

# GREEN'S UNEASY GHOST

## THE FLITTING SPOOK THAT BROKE UP AN INDIANA SCHOOL.

**A Pretty Good Hoosier Ghost Story—The Various Ways in Which the Spirit Manifested Itself—How Green Came to Be Lynched.**

A special correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes from Flora, Ind., as follows: There is one community in this State where there is no dissent on the question as to whether there are such things as ghosts. Walnut Grove, a village two miles west of here, is the place, and so firm is the faith of the residents there in spooks that they have forced the school trustees of the township to abandon the schoolhouse that for years has answered for their needs, and construct another that will be free from the taint of being haunted.

For some years the story that ghosts were common visitors in the vicinity of the Walnut Grove schoolhouse have been current, but the trustees, who are hard-headed types of Hoosiers, have always refused to give any credence to the reports. They have lived in hope that the stories would be forgotten, and have done all that was in their power to cast ridicule upon the rumors. Their course was dictated by two motives. In the first place, they did not believe in ghosts, and in the second, they had an investment in the schoolhouse and resented the circulation of stories that were liable to impair its value and usefulness.

From the standpoint of the trustees, this action on their part was all right, but it did not meet with the approval of the parents of the children who had to attend the school. When little Johnny Jones and his sister Sue, for instance, came screaming home to their mother and told her of seeing a man swinging by the neck to a tree in the immediate vicinity of the schoolhouse, and that the hanging man amused himself by making ugly faces at them, it became a matter of moment to the parents, especially as little Johnny and his sister Sue almost went into spasms when told to go to school as usual the next day. The story of Johnny and his sister had corroboration from other children who attended the school, and finally the parents began to withdraw their children from the place and send them to this city or to some other place to get an education.

Sometimes the ghost varied his appearance, and instead of hanging from the tree, would be seen strolling along the road, his head very much on one side, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, and an expression of indescribable agony on his face. The children said that they would no more than get a glimpse of him when he would disappear in the most unaccountable manner. The ghost would be walking on the road where there was not an object to afford him concealment, when, presto! he would be gone.

The children and the parents said that it was Amer Green's ghost. The school trustees said "iddlesticks," but the parents stuck to their belief and accentuated it by withdrawing their children from the school. At the last term of the school, the one that has just closed, there were only two scholars, and at its termination the teacher told the trustees that she could not endure the life at the school for another term, and must leave. The trustees tried to get a teacher to take the school for the fall term, but his fame as a ghost-haunted place had become noised abroad, and the quest of the trustees was unsuccessful. In view of this fact, and in deference to the wishes of the taxpayers the trustees have awarded the contracts for the erection of another schoolhouse in lieu of the old one. It will have another site, and the hope is that the ghost of Amer Green will not in future bother the children and interrupt their education.

The slim attendance at the school the last term, as well as the change of heart on the part of the trustees, was largely due to the apparition that appeared to Dr. Budford Karns of this city one night last fall. Dr. Karns is not an emotional man, and his reputation for truth and veracity are unquestioned. The doctor had been making a professional call in the Walnut Grove neighborhood on the night of November 30, and had to pass the vicinity of the schoolhouse on his way home. While passing a grove of trees near the schoolhouse he saw the body of a man hanging from a limb and swaying back and forth. When the doctor told of what he had seen the next day it settled the matter, and the fate of the old schoolhouse was assured.

While there has not been anything new discovered to account for the appearance of the ghost or the unearthly noises that have terrified the children at school, there is only one belief on the subject, and that is that the uncanny object is the ghost of Amer Green. On a walnut tree in the vicinity of the schoolhouse some years ago Amer Green was strung up by lynch law and his body left hanging there. In view of the appearance of the ghost so frequently and its apparent inability to rest, the community is now beginning to take some stock in Amer's dying declaration that he was innocent of the crime for which he was lynched, and that he will never rest in his grave until his innocence is made plain.

Amer Green was known in the neighborhood as a "terror" and was a generally notorious character. He was an admirer of Luella Mabbit, the daughter of William Mabbit, a well-to-do farmer living near Young America, thirteen miles northeast of here. Mabbit did not approve of the intimacy of his daughter with Green, and at his command the girl wrote her admirer

a letter requesting that he abandon his suit for her hand.

Such a request did not suit the impatient nature of Green, who became greatly enraged at the girl's letter and made numerous threats of what he would do. August 19, 1886, Green, in company with William Walker, called at the Mabbit house in the evening, and asked to see Luella. Her sister Cynthia, now Mrs. Walker, went to the door and told Green that Luella had gone to bed and did not wish to get up. Green raved at hearing this, and finally Luella got up and dressed and she and Green went out together. Cynthia went to bed and there was no one else in the house who knew that Luella and Green had gone out together.

That was the last seen of Luella Mabbit alive. When she did not return home a search was made for her, but no trace could be found. Green was arrested on the charge of murder and placed in jail at Delphia. Almost six months afterward, on February 5, 1887, the body of a woman was fished out of the river: some miles below Lafayette, and some of the relatives of the girl recognized the corpse as that of Luella. There were doubts then, and always have been since, as to the value of the identification. When the coroner's jury held an inquest on the body picked out of the river the verdict was that it was the body of Luella Mabbit, and that she came to her end at the hands of Green. He was held for the crime, but the State officials found so much difficulty in tracing his movements the night he had gone out with Luella that the trial was put off time and again in order that they might make out a case against him.

This delay was not understood or appreciated by the community, which was terribly aroused over the disappearance of the girl, and was fearful that her abductor and murderer, as they judged Green to be, might escape punishment on some technicality. It was resolved that Green must die. About 10 o'clock on the night of October 21, 1887, a mob surrounded the jail at Delphia and called on the sheriff for the keys. When he refused to give them up the mob attacked the jail with cold chisels and sledge hammers, and soon forced an entrance. Green was taken out, placed in a wagon with a guard, and then the mob climbed in to their vehicles, which were standing around, and the procession came up its route to Walnut Grove.

When they got there Green was confronted with Mr. Mabbit, and to the latter's question as to what he had done with Luella swore that the girl was alive and well and was then living at Fort Wayne, Ind. Mr. Mabbit and the mob were of the opinion that this was a lie and was told for the purpose of gaining time, so without any more parley the rope that had been brought along was placed around Green's neck and the other end thrown around the limb of a tree, and in a few moments Green was a corpse. He protested his innocence to the last moment, and at no time exhibited the least trace of fear except at the expression of a wish on the part of some of the mob to burn him, and then he begged them to "kill him like a man," and not to torture him.

In explanation of his movements with Luella Mabbit on the night they went away together Green said that he and the girl had planned to elope and had gone from the Mabbit house to Frankfort, where they separated, Luella going to Indianapolis, while Green went to Kokomo for money and they met in Indianapolis the day following. From there Luella had gone to Texas, while he had returned home to settle up some affairs preparatory to joining her.

In the meantime the people of Walnut Grove are satisfied that Green's spirit is walking the earth, and that it will never rest until the mystery of Luella Mabbit's fate is effectually cleared up. But he has driven them out of their schoolhouse and forced the board to build them a new one, and this is undoubtedly the first time in the history of Indiana or any other State where a ghost has had that measure of official recognition.

**Lost Her Head at the Meeting.**  
"Yes, sir, I did my best to train my daughter up as an accomplished parliamentarian. I took her to the meetings to give her a chance to listen to the rulings of able chairmen and I bade her learn the text-books on the subject by heart. I thought I had her perfect in the business, but I was mistaken. She attended a convention not long ago, and pretty soon she had a chance to appeal from a decidedly unjust ruling of the chair, and how do you suppose she did it? She was excited, you know, and this is what she said: 'You are a mean old fright and I just hate you! So there!' And then she burst into tears and sat down. No, sir, a woman's nature will have to change before she will ever become a parliamentarian."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

**Size of the States.**  
It appears from the geographical surveys accepted as a basis of the recent Federal census that Texas is the largest State in the country. In the New England group the largest of the States is Maine, with nearly 30,000 square miles of land surface; none of the other New England States has as much as 10,000. Two States which are most nearly alike in area are New York and North Carolina. Two others which correspond very nearly are Iowa and Illinois. Arkansas and Alabama are of almost the same size and Ohio and Virginia differ by only a few square miles. The land area of each is about 40,000 square miles.

**World's manufacturers use ninety tons of gold and 515 tons of silver a year.**

# WORMS FOUND IN SNOW.

Interesting Theory Advanced to Account For Their Presence.

Scientific men seldom attempt to show the practical value of the work they do. It is often a long time before this importance is realized—and hence we often hear the question, does science pay? This has many times been asked in connection with polar expeditions. And though their value has often been demonstrated, yet the same question is being put day by day.

How valuable even a new fact of seemingly trifling importance may be in widening human knowledge is well illustrated by a paper recently published in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, which simply describes a species of a snow-inhabiting Enchytraeid, by J. Percy Moore. It simply tells of the discovery—by Mr. Henry G. Bryant, one of the famous explorers with Peary in Greenland, but on this occasion ascending Mount St. Elias, in Alaska—of a small worm, less than one inch long when in its mature condition, that is born, lives and dies in perpetual snow. This is all, and what of that?

We may leave Mr. Moore's paper here and recall the fact of the extraordinary abundance of animal life in these inhospitable lands. Fish and sea birds abound in such numbers that man and land animals have no difficulty in preserving life during the long, dreary winters of those regions. It has been accounted for in a general sort of way by the broad statement that "animalcula come down with the melting snow to the creeks and harbors, on which small fish feed, and then the larger on these, and so on through the whole course." But the question has never been answered as it is in this paper.

But how do these worms live? for all animal life must be sustained by vegetation in the first instance—and it is here that the practical man has to put this and that together. Not only do these minute creatures live in snow, but the lower forms of microscopic plants do also. One species, of a blood-red color, known as Protococcus nivalis, is produced in such large numbers that the snow hills often seem as red as blood. Aside from this it is known that pollen may, at times, be borne on the winds many hundreds of miles. The waters of the northern lakes have often been covered with what the unlearned have supposed to be showers of sulphur from the clouds, but in reality by pollen from Southern pine forests. It might as easily reach the polar snow caps, and probably does—while in the short but floridly brilliant arctic summers native pollen would certainly be stored by the snow in abundance. Then there are the gorgeous lichens, which abound to such an extent that the rugged rocks are covered with as many sheets of parti-colored patches as Joseph's coat, giving to the winds a continual supply of spores for the sustenance of the snowfields' inhabitants.

Who will say all this knowledge is not practical? And yet we shall hear as long as the world endures, of what use can these explorations be?—Meehan's Monthly.

# WORDS OF WISDOM.

Affinity is a word greatly maltreated. Beauty apart from vanity is twice beautiful.

Inspiration, like death, always comes unexpectedly.

Fast talk is an error, but slow talk drives friends away.

The eye of an egotist has a tremendous magnifying power.

"Making haste slowly" is the secret of every great achievement.

Children are often less carefully tended than vines and plants.

Beware of malice, it has been garbed in the gown of purest affection.

"Everybody is against me," gasps the man who is his own enemy.

Precept and practice have the same relative value as charity and almsgiving.

Love often turns to aversion, but rarely, indeed, does the reverse hold true.

The softest thing in the world is the hand of a loving woman when it caresses.

The philosopher finds wisdom to consist in being able to make the best of the worst.

Generosity often follows the possession of riches, but riches are slow in coming to the generous.

Providence is often blamed (obliquely) for illness, when the sick one is a victim of outrage nature.—Philadelphia Record.

# Tricks in All Trades.

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old vergor, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half-crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails.

After service he called the old man into the vestry, and told him, with emotion, that his crime had been discovered.

The vergor looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-crown mine! Why, Ol've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years!"—London Spare Moments.

# The Youngest Editor.

Probably the youngest editor in the United States is a sixteen year old girl, Lillie Miller, who successfully manages a weekly paper at Camden (Pa.), and supports her widowed mother and brother and sister. Her father, who was the proprietor, was killed in a railway accident recently.



# HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

## JOYS OF THE CHERRY.

Delicious Recipes For the Koly-Poly and Shortcake.

The cherry is the fruit of the poets and songmakers, for has it not been a standard for the lover to liken their love to his sweetheart's kiss. The fruit on every side has had deservedly its full share of praise, for its mission is to combine the ornamental with the useful. Its beauty begins with the flower and does not fade until the ripened fruit is gathered, and it has the further merit of keeping its flavor better than any other small fruit when cooked or preserved. For breakfast, clusters of ripe cherries—white, red or black—arranged with their leaves, will tempt the most capricious appetite, and the acid of the fruit is an excellent tonic.

To let the season pass without a cherry koly poly for dessert is to make a sad mistake. A rich biscuit dough is made, rolled very thin, covered thickly with stoned cherries and rolled together. Put this in a bag and plunge in a kettle of rapidly boiling water, to be kept boiling briskly for half or three-quarters of an hour, according to the thickness of the roll. The cover to the kettle must not be lifted during this time, nor the water cease rapid boiling, or the pudding will be heavy. Serve hot, with Devonshire cream and sugar, or with a hard sauce colored a cherry pink with the juice of the fruit.

For a cherry pie use a rich pastry in a deep dish, with plenty of sugar and a dredging of flour. For cherry tarts, cook the cherries with sugar and a little water until they make a rich preserve. Fill the tarts or pastry shells just before serving and cover with whipped cream.

**Cherry Betty**—Soak stale bread crumbs in water, squeeze as dry as possible, and beat until they are fine and light; butter a deep baking dish, and put in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of stewed cherries, and alternate until the dish is filled, the bread crumbs being the top layer; scatter over the top bits of butter and bake until brown and serve hot with sugar and cream. Steamed rice may be substituted for the bread crumbs.

**Cherry Cake**—Make two layers of sponge or any light, delicate cake, cover with whipped cream and arrange very ripe cherries close together over the entire top. Stone the cherries carefully that they may present a whole appearance. Place one layer over the other and serve at once.

**Cherry Trifle**—Line the bottom of a pudding dish with pieces of stale sponge cake, moistened with cream, and cover with a layer of ripe cherries, sprinkled with powdered sugar; then another layer of berries and so on until the dish is nearly full. Pour a boiled custard over all, and then add well-beaten whites of three eggs made stiff with fine sugar, and put cherries here and there among the froth.

**Cherry water or shrub** is an old-time beverage refreshing on a hot day. Stem two pounds of cherries, pour over them two quarts of boiling water and let steep for two hours on the back of the stove. Boil a pint of sugar with a pint of water rapidly for ten minutes. Strain the cherry juice into the syrup, pressing the fruit to extract all the juice. When cold put on ice for several hours, when it is ready to serve. For cherry sherbet, boil three pints of water and two pounds of sugar for ten minutes. Strain the syrup and add one pint of cherry juice and the juice of a quarter of a lemon. When quite cold freeze.—Washington Star.

**Dissolve salt** in alcohol to take out grease spots.

For finger marks on doors use whitening, then rub off thoroughly.

Though floors be bad, rugs are much saner every way than carpets.

Cover sandwiches that are not to be served at once with a damp napkin and bowl.

Give the lamp burners a good boiling often for twenty minutes in water with a little washing soda.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and allows the juice to escape.

An excellent gargle for sore throat or hoarseness is made by boiling a teaspoonful of pure honey in a cup of water.

When making cold-water starch, if put to soak a few hours before mixing, it will be found to be much smoother.

Sideboard scarfs do not necessarily come to the ends, and as for hanging far down, many think it too much like the scarf on a dressing case or a chifonier.

# FEROCEOUS GRAY WOLVES.

Formidable Creature of the Plains—Dangerous to Domestic Animals.

Lib Vincent, one of Wyoming's old-time cow punchers and now riding on the Powder River ranges, says that the gray wolves of his section are legion in number and as fearless as they are ferocious.

These gray and greedy scourges of the Powder River stock areas do their raiding in bands ranging in numbers of from six to thirty, each band being organized and disciplined under the leadership of an old dog wolf especially chosen for his wariness, speed and endurance. To this captain these gaunt and grizzled marauders yield an implicit and unswerving obedience—a statement evidenced from the fact that if one of these wolf leaders is slain or crippled his band at once amalgamates with some other troop possessing a leader of like capacity.

The age or size of their quarry is of little moment with these wolves, as they pull down and devour alike cows, calves, steers, mares, colts and geldings. Their attack is always strategic and systematic, one portion of the band assaulting from the front and fastening on to shoulder, ear or muzzle, and thus giving the big, wild gray dogs who are ever closing in from the rear the objective opportunity of hamstringing the victim. Once hamstringed it is all over with the quarry, and the entire band feasts at leisure. Mr. Vincent has often seen on the Powder River ranges the mere empty hide and polished bones of what was once a luscious steer or polished gelding as sad souvenirs of the raid of a gray wolf band.

The cattle herds are open and easy prey to the bold canine bandits, the cattle fleeing from the pursuers and thus rendering individual attack easy and successful. The horses, however, with their superior intelligence, very frequently beat off the wolves by forming on the open ground an equine square, with the mares and colts in the centre, the gallant stallions on the corners, and the best and bravest geldings distributed in the outer lines of defense. Not only do these equine squares frequently beat off their assailants, but they sometimes rout the wild dogs entirely, slaying numbers of them by striking, kicking and trampling.

This is an especial result when the horse herd has with it a stallion experienced in range life. He can smell a wolf farther than he can see him, and at his shrill and warning neigh the herd rushes together and quickly forms the protecting square. The wolves fully appreciate this fact, and instances have been known of a gray band numbering scores of ralders trotting leisurely around one of these embattled squares and then seeking other and easier prey.

The gray wolf reaches a weight of 125 pounds, and boasts alike brain, brawn, a moileless, tireless foot, a savage ferocity in a given length of time than any other known animal.

He is a prolific breeder, eight or ten pups being a not uncommon litter, while there is a Powder River instance of thirty-five pups being slain as the progeny of three wolf dams.

Up to six months old the gray wolf pup is awkward and unweildy, and it is a favorite cowboy pastime of the Powder River ranges to locate a gray wolf litter on the prairie and shoot the pups from horseback as they skulkingly roll and tumble from their coverts in the grass and sagebrush. Crack shots with the pistol have been known to get a pup with every bullet from their six-shooters.—Rocky Mountain News.

# Why They Longed For Home.

"One meets odd characters on shipboard," said a Baltimore woman who visited the Paris Exposition.

"I recall vividly a lean Yankee of about fifty-five years who on my return voyage spent hours near the prow of his ship with his face steadfastly turned to his native land.

"Yes, I'm glad to be going back," he said one day, when inclined to conversation. "I've done Europe as my family said I should, and when I left Rome, the last place I had to do, I shook my fist at her and said: Good-by, old Rome, I'm going home to pumpkin pie."

"An equally amusing fellow-passenger was a young man from the far South, who confided to me his intention of getting back in order to enjoy once more his mother's buckwheat cakes. 'I can scarcely wait for them,' he said. 'First you smear them over with butter and then you smear them over with molasses, and then—his eyes took on a rapt expression—you eat them!'"—Baltimore Sun.

# A Victor Hugo Museum.

Thanks mainly to the munificence of M. Paul Meurice, says the Westminster Gazette, Paris is about to be provided with a Victor Hugo Museum. The house which is to be used for the purpose is the one in which the poet lived from 1833 to 1848, and in which much of his most successful work was written. Among the treasures with which the building will be stocked are a library of some 5000 volumes, a large collection of drawings made by Victor Hugo himself and a number of bronze and marble busts. Under present arrangements the museum will be formally opened on February 26, 1902. This date is particularly appropriate, inasmuch as it is that of the centenary of the poet's birth.

# Progress in Telegraphy.

If progress in telegraphy continues the next few years at the same rate as in the past it will soon be possible to telegraph a verbatim running report of a woman's congress. It is now possible to send eight messages over one wire at the same time.—Montana Record.



# OUR BUDGET HUMOR.

**'Twas a Merry Jest.**  
"Oh, will you share my lot?" the lover cried.  
So they were wed, and soon, alas! he died.  
'Twas not till then she found—a jest quite merry—  
His only lot was in a cemetery! —Philadelphia Record.

**"What is it?"**  
Willie—"What is the blue room in the White House, pa?"  
Pa—"That's where the President gives office-seekers the turn-down." —Baltimore World.

**Unfalling Signs.**  
Angeline (aged eight)—"I t'ink Claude means ter propose ter-night."  
Agnes (aged seven)—"And why?"  
Angeline—"He's drefful pale and smells uv hair-oil!"—Puck.

**His Mild Inquiry.**  
"There is no doubt that this scheme will pay," said the promoter.  
"Yes," answered the purchaser of stock, "I suppose so. But who is to get the money?"—Washington Star.

**Made It Worse.**  
"The old idea," said the lecturer, "was an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."  
"Yes," coincided one of his hearers, "and there were no painless dentists in those days, either."

**Gossip.**  
First Hen—"Mrs. Cluckatuck is a very young looking hen to be Gladys Cuckatuck's mother."  
Second Hen—"Oh! She's only her stepmother. Gladys's mother was a patent incubator!"—Puck.

**A Safe Guess.**  
"I was just reading here that they have discovered the grave of Hippocrates."  
"Who was he?"  
"Must be some fellow who's dead, I guess."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

**Isolated Danger.**  
Mrs. Fly—"It looks mighty cool and comfortable in that screened-up parlor."  
Mr. Fly—"Don't you believe it; a fly I know got in there once—and he was so lonesome that he lost his mind."

**Rightness.**  
"Be sure you're right," exclaimed the Confident Philosopher, "and then go ahead!"  
"Be sure you're right," protested the Married Man, "and then get down on your knees and ask to be forgiven!"—Puck.

**Tried to Realize It.**  
Mrs. Poserleigh (who flatters herself she looks young)—"This is my daughter, Mrs. Snyder. I suppose you'd hardly think it."  
Mrs. Snyder—"H'm! Your youngest daughter, I presume?"—Boston Transcript.

**Hustling Household.**  
Careful Housekeeper—"Bridget, you may get all the preserves we canned last year, and boil them up again. I am afraid they have begun to work."  
Bridget—"Like enough, mum, like enough. Everything 'round this house has to."—Harlem Life.

**Concerning Savants.**  
Polly—"Wisdom is generally depleted as a man with a long flowing beard."  
Dolly—"Yes, but my idea of wisdom is a man who has sense enough to wear trimmed whiskers—or, none at all."—Detroit Free Press.

**Exclusiveness.**  
Mrs. Pursesprout—"I see where several millionaires chartered a whole steambot in order to come across the ocean."  
Mr. Pursesprout—"Well, when we go over we will lease the ocean for a week."—Baltimore American.

**Heading Off Mrs. D.**  
"The doctor says that I must go away for a change of climate," said Mrs. Dukane.  
"If that's all you need," replied Mr. Dukane, "stay right here, and the change of climate will come to you."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Bloodshed Avoided.**  
Jones—"What would you do if your burglar-alarm went off in the night?"  
Brown—"Well, in the dark you know, it would take me a good while to find my shoes and my pistol, and that would give the burglar time to get away."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Lightning Gossip Route.**  
"Well, that's quick work."  
"What's that?"  
"A man from San Francisco told his cousin in New York a secret he hadn't told his wife, and before he got home in ten days his wife had a letter from his cousin's wife, telling her all about it."

**A Foreboding.**  
"We ought to be careful about how we handle the Chinese."  
"What danger do you foresee?"  
"Well, they may become so discontented with their own country that they will all want to come over here and open laundries."—Washington Star.

**Close Distinction.**  
"Didn't you tell me you had no reason to distrust that man?" asked the indignant visitor.  
"I believe I did," answered Senator Sorghum.

"You must have known better."  
"Not at all. He hasn't a cent of my money in his hands, and I don't propose that he shall have. I never said that you had no reason to distrust him."—Washington Star.