at a man that had read three whole shelves full of books, and some of them, too, as large as a family Bible. There were many disputes among the members of the little Lutheran church as to which was the wiser man, the doctor or the dominie. Some of his admirers even went so far as to say that he knew more than the governor himself—in a word, it was thought that

there was no end to his knowledge! No sooner was Dolph received into the doctor's family than he was put in possession of the lodging of his predecessor. It was a garret room of a steep roofed Dutch house, where the rain patted on the shingles and the lightning gleamed and the wind piped through the crannies in stormy weather, and where whole troops of hungry rats, like Don Cossacks, gal-loped about in defiance of traps and

He was soon up to his ears in medical studies, being employed morning, noon and night in rolling pills, filtering tine-tures or pounding the pestle and mortar in one corner of the laboratory, while the doctor would take his seat in an-other corner when he had nothing else do or expected visitors, and, arrayed in his morning gown and velvet cap, would pore over the contents of some folio volume. It is true that the regular thumping of Dolph's pestle, or, perhaps, the drowsy buzzing of the summer flies, would now and then full the little man into a slumber; but then his spectacles were always wide awake and studiously

regarding the book. There was another personage in the house, however, to whom Dolph was obliged to pay allegiance. Though a bachelor, and a man of such great dignity ortance, yet the doctor was, like many other wise men, subject to petti-cont government. He was completely under the sway of his housekeeper; a spare, busy, fretting housewife, in a little, round, quilted, German cap, with a huge bunch of keys jingling at the girdle of an exceedingly long waist. Frau Ilse (or Frow Ilsy, as it was pronounced) had accompanied bim in his various inigrations from Germany to England, and from England to the province; managing his establishment and himself too; ruling him, it is true, with a gentle hand, but carrying a high hand with all the world beside. How she had acquired such ascendency I do not pretend to say. People, it is true, did talk; but have not people been prone to talk ever since the world began? Who can tell how women generally contrive to get the upper hand? A husband, it is true, may now and then be master in his own house; but whoever knew a bachelor that was not managed by his house-keeper?

that was not managed by his house-keeper?

Indeed, Frau Ilsy's power was not confined to the doctor's household. She was one of those prying gossips that know every one's business better than they do themselves; and whose all seeing eyes, and all telling tongues, are terrors throughout a neighborhood.

Nothing of any moment transpired in the world of scandal of this little burg, but it was known to Frau Ilsy. She had her crew of cronies, that were perpetually hurrying to her little parior with some precious bit of news; nay, she would sometimes discuss a whole volume of secret history as she held the street door ajar and gossiped with one of these garrulous cronies in the very teeth of a December blast.

Between the doctor and the house-keeper it may easily be supposed that

Between the doctor and the house-keeper it may easily be supposed that Dolph had a busy life of it. As Frau Ilsy kept the keys, and literally ruled the roast, it was starvation to offend her, though he found the study of her temper more perplexing even than that of medicine. When not busy in the laboratory she kept him running hither and thither on her errands; and on Sundays he was obliged to accompany her to and from church, and carry her Bible. Many a time has the poor varlet stood shivering and blowing his fingers, or holding his frostbitten nose, in the church yard, while Ilsy and her cronies were huddled together, wagging their heads and tearing some unlucky character to pieces.

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made very slow progress in his

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made very slow progress in his art. This was no fault of the doctor's, certainly, for he took unwearied pains with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and mortar, or on the trot about town with phials and pill boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry, which he was rather and to do the dector would

town with phials and pill boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry, which he was rather apt to do, the doctor would fly into a passion and ask him if he ever expected to learn his profession unless he applied himself closer to the study. The fact is, he still retained the fondness for sport and mischief that had marked his childhood; the habit, indeed, had strengthened with his years and gained force from being thwarted and constrained. He daily grew more and more untractable, and lost favor in the eyes both of the doctor and the housekeeper.

In the meantime the doctor went on waxing wealthy and renowned. He was famous for his skill in managing cases not laid down in the books. He had cured several old women and young girls of witchcraft; a terrible complaint, nearly as prevalent in the province in those days as hydrophobia is at present. He had even restored one strapping country girl to perfect health who had gone so far as to vomit crooked pins and needles; which is considered a desperate stage of the malady. It was whispered, also, that he was possessed of the art of preparing love powders, and many applications had he in consequence from love sick patients of both sexes. But all these cases formed the mysterious part of his practice, in which, according to these cases formed the mysterious part of his practice, in which, according to of his practice, in which, according to the cant phrase, "secreey and honor might be depended on." Dolph, therefore, was obliged to turn out of the study whenever such consultations occurred, though it is said he learned more of the secrets of the art at the keyheler than by all the rest of his studies put together. gethe

As the doctor increased in wealth he began to extend his possessions and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or, as the Dutch settlers called it, a bowerie, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family, that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion house stood in the center of it, very much out of repair, and which.

in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the Haunted Either from these reports. from its actual dreariness, the doctor had found it impossible to get a tenant; and, that the place might not fall to ruin bethat the place might not fall to ruin be-fore he could reside in it himself, he had placed a country boor, with his family, in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

The doctor now felt all the dignity of The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business, and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a separation and parade that created a sensation throughout the neighborhood. His wall eyed horse stood, stamping and whisking off the flies, for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle bags would be brought out and adjusted; then, after a little while, his cleak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be buckled to the coat; while, in the meantime, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door.
At length the doctor would issue forth, At length the doctor would issue forth, in a pair of jack boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a short, fat man he took some time to mount into the saddle; and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted, enjoying the wonder and ad-miration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street, or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders, which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret window; and then were consulted. and there were generally some last words bawled after him just as he was turning

the corner.

The whole neighborhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last, the barber would thrust out his frizzed head, with a comb sticking in it, a knot would collect at the grocer's door, and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "The doctor's riding out to his country seat!"

These were golden moments for Dolph. No sooner was the doctor out of sight than pestle and mortar were abandoned, the laboratory was left to take care of itself, and the student was off on some

madeap frolic.

Indeed, it must be confessed, the youngster, as he grew up, seemed in a fair way to fulfill the prediction of the old claret colored gentleman. He was the ringleader of all holiday sports and midnight gambols, ready for all kinds of mischievous pranks and harebrained adventures.

There is nothing so troublesome as a hero on a small scale, or, rather, a hero in a small town. Dolph soon became the abhorrence of all drowsy, housekeeping old citizens, who hated noise and had no relish for waggery. The good dames, too, considered him as little better than a reprobate, gathered their daughters under their wings whenever he ap-proached, and pointed him out as a warn-ing to their sons. No one seemed to hold ing to their sons. No one scemed to hold him in much regard, excepting the wild striplings of the place, who were captivated by his open hearted, daring manners, and the negroes, who always look upon every idle, do-nothing youngster as a kind of gentleman. Even the good Peter de Groodt, who had considered himself a kind of patron of the lad, began to despair of him and would shake his head dubiously as he listened to a long complaint from the housekeeper, and sipped a glass of her raspberry brandy.

Still his mother was not to be wearied out of her affection by all the wayward-ness of her boy, nor disheartened by the stories of his misdeeds with which her good friends were continually regaling her. She had, it is true, very little of the pleasure which sich people enjoy, in always hearing their children praised; ben sare consucered an tens at war as a kind of persecution which he suffered, and she liked him the better on that account. She saw him growing up a fine, tall, good looking youngster, and she looked at him with the excret pride of a mother's heart. It was her great desire that Dolph should appear like a gentleman, and all the money she could save went towards helping out his pocket and his wardrobe. She would look out of the window after him as he sallied forth in his best array, and her heart would yearn with delight; and once, when Peter do Groodt, struck with the youngster's gallant appearance on a bright Sunday morning, observed, "Well, after all, Dolph does grow a comely fellow!" the tear of pride started into the mother's eye. "Ah, neighbor! neighbor!" exclaimed she, "they may say what they please; poor Dolph will yet hold up his head with the best of them."

Dolph Heyliger had now nearly attained his one-and-twentieth year, and the term of his medical studies was just expiring, yet it must be confessed that he knew little more of the profession than when he first entered the doctor's doors. This, however, could not be from want of quickness of parts, for he showed amazing aptness in mastering other branches of knowledge, which he could only have studied at intervals. He was, for instance, a sure marksman, and won all the geess and turkeys at Christ-

could only have studied at intervals. He was, for instance, a sure marksman, and won all the geese and turkeys at Christmas holidays. He was a bold rider; he was famous for leaping and wrestling; he played tolerably on the fiddle; could swim like a fish; and was the best hand in the whole place at fives or ninepins.

All these accomplishments, however, procured him no favor in the eyes of the doctor, who grew more and more crabbed and intolerant the nearer the term of apprenticeship approached. Frau Ilsy, too, was forever finding some occasion to raise a windy tempest about his ears; and seldom encountered him about the house without a clatter of the tongue; so that at length the jingling of her keys, and seldom encountered him about the house without a clatter of the tongue; so that at length the jingling of her keys, as she approached, was to Dolph like the ringing of the prompter's bell, that gives notice of a theatrical thunder storm. Nothing but the infinite good humor of the heedless youngster enabled him to bear all this domestic tyranny without open rebellion. It was evident that the doctor and his housekeeper were preparing to beat the poor youth out of the nest the moment his term should have expired; a shorthand mode which the expired; a shorthand mode which the doctor had of providing for useless disciples.
Indeed, the little man had been ren-

dered more than usually irritable lately in consequence of various cares and vexations which has country estate had brought upon him. The doctor had been repeatedly annoyed by the rumors and tales which prevailed concerning the old mansion, and found it difficult to prevail even upon the countryman and his family to remain there rent free. Every time as rode out to the farm he was teased by some fresh complaint of strange noises and fearful sights with which the tenants were disturbed at night, and the doctor would come home night, and the doctor would come home fretting and fuming, and vent his spleen upon the whole household. It was in-deed a sore grievance, that affected him both in prids and purse. He was threat-ened with an absolute loss of the profits of his property; and then, what a blow to his territorial consequence to be the landlord of a haunted house!

It was observed, however that with

It was observed, however, that with all his vexation the doctor never proposed to sleep in the house himself; nay, he could never be prevailed upon to remain in the premises after dark, but made the in the premises after dark, but made the best of his way for town as soon as the bats began to flit about in the twilight. The fact was, the doctor had a secret belief in chosts, having passed the early tan. Obeografie in a country where they pind his of the abound; and indeed the story cath. "at when a boy he had once seen that sevil upon the Hartz mounta as in Germany.

in Germany.

At length the doctor's vexations on this head were brought to a crisis. One morning, as he sat dozing over a volume in his study, he was suddenly started from his slumbers by the bustling in of the housekeeper,
"Here's a fine to do!" cried she as she

entered the room. "Here's Claus Hop-per come in, bag and baggage, from the farm, and swears he'll have nothing more to do with it. The whole family have been frightened out of their wits; for there's such racketing and rummaging about the old house that they can't sleep quiet in their beds!" "Donner und blitzen!" cried the doctor

"Donner und blitzen!" cried the doctor impatiently; "will they never have done chattering about that house? What a pack of fools, to let a few rats and mice frighten them out of good quarters!"
"Nay, nay," said the housekeeper, wagging her head knowingly, and piqued at having a good ghost story doubted, "there's more in it then rats and nice."

'there's more in it than rats and mice All the neighborhood talks about the house, and then such sights have been seen in it! Peter de Groodt tells me that the family that sold you the bouse and went to Holland dropped several strange hints about it, and said 'they wished you joy of your bargain;' and you know yourself there's no getting any family to live in it." live in it.

"Peter de Groodt's a ninny-an old woman," said the doctor previshly. "I'll warrant he's been filling these people's heads full of stories. It's just like his nonsense about the ghost that haunted the church belfry as an excuse for not ringing the bell that cold night when Harmanus Brinkerhoff's house was on

fire. Send Claus to me."

Claus Hopper now made his appearance—a simple country lout, full of awe at finding hinself in the very study of Dr. Knipperhausen, and too much embarrassed to enter into much detail of the matters that had caused his alarm He stood twirling his hat in one hand resting sometimes on one leg, some-times on the other, looking occasionally at the doctor, and now and then stealing a fearful glance at the death's head that seemed ogling him from the top of the clothes press.

The doctor tried every means to per-suade him to return to the farm, but

all in vain; he maintained a dogged determination on the subject; and at the close of every argument or solicitation, would make the same brief, inflexible reply, "Ich kan nicht, mynheer." The doctor was a "little pot, and soon het." his retience was a "con het." soon hot;" his patience was exhausted by these continual vexations about his estate. The stubborn refusal of Claus Hopper seemed to him like flat rebellion: his temper suddenly boiled over, and Claus was glad to make a rapid retreat to escapo scalding.

When the bumpkin got to the housekeeper's room, he found Peter de Groodt and several other true believers ready to receive him. Here he indemnified himself for the restraint he had suffered in the study, and opened a budget of stories about the haunted house that astonished all his hearers. The housekeeper be-lieved them all, if it was only to spite the doctor for having received her intelligence so uncourteously. Peter de Groodt matched them with many a wenderful legend of the times of the Dutch dynasty, and of the devil's step-ping stones; and of the pirate that was langed at Gibbet Island, and continued to swing there at trial lower terms. to swing there at night long after the gallows was taken down; and of the gallows was taken down; and of the er, who was hanged for treason, which haunted the old fort and the government house. The gossiping knot dispersed, each charged with direful intelligence. The sexton disburdened himself at a vestry meeting that was held that very day, and the black cook forsook her kitchen, and spent half the day at the street pump, that gossiping place of ser-vants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time the whole town was in a buzz with tales about the haunted house. Some said that Claus Hopper had seen the devil, while others hinted that the house was haunted by the ghosts of some of the patients whom the doctor had physicked out of the world, and that was the reason why he did not venture to live in it himself.

(Continued next Saturday.) she Has Had Seven Husbands

Mrs. Mollie Corwin has been granted a divorce in Shelbyville, Ind., from Joseph Corwin, her seventh husband, from whom she was divorced last winter and to whom she was remarried soon after.

SULLIVAN AND MISS BLY.

A BRIGHT LADY REPORTER INTER-VIEWS THE PUGILIST.

Nellie Bir, of The New York World, En-Joys a Chat with the "Big Man"-His Life on Trainer Muldoon's Farm at Bel-

The New York World recently sent its "star" woman reporter, Nellie Bly, to interview John L. Sullivan at Belfast, N. Y., where he is in training under Muldoon, the wrestler, for his fight with Jake Kilrain, who was born Killion. In the course of her description of the visit to Belfast the fair writer says:

Mr. William Muldoon's house, where Mr. Sullivan is training, is in the prettiest part of the town and only a short dis-tance from the hotel.

I rang the bell, and when a colored

man came in answer I sent my letter of introduction to Mr. Muldoon. A hand-some young man, whose broad shoulders were neatly fitted with a gray cordurey coat, came into the room holding a light gray cap in his hand. His face was youthful, his eyes blue, his expression pleasing, his smile brought two dimples to punctuate his rosy cheeks, his bearing was easy and most graceful, and this was the champion wrestler and athlete, Will

"We have just returned from our two-mile walk," he said, when I told him I had come to see Mr. Sullivan, "and Mr. Sullivan is just being rubbed down. If you will excuse me one moment I will

In a few moments Mr. Muldoon returned, followed by a man whom I would never have taken for the great and only Sullivan. He was a tall man, with enormous shoulders, and wore dark trousers, a light cheviot coat and vest and slippers. In his hand he held a light cloth cap. He paused almost as he entered the room in a half bashful way, and twisted his cap in a very boyish but not ungraceful manner. "Miss Bly, Mr. Sullivan," said Mr.

Muldoon, and I looked into the great fighter's dark, bright eyes as he bent his broad shoulders before me. shake hands with you," I said, and "Mr. Sullivan.



he took my hand with a firm, hearty grasp, and with a hand that felt small and soft. Mr. Muldoon excused himself, and I was left to interview the great John L "I came here to learn about you, Mr.

Sullivan, so will you please begin by telling me at what time you get up in the morning," I said.

"Well, I get up about 6 o'clock and get rubbed down," he began, in a matterof-fact way. "Then Muldoon and I walk and run a mile or a mile and a half away and then back. Just as soon as we get in I am given a shower bath, and after being thoroughly rubbed down again I put on an entire fresh outfit.'

"What kind of clothing do you wear for your walk? Heavy?" I asked.
"Yes. I wear a heavy sweater and a suit of heavy corduroy buttoned tightly. I also wear gloves. After my walk I put on a fresh sweater, so that I won't

"What's a sweater?" I asked.

"I'll show you," he said, with a smile, and, excusing himself, he went out. In a moment he returned with a garment in his hand. It was a very heavy knit garment, with long sleeves and a stand ing collar. It was all in one piece, and I imagine weighed several pounds.

"Well, what do you wear a sweater for, and why do you take such violent walks?" I asked, my curiosity being satisfled as to the strange "sweater."

"I wear a sweater to make me warm and I walk to reduce my fat and to harden my muscles. Last Friday I lost six pounds and last Saturday I lost six and half pounds. When I came here weighed 237 pounds, and now I weigh 218. Before I leave here I will weigh

only 195 pounds." "Do you take a cold shower bath when your walk is finished?"

"No, never. I den't believe in cold water. It chills the blood. I always have my shower bath of a medium tem perature.

"How are you rubbed down, then, as you term it?" "I have two men give me a brisk rub

bing with their hands. Then they rub me down with a mixture of ammonia, camphor and alcohol." "What do you eat?"

"I eat nothing fattening. I have oatmeal for breakfast and meat and bread for dinner, and cold meat and stale bread for supper. I cat no sweets nor potatoes I used to smoke all the day, but since I came here I haven't seen a cigar. Occasionally Mr. Muldoon gives me a glass of ale, but it doesn't average one a day." "Then training is not very pleasant

"It's the worst thing going. A fellow would rather fight twelve dozen times than train once, but it's got to be done, and he leaned back in the easy chair with an air of weariness.

"Do you like prize fighting?" I asked Mr. Sullivan. "I don't," he replied. "Of course I did once, or rather I was fond of traveling about and the excitement of the

crowds, but this is my last fight." "Well, I'm tired and I want to settle down. I am getting old," and he leaned back wearily.

"What is your age?" "I was born the 15th of October, 1858. I began prize fighting when I was only 19 years old. How did I start? Well, I had a match with a prize man who had never been downed, and I was the winner. This got me lots of notice, so I went through the country giving exhibitions. I have made plenty of money in my day, but I have been a fool and today I have nothing. It came easy and went easy. I have provided well for my father and mother, and they are in comfortable circumstances."

"What will you do if you stop fight-

"If I win this fight I will travel for a year giving sparring exhibitions, and then I will settle down. I have always wanted to run a hotel in New York, and if I am successful I think I shall spend the rest of my life as a hotel proprietor." "How much money have you made during your career as a prize fighter?"

"I have made \$500,000 or \$600,000 in boxing. I made \$125,000 from Sept. 26, 1883, to May 26, 1884, when I traveled through the country offering \$1,000 to any one I couldn't knock out in four

ounds, which takes twelve minutes."

"By the time I am ready to fight there won't be any fat on my hands or face. They will be as hard as a bone. Do I harden them? Certainly. If I didn't I would have pieces knocked off of me, I have a mixture of rock salt and white wine and vinegar and several other in-gredients which I wash my bands and

"Do you hit a man on the face and neek and anywhere you can?" I asked. HE HITS ANYWHERE HE CAN. "Certainly, any place above the belt that I get a chance," and he smiled.

"Don't you hate to hit a man so?" "I don't think about it," still smiling. "When you see that you have hurt him don't you feel sorry?"

"I never feel sorry until the fight is "How do you feel when you get hit very hard?" The dark, bright eyes glanced at me

lazily and the deep, deep voice said with "I only want a chance to hit back." "Did you ever see a man killed in the

ring?" "No, I never did, and I only knew of one fellow who died in the ring, and that was Walker, who died at Philadelphia from neglect after the fight was

Although I had my breakfast before reaching Mr. Muldoon's cottage I ac-cepted his proposal to break bread with him and his guests. At a nearer view the dining room did not lose any of its prettiness, and the daintiness of everything-the artistic surroundings, the noiseless and efficient colored waiter, open windows on both sides, giving pretty views of green lawn and shady trees, the canary birds swelling their yellow throats occasionally with sweet little trills, the green parrot climbing up its brass cage and talking about "crackers," the white table linen and beautiful dishes, down to the large bunch of fragrant lilaes and another of beautifully shaped and colored wild lowers, separated by a slipper filled with velvety pansies—was all entirely foreign to any idea I had ever conceived of prize fighters and their surroundings.

APPLICATION OF FERTILIZERS.

Timely Advice About Sowing Broadcast Applying to Hill or Drill.

Bone dust flour and most other commercial fertilizers, when fresh, are quite dry, so that gardeners find it often inconvenient and rather wasteful to apply these broadcast in the usual method of sowing by hand.
Popular Gardening calls attention to

the fact that the fertilizer attachment which now goes with any good grain drill distributes such fertilizer in a per-

which now goes with any good grain drill distributes such fertilizer in a perfect way, and without waste, and there are also separate fertilizer drills in the market. This machine method has its advantages over hand application. It mot only distributes the fertilizer evenly, but also stirs it into the soil; and as for the application of larger quantities, the ground can be gone over repeatedly, and if each time crosswise or diagonally of the previous application, the mixture of oil and fertilizer will be made thorough. The extensive planter, as in all similar cases, has an advantage over the gardener, whose limited operations hardly allow him the use of machinery. But even if compelled to resort to hand application of fertilizers the gardener has a way out of the dilemma. All that is needed is to moisten the fertilizer sufficiently, just before applying it, so the wind will not carry it off in dust form. Put a layer of the stuff into a tight box, or on a tight barn floor, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo again. Now shovel, the whole mass over repeated printly mixed and uniformitiforms penough for convenient handling. The whole new sover simple that there is no next and the distinct of the state of the state of the stuff into a tight box, or on a tight barn floor, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo again. Now shovel, the whole mass over repeated printly mixed and uniformitiforms penough for convenient handling. The whole new sover in the stuff into a tight box, or on a tight barn floor, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, and sprinklo it with water, then put another dry layer upon it, a

plan should not be followed, says the authority quoted. The greater convenience in handling damp fertilizer, freedom from dust, and avoidance of waste -these are advantages well worthy of consideration by every gardener, whether he operates on a large or small scale.

The harrow should always soon folow after broadcast application of fertilizer by hand. It is important that the latter be thoroughly mixed with the surface soil.

Conclusions of the Director of the Maryland Experiment Station.

In a bulletin issued by the Maryland Agricultural Experiment station, H. E. Alvord, director, gives the following conclusions in regard to the growth of fodder corn and fodder cane: For the greatest quantity of fodder,

green or dry, corn or cane should be grown in drills far enough apart to permit easy and sufficient cultivation, the space between the rows to be governed somewhat by the size of varieties grown, and the plants to be thin enough in the drills to give ample air and light to assure maturity. For corn of the larger varieties, the nearest definite rule that can be safely given is to plant the rows 3 to 34 feet apart and single stalks 6 to 8 inches apart in the rows. For best quality of fodder the same method should be followed as for great-

est quantity. The chemical composition of folder corn grown in different ways is found to be very similar, and the exceptions occurring do not justify any modification of the advice just given for getting best quality. The nutritive ratio and percentage of dry substance digest ible are slightly in favor of the thicker seeding, but not enough so to compensate for loss in quantity of crop Thick seeding appears to cause a decrease in the relative amount of nitrogen in the albuminoid form. This diminishes the value of the fodder, as the amide nitrogen is considered to have less nutritive To get the most food value on an acre

of corn or cane it should not be cut till the plants begin to show signs of drying and withering and the seeds begin to glaze. The product of an acre of sowed corn, as ordinarily grown, has usually a food value little more than half as great as the product of the same acre in drills as above advised. The labor expended in the cultivation required by the drill system is profitably applied, as shown by the saving of seed and the increased

A crop of fodder corn, grown in drills and well cultivated, serves to clean and improve the land. Sowed corn [broadcast] or thickly drilled fodder allows weeds and grass to grow and perfect their seeds, and "fouls" the land. To grow a large crop of fodder corn or fod-der cane, rich land is needed; but heavy manuring, good seed and good cultivation are profitable in securing a good crop; twenty to thirty tons green weight is not an uncommon yield, being an equivalent in food value of five to eight tons of good hay per acre.
The variety of sorghum known as early

amber cane, grown under conditions identical with Indian corn, as a forage plant, and in an unfavorable season, produced from one to four tons per acre of green fodder more than corn, at this station. As to quality for forage, the cane compared favorably with corn.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for their approval or rejection at a special election to be held June 18, 1883. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth:

SECTION I. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said oustitution to be designated as Article XIX as

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for Ita-enforcement. ARTICLE XIX.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution. CHARLES W. STONE. ml6-3md8

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for their approval or rejection at a special election to be held June 18, 1889. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth:

**SECTION*1. Be at resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met. That the following is proposed as an amendment to the constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

AMENDMENT.

AMENDMENT.

Strike out from section one, of article eight, the foor qualifications for voters which reads as follows:

"If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First, He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third, He shall have resided in the election.

then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election, shall be amended, so as to read as follows:

Every male cilizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be cantilled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election.

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French Peas, 8t. Nicholas brand, Re.
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Pounds, 22c, per pound.
Pickled Codfish, 5c, per pound.
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