

The Register-Advancer.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

VOLUME II.

WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINN., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

NUMBER 37.

Selected Miscellany.

THE WIFE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From school, and bell, and rattle came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
Beside the beam of mountain fair,
Beside the beam of mountain fair.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads o'er,
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocoma's mountain side,
There's fruit in our Northern winds—
Our plums are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elm
That skirt the morning meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat,
The cool Chocoma's mountain side,
With forehead bare, she stood,
Upon his plitcheaf leaning.

Framed in the damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common,
Strong manly, true or homely,
And pride beloved of women.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing, said: "You're a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter."

"To mend your frock and take your bread
You do not need a lady;
The sure, among those brown old homes
Is a wife who will be true."

Some late, 've of it, with skillful hand
And cheerful heart, she'd sewed,
Who'd play with ivory keys,
Or dance the black-berry measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his teeth tight together,
"The well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly;

"You think because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

"I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness,
I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you
With meanness or unkindness."

was all people could say about Tony's wife.

Tony had never been seen at church. He had certain loose ways and independent notions that the people did not like. He considered that there was no harm in taking a mess of roasting ears from any man's cornfield whenever he wanted them. He thought the carrying off of fine watermelons from some old farmer's carefully-guarded truck-patch was good sport. He would take a fine walnut rail from a fence whenever he needed season walnuts for frame-work in his shop. He shot game in season and out of season, on Sundays as well as work-days. He had been accused of shooting fat young hogs and writing the necks of other people's chickens, but only accused. He would take his boys and go on nutting expeditions on Sundays, and always had an abundant supply of wild grapes, berries, nuts, plums, etc. He was a freebooter Jack-of-all-trades of the neighborhood, and was considered a suspicious character.

So, when it was announced that Squire Prim's house had been broken into and a thousand dollars in money taken, and the money was traced to a woman who opened the same night, and that the hams and shoulders taken had been found buried in the woods near Tony's house, no one was surprised. Tony was arrested, had a preliminary examination, was bound over to court, and on the next day was sent to the county jail. His trial came off in due time, he was convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years. People were agreed that he got what he deserved, but they were sorry for his wife. She was left with three children, and it was too bad. Many of the good women of the neighborhood could not find it in their hearts to help her, as she persisted in asserting her husband's innocence. She clung to the man with what these practical women considered a nonsensical romantic affection, and they had no patience with her. Others honored her for her faith in her husband and for her affection, although they doubted not for a moment that Tony Hardscrabble was guilty as charged. The wife and her boys and girls kept close to their home, grieving as for a husband and father dead. After a few weeks Mrs. Hardscrabble was seen abroad, then at the county seat, and then at the court, and then at the home, who had never been a mile from her home since her marriage, went to the State capital. Tony's wife received the compliment of being a plucky woman. In the year she went to the county seat, a paper that an application would be made for the pardon of Tony Hardscrabble. This the people deliberately and emphatically frowned upon, and comparatively few signed the petition, although it was presented to every man in the neighborhood by Mrs. H. herself.

Everybody was now talking about Tony's wife. She was constantly going. There were hints that she or her lawyer had found new points of evidence. During the year she went to the Governor twelve times with her plea for pardon, and was met with refusal every time. And yet she persisted. She went out washing, went out in butchering time, worked even in the fields for money, and spent it in going to and from the State capital. People reasoned with her and tried to convince her that there was no hope; that all this effort was worse than useless. She rarely made any reply except to protest that her husband was innocent and she would never rest until she had proved that he was not guilty and until she had secured his release. The old ladies prodded her crazy, but their grandmotherly old eyes were tender as they said, "I'll tell you, my dear, for one like you with meanness or unkindness."

Mrs. Hardscrabble had been to the Governor's office eighteen times, carrying some new point of evidence, and some new suggestion from her lawyer, some fresh concession from the Judge or prosecuting-attorney, an additional name from the jury before whom the case was tried. She haunted the Governor's office and the office would visit prison authorities. She always had a personal interview, and aroused sympathy even while her facts were considered unimportant. She went the nineteenth time with a sealed letter from the prosecuting-attorney. She was received with the old smile at the Governor's office, but waited patiently for her interview with the Governor himself, who had almost declined to see her. Her letter produced astonishing results. The prosecutor withdrew the charge. The case was never restated, and had submitted statements in regard to the theft that showed that Tony Hardscrabble had not been concerned. The affidavits and other documents were inclosed with the formal recommendation for pardon by the Judge and prosecutor. They joined heartily in praise of Mrs. Hardscrabble, and hoped the Governor, in view of the persistent efforts of the woman, and in view of the extraordinary circumstances of the case, would grant an immediate pardon, and allow the woman to take her husband home with her.

The proof of the man's innocence was so plain, the statements were so clear, that the Governor hesitated not to join in the work to surprise the woman who had so worked for her husband's release. She was asked to wait a moment in the audience-room, and, sad and almost disheartened, she waited while new news flew in from the other room. When the Governor came to her he held in his hand a parchment, and unbent to say:

"Mrs. Hardscrabble, the documents presented to-day establish your husband's innocence. I thought you might like to carry the pardon to him yourself. Here it is, and I only hope he is worthy of his wife."

The good woman's face trembled like her own baby's when about to cry. She dropped on her knees, caught the Governor's hand and covered it with kisses, as she had often, in her loneliness, kissed her baby. Then came an outpouring of thanks.

"Your husband is innocent. I do my simple duty. No thanks are due to me."

"But I must thank some one." Then, clutching the pardon, she flew to the penitentiary. In less than an hour she was dragging her dazed and awestricken husband through the Capitol corridors to the Governor's office, to present him to that officer.

Tony was overwhelmed by conflicting and tremendous emotions. He was free. His wife had done it. He knew that. She had held the pardon under his eyes, and he had taken her in his arms and had given her the first genuine, full-meaning kiss of his life. He had always liked her and had always been kind to her, as

he understood kindness. But he had never known her. She pulled him along as though he were a boy. She, who had never been a mile from home, knew the Governor. This, to Tony, with his prison experience before him, was a tremendous fact. What would happen?

The Governor took him by the hand: "Now, my man, I am glad this is as it is. And I am glad that you have such a wife. Try the world again, and let me hear from you."

That night Tony Hardscrabble's children clattered about him and awed him in a hundred new sensations. He had never seen such a pretty baby, such sweet little girls, such well-formed, healthy boys. And they were all his. He would try the world again, and he laughed as he thought how he would astonish the people.

The shop was open the next morning and Tony was at work. How his veins welled over the motion of a free man! The story had been told and retold, and Tony was the hero of the hour. Every body had something to say about his wife. She was clearly (judging from the evidence offered, which Tony accepted without question) the best woman in the neighborhood, and Tony was very proud of her.

For a few weeks affairs moved in the old way at Tony's. Then, one Sabbath, there was a departure. Tony and his wife and children went to church. This was their first appearance and Tony was complimented. He declared they needn't make any fuss over him. He didn't care for church, but his wife did. She had remained at home a good many years to please him, and now he was attending church to please her. He was a hard case himself, but he wanted his children to be like their mother, and he guessed they would be anyhow. But he was going to help her now. And then Tony would drop his voice:

"Just think of it! She made nineteen trips to get me out of that scrape, and spent fifty-five dollars, all of which money she scraped together herself. By jinks, I get to thinking about it sometimes when I am at work, and I pound a horse-shoe as if I flinders, before I know what I am doing. She's a wonderful woman, sir, and—she's my wife. She can run the boat to suit herself now, sir."

Tony meant what he said. His wife's individuality was the controlling one at the Corners. In time there was carpet on the floors, and these were ordered to Tony! a common but pretty pattern of paper on the walls. Tony became Jack-of-all-trades to his wife. "Couldn't he make picture-frames, brackets, and other ornamental and useful articles for the house?" Of course he could, and he took great delight in it. He couldn't sit down and tell his wife, in words, how much he was surprised at her better self, nor how grateful he felt, nor how much he loved her, but he could act the more pleasant and touching to his wife.

Tony became proud of his house. He would show a horse with the old skill and carefulness as to details, and would talk as much while doing it, but now all the talk was about his own home; and when the work was done he would maneuver to have his customer go in and look round, as he expressed it, would take him in to show the barrels he had made, or a new rat-trap, when all the time he meant to show him the paper on the walls, the carpet on the floors, and the general features of his cozy little home.

He was always inviting people to dinner now, too. He had a splendid parade of the children, and their parents out in the contribution box, and the day the baby accomplished the feat of dropping a bright five-cent coin in the box without grabbing for the other coins already in it was an hour of triumph for Tony. There was something pathetic about the oddities that he appeared to have the tenderness there was in people's hearts.

In time, Tony would have been indignant had any one asserted that he was not a member of the church. He was; clear and unclouded as the sky, he had taken on new customs had crept into his home, new thoughts into his mind, and new sentiments into his heart. People said there was a great change of heart, and as Tony was proud of the evidences of such a change, he was probably right. The movement with Tony was steadily progressive. He hoped blindly at first, but in time the resolution of the man and his versatility of talent showed in good works.

He was now spoken of as Mr. Hardscrabble, and he neighbored with all the people. He didn't get above his work, but he took his work up to a higher plane. Mothers never objected now to their sons laughing about Tony's shop. The boys liked to be with Tony, and the men were rather glad when circumstances made it necessary to go to the shop.

The great change in Tony's life was at first attributed to the reformatory influence of the prison. But, in good time, people saw with clearer eyes. He commenced living a better life, not so much as a matter of conviction as to please his wife. Under this influence his convictions were reached and the man was aroused. He liked the better life, and clung to it. The people now understand that the instrument used to work the great change in Tony Hardscrabble was his wife, and they speak tenderly of her, remembering what she was and what she is.—*Heard and Home.*

A little four-year-old girl went running into the house the other day, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, I've seen Jack Frost! I've seen Jack Frost!" "Where did you see him, my darling?" queried the mother. "Oh, I saw the tip of his tall hanging over the eaves." She had seen an icicle.

Trying to "Sell" a Banker.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE TELLS THIS TALE:

A curious-looking individual presented himself at the Bank of California and demanded to see Mr. Ralston. From the dress and appearance of the man one would scarcely be led to suppose that he came in for the purpose of engineering a financial negotiation. On his right arm, however, was a large basket of remarkably fine and small spotted pups, whose heads stuck out in all directions from the edges of the basket. In a few minutes a clerk where thousands of dollars are being made and spent, and he was informed that he might come in. In a moment more he advanced with a quick step and moved within a sacred and charmed circle where thousands of dollars are being made and spent, and he was informed that he might come in. In a moment more he advanced with a quick step and moved within a sacred and charmed circle where thousands of dollars are being made and spent, and he was informed that he might come in.

"Now, just look at 'em," remarked the man, waving his hand over the group; "the finest strain, barrin' 'un, that I've ever yelped in this town, you betcher. Now look at 'em, you know." "Yes, I know," replied the dog-seller, with considerable deliberation, "I took all 'em things into consideration, you see, and concluded I wouldn't put the screws on you very heavy on that account. I'll slam the door down on the fire, but I'll let you lot for, say, \$100. Here the man paused and hesitated, while he looked the banker in the eye and seemed to wait for him to say something. "I guess the price you named is about the thing, don't you?" turning to a *Chronicle* reporter on his right, who had been waiting for some time to negotiate a trifling loan of \$100, 000.

"The reporter thought so, too. "Well, all right, as that's the whole lot of these fine bull pups go for the low bedrock price of \$75." "Seventy-five dollars! Why, man, such a sum, in these times, for six spotted pups! And here you're offering them for \$75!" "Now, look here," pleaded the dog-trader, "if you can get any such pups for the same amount of coin I'll pay for you and eat up my wages; yes, eat up my wages."

"That's so, for the common breed of pups; but for this year kind of spotted pup, you know, it's a different matter. The finest strain, as I said before, barrin' 'un, that ever yelped his trotter in the town, for coin—all the coin you can put up," roared the man, quite excited.

"I know; but these spots are not regular spots, they are counterfeits. There's something of an artificial cast about these spots," and with remarkable deliberation the banker lifted one on his knee and began to examine it with great delicacy, such as are generally used by counterfeit detectors. "It strikes me, Jack, these spots are dyed—put on with a brush."

The dog-fancier did not remain after this announcement, but got down on the floor and began to scramble about under the chairs for his spotted pups, which he caught, and, replacing them in his basket, started off. "Hold on, Jack," yelled the banker, laughing heartily, "you go over and sell these pups to Sam Butterworth, and I'll pay you all he does for 'em. But you know Sam Butterworth don't know a painted pup the minute he sees one? I tried him about half an hour ago, and he sent me round to you."

"Well, all right, as that's the whole lot of these fine bull pups go for the low bedrock price of \$75." "Seventy-five dollars! Why, man, such a sum, in these times, for six spotted pups! And here you're offering them for \$75!" "Now, look here," pleaded the dog-trader, "if you can get any such pups for the same amount of coin I'll pay for you and eat up my wages; yes, eat up my wages."

"That's so, for the common breed of pups; but for this year kind of spotted pup, you know, it's a different matter. The finest strain, as I said before, barrin' 'un, that ever yelped his trotter in the town, for coin—all the coin you can put up," roared the man, quite excited.

"I know; but these spots are not regular spots, they are counterfeits. There's something of an artificial cast about these spots," and with remarkable deliberation the banker lifted one on his knee and began to examine it with great delicacy, such as are generally used by counterfeit detectors. "It strikes me, Jack, these spots are dyed—put on with a brush."

The dog-fancier did not remain after this announcement, but got down on the floor and began to scramble about under the chairs for his spotted pups, which he caught, and, replacing them in his basket, started off. "Hold on, Jack," yelled the banker, laughing heartily, "you go over and sell these pups to Sam Butterworth, and I'll pay you all he does for 'em. But you know Sam Butterworth don't know a painted pup the minute he sees one? I tried him about half an hour ago, and he sent me round to you."

"Well, all right, as that's the whole lot of these fine bull pups go for the low bedrock price of \$75." "Seventy-five dollars! Why, man, such a sum, in these times, for six spotted pups! And here you're offering them for \$75!" "Now, look here," pleaded the dog-trader, "if you can get any such pups for the same amount of coin I'll pay for you and eat up my wages; yes, eat up my wages."

"That's so, for the common breed of pups; but for this year kind of spotted pup, you know, it's a different matter. The finest strain, as I said before, barrin' 'un, that ever yelped his trotter in the town, for coin—all the coin you can put up," roared the man, quite excited.

partial restitution for what he has been deprived of by the machinations of the guilty parties.

Cartier has invested some money in Dakota County, and was one of the principal capitalists who gave that town the impetus it had three or four years ago.

We hope that whatever wrong has been committed may bring to its doers a prompt punishment, but it is out of the reach of possibilities for the unfortunate Dracott to ever realize anything like an adequate recompense for the misery and mental anguish he has endured while suffering as the helpless object of the cupidity of a faithless wife and unscrupulous knave.—*Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.*

Crumps. The only way to hold our own is to keep advancing—no one can set still and do it.

It is said that all mankind lies more than they do truth. How many people do you suppose there is in the world who wouldn't rather listen to flattery than to the truth? It is said that all mankind lies more than they do truth. How many people do you suppose there is in the world who wouldn't rather listen to flattery than to the truth?

Good breeding is nothing more than the art of knowing how to wait patiently till our turn comes. A little child would do this, and a little pig can't.

The quickest way to take the humility out of a man who is forever blaming himself for something is to agree with him. This is the way to take the humility out of a man who is forever blaming himself for something is to agree with him.

Next to a bad man I am all worst the most afraid of a cunning one.

Every human being has his own private sorrow, and those who wisest are wiser than those who weep over it.

A cunning man is a great fraud, but he never cheats any body so much as he has got himself.

There is a great many ginger-pop people; after they have been unporked for a few minutes, they get to be dreadfully flat.

A Young Woman Unconscious for Five Days. The *New Haven Journal* of a recent Monday records as follows the case of a young lady in that city, about nineteen years of age, who had been lying in a cataleptic trance since the night of Wednesday of the previous week.

She retired on that night in full possession of health, and in the morning she was found, body and limbs perfectly rigid, and had retained so ever since, last evening showing no change in her situation. Respiration and pulsation are regular and natural, but she has been unconscious and has taken but a very trifling amount of nourishment.

She has been subject to cataplexy for eighteen months past, and has at times, without a moment's warning, become perfectly rigid and remained so for longer or shorter intervals, sometimes for hours, sometimes for only a few moments. She has been selected for a number of times for an object, and in a moment would lose all control of her muscles. Another singular circumstance attending this case is that about a year ago she lost all power of speech for twenty-four hours, but retained all the time consciousness, making known her wants by signs. When regaining her speech she could articulate nothing but the German language, a language which she had not been in the habit of using, and which her parents were not aware she could speak, except simple words. Her parents are both of German birth, but the daughter has not been in the habit of conversing in the language, but while in this state she spoke it with great fluency, great surprising her parents, who had never heard her use the language to any extent. The disease of cataplexy, or trance, it is well known to medical men, is a disease of the nervous system rarely met with, but not necessarily fatal.

A lady in the country was unwise enough to fit out her boy of five with fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from the barn-yard, and found one of her very best boys had swallowed the hook and was fast winding up the line in her crop. Of course she was greatly troubled, but all the comfort she got from the young fisherman was this: "Don't worry, mother, I guess she'll stop when she gets to the pole."

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE NEW YORK DETECTIVES ARE SUCCESSFUL IN ONLY ONE CASE OUT OF NINETEEN REPORTED.

WYOMING HAS FINALLY DECIDED TO CALL ITS FEMALE JUSTICES "JUSTICES OF THE PEACE," AND TO FINE ANY ONE WHO GROWS ABOUT GRAMMAR.

A KANSAS GIRL WOULDN'T BE MARRIED WITHOUT A YELLOW RIBBON AROUND HER WAIST, AND A BOY RODE EIGHT MILES TO GET IT WHILE THE GUESTS WAITED.

IT IS SAID THAT IF WOMEN DIDN'T TALK SO MUCH MOST OF THEM WOULD LIVE TO BE NINETY YEARS OLD, BUT WHAT OBJECT WOULD LIFE BE IF THEY COULDN'T TALK?

A KENTUCKY FARMER SAYS THAT THREE GOOD BULL-DOGS ROAMING THE WYTHE NIGHTS DO MORE TO KEEP A MAN HONEST THAN ALL THE TALKING IN THE WORLD.

A YOUNG, UNMARRIED CLERGYMAN, OF BROOKPORT, PA., OFFERS TWENTY CORDS OF WOOD FOR A GOOD WIFE. HE RETAINS JUST ENOUGH FOR CREMATORY PURPOSES, IN CASE SHE ISN'T A SUCCESS.

MRS. WILLIAMS, OF LA CROSSE, TALKED TOO MUCH TO HER HUSBAND, AND HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK. SHE FILLED HER MOUTH WITH WATER, BUT THE COURT DECIDED THAT THIS WASN'T NO WATER TO STOP HER AND FINED WILLIAMS \$25.

ONE-HALF THE WORLD DOESN'T KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES. FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FIRST HALF IT MAY BE STATED THAT JOHN GILDER, OF ILLINOIS, HAS EATEN NOTHING BUT BOILED EGGS FOR SIX MONTHS PAST. HE IS YOLKED TO HIS IDOL.

THE TOWN OF NORTH PROVIDENCE, R. I., HAS ONLY ONE PAUPER TO SUPPORT. THIS INDIVIDUAL HAS A FARM ALL TO HIMSELF, WITH CARRIAGE, HORSES AND CATTLE, FOOD PROVIDED BY CONTRACT, AND A POORMASTER AND FAMILY TO TAKE CARE OF HIM.

THE BRUNSWICKER, OF MISSOURI, SAYS: "THERE IS AN UNDEFINABLE SOMETHING ABOUT SOME MEN WHICH COMMANDS OUR RESPECT WHETHER WE SEE THEM HEADING A CONQUERING SQUAD OR SENDING IN LOWLY TOLL ON AN OXEN BEAT."

A PITTSBURGH MAN SOLD HIS WIFE THE OTHER DAY FOR FIVE DOLLARS AND A SECOND-HAND SUIT OF CLOTHES. SHE HEARD OF THE TRANSACTION BEFORE THE DELIVERY TOOK PLACE, AND HIS NEIGHBORS SAY IT WILL PROBABLY AGGRAVATE HIM ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS TO GET WELL AGAIN.

A MAN IN THE PHILADELPHIA ANSOME asylum imagines himself a woman. He dresses in female attire and parts his hair in the middle. During the day he associates with the ladies, and is seen sewing and embroidering of the finest kind.

A DANBURGH HOUSE CAT CREMATED THE OTHER MORNING. SHE HAD CREPT INTO THE KITCHEN OVEN DURING THE NIGHT, AND IN THE MORNING GOT ACCIDENTALLY SHUT IN. WHEN THE OVEN WAS OPENED TO BAKE THE BREAKFAST ROLLS SHE REMAINS WEIGHED BUT THIRTY POUNDS AND THREE-QUARTERS OUNCES.

IN LAWRENCEBURG, TENN., A TAX-COLLECTOR NAMED WEAVER KILLED JUSTICE OF THE PEACE GREEN WHEN THE LATTER WASN'T PREPARED. ON HIS DEATH-BED GREEN VOWED THAT HE WOULD HAUNT HIS MURDERER NIGHT AND DAY FOR TAKING HIS LIFE WITHOUT A PENITENT'S PRAYER.

Committees of Congress before the close of the present session, if possible.

The Secretary says: "In this way only can a reliable estimate be arrived at for an appropriation; and it is confidently hoped that the public sentiment regarding the Congress will promptly vote an amount sufficient to cover the applications thus presented."

A RATHER TONGUE STORY, AND ONE TO BE TAKEN WITH MANY GRAINS OF ALLOWANCE, COMES FROM OAKLAND, CAL. A FEW NIGHTS AGO THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CLARK, THE PAYING TELLER OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, WAS THE SCENE OF AN EXTRAORDINARY GHOSTLY DEMONSTRATION.

THE FAMILY, CONSISTING OF MR. AND MRS. CLARK AND THREE YOUNG GENTLEMEN, BOARDERS, RETIRED ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK. FOR A TIME EVERYTHING WAS QUIET ABOUT THE HOUSE, AND HIS IMMAGES HAD ALL FALLEN ASLEEP. SUDDENLY FROM THE LOWER PART OF THE HOUSE CAME A LONG, LOUD WAIL OF ANGLISH, AS OF SOME ONE IN TERROR OR PAIN.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.

THE VOICES WERE STILL CONTINUED, BUT CHANGED IN CHARACTER, AND FREQUENTLY UNTIL THE INFERRAL CLATTER OF FEET WAS HEARD EVERY ONE IN THE HOUSE. A DESIRE FOR COMPANIONSHIP SEIZED THE BOARDERS, AND THEY ALL GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE ROOM, AND WERE SOON JOINED BY MR. AND MRS. CLARK.