For Boys and Girls.

SECRET OF THE CHAUTS. By William Murray Graydon

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.) CHAPTER VII.

FIGHT AT TIPPOO BARRIER Quick as he gave the command Pink

crouching deep in the wayside vegetation. The boys dropped clumsily beside him; for a second or two their hearts seemed to stop

At no time had the fugitives been in a trying to lie there and listen to the ominous voice of danger in both directions-from the rear the faint metallic ring of iron-shod sound that as yet baffled recognition.

Pink cocked his rifle, and glanced side ways at Jack and Myles. They understood, and two more hammers rose with a sharp

Paltu was busy at something else. had one ear to the ground, and his hand was behind the other.

just then an elephant actually did lumber into sight a short ways up the cross-road. It was handsomely caparisoned, and bore on its back a square howdah, in which sat in the forest and the fugitives were alone. two persons, evidently servant and master. The latter was a stout, full-bearded

lowered to half-cock. "but they chose a mighty awkward time to drop along. Oh, why don't they hurry?"

"They can't disappear too soon." replied For nearly an hour they traced the upward his matches." "They're only travelers," whispered Myles,

of the two paths. The zemindar and his servant glanged uneassly down the crossroad. They heard the tramp of the approaching inile wide. It was really a gorge, for it was

The howdah was well stocked with food,

but this the boys did not touch.

Meanwhile the elephant kept up its clumsy beating, and they felt an icy chill creep through their veins.

pace over wooded mountain spurs and through their veins. The path was at times imperceptible, but occasional glimpses

had traveled ten miles on elephant back and were now in the very heart of the Ghauts. rear the faint metallic ring of iron-shod A few minutes later they emerged from a hoofs; from in front a louder and duller dense forest at the base of the twin peaks,

chilliness left their veins as they saw Mogul Mir's ugly face and scarlet jacket emerge from the edge of the forest. Behind him came trooper after trooper, all on foot and all bristling with rifles and tulwhich reared their stony heads 2,000 feet in air and stood guard over the entrance to a narrow and somber valley.

The mahout made the elephant kneel at Pink's command and the weary travelers climbed out of the howdah. They were stiff

The mahout was the picture of fear, for ehind the other.

"An elephant, sahibs," he whispered, and going to kill him. When Pink spoke a few words to him in Hindustanee his dusky face beamed with joy and he salaamed pr foundly. He made the elephant rise and wheeled him "Well, what next?" asked Jack.

For nearly an hour they traced the upward course of a brawling torrent that flowed through gigantic trees and dense vegetation.

But, as ill-luck would have it, the mahout alted the huge quadruped on the intersection but it had ended to be a path were visible. halted the huge quadruped on the intersection but it had evidently not been trod by human

They heard the tramp of the approaching inile wide. It was really a gorge, for it was troopers, and were discussing it in low tones. hemmed in and deeply shadowed by parallel

It was a wierd and dismal place, and the

the travelers, there was no sign of life.

Presently the walls began to converge, and

when they were only twenty yards apart

Tippoo Sahib's barrier rose suddenly from

even Pink was impressed by the wonderful sight. Here was a fit monument to the

ancient Mahometan rajah-a massive gran-

ite wall 100 feet high that stretched across the gorge from cliff to cliff.

The stones were of vast dimensions, an

rier. Its frowning front was sheer and

smooth, and above its flat summit the mountain walls towered nearly 2,000 feet higher.

At its base a rusty arched grating served as an outlet for the stream, which here

rested tranquilly in a sort of pool before be

Behind the grating was pitch blackness.

critical survey of the barrier.

added Jack, laughing.

inning its turbulent flow down the valley

"What did Tippoo Sahib mean by building such a thing?" was Jack's comment after a

Pink, "and no doubt partly for other reasons known only to himself."

claimed Myles. "We can't do it, that's all.
"We might as well try to scale the cliffs,

"Old on, lads," said Pink, a little sharply

Tippeo's written document, which I 'eard read and discussed in the palace—"

"By the grating?" cried Myles and Jack,

"Yes; that's the beginning of the combina-

Pink glanced uneasily down the gorge, and

listened for a moment. Then he waded into the key pool, and the boys followed him.

As the water rose to their hips they re

and held them overhead. They were waist deep when they reached the grating, and

They saw a vaulted space with slimy walls to right and left. At the farther end, three

or four yards distant, a broad sheet of water fell noisily from a height of six feet.

The place where the stream entered the

barrier was invisible, though a dusky gleam

of light quivered on the brick of the cataract

The barrier was evidently enormously thick-four yards at the least. It was

equally clear, from the presence of the water

peered curiously between the rusty bars.

their cartridge belts and revolvers

tion. Come on, there's no time to waste. The bloody troopers will kill their 'orses to

climb that wall to get at the opal?"

to keep the treasure safe," replied

The boys uttered cries of amazement,

the trees and jungle.

"I'LL ATTEND TO THESE DEVILS."

It was a critical time for the fugitives, but | walls of sheer rick only slightly lower than

their suspense was happily cut short by the the twin peaks of which they were a conception in Pink's brain of a stupendous tinuation. "Lads," he whispered, "'ere's a chance for

Obey orders and do as I do. That's

drew a brad on the zemindar's breast. Almost as quickly Myles and Jack had the servant and the mahout covered. The latter trembled so violently that he let his goad fall to the ground. "Down with you," commanded Pink, for-

getting to sprak Hindustanee. "No foolg. We're in a 'urry." The zemindar was a plucky fellow, and his face flushed with rage.

"Dogs, ye shall pay dearly for this," he cried, in fairly good English. "I am Holkar Singh, a landholder of Mercara in Coorg. I am journeying peaceably homeward through the territory of Mysore"-

"Get down," persisted Pink, angrily.

'You're not going to be murdered or robbed. only want to borow your elephant for a

With an evil scowl on his face the zemin made the elephant kneel. Master and servant climbed out of the

howdah and stood a few feet to one side Both bristled with swords and daggers, but neither had firearms.
"Up with you, lads" cried Pink. "Lively

Myles and Paltu scrambled into the how dah, and as Jack followed them he caught the servant's eyes fixed strangely upon him. There was no malice in the look. even a touch of affection, as though the sight of the lad had vibrated some long-forgotten chord of memory in the cld Hindoo's heart. "Your elephant will be back 'ere by sun-t." added Pink, turning to the zemindar. "If you want satisfaction apply ritish resident at Mysore in about a week om now. And y u'll be all the more likely

get it if you detain these cutthroats coming yonder as long as you can."
The next instant Pink was in the howdah and as quickly the mahout tried to wriggle

But Pink leaned forward and caught the fellow by the back of the neck, at the same time pressing the cold muzzle of a pistol to his forehead and jabbering angry Hindustance

This gentle style of argument was effective and the mahout instantly became as tractable as a lamb. At a word from him and a touch of the goad the elephant rose from his knees, wheeled to one side and plunged up the mountain path with long and rapid

Hilkar Singh glared vindictively after his stolen quadruped and called down fearful maledictions on the thieves. The aged Highes stood with uplifted hands, straining

his eyes to get a last glimple of Jack. Then a curve of the road hid them from

The howdah swayed and shook dizzily, but

"It was rare luck to get the elephant," re-

"It was rare luck to get the elephant." replied Myles, "only I'm sorry we had to
take it in that way. I can hardly believe
that we are near our journey's end."

"Two hturs at most ought to see us
there," declared Pink. "And then—"

He knit his brows and appeared to be
pondering some knottly question.

The boys did not disturb bloom. ain't 'ard; 'ere, give me your traps first."

The hoys passed everything through the bare to Pink until he fairly staggered with the weight. Then, one by one, they took the cold plungs and came up inside the yout.

OPAL OF MYSORE
OR THE
OF THE GHAUTS.

"Me wished to cast an evil spell upon you, Sahib Wyngard," said Paltu.

"More likely he was a thug," suggested Myles, laughing, "and was azing up your neck for the sacred mose."

"I don't pretend to account f.r it." replied Jack in a grave tone, "but I know I shan't forget that look of his in a hurry."

AT TIPPOO SAHIB'S BARRIER.

ave the command Pink was in the wayside vegetation.

The howdah was well stocked with food.

The howdah was well stocked with food.

"Nor the strange conduct of the old Hindoo, which all had observed.

"He wished to cast an evil spell upon your teeth.

Along each side of the vault was a platform of masonry taised a few inches above the water. On the one to the right Pink deposited the wapons and other articles. Then he waded to the foet of the waterfall and looked up at it with a smile of satisfaction.

"No man could scale that," he muttered to himself; "and I doubt if there's a clean outlet above."

As he returned to his companions he drew a waterproof match safe from his pocket and snapped the lid open."

No man could scale that," he muttered to himself; "and I doubt if there's a clean outlet above."

As he returned to his companions he drew a waterproof match safe from his pocket and snapped the lid open."

a waterproof match safe from his pocket and snapped the lid open. "Now, lads," he exclaimed, "we must

At no time had the fugitives been in a ahead from hilltop gave Pink all the guid-tighter place than now. It was terribly ance that he needed. By 2 o'clock in the afternion the fugitives

and sore from the violent jolting and it was good to feel the ground under fort again.

It seemed a long time—though it was really scarcely five seconds—until Pink was back at the grating, a rifle in his hands and a brace of revolvers in his bosom.

"I'll attend to theze devils," he shouted, heariely. "You'll find a stone with a 'andle to it on the right side. It must be there. Pull it 'ard. Oulek, lads for But the boys stood still in the water as though petrified. A spell seemed to be upon them. They heard a thunderous rethough petrined. A spell scened to be upon them. They heard a thunderous report at their ears and saw Mogul Mir spin around and clap one hand to his arm.

Crack! crack! A trooper went down like a log and another pitched head first into the stream.

"Tippoo Sahib's barrier," replied Pink, as he stiffly led the way into the mouth of oriental, with the dress and pompous bearing of a rich zemindar, or landholder. The other was an aged Hindoo, gray-haired and dignified. In front of the howdah was perched a thin and wiry little mahout.

The hidden watchers drew long breaths of relief. Three rifle hammers were softly lawared to half-greek.

"Tippoo Sahib's harrier," replied Pink, as he stiffly led the way into the mouth of the valley. "Once we pass that we're safe."

The boys looked at one another mysteriously. "What is it like?" exclaimed Myles. "Not 'aving seen it, I can't say exactly."

was Pink's answer. "But we'll soon be there unless what I 'eard in the palace that night The drifting powder smoke partly hid the scene and the roar of the cataract was drowned in shrill cries and the angry belch

splashed hastily away from the bars; bullets were whistling overhead and behind They climbed out upon the stone platform, which was a yard beyond the grating, and

which was a yard beyond the gracing, and thus out of range. They vaguely remembered Pink's instructions, and ran their hands up and down the slimp wall.

With nervous fingers Jack scraped a match, and right in front of his breast he saw an iron handle protuding from a block of masonry two by three feet in dimenof masonry two by three feet in dimen-His shout of joy brought Myles and Paltu His shout of joy brought Myles and Paitu to his side, and all three took hold. For half a minute they tugged and pulled in vain. No ald could be expected from Pink. His repeating rifle was empty now, and he was blazing away at the troopers with a revolution of smoke was

It seemed a long time-though it was

eaven's sake."

of firearms.

Pull it 'ard. Quick, lads, for

'Are you mad?" yelled Pink, seeing that

He stopped shooting long enough to thrust als matchbox into Jack's hands and jerk

were still there. "Off with you.

ver in each hand. The curtain of smoke was all that saved him from the hot return "Pull harder!" cried Jack,
"I can't," Myles yelled; "my fingers are

Paltu lost his hold and staggered back. "Try a gun, lads," roared Pink, as he dodged to one side of the grating. "I can't keep them back much longer".
Then he thrust both pistols out at the bars, and emptied the chambers in rapid

The command to try a gun was understood by the boys. In a trice they had a rifle through the iron handle and were tugging at stock and barrel.

Harder and harder they pulled, and sud-denly the stone swung far enough out to show that it was only six inches thick.
"All together," yelled Jack, and now, with a creaking noise the big slab grated clear around on a rusty pivot, revealing a yawntole through which surged a fetic current of air.

The boys cheered loudly, and shouted to Pink that the hole was open.
"In with you, quick!" came the hoarse

Myles and Paltu were the first to enter and three feet back in the passage they found room to sit upright. As quickly as pucssible Jack passed in the spades, weapons and ammunition. gloom was like that of twilight. Except for hissing serpents that wriggled away before fired the last charge of his revolvers, and

both plunged into the hole.

For a few seconds all four were huddled together in confusion, panting hard for breath in the hot, stifling atmosphere. Jack had mislaid the matchbox and could not find

Pink crawled forward and fumbled about with his hands until he found an iron handle similar to the other, that was riveted to the inner side of the slab.

'He called for help and Myles instantly re sponded. Just as both began to pull the troopers swarmed up to the bars, and an instant later half a dozen of them dived had been well fitted together. Not a crevice or projection offered hope of scaling the barunder the grating and rose inside the vault But the great slab was now moving on its rusted pivot in response to the vigorous tugs of Pink and Myles. Nearer and nearer swung the outer end. 'Only 'alf a foot more," cried Pink; and

as he spoke, there was a scraping noise and a flash of yellow light. Jack had found the Alas! just then the slab stuck obstinately fast, and through the narrow gap that was still open the glare of the burning match

on the dusky, feroclous' faces of of Mogul Mir's troopers. (To be Continued.)

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER AND HIS OUEER COUNTRY. "Did I say we were going over the wall? There's a way through it, according to old

By Joel Chandler Harris. CHAPTER III.-THE JUMPING OFF

PLACE. The children looked at Mr. Thimblefinge to see whether he was joking about the Jumping Off Place, but he seemed to be very

serious. "I have heard of the Jumping Off Place." remarked Mrs. Meadows, "but I had an idea it was just a saying."

"Well," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, "where you see a good deal of smoke there must be some fire. When you hear a great many different people talking about anything there must be something in it."

"What did the little girl see when she go to the Jumping Off Place?" inquired Sweetest

"When the whirlwinds from the south and the winds from the west, working in double harness, carried the thick clouds away, and the thunder with them, the little girl went man who had carried her up the mountain.

"So the old man lifted her on his back, and they went on their way. They must have gone very swiftly, for it wasn't long before they came to the Well at the End of the Well and the End of the Well combing her hair. She paid no attention to the travelers, nor they to her. When they had gone beyond the Well a little distance the little girl noticed that the aky appeared to be very close at hand. It was no long the was repeated, and I was no long they would manifest themselves to me. House but myself had igone to bed, and all was query to her. When the knock was repeated, and I peared to be very close at hand. It was no long they would manifest themselves to me. House but myself had igone to bed, and all was query to her. When the knock was repeated, and I peared to be very close at hand. It was no long the cold prevents and fark as a status cut in coal.

For only an instant I saw it, and then in a flash, like the apparition I had first seen from that window, it disappeared. After that is saw the democ again and again, and strange to say the ghosts in my tower became fewer and at last they disappeared altogether. The advent of the black spirit seemed to have exerted an evil influence over the sprites in gray, and like the Indian in the long that they had gone beyond the well a little distance the little girl noticed that the aky appeared to be very close at hand. It was no

longer blue, but dark, and seemed to hang down like a blanket or a curtain."
"But that couldn't be, you know," said Buster John, "for the sky is no sky at all. found that it did not come from the door, but from the wall. I smiled. Buster John, "for the sky is no sky at all.

It is nothing but space."
"How comes it they call it sky ef 'taint no sky?" asked Drusilla indignantly. "An' how come 'taint no sky, when it's right up dar plain ez de han' fo' yo' face? Dat what I'd looked chair "Why the moon is the same of the sam looked up again, for I thought I heard chair gently pushed back against the wall is

"Why, the moon is thousands of miles away," said Buster John, "and some of the stars are millions and millions of miles farther than the moon.

ther than the moon."
"Dat what dey say," replied Drusilla, "but how dey know? Whar de string what dey medjud 'em wid? Tell me dat?"
"What about our sky?" asked Mrs. Meadows, smiling. "You would never think it was only the bottom of the spring if you didn't know it; now would you?" Buster John had nothing to say in reply to this. Whereupon Sweetest Susan begged Mr. Thimblefinger to please go on with his

"Now, lads," he exclaimed, "we must 'ave a little light for the next figure of the combination. You'll feel warm enough when the climb begins."

The match had scarcely been scraped when it decreased. story.

"Well," said he, "if I am to go on with it.
I'll have to tell it just as I heard it. I'll have to tell it just as I heard it. I'll have to put the sky just where I was told it was. When the little girl and the old man came close to the Jumping Off Place, they saw that the sky was hanging close at hand. It may have been far, it may have been near, when it dropped with a hiss into the water. Pink's face turned ghastly white, and he made a mad dash for the platform. The boys were astounded for an instant, but a quick glance through the bars revealed the awful truth. Every sense of

dropped a number of marbles, or perhaps pennies, but there was no chair in the cor-ner at which I looked, and there were no pennies nor marbles on the floor. Night after night I heard my ghosts-for had come to consider them as mire, which had bought with the house—and although could not see them, there were so many ways in which they let me know they existed that I felt for them a sort of com-panionship. When in the quiet hours of the early night I heard their gentle knocks I knew that were the circumstances different they would have been glad to come in, and I

"You cannot come in that way," I thought, "unless there are secret doors in these walls and even then you must open them for your

I went on with my writing, but I soo

a corner behind me, and almost immediately I heard a noise as if some little boy had



THE OLD WOMAN WAS SITTING THERE.

but to the little girl it seemed to be close enough to touch, and she wished very much it was made of muslin or ginghams. "Presently they came to a precipice. There was nothing beyond it, and nothing below it. 'This,' said the old man to the little girl, 'is

the Jumping Off Place." 'Does any one jump off here?' said the little girl. 'Not that I know of,' replied the old man, 'but if they should take a notion the place

is all ready for them."
"'Where would I fall to if I jumped off?" th little girl asked. 'To Nowhere,' answered the old man. "That is very funny,' said the little girl.
"'Yes,' remarked the old man; 'you can get to the End of the World, but you would have

to travel many a long year before you could get to Nowhere. Some say it is a big city; get to Nowhere. Some say it is a big city; some say it is a high mountain, and some say t is a wide plain.' "The little girl went to the Jumping Off Place and looked over, the old man holding her hand.

there,' she said. She was glad to see so familiar a face.
"The old man laughed. 'Yes,' he said, 'the moon is very fond of shining down and it runs away from the sun every chance it gets, and hunts up the darkest places, so that it may shine there undisturbed. Today it is shining down there where the sun can't see it.

but tonight it will creep up here when the sun goes away and shine the whole night through."
"Turning back, the old man and the little girl came again to the Well at the End of the World. The old wanten was sitting there combing her long waits hair. This time she looked hard at the liftle girl and smiled, singing:

When the heart is young the well is dry-Oh, it's goodby, dearie! goodby! Oh, it's goodby, dearie! goodby!

"But the old man shook his head. 'We have not come here for nothing, Sister Jane,' he said. With that he took a small vial, tied a long string to it and let it down the well. He fished about until the vial was full of water, drew ft to the top and corked it tightly. The water sparkled in the sun as if it were full of small diamonds. Then he placed it carefully in his pocket bowed plittely to the old woman, who was still combing her long white heir and smiller. combing her long, white hair and smiling, lifted the little girl to his back and returned along the road they had come, past the Thunder's house and down the mountain side until they reached the little girl's home.

Then he took the vial of sparkling water from his pocket. "Take it," he said, 'and wherever you go keep it with you. Touch a drop of it to your forehead when Friday is the thirteenth day of a month and you will grow up to be both wise and beautiful. When you are in trouble turn the vial upside down-so-and hold it in that position you count twenty-six and some of your friends will come to your aid.' "The little girl thanked the old man a

"The little girl thanked the old man as politely as she knew how.
"Do you know why I have carried you to the Thunder's house and to the Jumping-Off Place, and why I have given you a vial of this rare water?' The little girl shook her head. 'Well, one day not long ago you were sitting by the roadside with some your companions. You were all eating cake.
A beggar came along and asked for a piece.
You alone gave him any and you gave him

all y'u had.'
"'Were you the beggar?' asked the little girl, smiling and blushing.

"That I leave you to guess," replied the old man. He kissed the little girl's hand and was soon hid from sight by a turn in

Mr. Thimblefinger stopped short here and waited to see what the children would say.
They had listened attentively, but they manifested no very great interest.
"I reckon they think there is more talk

than tale in what you have tild," remarked Mr. Fabbit, leaning back in his chair. "That's the way it appeared to me." "Well, I'll not say that I have come to the end of my story," remarked Mr. Thimble finger, with some show of dignity. have come to the part where we can rest awhile, so as to give Mr. Rabbit a chance to see if he can do any better. We'll all w the little girl to grow some, just as she does in

> (To be Continued.) THE CHOSTS IN MY TOWER

I did not exactly understand these ghosts, of which I had heard nothing definite, except that they haunsed the tower, and I did not know in what way they would manifest

words or phrases, but it often seemed as if ought to try to understand and answer them But I soon discovered that these voice-like sounds were caused by the vagrant breezes going up and down the tail chimney of the tower, making seolian tones, not of music, but of vague and indistinct speech.

The winter passed, and at last there came

a time when I saw one of the ghosts. It was in the dusk of the evening, early in spring, and just outside of an open window, that it appeared to me. It was as plain to my sight as if it had been painted in delicate half tones against a somber background of tender foliage and evening sky.

It was clad from head to foot in softest gray, such as the phantoms of the night are said to love, and over its shoulder and down its upright form were thrown the fleecy folds of a mantle so mistily gray that it seemed to blend into the dusky figures it partly shrouded. The moment I saw it I knew it saw me. Out of its cloudy grayness there shone two eyes, black, clear and sparkling. fixed upon me with questioning intensity. sat, gazing with checked breath at this ghost

Suddenly I leaned forward-just a littleto get a better view of the apparition, when, like a bursting bubble, it was gone, and there was nothing before me but the back-ground of foliage and evening sky.

Frequently after that I saw this ghost, or it may have been one of the others, for it was difficult, with these gray visions, with which one must not speak or toward which it was hazardous to move even a hand, to becom well acquainted that I should know one from another. But there they were; not only did I hear them; not only, night after night, did my ears assure me of their existence but in the shadows of the trees, as the sum-mer came on, and on the loneller stretches of the lawn I saw them, and I knew that in

good truth my home was haunted. Late one afternoon, while walking in my grounds, I saw before me one of the specters of my tower. It moved slowly over the lawn, scarcely sacming to touch the tips of the grass, and with no more sound than a cloud would make when settling on a hill top. Suddenly it turned its bright, watchful eyes upon me, and then with a start that seemed send a thrill even through the gray mantle which lightly touched its shoulders, it rose before my very eyes until it was nearly as

high as the top of my tower!
Wings it had not, nor did it float in the air; it ran like a streak of gray electricity along the lightning rod, only, instead of flashing down it, as electricity would pass from the sky, it ran upward. I did not see this swiftly moving spirit reach the topmost point of the rod, for, at a point where the thick wire approached the eaves, it vanished. By this time I had come to the conclu sion, not altogether pleasant to my mind, that my ghosts were taking advantage of my forbearance, with their mystic knocks and signals, in the night, and their visits in the daylight, and that there must be too many they annoyed me very little, and I was not in the least afraid of them, but there were

others who came into my tower and who

slept in some of its rooms, and to the minds

of visitors and timorous maids there was something uncanny and terrifying in thes midnight knocks and scratches. So, having concluded from what I had seen that day that it was the very uppermost part of the tower which had become the resort of these gray sprites, and from which they came to disturb our quiet and repose, I determined to interfere with their passage from the earth to my tower top. If, like an electric current, they used the lightning rod as a means of transit, I made a plan which would compel them to use it in the conventional and proper way. The rod was placed there that lightning might come down it, not that it might go up, so I set myself to put the rod in a condition that would permit the shosts to descend as the lightning did, but which would prevent them from going up. Accordingly I thoroughly greased the rod for a considerable distance above the ground

"Now," said I to myself, "you may all come down, one after the other, wheneve you like. You will descend very quickly when you reach the greased part of the rod, but you will not go up it again. You are getting very bold, and if you continue your mad revels in my tower you will frighten people and give my house a bad name. You may be come dryads if you like and shut yourselves up in the hearts of the tall and solemn caks. There you may haunt the blue ays and the woodpeckers, but they will not tell tales of ghostly visits, which may keep my friends way and make my servants give me warn-

up my lightning red, though bow many came fown it I know not, and the intramural revels in the tower ceased. But not for long. The

as before, but still enough of them to let me know that they were there.

How they ascended to their lofty haunts I could not tell, nor did I try to find out. I accepted the situation. I could not contend with

same wandow from which I had seen the first ghoat of the tower, I saw another apparition, but it was net one of the gray specters to which I had become accustomed. It was a jet black demon. Its eyes, large, green and glaring, shone upon me, and it was as motionless and dark as a statue cut in coal.

For only an instant I saw it, and then in a flash, like the apparition I had first seen

Dr. Bonnefind of Leytonstone, Eng., in writing of the value of Guaiacol in consumption, says:

"My patient had consolidation of the apex of one lung, "had suffered from hacking cough and hemorrhage and was 'rapidly emaciating. I put him on Cod Liver Oil and Gaaia-'col, with the result that the cough lessened, the hemorrhages 'ceased and he gained seven pounds in two weeks."

Similar results have been obtained in this country from

Ozomusion

A scientific preparation of Ozone, Cod Liver Oil and Guaiacol. Mr. D. A. Wilson, Turner's Station, Henry Co., Ky., writes:

"The use of the remedy was attended with most satisfac-'tory results, and it removed the impression I had previously "entertained that my case was incurable."

It is the kind physicians prescribe for colds, coughs, consumption, pneumonia, la grippe, bronchitis, asthma and all pulmonary complaints; scrofula, general debility, anaemia, loss of flesh and all wasting diseases,

> FOR SALE BY KUHN & CO.. 15th and Douglas Streets, OMAHA.

presence of the white man, they faded away and gradually become extinct. eppeared to me late on a November afternoon among brown foliage of an aged oak, just as a dryad might have peeped forth from her leafy retreat, wondering if the world were yet open to her for a ramble under the stars. The world was open to my gray ghost, but only in one direction. Between it and me could be seen, among the shadows of the ground, the dark form of the demon, trembling and waiting. Then away from the old oak, away from my house and my tower, along the limbs of trees which stood on the edge of the wood, slowly and silently, my ghost vanished from my view like a little gray cloud, gently moving over the sky, a last dissolving out of my sight.

Now, in the early hours of the night my ower is quiet and still. There are no more knocks, no more wild revels in the hidden passages of the walls. My ghosts are gone. All that I hear now are the voices in the chimney, but I know that these are only imaginary voices, and, therefore, they produce in me no feeling of companionship. But my ghosts really existed.

THE GREATEST ON EARTH,

Detroit Free Press.

All hall the power of printer's ink, Which makes a world of people think That what it touches has new grace of character and mind and face; And that, what is of small account Is magnified to great amount. How easily it reaches down To depths of nothingness and finds a crown Wherewith to fit the brow of what May be true greatness, may be not. It has the power to paint bad, good, To people every solitude.

To make a thought, straight from the skies or otherwise, materialize.

or otherwise, materialize.

Or otherwise, materialize.

It preaches to the millions and

It makes the stupid understand;

It puts an edge on what is dull.

It makes the ugly, beautiful;

L charms the master, wins the slave,

It cheers the living, decks the grave,

Its language is in prose or verse. its language is in prose or verse, And speaks a blessing or a curse; In fact, dear reader, if you'll think, There's nothing quite like printer's ink

RELIGIOUS. The Lutheran church owns educational institutions in the United States to the value of \$4.889.550.

In Corea the Protestant mission force of oreign workers consists of twenty-six married men, fourteen single men, and eighteer single ladies, representing the Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian and Anglican

The trustees of the Brooklyn tabernacle have authorized Leonard Moody to sell the site of the burned tabernacle for \$110,000. The property was purchased by the society four years ago for \$90,000. The sale of th property will enable the society to pay all ts debts. Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the accomplished

preacher, traveler and editor, whom every one delights to honor, has just celebrated the completion of his fortieth year as editor of the Evangelist of New York City. The interesting incident is thus noticed by the Evangelist of last week: "Forty years ago his day (November 20, 1854) the editor of the Evangelist came to this city to enter he work which he has followed since. When ie came he was among the youngest, if not the very yourgust, in the editorial fraternity now he is among the oldest. Forty years That is as long as Moses was in the wilderness! After a military service of that length a soldier would be entitled to his dis-

The Holy Coat of Argenteuil, in France, i no of the several venerable relics which are declared and "proved" to be the identical seamless robe that Christ wore when He was led to Golgotha to be crucified. It has numerous stains upon it, which the faithful believe and declare to be the stains of Christ's blood. There are, however, many the church who doubt the genuineness of the relic, and to satisfy them the bishop of Versailles recently decided to submit the stains in the coat to scientific tests, to be made by MM. Lafon and Roussel, two eminent chemists of Paris. Their report, which has just been published, concludes as follows: "To sum up: From the portion of the cont marked with rust-colored spots we obtained (1) A faint green coloration, with the tincture of guaiacum and the essence of turpentine with the artificial serum; (3) the formation

you an illness.

"77." DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC, does a this and more. "IT" is a SPECIFIC for COLDS, GRIP, INFLUENZA, CATARRH, PAINS and SORENESS in the HEAD and CHEST, COUGH, SORE THROAT, GENERAL PROSTRATION

8 Kine Gold plated Watch FREE

BAILEY THE DENTIST

Dentistry IN OMAHA. Full Set of Teeth, \$5; Warranicd to Fit.

Teeth extracted and put in same day. Gold and
platean Alloy Fillings, \$1; Silver Fillings, \$1;
Pure Gold, \$2; Gold Crowns, \$6 to \$8-22k; Bridge
Teeth, \$6 per tooth. Finest work always, 3d
Floor Paxton Bik., 16th and Farnam. Tel. 1085,
LADY ATTENDANT.

Cor. 12th and Howard Streets, Under new management, will furnish BT-FER MEALS and BETTER ROOMS (all steam heated and electric lighted than any hotel in Omaha for the rate of \$2.00 per day. Rooms with bath \$2.50 and \$3.93. Try the Mercer next time you visit the city. Take the Harney street car at Union Depot to 12th street. From Webster street Dapot take car to Howard street.

B. SILLOWAY, Manager.



SPECIALISTS. hronis Nervo13

Special

Diseases.

Treatmentby Mail, Consultation Free Catarrh, all diseases of the nose, Throat. Chest, Stomach, Liver, Blood Skin and Kidney diseases, Lost -Manhood and all Private Diseases of Men.



DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT DR. E. C. WEST'S MERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT is sold under positive written guarantee, by authorized agents only, to cure Weak Memory; Loss of Brain and Nerve Power; Lost Manhood; Quickness; Night Losses; Evil Dreams; Lack of Confidence; Nervousness; Lassitude; all Drains; Loss of Power of the Generative Oranna in either sex, caused by over-exertion, Youthful Errors, or Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor, which leads to Misery, Consumption, Insanity and Death. By mail, \$1 a box; six for \$5; with written guarantee to cure or refund money, Wet's Liver Fills cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia and Constipation. GUARANTEES issued only by Goodman Drug Co, Omaha.

(2) the revival of the red globules of blood, with the artificial serum; (3) the formation of crystals of haemin or of chloroydrate of the aematin. These indications are sufficient to enable us to affirm that the spots examined are actually due to blood—and to human blood. Judging by the whole of our analysis, we presume that this blood is very old."

INSTANTANEOUS COLDS.

Colds are taken instantaneously. You may not believe it, that's because you never thought of it. Just stop and think how often you have said, how often you have heard others say, "I know when I took cold." It may have been known by a chill, or even a shudder; perhaps by exposure to a draught, or rough wind; maybe wet feet, or by standing on cold, damp ground—a change of clothing, often underciothing; possibly the treacherous weather caught you with a tight wrap or coat; a nsp carciessly taken without something thrown over you. Anyhow, you knew when you took cold, and the mind, the thought that you were taking cold, that you were helpless to resist was largely to blame. If you had had at hand, in your pocket say, a preventive, a protector, a specific, the mind, would have been strengthened, and a few doses of "Ti" would have fortified the body and saved you an illiness.

"To the revival of the district court of the district court; rendered in the costs of suit, according to the judgment of the said district court, rendered in the said charge of learning the more pocket say, a preventive, a protector, a specific, the mind, would have been strengthened, and a few doses of "Ti" would have fortified the body and saved you an illiness.

"To December, Sand day at the costs of suit, according to the judgment of the said district court, rendered in the costs of suit, according to the judgment of the said district court, rendered in the costs of suit, according to the judgment of the said district court, rendered in the said district court, re

Office of Lee-Ciarke-Andreesen Hardware Co., Omaha, Neb., Dec. 7, 1894.—Notice is herbey given to the stockholders of the Lee-Ciarke-Andreesen Hardware company that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the company will be held at the offices of the said company, 1219, 1221 and 1223 Harney street, in the city of Omaha, in the state of Nebraska, on Tuesday, January 8, A. D. 1895, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the company to serve during the casuing year, and to transact such other business as may be presented at such meeting.

Attest: H. J. LEEE, President. W. M. GLASS, Secretary.

W. M. GLASS, Secretary. DI M to J 8 Sun

fall, that Tippeo Sahib had chosen a building By Frank R. Stockton. site just where the stream dropped to a Copyrighted 1894 by the Author, back to the place where she had left the old At one corner of my house is a tall, wide While the boys were looking within Pink brief time and the fugitives now began to realize that they had once more cluded their bloodthirsty nursuers. tower, rising high above the trees which sur-"She found him waiting. He was sitting round it. In one of the upper rooms of this realize that they had once more eluded their bloodthirsty pursuers.

The tramp of hoofs grew fainter and fainter in the distance until it could be heard no more. On and on went the elephant, striding clumsily over rocks and logs at a pace no herse could equal on so rought. at the foot of a tree, sleeping peacefully, but tower I work and think, and here, in the he awoke at once. evening and early part of the night, I used 'You see I am waiting for you,' he said 'How did you enjoy your visit?'
"'I didn't enjoy it much,' replied the little to be quite alone except for the ghosts. Before I had come to this house I knew that the tower was haunted, but I did not Everything was so large, and the Thunder made so much fuss.' mind that. As the ghosts had never done attacked the arched grating. But all in vain, he twisted, and pried, and jammed "I hope you didn't mind that," said the i man. "The Thunder is a great growler any one any harm I did not believe they and grumbler, but when that's said all's said. I'm sorry, though, you didn't have a good the stout fron bars. In spite of nearly would do me any harm, and I thought] The mahout clung to his perch like a tightly as ever into the masonry. should really be giad of their company tightly as ever into the masonry. certainly be different from the Pink stopped and looked in a troubled way at his companious as he wiped the perspira-tion from his face. He was about to re-new the attack when he suddenly discov-ered that the grating was only an inch or two under water. time. I suppose you think it is my fault, but menkey.

"It won't do the zemindar any 'arm to rest a bit," said Pink. "We treated 'im badly, lads, but it 'ad to be. Jove! 'ow nearly the tro pars nabbed us. Now we're out of danger. From 'ere the road pierces the Ghauts and I doubt if the 'orses can follow at all." these undaunted sprites.
One evening in the autumn, outside the it isn't. If you say so I'll go to the Jumping company of ordinary people. So, when I had arranged an upper room in the tower so that Of Place. same window from which I had seen the first Where's that?' asked the little girl. pleasantly work and think therein. expected the ghosts to come to me, and should have been very much disappointed if " Just beyond the Well at the End of the 'If it isn't too far let's go there,' said the With a laugh at his own stupidity hobbed out of right like a fissh, and an instant later his dripping head and shoulder emerged on the finier side of the bars.

"Your turn next, lads," he shouled. they had not. little girl.
"So the old man lifted her on his back, and