

The Haunted Stairway

By Temple Bailey

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The stairway rose between walls of solid masonry for 20 stories. It was never used. Indeed it might be questioned if the men and women who shot up and down in the elevators knew of any other mode of ascent or descent.

It was very still on the stairway and rather dim and dark, and gradually it acquired a bad name.

At last a murder was committed on the tenth landing. The murderer was not apprehended and this fact added to the terrors of the stairway. Before a month had passed it was called haunted, and men whom no one would have counted superstitious moved their offices to other buildings.

Finally the matter began to attract the attention of the owners. Many of the offices were empty and the rentals were falling off.

"It's got to stop," said Brixton & Brixton; and they put in more electric lights and hired watchmen to patrol the stairway.

But, after a week's trial, the watchmen threw up his job. Three other watchmen came and went, and at last Moran, the janitor, was detailed to succeed them. Moran's resignation came in the succinct statement: "Nixie for me."

Brixton, senior, struck his clenched hand impatiently on his desk.

"Such foolishness, Moran," he said. "That may be, sir," Moran agreed; "but ye'll have to get another man."

Later Brixton, senior, sent for him and put him on the elevator service. It was getting a little hard to keep elevator boys, and Moran was trustworthy, if he was superstitious.

Again a succession of watchmen came, and went.

Brixton & Brixton consulted a detective agency. "It's raining our business," they said. "Find out who is playing us such a trick."

From the agency came men, two at a time. It grew to be a most unpopular assignment.

"Good lord," said Giffens, who was on duty the fifth week, "I keep seeking that poor fellow on the stairs with the sun shining in on him. I wonder how he happened to be down so far; his office was on the top floor."

They were on the fatal landing. A broad, deep window overlooked the other skyscrapers in the block and showed row after row of twinkling yellow lights, and above them all, the moon, pale in contrast to the glitter and glow of the city night. Moran had made his last trip for the night. The three men stood looking out.

Suddenly a wailing cry to a mournful, hitting measure reached their ears. "Somebody's singin'," Giffens gasped. The three Irishmen clung together. "It's Killarney."

"Who's singin' it?" Murphy's bravo was gone.

"My God!" Moran said, "there was a little gurryl in Brown's office—Kate O'Neill—on the six'th floor used to sing—like that. I heard her one time—"

"Where's she now?" Giffens asked.

"She went away last spring," Moran said.

Next day Moran found himself irresistibly drawn toward the haunted landing. It was the noon hour and Giffens and Murphy had gone to lunch. Moran didn't want any lunch. The affair of the night before had upset him, and the plaintive tones of Kate O'Neill still rang in his heart.

Six steps down from the tenth floor and around a curve was the landing, and Moran, following the curve, stopped short, staring.

With her back to him, a woman stood looking out of the window.

She turned at the sound of Moran's footsteps.

"It's me," she said. "I've come back."

"Kate O'Neill!" gasped Moran.

"Yes, I've been in the hospital, I've been sick."

Moran went up to her.

"Katie," he said, "was you here last night?"

She looked at him, wide-eyed.

"No," she said, "I was in the hospital. I left there this mornin'."

"My God!" said Moran.

She shivered.

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply.

"We heard you singin'—me and two—other men. You was singin' 'Killarney.'"

Her hand was over her heart, her eyes dark with horror.

"What am I going to do?" she cried, "what am I going to do? I dream that I come here, and go up and down, and up and down the stairway—and there is no rest."

She paused and went on, white-lipped: "Maybe—it isn't a dream—maybe it's true—maybe—I do come—maybe I do—"

Her voice died away in a whisper. Moran stood spellbound.

"'Twas likely the wind," he said. Then, suspiciously: "Why did you come?"

Wearily she condemned herself. "You know—I killed him."

"You!" Moran reeled against the window and caught at the sill.

"I used to come here and sit," she went on, presently. "I came every day and ate my lunch, because it was quiet and no one ever came up the stairway. But one day—he came—"

She hesitated. "I was singin'—"

Moran bent forward, listening eagerly.

"He stooped and spoke, and he was nice and pleasant. And after that he used to come at noon, often, and I liked him, and he would bring things and we would eat lunch together—oysters and birds—I think he was rich. No one ever saw us, for no one ever comes up and down the stairway."

"I told him about my old granny, and how I had left her when I was a child, and how I had been alone in this country since my brother died, and that no home would ever be to me like the little house in the old country with the lake behind it and the low line of hills in front, and sometimes I would sing, and he would listen and plan to take me across the

water some day. An' by that time I thought a lot of him, and I'd 'a' gone anywhere with him—"

Her hands were clasped tensely, her little face was working with emotion.

"He used to bring me presents and put them behind that piece of broken tile. He dug a hole with his knife in the plaster underneath, and I'd find things there. One day I found a magazine on the window-sill with a paper-knife across it to hold it down, and between the leaves were \$100 in bills, and he was watching me around the curve, and when I opened the book and found the money he came out laughin', and said 'We're goin' to sail next week,' he said, 'I just see you and me,' and he laughed some more."

"But I shook my head and told him that I couldn't take money from him until after we were married. After we were married, I said, 'You can give me anything.' I thought he looked queer at that, and he was leaning over me very pale, and he said: 'Kate, little Kate O'Neill, I can't marry you.' And I said, 'Why not?' and he said: 'I've got a wife. But I'll do anything for you—I'll make you happy, but I can't marry you.'

"I had the paper-knife in my hand, and the next I knew he was lying there on the floor in the sunshine—"

In the shuddering silence Moran whispered: "My God!"

"I ran upstairs with the knife in my hand and the book and the \$100. I don't see why somebody didn't find them. They're in my desk. I put them there and went on working, and when I got back to my boarding place that night I fainted, and they sent me to the hospital—and—that's all—"

She sank down on a step and looked up at the tall young man silhouetted against the background of blazing sunlight.

"I don't know what to do," she said, with quivering lips.

Her blue eyes held in them the appeal of helpless womanhood, and of helpless Irish womanhood at that.

Moran could not stand it. "Katie," he said, "you dreamed it."

"Oh, no," she whispered.

"You did," Moran said; "you've been sick, and you've thought about it, and it's your delirium that makes you think you did it—"

"But I'm not delirious now—"

"Well, you was," Moran insisted. Then he lied smoothly. "'Twas a man did it. He was bandy-legged and cross-eyed and he had a grudge—"

Her startled eyes questioned him. "But—" she began.

"He's confessed," Moran stated obstinately, "a week ago."

With her hands in his she was sobbing. "It can't be true!"

"This true."

"Oh, I don't know what to do—"

Moran held her hands tightly for a moment, looking down at her with a shadow in his eyes.

"You'd best go," Moran said, hoarsely. "Go up and take the elevator on the next floor."

When the two detectives reached the landing they found Moran leaning negligently against the window, looking out.

"Murphy thinks we ought to look up that O'Neill girl," Giffens said.

"Ah, gwan," Moran said, as he set his shoulders squarely. "Ye couldn't hunt a little gurryl wid eyes like blue lakes. Ye're two things before ye're hard-hearted instruments of the law—"

"An' what's that?" asked Giffens.

"Ye're men—"

"Ye're Irish," finished Moran, succinctly.

For Rifle Target Matches.

The navy department is making special efforts to improve small arms marksmanship in the navy. As an effective way of doing this the department is stimulating interest in target practice at the Naval Academy in the theory that if the midshipmen are induced to take a lively interest in small arms shooting the effect of that interest will be felt later throughout the service. For this reason the navy department has announced this year the most extended schedule of rifle target matches that the midshipmen have yet had. Prizes will also be offered for winners in revolver matches to be held at the Naval Academy.

Presented with Founder's Bust.

At a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association in Queen's hall, London, Whiteclaw Reid, the American ambassador, in behalf of the donors of the headquarters building in New York, accepted a bust by Frampton of the late Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Reid said that the gift could nowhere be appreciated more warmly and sympathetically.



BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

As Easy to Grow as Cabbage and More Profitable.

Anyone who can grow cabbage can grow brussels sprouts. Everyone who likes cabbage will like brussels sprouts better. But the same carelessness that produces woody, rank-flavored cabbage will have a like effect on brussels sprouts. Yet people who give the plant a fair trial in the garden and the kitchen soon swell the ranks of the lovers of this popular vegetable.

Any garden soil that will grow good



Typical Brussels Sprouts.

cabbage can be relied upon to produce good sprouts. An ample supply of humus and nitrogenous food in the soil is desirable as in the case of any other leaf crops. The seed may be sown at the same time and in the same way as cabbage seed. For very early crops it may be sown in a cold frame in late fall, protected during winter with mats or shutters, and the plants set out as early in the spring as the ground can be worked.

For second early, says Orange Judd Farmer, it may be sown in early spring and transplanted in April. But since the plant makes most delicate flavored heads during cool weather the most popular time of sowing is June.

When thus grown the young plants are set out in the garden 3x2, feet apart at six weeks old and given clean cultivation for six weeks. From September until hard freezing they need little or no attention unless the season be very dry.

In such cases liberal watering will improve the quality and quantity of the sprouts. The bulk of the picking is done between October and December, though in mild winters, especially in the middle sections and in the southern states, some may be gathered until March and even April.

LEAF CURL IN POTATOES.

Can Be Prevented by Handling of Potatoes Before Planting.

To prevent leaf curl in potatoes do not expose the tubers on dry shelves all the winter where they are likely to fluctuate with external conditions, and thus lose a certain amount of moisture after every frost when the temperature rises outside again.

Instead, pile the tubers down for the winter, exclude air and thus prevent shriveling, which is a greater evil than the loss of a sprout.

Allow sufficient time to elapse before covering for the winter, so that heat is not generated when a quantity is placed together; this is regulated according to the soil and the kind of weather in lifting time.

Never use the well-settled, highly ripened tubers for planting purposes.

Plant much later for stock purposes, more especially if you persist in re-planting your own produce. This applies to all soils, only doubly so to poor, dry, sandy land.

I do not think, says a writer in Farmer's Voice, anyone can realize the importance of planting unripened tubers for giving increased vigor unless they themselves set to work and test it.

Earth, plaster, cement or brick floors are far better than dry boarded floors for storing upon, because they are colder. If the tubers are not piled down, cold underground cellars are the best places to store in for the winter.

CARE OF THE GARDEN.

Manner of Cultivation Determines Largely the Profit Realized.

The profits from the kitchen garden are determined largely by the care that is given the garden. On many of our farms the garden yields a little profit, for the simple reason that it is allowed to lie without attention till the other crops are put in. This inattention sometimes results in the garden not receiving the large amount of manure it should have if it is expected to do its best.

The time element cannot be eliminated from the care of the garden. It takes more time than any other piece of land of equal size on the farm. This is because the garden must be carried forward under intensive methods and hand work must be a large part of the total work performed.

In the care of the garden as much work as possible should be done by means of the farm team or farm horse, but there is much work that can be done only by help of the hoe. Every weed that grows up in the rows must be taken out, for it is taking from the economic plants a certain amount of plant food. This means an expenditure of time. The farmer's boy is therefore the one that should have the greatest amount of responsibility in the care of the garden.

AT A CRITICAL TIME.

Women Are Likely to Suffer with Dangerous Kidney Disorders.

Mrs. John Kirk, R. F. D. No. 2, Detroit, Mich., says: "Five years ago at a critical time of life I was on the verge of a collapse with kidney troubles, backache, dizziness, puffy dropsy swellings and urinary irregularities. I lost flesh and felt languid, nervous or unstrung all the time. As my doctor did not help me I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. In a few weeks all these symptoms left me. I now weigh 165 pounds and feel in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEAN TRICK OF THE PARROT.

And Just After Its Mistress Had Made Neat "Bluff."

Young Hankinson (making a call)—You have had that parrot a long time, Miss Laura.

Miss Laura—Yes, we have had him several years.

Young Hankinson—Quite intelligent, is he not?

Miss Laura—Very. Can imitate almost anything.

Young Hankinson—They have a remarkably clever parrot over at the Castellinis, Miss Laura. It can imitate the sound of a kiss to perfection. Is that among the accomplishments of our feathered friend here in the corner?

Miss Laura (indignantly)—No, sir. He does not attempt an imitation of a sound he is not accustomed to hear, Mr. Hankinson. Of that I can assure you.

The Parrot—Wait, George, dear, till I take this bird out of the room.—Tatter.

BOY KEPT SCRATCHING.

Eczema Lasted 7 Years—Face Was All Raw—Skin Specialists Failed, But Cuticura Effected Cure.

"When my little boy was six weeks old an eruption broke out on his face. I took him to a doctor, but his face kept on getting worse until it got so bad that no one could look at him. His whole face was one crust and red. He had been very painful. He scratched day and night until his face was raw. Then I took him to all the best specialists in skin diseases but they could not do much for him. The eczema got on his arms and legs and we could not get a night's sleep in months. I got a set of Cuticura Remedies and I felt relieved the first time I used them. I gave the Cuticura Remedies a good trial and gradually the eczema healed all up. He is now seven years old and I think the trouble will never return. Mrs. John C. Klump, 80 Niagara St., Newark, N. J., Oct. 17 and 22, 1907."

Economical Physician.

Ambassador Wu Ting-fang was once, it is alleged, telling about a certain selfish politician. He said: "The man reminds me of a doctor of Shanghai. A mandarin came to this doctor for advice. He could not sleep, had no appetite, suffered a good deal from depression and nevertheless was taking iron fat at an alarming rate. 'Well,' said the physician, 'What you need is exercise, good, hard exercise. Four times a week you can come here and put in the morning polishing my floors.' But why not my own floors?" the mandarin inquired. 'Mine,' said the physician, 'are larger.'"

The New Baby.

A young woman of a religious turn of mind wished to announce to a friend the birth of her first-born child. She sent the following telegram: "Isiah, 9.6," which, being interpreted, read: "For unto a child is born, unto us a son is given."

The friend, more literal and less familiar with the prophets, read the message, and said to her husband: "Margaret has a boy, but why on earth did she name him Isiah? He must be a healthy chap, though, for he weighs nine pounds and six ounces."—Woman's Home Companion.

How He Got Rid of Rats.

A farmer describes his method of clearing the premises of rats in the following manner: "On a large number of old shingles I put a half-teaspoonful of treacle each, and on that with my pocket knife I scraped a small amount of concentrated lye. I then placed the old shingles around under the stable floors and under the cribs. The next morning I found 40 dead rats, and the rest left the farm for parts unknown. I have cleared many farms of the pests in the same way, and have never known it to fail."

CHANGE IN FOOD

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion. I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well."

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts. We use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit."

The reason this lady was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that it is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order, there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down, the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in place of "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

DESERVED TO WIN HIS CASE.

Really Able Argument Put Forward by Accused Sailor.

A very good story has recently been told in the fleet of an incident which happened when Admiral Evans was in command of the Indiana. An old-time bluejacket was at the mast before Capt. Evans, charged with getting food out of a mess chest outside of meal hours. This getting of food for night watches is a common and strong desire on the part of most men aboard ship.

Capt. Evans asked the man what he had to say; and the man, sizing up the delicate situation, said:

"Captain, I didn't take no food out of that chest. Why, captain, there weren't no food in that chest! I looked in that chest, and, captain, I met a cockroach coming out of that chest with tears in his eyes."—Harper's Weekly.

A GOOD COLD.



"That seems a very bad cold you've got, my little man!"

"It's a very good cold; it's kept me away from school for two weeks now!"

COMPLAINTS ABOUT PAINT.

The time to complain about paint is before the painter applies it. The man who puts up the money should not shirk the responsibility of choosing the paint. True, the painter ought to know paint better than the banker, the professional man or the merchant. The trouble is, the house-owner too often deliberately bars the competent and honest painter from the job by accepting a bid which he ought to know would make an honest job impossible.

Secure your bids on the basis of National Lead Company's pure White Lead and pure Linseed Oil and see that you get these materials.

No one need be fooled by adulterated white lead. A blowpipe testing outfit will be mailed to anyone interested in paint.

Address, National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York City.

Accounting for It.

Mrs. Sharp—"The wife of that millionaire from the wild west has such a washed-out look."

Mrs. Goslin—"You know, my dear, she was a laundress before he struck oil."

U. S. Dip, Wash and Disinfectant.

The best and cheapest, 1 gallon makes 100 gals. Dip, wash or spray, 1 gal. 75c; 3 gal. \$2.25; 5 gal. \$3.75. Write for 32 page booklet. Ship us your Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool, etc. N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Alike.

Working for a living is like Shakespeare's plays—always praised, but avoided as much as possible.

Kill the Flies Now before they multiply. A DAISY FLY KILLER kills thousands. Lasts the season. Ask your dealer, or send 2c to H. Somers, 149 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is no disgrace to be mistaken; it is a crime to be a hypocrite. That is the sin against light—the worst of all.—John Oliver Hobbs.

Garfield Digestive Tablets.

From your druggist, or the Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., 25c per bottle. Samples upon request.

Ambition and Love.

Ambition is like love; impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

SORE EYES, weak, inflamed, red, watery and swollen eyes, use PITTIN'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Those who await no gifts from chance have conquered fate.—Richter.

We Want Your Cream.

Write to-day for tags and prices. North Star Creamery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Living well is the best revenge you can take on your enemies.—Froude.

Stack Covers, Awnings, Tents.

Flags, etc. For information and prices, write American Tent & Awning Co., Minneapolis

Even a poor wall-paper hanger may put up at good hotels.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

GORHAM-GARBETT CO. 6% Interest Bearing Convertible Stock Bond

It pays 6% per annum. It matures in three years. It can be exchanged for stock at par, during the first two years, at the option of the holder. It may be redeemed by the company for cash at any time after the end of the second year. The most liberal investment offer on the market to-day. Act at once. GORHAM-GARBETT COMPANY 10 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

What is Pe-ru-na?

Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and to raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action, reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over-enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.

Manufactured by Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

The Problem.

"Literature is very difficult," said one authorless.

"Yes," answered the other. "The problem is to be a financial success without being a social failure."—Exchange.

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