

The House and the Brain.

The Best Ghost Story Ever Written

By E. Bulwer-Lytton.

HEARN

West Fourteenth Street

MORNING SALES

To-morrow, Wednesday, until 1 p.m.

Table with 2 columns: Fancy Silkline Comfortable, Full Bleached Turkish Towels, Lace Edgings and Galleons, Picked and Emb'd Velvets.

ONLY SOLD UNTIL ONE P. M.—NO MAIL ORDERS.

LAST DAY! To-morrow Will Be Final Clear-up Day of The Season.

To-morrow, after store closes, we take account of stock as first step toward ascertaining gains and losses of the six months' business to August 31st.

The More Sold, The Less to Inventory.

Detailed mention of This Last Day's Opportunities is not possible.

Every hour will be full of interest. As fast as a lot is disposed of another will take its place until all Surplus and Summer Goods are closed out.

COME!

August Sale Prices for

- BLANKETS, BED SPREADS, COMFORTABLES, LINENS, TOWELS, MUSLINS, SHEETS, PILLOW CASES, WHITE GOODS

End with August!

Don't Miss This Last Day's Opportunities.

COME!

ALL DEPARTMENTS MUST HAVE CLEAN STOCKS, and have orders to positively close out all surplus.

Therefore Final Clearing Prices.

You Know Our Reputation for Cleaning Out Stocks. COME TO-MORROW!

practice to an extraordinary degree. "That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which is properly to be called the soul, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantasm of what has been perishes; you burn it. "Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is, the absence of what we held to be soul; that is of superior unimpeded intelligence. These apparitions come for little or no object; they seldom speak when they do come; if they speak, they utter no idea above those of an ordinary person on earth.

Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts! He Sees 'em All the Way Home.



To the Editor of The Evening World: That's a great ghost story, "The House and the Brain," which you are now running in The Evening World. But say, it's got me frozen full of shudders. I am naturally superstitious, although I know I should know better, but I go home to the Bronx late at night and our street is not so very well lighted, and after reading that ghost story on the train it seems to me that I am dodging spooks and warlocks all the way home. My wife says it's a good thing—that it will send me home earlier—but a regiment of ghosts couldn't do that. I don't believe in ghosts, but I don't want to meet one, alone.

"American spirit-seers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakespeare, Bacon— heaven knows whom. These communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakespeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more noticeable, do they even contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be, granting them to be truthful, I see much that philosophy may question nothing that it is incumbent on phil-

most earth-stained of earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the Curiosities of Literature cites as credible: A flower

isak could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called magic. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature—it would be only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by

CHAPTER V. A Clue to the Mystery. DETERMINED at least to tell Mr. J.—of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were anything in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise.

"I am but little acquainted with the woman's early history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? For what object?" "Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who had acquired power over me by previous rapport."

"But if a mesmerizer could so affect another living being, can you suppose that a mesmerizer could so affect inanimate objects; move chairs—open and shut doors?"

Bright Babies and Their Doings and Sayings.



By Margaret Hubbard Ayer. THE old rule that children should be seen and not heard is evidently making way for a more cordial understanding between parents and the small folk.

The old regulation worked very well in its way, but now and then it led to a sad state of things, as when Willie, conscious of a most important piece of news, sought to communicate it to his mother at the dinner table he asked permission to speak, but was peremptorily silenced by his father.

"Children should be seen but not heard," said his parent. "Yes; but, papa, this is very particular."

"My son—ellence." "While wriggled about uncomfortably on his chair until dinner was over.

"Now, my son, what is it?" said the benign father. "Well, the water in the bath tub won't turn off, and it's running all over the floor."

A Young Fisherman. I WOULD like to have my fish story told. I am a little boy six years old last April. I went fishing with papa and mamma to City Island out on Labor Day. Papa would bait my line and as soon as I would feel a bite I would pull in a fish until I had twenty-two. Papa would take them off for me. I was only four years and five months old then, so I don't think there is a smaller fisherman than I was at the time. I expect to go down to Coney Island or Canarsie on this Labor Day, and I hope we will catch plenty of fish. Dictated to his mamma by JOSEPH H. WINTER, No. 68 Avenue, Brooklyn.

to tell my mamma to get me night-gown.

"But, girlie," exclaimed the other little one, "what are pajamas?" "And don't you know what pajamas are?"

"No, tell me." "Oh, they are just two pieces of rag. One's got buttons on and the other ain't."

Another funny incident happened the other day when she came up from the street and had a black pin in her hand. She asked me what kind of pin that was, I answered, "A mourning pin." To which she replied: "Then the other white pins must be night pins."

"Pull the Strings." My baby (Ruth Bernice Demarest) is two years old, and we think her very bright. At the table, when the blessing is asked, she says quietly, "Glory, amen." She took her pet kitten and the kitten squealed, and I asked her what was the matter? "Dus pulling the strings out of titty's face, mamma" (meaning whiskers). She kissed the cat and I told her kitty had dirty teeth. A short while after I missed Ruth, also my tooth-brush, and in the other room was Ruth holding the cat between her knees and making every effort to brush that cat's teeth with my brush. "Nasty titty," she said, "Nasty toothes."

My little girl, Marjorie Eleanor Demarest, is four years old. When she was three years old she said, "Mamma, if

THREE PRIZES—\$10 for best anecdote of child life; \$10 for best child's (not over 7) story in child's own language; \$5 for best list of baby words and their English equivalents. None over 150 words in length. Send letters to Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Evening World, New York City.

you die I'll cook for papa and sew," and I said, "What else will you do?" "Oh, I'll go to the door with him and kiss him and say 'Good-by, Chester.'"

A Prize Baby. THIS likeness is of my baby girl, Kathryn Putney Birdsall, taken at the age of five months.

Two Patriotic Little Japs. THE following letter from two little Japanese boys whose elder brother was about to enter the army was recently received by the Colonel of a Japanese Regiment, and shows that the patriotic spirit animating the whole country extends even to the children themselves.

collency will allow him to go to the front at once. We lost father when we were very young and we cannot even remember his face. We are being brought up and educated by our mother and brother, and we are first and third year pupils of the Alhara primary school. Our teacher has taught us that any one who cannot help his country is worse than a dog or a cat. Our brother is loyal and dutiful. We will be the same and obedient to mother.

"We will not feel hungry, though we may not have anything to eat for ten or thirty days, as we are quite willing to suffer for the sake of our country. Please send Ikataru to the front, as it will not only be to our family's honor but also to that of our ancestors. We are your faithful servants, IKOHU BATSUPU, KOKU BATSUPU."

gold chain with diamond and solid gold link. She is now one year and a half old and talks and chatters like a child of over two years. When she was fourteen months old she put four words together, for instance: "All dark in here," "Down in the store," "Pretty book," "Aunt Millie."

"Oh, see the bow-wow" (meaning a dog). She barks her skirt up and gives us a dance.

Mrs. ELLWOOD BIRDSALL, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Luna Park. FIRE AND FLAMES DURBAR OF INDIA. E. T. escapes from bridge—36 minutes from Steamboat Co. coupon admits to park. Unusually by initiators. Ask your neighbor.

PASTOR'S. 14th St. near 3d Ave. CONTINUOUSLY 2d & 3d CENT. EMPLOYE CITY QUARTER. Harris & Walters. Laura Constock, Loye & Emerson, and THE GREAT PROGRESS TROUPE.

AMERICAN WHITE TIGRESS OF JAPAN. BELASCO. THEATRE-VEVEY SAT. SEPT. 3—HENRIETTA. CROSMAN. SWEET KITTY BELLAIR SEATS ON SALE TO-MORROW NINE A. M.

MARY'S BELONGINGS. Mary had a little lamb All fricasseed with peas, Then a little lobster salad And some energetic cheese; A quart of hock to wash it down, A taste of mountain dew— All these our little Mary had, And a little coffin, too. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

AMUSEMENTS. PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c, 50c To-night, 10c, 75c. KELLY & ASHBY. Musical Birds, Mon. J. H. Burton's Dog, Walter Brown, Elsie Brown, "The Musical" & "The Man."

AMUSEMENTS. GRAND. The Dewey Ladies' Mat. To-day, 25c, 50c, 75c. THE DEWEY LADIES' MAT. To-day, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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