

The Spook's Will

From the days of pirates and witches Hull was free from ghosts until 1898, says the Boston Post. In the early part of that winter the Point Alorton lifesavers, putting out for a practice row one evening, saw a horse and buggy drive along the rough beach and out into the water.

Horse and carriage seemed to pass along the tossing surface of the water for a time, as if supported by a coat of ice. Then they slowly sank into the water and were gone.

Everyone in the lifeboat saw the apparition and old Capt. Joshua James, now dead, steered the boat's bow around and his crew pulled with might and main for the spot where the carriage had been.

The vehicle had passed between the crew and the full moon and was clearly seen. A woman was discerned, lashing the animal with a whip and leaning over the dashboard. She stood

The gun was brought out and fired over the practice mast, which is a 75-foot pole with a crossyard near the top. The line was caught and made fast to the mast by John James, nephew of the captain. The lines were hauled tight by means of a tackle and James stepped into the breeches buoy.

As he did so the mast broke at its base and fell on the beach with James beneath it. He was nursed back to life, but as a cripple, and discharged from the service. Though a young man, his hair is almost white from the shock.

The life crew somehow began to look upon the carriage specter as having been an ill omen.

Several winters later, at the very same point on the beach where the carriage had entered the water, Capt. James fell dead beside his lifeboat.

Doesn't all this prove something?

It was a woman in black, weeping and walking along Stony Beach.

The life savers, who had been joked over the horse and buggy, refused to go near that part of the beach or to discuss the matter, except to admit that they were glad she kept away from the station.

She was an eminently respectable "spook" and modestly kept her troubles and herself from the curious.

Many people saw her for three evenings in succession. They said she wore a widow's veil and walked from the eastern end of the beach to a great rock and disappeared.

She walked rather rapidly and held a handkerchief in front of her face. Some of the bolder spectators spoke to her or stood in her path and were rewarded by seeing her suddenly vanish.

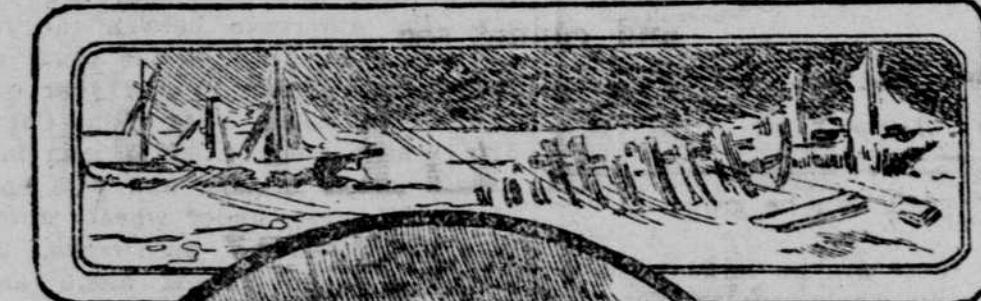
The woman was said to often turn her face toward the sparkling lights of the Nantasket hotels across the water.

The fourth night after her first appearance came the fire. Since then the talk of ghosts and omens has been rife in Hull.

Those who had boasted of trying to pick up the "ghost lady" were looked upon with disfavour for offending "a spirit."

"The idea of trying to flirt with a being from another world," they said, "they ought to have had a better bringing up."

"Of course, she was offended."



Wrecked in November Gales



The Spook that drove to sea



Stony Beach's Lonely woman

up as the carriage settled.

Though they knew something was wrong and that no such thing as they had seen could possibly have happened, the crew dashed to the spot and found nothing.

They dragged all night, and with lanterns scanned the beach for wheel-tracks in vain.

When daylight came a sheer, dainty, black-bordered, woman's handkerchief was found on the shore.

For a few days the lifesavers were joked about "seeing things." That winter came as usual the November gale, although more severe, which piled wrecks high on the shores of Hull and Nantasket, as well as all New England.

The lifesavers had more than they could handle and volunteers were taken from the townfolk.

In taking off the crew of the three-masted coaster Edward W. Perry the breeches buoy failed to work well, and as soon as the storm went down breeches buoy practice was ordered.

say the disaster prophets. Why did that carriage woman appear to the life savers? They don't care to see anything like it again.

Spook Story Number 2.

The summer before the big conflagration that destroyed hotels and summer cottages, rumor spread over town one night that another ghost had been seen.

And all vowed that the next "spook" should be treated with consideration. If it cared for privacy it should have it.

If it wanted a good time why there were those who knew how to give it one.

If it preferred to walk the beach and weep or drive out on the water it certainly should do so and no mashers or lifeboats should "butt in."

NEVER HAD SEEN THE FLAG

Alabama's First Introduction to the Stars and Stripes.

A man was discovered in Coosa county, Alabama, last winter who had never seen the American flag. What is more, he had not the least perception of what it meant and was much astonished when this was explained to him.

The incident happened in the long-leaf pine country in which the Kaul Lumber company is operating, near the little backwoods town of Juniata, a party of government foresters, under Franklin W. Reed, was encamped in the woods beside the road. A large flag, tied to a sapling pine announced the site as a government camp. One evening a little old man came down the road driving a yoke of steers and stopped to inquire whether the party would like to buy some pork. He got out of his cart, sat down on a stump and after a moment's conversation his eye caught sight of the flag on the sapling. He looked at it in a puzzled way, then asked what it was. The men thought at first he was joking, but it was soon apparent the question was in good faith.

"That's the American flag, man. Haven't you ever seen the flag before?"

No, he had never seen a flag of any kind before. He had heard there were such things, and once he had seen a picture of a flag on a poster, but that was a long time ago, and he had almost forgotten it. He had lived in the woods all his life and had never been more than 13 miles from home. He wanted to know what the flag meant, and listened in silence when this was explained to him. He did not know how to read or write, and had never heard that the Fourth of July was any different from any other day.

Yet it Often is.

Old furniture should not be simply "old" and valued as such, but should be an example of the highest art of its period, and the result of application of the mind and time of trained artists in its construction. Its presence in the modern home, or as an inspiration to the collector, is the appeal of the past—that past which reaches out ever to the present and sends its impulse on to the future in art, architecture, literature or history. It is the unconscious bequest of those who have lived, and loved, and planned, and in dying left to posterity something for the good of humanity or the beautifying of surroundings.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Lift of the Heart.

When we stand with the woods around us
And the great winds overhead;
When the wind blows cold on our foreheads
And the breath of the pines is shed;
When the song of the thrush is ringing—
Wonderful, rich, apart—
Between the sound and the silence
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

When we seek with the clearer vision
That grief the revealer brings
For the threads that are shot together
In the close-wrought web of things,
And find that pain is woven
Into love and joy and art—
Between the search and the solace
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

And when life's farthing candle
Gutters and flares and sinks;
When the eye no longer wanders
And the brain no longer thinks;
When only the hand plucks idly
At the sheet till the spirit part—
Does there come between living and dying
A sudden lift of the heart?
—Atlantic.

Bank of France Dividend.

The Bank of France has paid as dividend for the first six months of the year 67 francs 70 centimes gross, and 65 francs net, the same as distributed in the first half of 1903.

Residents of Quebec.

Quebec province, Canada, is the home of 1,322,115 persons of French descent. Quebec province has only 290,000 of British descent.

HOMeward BOUND.

The turf grows as green in Illinois as in Ireland—in places. There are pine and spruce trees in the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan as tall and fair as any in Norway. Milwaukee, it is averred, brews as good beer as Munich. And, incontestably, the sun shines as bright and water runs as clear in the new world as in the old.

Yet sooner or later the American citizen of foreign birth begins to doubt these and similar facts, or if he admits them he is still conscious of a feeling that sunshine, green fields, mountains, trees and ruins are at least placed in happier combination in his native land than elsewhere. Then, in spite of his pride in his Americanism—a pride which is often intense—he has an inward and growing conviction that the customs of that native land are in some respects immeasurably superior to those of the land of his adoption.

There comes a time, at last, when the call of country sounds clearly and unmistakably in the alien's ear. He hears it as he sits at his desk, and he drops his pen and closes his ledger; as he tills his field, and the plowshare is left to rust; it comes to him in the darkness of a Pennsylvania mine and in the blaze of an Arizona sun, amid the whirl and clatter of shops and mill or in silent desert solitudes—an imperative, insistent call.

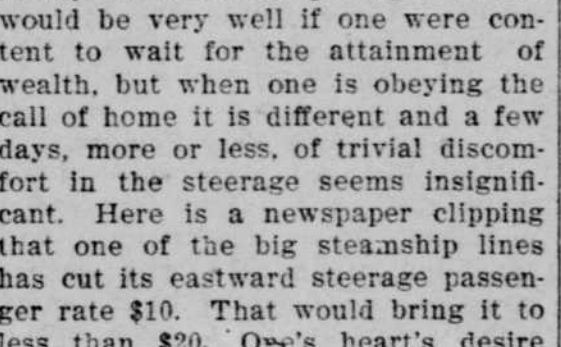
Forthwith the vague hope our foreign-born citizen has cherished blossoms into an actual and definite purpose; the difficulties that oppose themselves to its achievements are examined—and truly they do not appear to be great now that the purpose is formed. A few days of a land journey; a week, or little more, of a sea voyage, the expenditure of a few paltry dollars and the thing is practically done. Certainly not a great deal of expense for the ocean voyage if one does not insist upon the pomp and luxury of a saloon passage. That would be very well if one were content to wait for the attainment of wealth, but when one is obeying the call of home it is different and a few days, more or less, of trivial discomfort in the steerage seems insignificant. Here is a newspaper clipping that one of the big steamship lines has cut its eastward steerage passenger rate \$10. That would bring it to less than \$20. One's heart's desire for \$20!

There are a few other items of expense to be considered, but the Atlantic has always seemed to be the "insuperable barrier between the foreign-born citizen and home.

Now he wonders why he has never looked into the thing before. Well, he will go, that much is certain. And so the days from the time that his decision is made are full of the activities of preparation and the nights are sleepless, with feverish anticipation. A thousand pictures of the scenes of his youth present themselves to his imagination with astonishing vividness. His memory becomes crowded with the faces of folk he had forgotten or thought he had forgotten, and his heart yearns for an actual sight of them. He hardly realizes that the children he remembers have become

with such fond warmth of affection is yet to be forced upon him.

The home-goner finds himself at length standing in the magnified shed of the steamer dock in New York, among five hundred-odd other second and third class passengers. (The "steerage," be it understood, has been abolished—it is "third-class" now, and there is a difference apart from the name, as shall hereafter be shown.) There are two gang planks leading to the steamer, which elsewhere is concealed from view by a high board fence; one of these gang planks is amidships and is guarded with snowy canvas along its length. That is for the first-class passengers. The other is placed aft, is plain and somewhat dingy; it is closed, moreover, with ropes. A clause of the instructions to passengers in the third-class tickets warns them to be on board at least two hours before the advertised time of departure, which is 10 o'clock in



Over the Gangway.

the morning. It is past 8 now, but apparently the second and third class quarters are not yet in readiness and the punctuality of the passengers is rewarded by a dreary wait.

All things come to an end at last, however, and eventually the ropes are removed and the crowd goes over the gangway with a rush—"single women and families aft, single men forward." Forward and aft they troop, down the hatchways to the lower decks, there to become involved in hopeless confusion. It is evident that there is no immediate chance of an assignment of quarters, and friends are waiting on the dock to wave a last farewell; so they clamber back, bag and baggage; to the upper deck and there lean over the bulwarks and wait for the start.

Presently the steamer begins to lurch hoarsely and the crowd on the deck begins to wave hats and handkerchiefs and shout farewells, which demonstrations are returned from the docks of the steamer. Flowers are thrown—which invariably fall short of their mark into the water or on the wrong side of the fence. Then nothing happens and the handkerchief waving subsides and painfully constrained smiles appear on the faces of the passengers and their waiting friends. It is one of the greatest sorrows of parting to be obliged to stand and grin for ten or fifteen minutes at a stretch at the friend you are "seeing off."

The third-class gang plank is hauled away and after a pause the first-class gang plank goes also. A few more minutes of agony and the whistle sounds again, a bell jingles somewhere, the big hawsers are cast off and the black leviathan slowly, almost imperceptibly, begins to back out from the dock. The home journey has begun.—Kenneth Harris in Chicago News.



Forgotten by Most.

men and women, that the blooming maidens of lang syne are by this time comfortable elderly matrons and that those he left in their prime must be bowed down by age and its infirmities. Then, too, the fact that he has been wholly and utterly forgotten by most of those very folk of whom he thinks

Had to Search His Memory.

Beerbohm Tree tells that recently, while playing golf, he had a particularly silent and stupid-looking caddy, who followed close at his heels without saying a word. But since silence sometimes speaks louder than words, the actor was nervous and, after a particularly bad drive which seemed to demand an apology, exclaimed: "Did you ever see a worse player on these links?" The caddy said nothing. A still worse drive from the next tee called forth the same query, followed by the same silence. Finally, "I say, did you ever see a worse player?" The caddy stared silently for a few moments. "I heard what ye said right enough," he at last slowly replied; "I'm just thinking."

Howells Not an Authority.

Mr. Hamilton Mable tells of a general dispute with reference to the words "lunch" and "luncheon" that once arose between Mr. and Mrs. William Dean Howells.

The novelist contended that "lunch" was proper, while his wife favored "luncheon." Finally the dictionary was consulted. "Well, I was right," chuckled Mr. Howells, when he had found the reference, and he read aloud an extract quoted as showing the correct usage:

"We lunched fairly upon little dishes of rose leaves, delicately prepared."

"From what author is the extract taken," queried Mrs. Howells.

"William Dean Howells," was the smiling reply.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the wife. "He's no authority!"

Germany's Foreign Trade.

For the first time this year, Germany's foreign trade for May showed a decrease in both imports and exports. Imports amounted to 4,026,400 tons, or 111,680 tons less than for May, 1903, and exports were 3,010,300 tons, being a drop of 203,600 tons.



The editor who has worn threadbare the reference to his "sanctum sanctorum," may call his shrine the "most adyta" or the "inner penetralia." If this does not send his subscribers to the dictionary, they are an intellectual lot.



We used to call 'em "hired girls" but now they are known as "maids." Why not dub the hired man "the aide-de-camp" and put him on a social equality with the women? He is certainly an aid and he decamps quite as often as the domestic.

We can take nothing with us when we die, but we may leave a bushel or so of good deeds and a will to fight over, if we are careful as we plod through life.

Some women remind us of an air-engine. They jam wind as regularly as the calorific mechanism, and they never miss a revolution to let anyone else get in a word edgewise. That's what always makes us mad!

George Elliot says our way is illumined by the lamp of Reason, which leads us to remark that a great many people seem to wander into the shadows to pick blackberries!

It frequently happens that an assistant does most of the work. Then somebody loses his job—but it isn't the assistant. If you would be well served, don't let your helper get you on the platter.

The Sylvia (Kan.) Sun editor went out walking and after admiring the landscape awhile, strolled down to the depot and found a lot of freight from mail order houses addressed to people of his town. A little more advertising in the Sun on the part of home merchants might have cut down the size of these orders considerably.

An exchange says that Mr. Freiboltz is "laying" at the point of death. If the unfortunate man would cease usurping the prerogative of the fecund hen and keep quiet, he might recover.

Man laughs at the ignorance of fish snapping at the gaudy allure, but he frequently takes allure, hook, sinker and all, himself.

If one only could have the age in August, it wouldn't be so bad. Almost anything with a cold chill in it would be acceptable during dog days.

A man may be a hero to all but his typewriter. That dingy thing seems to take delight in reminding him that he cannot spell.

A broken-down automobile seeks the curb. If you cannot keep up with the procession you must deflect from the middle of the road.

If people would use their night latches to exclude the devil as they do to bar out burglars, this would be a better and a happier world.

The man ahead frequently meets death as a penalty for prominence. To excel means added dangers and responsibilities.

More of the altruistic spirit and less of the spirits frumental, would lessen the criminal statistics of this country.

The handles on the coffin of the man that fought and ran away did not cost \$4.50. He is not yet dead.

The buoyancy of a glass of effervescent spirits is all on top. The headache is in the bottom of the glass!

There is sediment in the life cup of everyone, but the wise man sips gently, rolling it not.

Spend your money as you go along—and walk when your money's gone.

Almost any man can make a great speech before the mirror in his own room!

A baby and a woman are frequently alike in that both of them hanker for the things they cannot have.

Some people are born rich, while others strike a diaper-pin the first week.

The atmospheric aspect suggests a long cold winter. Save your cobs!

The grace of some women is only exceeded by the flexibility of their corset stays.

The plowman may be rough and simple, but he never has the automobile face.

"The 'al' is the name of a three-toed sloth," says an exchange. That's right, print the news!

Trials make the heart brave. Weak is he who never won o'er self.

He is a strong man that lets not Time put rancour in his heart.

Travel broadens the mind, but it flattens the pocketbook.

A woman with a new fall outfit always welcomes a frost.

Home without a woman in it is just a place to stay.

Hash, when uneaten, is like a cat; it has nine lives.

No man ever died from wounds inflicted by Cupid.

Many a man's house is built of aloes-wood.

Getting sort of Autumny out in the country!

The corn sucker succors the bull calf.

There is no balm that heals regret.

Love will have little of Reason.

A sympathetic optimist once found a starving mule. Taking the animal to his stables, he fed and groomed him until the mule was fat and sleek. Then the mule kicked the man and broke his leg. That mule was almost human, wasn't he?

Some men give their brawn, their brain and their wife's alimony to be pointed out in the market place as a hot tuber. Not all the fools are spending their money on gold bricks.

Many a man that couldn't build a hen-house without fencing himself inside, has found fault with a great work. It takes few brains to criticize, but conception and force to do great, tho' often imperfect, works!

There is much war in this country without the alarm of the tocsin. A rolling pin makes small noise on the billiard-ball portion of a married man's skypecie.

It's queer that the people who have no aims are always the ones to proclaim their beneficence did they possess the means.

The small boy's definition of "aloof" was: "The opposite of what happens when sister and her beau are under an umbrella on the sandy shore."

Washington Post—A preacher who went to a Kentucky parish, where the parishioners bred horses, was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth he was told he need not do it any more. "Why," said the preacher, "is she dead?" "No," answered the man, "she won the Derby."

When the poplars show the white side of their leaves, rain is presaged. This never fails except when Jupiter Pluvius doesn't see that side of the leaves.

The poet refers to the tinkling of the innumerable feet of the raindrops. That must be what makes the lightning kick so!

There is more disease in the imagination than in the appendix, but the worst of it is the doctors cannot operate on the former.

It is so much easier to know how to do a thing than to do it, that an army of chronic faultfinders are kept busy grumbling.

Every married woman's expense account should be worth something to her when hubby lets her pay the bills.

The omniscient wise-acre frequently gets his fingers burned at the fires of experience along with the rest of us.

The straight and narrow path has no masonry on either side. The traveler must look to his own course.

Many a woman who has altered her name at the altar finds she has added an "h" in the alter-ation!

Most people think they think they are not half so good looking as they know they are.

There is alloy in all men, but it takes a woman to find the percentage.

It frequently happens that the feet of a man whose head is in a rainbow, are in a mire of mud.

The drink tastes better to the stingy man when the other fellow buys it.

Every dog has his day except during dog days, when he has several.

A rebellious soul is poor sustenance for roses. A heart that hates has little room for love!

He that always is alert for a new job seldom holds an old one long enough to get a raise.

The only time a man doesn't want to be a boy again is when he thinks of bonnet tea.

Some men drink so much one almost expects to see fms growing on their backs.

Expectation is a varj-hued soap-bubble. Realization comes when the bubble bursts.

The man that refuses to worry has made progress along the philosophical way of life.

An open air concert is usually free—after the fiddler is paid.

The frenzy of finance lays up few treasures in heaven.

A reckless man usually gets his name in the papers.

Many a man has sobbed "Alas!" because of a lass.

Where did you put the snow-shovel last spring?

The woods begin to listen like Fall, don't they?

A cheerful heart is an alien to trouble.

A woman's reason is her own belief.

Distress is no respecter of persons.

Husked your pumpkin yet?