

PURSUED BY FELINE SPOOKS. THEY SAY THAT'S WHY THIS FACTORY'S OUT OF BUSINESS.

Vengeance of the Ghosts of Two Cats Which Could Not Be Machine Shop at the Night Watchman Tells the Story—Won't Let the Factory Be Reopened.

LACROIX, Canada, Jan. 14.—Not far from this place two or three lonely, obelisk-like chimneys, a few fragments of walls, and some isolated sheds mark the site where once stood a large factory that turned out iron work for railroad equipment. Now from the ruins of the factory are turned out ghost stories.

There have been rumors, periodically, of the starting again of the works, and many of the old workmen are still living on here in other employment, waiting until they can get back to their old jobs. One of them, the night watchman, pretends to have a special knowledge of the spooky happenings at the factory, and the other men corroborate him in several particulars.

All agree that the troubles of the establishment began at one of the cupolas, where old iron was melted. The scrap was broken up in a half open fire, and the molten metal, as the ladle threw the carcasses into the buckets along with the scrap iron, and they were dumped into the blazing smelter.

Later in the day the molten stuff was being run into car wheel moulds, when one of these same ladles tipped and fell against a carrier for conveying the liquid iron. His death was almost instantaneous.

His companion rushed to his assistance, and received some of the burning stuff upon his feet. He was taken to the hospital, one foot was amputated, and after some months of suffering he also died.

The watchman's name on at 10 o'clock for his night duty made his rounds and found everything as usual until about midnight, when just as he was winding up his detection clock in the office a bright light and a noise in the chief workshop hurried him into that department.

The electric lights were not on, he found, but the whole place was illuminated by an intense gleam from the mouth of the scrap cupola. What caused him most surprise was the fact that the power had been turned on at the engine, and that every machine was running at full speed.

A hasty run to the engine room showed that the steam was regularly applied. After throwing it off at the valve the watchman made a strict search for the person who had played him such a trick. He could discover no one, and as every door and window was closed he was unable to enter.

It was only afterward that he thought of the bright light which had enabled him to see all the machines moving, and which vanished when he turned off the steam. From fear or because of some other dreadfulness the watchman made no mention the next day of what had happened.

He was not disturbed further until the same night of the next week, when, while in the office winding his clock again, an unearthly creaking noise emanated from him flying into the main building, where the machinery was once more all in motion and the building brightly lighted from the cupola.

This time he ran first to see where the light came from. But as he came near the furnace door the light gradually faded out.

Again he turned off steam from the engine. Then he made a tour of the building, which he was well aware were never left at night with their gears so attached to the main shafting as if they would start when the steam were on.

It was then he found that every belt and pulley in the place was set to begin work when the engine started. As was his duty he threw the bearings out of connection, and the next morning notified the engineer of the careless neglect of the watchman, also of the curious turning on of the steam valve.

As he feared his story was met with incredulity and the engineer laughingly advised him to drink less whiskey and not to wonder if the hot refuse and slag left in the smelter sometimes fell into the main shafting from the gasses imprisoned in it.

The watchman, being at the time a teetotaler, presented a somewhat peculiarly comical picture to the little Scotch teacher with him for the future. Just a week later at the same time of night his dog ran off helter-skelter into the works, barking and yelping as though in full view of his great enemies, cats.

Again the machine found the machines running and the big room all lighted up, and heard Tower having a bottle roval near the cupola. As he reached the door he expected to witness a dog and cat battle but was surprised to find the terrier lying on its side panting its life out. The next day he called the night porter and asked him the whole story, offering Tower's body to substantiate his account of what had happened the night before.

To the scientific mind of the manager it appeared more likely that the nerves of the watchman were back of the matter than anything supernatural. He was interested in his iron works and he advised him to take charge of the engine for a week or two when the engine was running.

A week later, when the men reached the shop in the morning, the boiler was found cold and the engine not started. The watchman was lying near the big smelter, his body convulsed and drawn up in a heap, quite dead. "Eyes open," said the head, as a type of relief but the relief was not there, that the steam had been turned on and that every machine was in gear for running.

Another watchman was engaged and all went well for a week. At the end of that time the man who had been running the morning found every machine in the place running, some dry wheels smoking, others creaking from want of oil and attention, and a couple of broken belts snapping about their spindles. Evidently everything had been working all along for several hours.

Running to turn off the power, he found the watchman, whose face was pale and haggard, and who raved wildly without making any sense at all, and walked out of the yard, never to appear there again.

The former watchman was then put back at his old job at an increased rate of wages. On the same night of the week, a week later, the buildings were discovered to be on fire near the big cupola.

Having Served Their Purpose As Exhibition Models And Having Attracted The Most Flattering Attention We Offer What Remains Unsold of The Superior Paris Gowns, Wraps and Street Costumes From the St. Louis International Exposition and Purchased by Us for Display in New York.

- AN EVENING COSTUME, by Vaganey, in black tulle, with watered floral embroidery and lace, cost to import, \$375; selling price, \$200. AN EVENING GOWN, by Vaganey, in black tulle, with watered floral embroidery and lace, cost to import, \$375; selling price, \$200. AN EVENING GOWN, by Vaganey, in black tulle, with watered floral embroidery and lace, cost to import, \$375; selling price, \$200.

AS TO KNOCKING. A Victim of Neighboring Gospel Preaches His Mind.

The big, thickest, quiet looking comuter from East Orange had just settled himself in his seat in the smoker of the up train and spread out his paper the other morning when an acquaintance with a loose, garrulous looking mouth, an indeterminate chin and a continuous performance grin took the seat beside him.

"Morning," said the man with the loose mouth to the thickest man. "Nippy weather."

"Kind of," said the big man. "The newcomer squirmed around in his seat, moistened his lips with his tongue, added a crease or so to his foolish grin and began to talk."

"Saw did your ears burn you any last night?" "Not so's I could notice it," replied the big man. "Why?"

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING. IN SWAMP LAND ALONG SOUTH CAROLINA COAST.

Famous Range of the Hit Birds on Sandy Island—Result of a Boy's Shot—Unexpected Meeting With a Bear—Savory Turkey Cooked in a Pit in the Sand.

Between Bull Creek, the connecting link of Waccamaw and the Pee-dees, and Waccamaw Point, in the bay just above Georgetown, there are innumerable islands, the most northerly of which is known as Sandy Island.

The third trial brought result with a chorus of answering calls, and before their echoes had died a gobbling flew by and lit in a neighboring pine, not thirty yards away, but where he could not be seen for the pine needles.

Cesar and I had our share of this tedious and uncertain mode of hunting; adding one by one to our list of birds, and in the growing dusk every object in the swamp assumed a shape strange to daylight, overhanging rocks, and the old Hecy and we caught glimpses; once in a while a summer duck flew out with a clatter, but we took no notice of it.

From Cesar to get our neighbor as he left the tree, but he did not leave.

A round broom cover above and circled with a white border, no bound raises his bristles for a deer, but only for dangerous animals, and I was puzzled to know what he was doing, but he probably was wildcat.

Pushed, with vines and briars drawing the blood at every step, until just before we were to enter the tunnel growth cleared a little and such a sight met my eyes as a hunter has seldom seen.

The adventure and accident broke up the turkey hunting for that time, and we returned to the main camp, the plantation. On turning to the right, the man with the load had torn into the bear's side without reaching the intestines and had done little damage; it was clumsy work, but the time limit upset me besides, neither of us dreamed of seeing bears.

Cuticura Soap and CUTICURA Ointment, the great Skin Cure. And purest and sweetest of emollients are indispensable for winter rashes, eczemas, itchings, irritations, scalings, chappings, for red, rough, and oily complexions, for sore, itching, burning hands and feet, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for baby rashes, itchings and chaffings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Brooklyn Advertisements. Franz Von Vecsey The Youthful Artist, Who, although only a short time before the public, has electrified the musical world by his marvelous genius.

BAPTIST TEMPLE, CORNER THIRD AVE. AND SCHERMERHORN ST. On the Evening of January 19, 1905. (Management of Daniel Frohman.) The WISSNER PIANO will be used on this occasion and on the entire tour.

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LECKERLING PIANOS, Famed for Their Splendid Qualities, on Easy Payments, Warerooms: 538-540 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

SOUTHERN SERVANT PROBLEM MET BY NEW YORKERS WHO GO SOUTH IN WINTER.

Little Charm Apparently in Southern Trips for Servants—It is Necessary to Pay Them Extra Wages to Induce Them to Leave New York for the Season.

The Northerner who hires a cottage in the South for the season, which means from about Jan. 1 to May 1, encounters at the start the question of getting servants.

It is easy enough, apparently easy, says one who knows, to get a charmingly nice, untried cottage, embowered in palms for a not extortionate sum. Then the real trouble begins.

VOL. LXXIII. SOPHOMORE GONE BACK TO WIFE, 115. E. C. Potter, Sr. the Young P. West Chester man All About. E. Clarkson P. E. Clarkson P. and is a sophomore. Lisa B. Marshall. on Saturday at Otto L. E. Mohr Church, Fifth A. street. Dr. Mohr told this. The families of on the grounds. club. Yesterday of Miss Marshall Westchester New of the marriage. Dr. Mohr told this. "I was in my e noon, writing the three young men two girls—hurry they wanted to came into the office with a big came forward at Edward Clarkson. The young lady, a former girl whose ex-fiance, is a West Chester girl. "Why, certainly at your seat. "But, one more Mr. Potter, I a marriage between would be legal, trouble to come a catholic, like the Miss Marshall is that make any of the law?" "So far as the c is concerned it is told him. "The York do not recogitions in the matte "Oh, doctor, I other young lady, me Miss. I was an intimate friend can't imagine how and Miss Marshall, ried. They've w something has abe it. "Then Mr. Pot that an and y that morning be any other way of His father, he s and approved of h not want his son's Church, for four the Catholic relig each other for four or two or three, Westchester ju interval in them. as we could and w share if they cou Miss. "Everybody shall told me th situation pretty s said, "do not o marrying Mr. P for several years t well, and I was c once in religion th Mr. Potter's fathe "You see," said moment, Miss M lated several tim further as a set friend and I was c that I was w and stop the wedd openly and let peo going to do. So morning, took a t that's the whole s well, and I was c was another laugh as three children difficulties had ne maid was as delig "The only thing them, is that you witness. I cou well, and I was c "I think it would be do you?" "Oh, we can r Mr. Potter. You half an hour, Dr. "Half an hour la a young man, I w to me a Robert a nate. Then I tol Marshall to stand 3:30 o'clock. "The bride used which she had bro wed in black, an me some more. Potter said he w bride, Mass., an opera there. He g uth in answer. I put to him prev well, and I was c their home there. "Information c Chester to-day, I from what source, Sr., was already re no fear that the y his religion. Mr. Pott brown. "Hospital N Mrs. Margaret E nurse, by the infan lreland, by commi- leyland, by inhalin Dumphy, the sup woman had been e since Nov. 21. Sh to the hospital, he ago to a tow