

looked significantly at Adam, who, diving his meaning, followed him.

The door of the closet was ajar, and, as he observed it, Adam remembered that in the excitement consequent upon the squire's death the closet had not been opened.

The sexton obeyed tremblingly, and when he arrived in the door he raised his lantern and looked about the closet. Articles of wearing apparel were hanging about the room, which Adam passed over with a cursory glance.

One was a peculiar handkerchief of dark material, flecked with sickly yellow squares; the other was a vial, whose label bore a death's-head and cross-bones, and the startling warning, "Prussic Acid: Deadly Poison!"

"Foul play! I knew it!" screamed Adam, almost dropping his lantern in his excitement. "And, O Heaven! I know the murderer."

The spectre spoke. "Your coming in this house of dread and ill-omen, at dead of night, and in the face of hereditary superstition and simple apprehension, is laudable, and shall be rewarded. It is not strange that you quail. But listen, and know all."

The village clock had struck the hour of twelve before Adam returned to his Nannette, who, terrified by his prolonged stay, was almost frantic. Sobbing for joy, she flung herself into his arms with the ardor of a bride.

The worthy old soul, not lacking in the voluble inquisitiveness of feminine old age, harassed Adam with a legion of questions, which he evaded as well as he could without giving offense.

Nannette fidgeted all night, unable to sleep a moment until Adam should reveal the secrets of his expedition. That something strange had happened she well knew by the unusual thoughtfulness of his face, but to her persistent questions he merely returned a shrug of his shoulders.

They were sitting at breakfast, when Adam suddenly struck the table a mighty blow with his fist.

"I never would have dreamed it!" said he, with another blow.

"Dreamed what, Adam?" eagerly inquired Dame Nannette.

"That the moon was made of green cheese!" Nannette grew red and her eyes sparkled; but, restraining her anger, she essayed one more question.

"Adam, tell me: What did you see last night?"

"The Evil One," replied Adam.

Thereupon, Nannette burst into tears and founced away from the table in high dudgeon.

Adam apparently did not notice his wife's indignation, but ate his breakfast absent-mindedly, rose from the table, got his oak stick, and left the house, leaving poor Nannette bathed in tears, and seething with curiosity.

Adam Hill walked briskly across the village toward Gilbert Ray's residence, with eyes downcast in meditation, and bringing his oak stick down with a thump.

"Well—come in!" was growled, rather than spoken, by a voice which the sexton recognized as that of Dark Gil. He entered a small, meanly furnished room, cold and cheerless, and saw Dark Gil seated at his desk poring over his rent-roll.

"Well, what do you want, sexton?" demanded Dark Gil sharply, eyeing Adam savagely. "Want your cottage repaired, I suppose. I generally receive a similar petition every day. Pest! as if they couldn't live in a house as good as their landlord's. They are better than mine," he continued, casting a glance round on the bare floor.

"Which is not saying much," Adam thought.

But he discreetly kept his own counsel, only saying, as he took a chair: "Since you won't invite me to sit down, Mr. Ray, I'll do so uninvited."

"What is your business?" again demanded the landlord impatiently. "Be quick, for I'm hurried this morning."

Adam cast a look out of the window. Three men were approaching the house. He turned again to Dark Gil.

"What do you suppose I saw last night?" he inquired, looking steadfastly at the other.

"Pest! How should I know?" snapped Dark Gil.

"The ghost of 'Squire Lovell!'"

"What!" shouted Dark Gil, starting to his feet with an ashy face, and overturning his chair.

"The ghost of 'Squire Lovell!'"

"Ha!" Dark Gil made no other comment, but glared in fury and terror at Adam, who bore it without flinching.

"Yes," resumed the sexton, casting a second look out of the window, "and facts have come to light which prove that the squire met his death by foul play. Murder will out."

"Murder! It is false!" cried Dark Gil, with white lips. "Squire—he died of apoplexy."

"He died of poison!" thundered the sexton. "See, here are the accusers,—silent, but, oh, how true!"

And he took from his breast the peculiar handkerchief and the vial he had seen in the closet of the squire's room.

Dark Gil glared at Adam and his face was terrible to see.

"Where did you get them?" he gasped.

"Where they had been dropped by the murderer. Ha! Hands off! Help!"

Dark Gil had sprung upon Adam to seize the accusing articles. The force of his attempt was so great that the old man was hurled to the floor; but three men rushed into the cottage, and throwing themselves on Dark Gil, secured him after a desperate struggle, bound him with stout cords they had evidently brought for that purpose, and laid him upon his bed.

That one young man advanced—so precisely like the spectre of the previous night that even if Adam had not formed his acquaintance he would instantly have recognized him.

"Villain," he said sternly, "your deed is discovered, and the hand of Fate brought it about. I am the nephew of 'Squire Lovell, returned from foreign lands to avenge murder. Listen, all," he said, addressing his coadjutors and Dark Gil, to whom he related the marvelous occurrences which had led to the detection of 'Squire Lovell's murderer.

Eugene Lovell, having run away from his uncle, betook himself to a seafaring life, and by diligence and ability had attained the captaincy of a New York vessel plying between that port and Liverpool.

During his last voyage a mutiny occurred among his crew, which he suppressed, mortally wounding the ringleader, an ex-convict, and a desperate man, who, accidentally discovering that Captain Lowell was a nephew to the squire, made a startling dying confession. Five years before he had escaped from prison, wherein he had been confined for smuggling. He fled to Edgeville, and the officers were on his track, when Dark Gil, who had reasons of his own for assisting him, harbored him until the officers abandoned the search.

Then he demanded a requital, and on the day the squire's will was drawn in his favor, he prevailed upon the man, by the guaranty of a large sum, to steal into the squire's bedroom at night, stupefy the old man with chloroform, and then take his life by poison.

Brutes can be grateful, and so was the felon. He did the deed—but, fearing the gallows, surreptitiously used for administering the chloroform one of Dark Gil's peculiar handkerchiefs, well known throughout the adjacent country, and after the deed was done threw both handkerchief and vial into the closet, in order to divert suspicion from himself. Strange to state, the closet was never opened, and had not the marvelous chain of events led to the detection of the murderer, Dark Gil might have lived and died unsuspected by the simple villagers.

By the time Captain Lowell concluded, Dark Gil was raging, and in a few hours' time was a raving maniac. He was immediately conveyed to the madhouse at the neighboring town of Ware, where he may be seen to this day (for we believe he is yet alive) raging in his cell. He is "dangerous," and his insanity consists of his laboring under the mortal terror of an imaginary enemy, who is constantly attempting to apply to his nostrils a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, in order that he may poison him while in a state of stupefaction. He lives in continual terror, starting up out of his sleep, shrieking, and beating off his implacable foe; and the sight of a bottle or handkerchief will throw him into convulsions.

Captain Lovell succeeded to the property, and liberally rewarded Adam Hill for his zeal. The mansion was entirely repaired and refurbished, the grounds were rejuvenated, and the premises underwent a general and beneficial change. And now, on every anniversary of the squire's death, old Adam Hill is the lion of the day, which he spends in relating the story of THE SQUIRE'S GHOST.

An American gentleman now living in Spain points out to his countrymen that it is an inviting field for the sale of labor saving implements and the procuring of patents. The Spanish farmers use precisely the same sort of

plows that the Moors did when Isabella exiled them. Sowing and reaping machines are not known, and the grain is not threshed, but oxen tread it out as they did in the days of Moses. It is winnowed by woman, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff. In Upper Arragon, masons wet their mortar with wine instead of water because there is a scarcity of water. The thousand and one conveniences of domestic work in America are unknown in Spain, such as clothes pins clothes horses, lemon squeezers, etc. The writer assures his readers that any new and practical invention will find a ready market in Spain, especially such as require a small capital.

A Disappointed Young Man.

THERE are innumerable ways of satisfying disappointed love, but a young farmer of Ellenville, N. Y., adopted a course which, at least, has the virtue of originality. The story is related at length by the Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman, and the parties interested in it reside in that romantic and picturesque region known as the Drowned Lands, near Ellenville. John Nicholas was a young farmer, possessing most of the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of this life, among the latter being the finest team of horses to be found in that part of the country. George Blumenauer, another well-to-do farmer, is interesting here only as the father of two handsome daughters, who were agreeable, intelligent, naturally the belles of the place, and much sought for by the young men as the rarest specimens for wives to be found anywhere. Ladies love horses, and so it was the most natural thing that the young farmer should invite them to ride behind his gallant team, which they did several times, enjoying such rides as only girls of youth and beauty can enjoy them. But troublesome obstacles broke up the smooth current of the stream that seemed to be running straight on to courtship and marriage. Even the town gossips were at a loss for any reason to assign for the falling out, but a few weeks ago young Farmer Nicholas sued old Farmer Blumenauer before a Justice of the Peace for a small amount of money, due for services in taking defendant's handsome daughters out riding. Incredible as it may seem, the case was taken up by able counsel, and argued by them with a persistency, vigor of expression and eloquence known to the Ellenville Bar. The case was finally decided by Justice Wells, who dismissed the case, thereby establishing a legal precedent, which boys and girls should always remember, that taking girls out riding is not that class of service for which a recovery can be had, as the monopoly of the society of the fair one for the time is considered full and ample payment.

A Lesson for Joseph Cook.

JOSEPH COOK is always cross and discursive. Once he called on the President. "I am pleased to see you, sir," said the President kindly. "Be silent, sir!" snapped Joseph; "I am inspecting this picture, and cannot appreciate its beauties if I am continually interrupted." It is likewise related that he once asked a certain lady to be his wife, and immediately relapsed into a profound study of something. The lady softly said "yes," and, as he didn't respond, she repeated the word a little louder. "Stop your noise!" roared Joseph; "I've got an argument at my tongue's end that will knock the spots out of John Mill, and here you're trying to spoil it." But things are not always pleasant for Joseph when he gets into these tantrums. Journeying along a country road one day, he stopped at a farm-house and called for a glass of milk. "Certainly, sir," said the lady of the house, with a smile. "We are always pleased." "Not another word, madam," interrupted Joseph, flushing with anger. "Bring the milk!" The lady looked at him a moment, and then boxed his ears and cheeks so that the prints of her fingers were left on his fair skin. "Good gracious!" exclaimed Joseph, recovering a little from his involuntary study of Jewish history, "that's the meanest act ever perpetrated by mortal woman." "You are wrong, sir," returned the lady. "I have merely punished impertinence as it deserves. I have given you your first lesson in the art of being a gentleman." "It is a sad world," said Joseph, reflecting, turning away. "The milk is sour and every apparently good thing is stuffed with sawdust." Cured of Drinking. "A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ills.

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SUNDAYS: For New York, at 5.15 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.15 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS: Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.45 a. m., 4.00, and 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 11.40, 7.25, 11.50 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m. Leave Pottsville, at 5.50, 9.15 a. m. and 4.40 p. m. And via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Branch at 8.15 a. m. Leave Auburn via S. & S. Br. at 11.50 a. m. Leave Allentown, at 12.30, 5.40, 9.05 a. m., 12.30, 4.30 and 9.05 p. m.

SUNDAYS: Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.30 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m. Leave Allentown, at 2.30 a. m., and 9.05 p. m. J. E. WOITEN, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, General Ticket Agent.

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