

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold; Ever the same long weary tale is told, As to our lips and hearts the cup of strife— And yet a little love can sweeten life.

The Ghost of Dr. Harris

By Nathaniel Hawthorne. A new fragment by the great American novelist.

When Hawthorne was American consul at Liverpool, he was often a guest at the house of the late Mr. John Pemberton Heywood of that city.

On one occasion when he was dining with the family he related a ghost story which Mrs. Heywood thought so remarkable that she asked him to write it out for her.

It is a story of something wonderful that long ago happened to himself. Possibly in the verbal narrative he may have assumed a little more license than would be allowable in a written record.

A good many years ago—it must be as many as fifty, perhaps more, and while I was still a bachelor—I resided in Boston. In that city there is a large and long established library styled the Athenaeum, connected with which is a reading room well supplied with foreign and American periodicals and newspapers.

It was but a ghost, nothing but thin air, not tangible nor appreciable nor demanding any attention from a man of flesh and blood! I cannot recollect any cold shudders, any awe, any repugnance, any emotion whatever, such as would be suitable and decorous on beholding a visitant from the spiritual world.

After a certain period—I really know not how long—I began to notice or to fancy a peculiar regard in the old man's aspect towards myself.

tered the reading room and felt that a kind of acquaintance, at least on my part, was established. Not that I had any reason (as long as this venerable person remained in the body) to suppose that he ever noticed me, but by some subtle connection this small, white haired, infirm, yet vivacious figure of an old clergyman became associated with my idea and recollection of the place.

One day especially (about noon, as was generally his hour) I am perfectly certain that I had seen the figure of old Dr. Harris and taken my customary note of him, although I remember nothing in his appearance at all different from what I had seen on many previous occasions.

But that very evening a friend said to me, "Did you hear that old Dr. Harris is dead?" "No," said I very quietly, "and it cannot be true, for I saw him at the Athenaeum today."

"He is certainly dead," and confirmed the fact with such special circumstances that I could no longer doubt it. My friend has often since assured me that I seemed much startled at the intelligence, but as well as I can recollect I believe that I was very little disturbed if at all, but set down the apparition as a mistake of my own or perhaps the interposition of a familiar idea into the place and amid the circumstances with which I had been accustomed to associate it.

The next day as I ascended the steps of the Athenaeum I remember thinking within myself, "Well, I never shall see old Dr. Harris again!" With this thought in my mind as I opened the door of the reading room I glanced toward the spot and chair where Dr. Harris usually sat, and there, to my astonishment, sat the infirm figure of the deceased doctor reading the newspaper, as was his wont.

My death must have been recorded in that very morning in that very newspaper. I have no recollection of being greatly discomposed at the moment nor indeed that I felt any extraordinary emotion whatever. Probably if ghosts were in the habit of coming among us they would coincide with the ordinary train of affairs and melt into them so familiarly that we should not be shocked at their presence.

At all events, so it was in this instance. I looked through the newspapers as usual and turned over the periodicals, taking about as much interest in their contents as at other times. Once or twice no doubt I may have lifted my eyes from the page to look again at the venerable doctor, who ought then to have been lying in his coffin dressed out for the grave, but who felt such interest in the Boston Post as to come back from the other world to read it the morning after his death.

One might have supposed that he would have cared more about the novelties of the sphere to which he had just been introduced than about the politics he had left behind him. The apparition took no notice of me nor behaved otherwise in any respect than on any previous day. Nobody but myself seemed to notice him, and yet the old man round about the fire beside his chair were his lifelong acquaintances, who were perhaps thinking of his death and who in a day or two would deem it a proper courtesy to attend his funeral.

I have forgotten how the ghost of Dr. Harris took its departure from the Athenaeum on this occasion or, in fact, whether the ghost or I went first. This equality and almost indifference on my part—the careless way in which I glanced at so singular a mystery and left it aside—is what now surprises me as much as anything else in the affair.

From that time for a long while thereafter—for weeks at least, and I know not but for months—I used to see the figure of Dr. Harris quite as frequently as before his death. It grew to be so common that at length I regarded the venerable defunct no more than any other of the old fogies who basked before the fire and dozed over the newspapers.

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A HOMING INSTINCT.

IT DEVELOPS IN YOUNG ANIMALS ALMOST AT BIRTH.

The Wonderful Ability Displayed by Various Species in Finding Their Way Home—A Tale of Little Pigs and the Story of a Mare.

The homing instinct develops in young animals almost as early as the desire for food. In the wild state it is a necessity, since without it the young could never keep in touch with herd or pack. Even after centuries of domestication it is still acute.

Witness this tale of little pigs: They were under a month old when their owner decided to move. He wanted to fatten and kill their mother, so offered the lot of 40 at a bargain price.

Upon the same middle Tennessee plantation a 4-year-old mare was bought from an Ohio drover. The drove had been brought down on stock cars to the country town, seven miles away.

Nothing more was seen or heard of her for three months. Then by a singular chance she was discovered, impounded as an estray, more than half way across the state of Kentucky.

Among fowls, domestic turkeys are the most persistent homers. This same plantation's mistress found that out in a way at once odd and provoking.

Black walnuts, which it is nearly as bad luck to move as a cat, may be made to serve as ill luck antidotes by cracking them carefully and either tying a necklace of shells on the cat or putting them upon her feet for boots.

Notwithstanding this was done in the case of a tortoise shell tabby, she came home over a distance of 15 miles. She took all summer to do it in.

The intelligence of the elephant is well known and is illustrated in an interesting incident as follows: A young baby elephant had received a severe wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have the part dressed.

"Still," said the old friend who had called to converse with the venerable sage, "in your advancing age it must be a great comfort to know your fame is secure."

—Russia has still many old and curious marriage customs. One is for the bride and bridegroom to race madly down the aisle as soon as the bridal procession enters the church because of the belief that whoever places a foot first on the cloth in front of the altar will be the master in the household.

BUCKED HIS SUPERIOR.

Subordination For Which the Perpetrator Was Not Punished.

"In connection with an official order of some sort or other, I forget just what, I happened to see the name of that day of an officer of the United States army who 10 or 12 years ago gave a remarkable exhibition of what's called 'subordination,' and yet he got away with it," said a Washington man who remembers things.

"Well, one extremely hot morning the colonel gave the order that all of the batteries of artillery stationed at Governors Island should be put through a couple of hours of the infantry drill right after the guard mount in it was during one of New York's famous hot spells, when men were feeling over sunstruck, by the score in the big town. The temperature on Governors Island was about 100 in the shade on this morning, and on the open parade ground, under the fierce rays of the sun, the heat was something devilish.

The post surgeon, seeing the men drilling on the parade ground and noticing that the men were dropping from exhaustion, went up to the colonel, who was looking on from the shade of a tree, and told him flatly that the drill must cease.

"Colonel, the men are suffering. It is inhuman to force them to drill in this temperature. I beg to request that you permit me to dismiss them."

"Sir, you will return to the head of the battalion and drill it," said the colonel domineeringly.

"Go to your quarters under arrest!" thundered the colonel, and the lieutenant calmly moved off to his quarters.

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—If poets were made and not born, there would probably be a law against it.

Building a Fire.

To kindle any fire small sticks should be laid across each other, basket fashion, with paper below. See that the drafts and dampers are all open, and apply the match before a bit of coal is put upon the wood. When it has begun to burn well, put on one shovelful, allowing the air to pass through unchecked so as to kindle that. In a short time more may be added, then more, and when the coal begins to glow red shut one draft, then another.

Turn out of doors the first person who dares to dream of using kerosene to help start a fire, and severely admonish her who persists in filling the firebox to the top of stove or range. That is the way to burn out or crack the stove and destroy the firebrick. Besides, it chokes the draft, causing less heat to be given out.

Perfect confidence is desirable between couples engaged to be married, but it is not always that the young woman has as fine an opportunity to establish it as did a Norristown belle, to whom a wealthy young bachelor had been paying assiduous attention.

"Now, let there be perfect confidence between us. Keep nothing concealed from me."

"Certainly," replied the giddy girl, "let us have no concealments," and, jumping up, she snatched the wig he wore from his head and danced around the room with it.

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