# THE WOMAN WHO WALKED AT NIGHT

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

As Sinclair drew near Mrs. Lawson's house, he discovered his acquaintance, and halted with an air of indecision. But Mrs. Lawson had caught sight of him from the porch where she sat, with a huge hand-bell on her knee, waiting for her boarders to come home for supper.

There was a shade of embarrassment on his handsome face.

"Mrs. Lawson," said Sinclair with visible effort, "I come by to see if you would take Katharine and myself on board—"

"In the name of the blessed Lord!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawson, rushing at him over the most picturesque whatever happened? Where on you want to go anywhere and board you? Ain't the Catalpas—"

"It is a wreck to me to have the old place," Sinclair interrupted wearily, "and my father will be very lonely now that my mother is dead. But Katharine has set her heart on it, and it was my fault—"

"I haven't a slip of a room, yet, Alick," Mrs. Lawson broke in, "unless the room on the roof," she added dubiously.

"Well, what is the matter with the room on the roof?" demanded Sinclair, whimsically.

He threw back his head as he spoke, and screwed his eyes up at the box-like structure planted on the roof of the low cottage.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Lawson, hastily, "nothing at all, except that it is so small. Besides, the stair is like a ladder. Katharine wouldn't nerve—"

"All right. I'll take it at your own price, Mrs. Lawson."

She was very beautiful, the golden-haired girl whom Alick Sinclair had brought, a bride, to his father's house less than two years before. The mysterious malady which developed shortly after her marriage, and which continued to baffle her physician, had robbed her cheeks of their color and bloom. But it added an indescribable charm to her delicate face and fragile figure. An unearthly expression dawned into her large blue eyes—a prescient gaze, as if her vision, like her sense of hearing, had become abnormally acute. Something almost akin to awe filled those around this exquisite young creature at sight of her strange and inexplicable suffering. She had, apparently, no bodily ailment. But the slightest irregular sound thrilled her with nervous alarm; her attenuated frame shook with convulsions at any unexpected appearance; she paled at a whiff of unaccustomed perfume. She ate but little, and seemed to have lost the faculty of sleep. Latterly, a morbid distaste for the old Sinclair homestead had possessed her. She breathed with difficulty within its lofty walls; she was oppressed by the atmosphere of its shadowy garden.

The same night saw them installed in Mrs. Lawson's room on the roof.

The room was small. A four-posted, mahogany bedstead, with baldachin and side steps, occupied at least one-quarter of the floor space.

Sinclair, seated on the side of the bed, smiled as he compared this cramped rookery with his wife's ample dressing-room at the Catalpas. But he felt an unwonted lightness of spirit. He could see the reflection of Katharine's face in the mirror opposite. She stood with her back to him, brushing out her long hair. There was a look of content on her white brow; he even fancied a touch of color in her lips; her golden hair seemed to have regained somewhat of its lost luster.

"She was right," he thought; "the change has already helped her."

He watched with delight the rhythmic motion of her slender arms. Meanwhile he chatted gayly of his boyhood days, and the recollections aroused by Mrs. Lawson's motherly gossip. Katharine listened, turning from time to time with a nod or a smile.

He stopped abruptly, staring confusedly into space. He passed his hand across his forehead and continued his story. But the words were uttered mechanically. Was there—he was asking himself—was there something moving between Katharine and himself? Something faint and shadowy?—shadiness? mist? Yes! No. He shut his eyelids tightly and opened them again. Yes! He could see it plainly now; the gray—tall figure of a woman with head dropped in her breast and arms hanging at her side.

"My God!" he groaned, inwardly, "now Katharine will turn around! She will see it! The shock will kill her! She will die! She will drop dead before my eyes!"

"Katharine!" the words burst from unstable lips, his lips. He spread forward with outstretched arms.

"Did you speak, Alick?" asked his wife, meeting him her shoulder.

"Yes—no—I did, I—" he stammered, a cold sweat breaking his forehead.

The visitor had crossed her slowly walk.

"Dear Alick," said Katharine, reasonably, "I know you must be tired. I will be ready for bed in one moment."

"She sees nothing! She hears nothing! Oh, thank God!" thought Sinclair, turning his hot eyes from the white-robed figure kneeling in prayer by the bedside to the gray-clad shadow moving up and down the room.

Katharine nestled like a tired child among the pillows and fell instantly asleep. Her husband bent over her in an agony of amazement and incredulity. Could it really be that she was sleeping? Was she not rather dead? Her regular breathing, the smile on her slightly parted lips, the soft abandonment of her limbs, reassured him. Yet, how strange! How long since she had slept thus! "Thank God!" he muttered again, drawing the lace settee over her.

Then it came nearer, steadily nearer. He saw behind the veil a pair of dark, sad eyes. A chill sensation shivered along his veins. He strove not savagely—at nothing.

He was awakened by hearing Mrs. Lawson shuffling about in the hall below. He arose softly and descended the stair.

"Mrs. Lawson," he demanded, abruptly, laying his hand on her shoulder, "is there anything—has anything been said about the room on the roof?"

"Don't say a word, Alick," she interrupted in an awe-struck whisper, "I can see it in your face. She hasn't walked before, not that I know of, since my mother saw her, and that

HE STRUCK OUT SAVAGELY—AT NOTHING

was before you were born. I've never seen her myself. I never dreamed that she was walking yet. Lord, what have I done? I didn't want to put you there. Poor Katharine—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Lawson," he said, kindly. "Katharine has seen nothing as yet; but I have." He smiled grimly, yet with a certain sense of relief. "At least," he thought, "it is not quite madness. What does it mean," he asked aloud. "Who was it—she?"

"They say," returned Mrs. Lawson, still speaking in a whisper, "that old Squire Lawson, my husband's grandfather, had that room built as a sort of [illegible] for his young wife, who went out of her mind, poor thing, and no wonder, for the squire was a terrible old man! He took her baby from her and shut her up in that room and kept her there by herself until she pined and died. That was before you were born." Mrs. Lawson was sobbing and wringing her hands. "You must take Katharine Sinclair away before she sees her. It would kill her. But don't say anything about it outside, Alick. My boarders would all leave me. I would be ruined."

Sinclair soothed the excited old woman into quiet. Then he remounted the stair. Katharine, in her white dressing gown, met him on the landing.

"I missed you when I awoke, Alick, dear," she said. "Where were you?"

"Katharine," he began with studied carelessness, "I find this room very small; don't you? And Mrs. Lawson is well-meaning, but she is tiresome, good soul! I think I will look up more comfortable quarters during the day. Can you be ready to leave here this afternoon?"

She placed her hands upon his shoulders and held him at arm's length for a moment without speaking. Her eyes were brimming with mischief; a smile danced about her red lips.

"Alick," she said, "I know why you wish to go away. You are afraid of the woman who walked here last night. Did you think I had not seen her?"

Sinclair's jaw dropped. He stared at her with an amazement which was almost ludicrous. But before he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak Mrs. Lawson came panting up the stair and threw a pallid face in a. the door.

The house was on fire! In an incredibly short time the old wooden building was ablaze.

Sinclair and his wife returned to the Catalpas. It was Katharine who insisted, with a sort of fine perverseness, upon this. But, even as they passed under the arched entrance the mistress stood, her dark eyes fixed her husband, now almost as marked as herself, could have sworn that he saw its counterpart in visible form. Her lips on the instant became cold and pitiless; her cheeks fell hollow; the red in her lips changed to a gray pallor.

A week flattered spelled her bedside. She babbled with terror, across the old garden.

Sinclair stood, hardly a month later, looking down on his wife's upturned face. Once more she slept profoundly. A mocking-bird whistled in a catalpa tree by an open window. The stricken man frowned and lifted instinctively a warning hand, but dropped it, remembering.

"What did it all mean?" he questioned, stooping to the face on its coffin-pillow.

The dead lips smiled, but withheld the response.

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A Denver dispatch tells of the death of the "original Deadwood Dick," and certainly no one is going to question the intrepid Richard's originality.

# Pan-American Conference, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil

The third session of the Pan-American conference, at which Secretary Root is representing this country, met at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. The sessions are held in the Brazilian pavilion at the St. Louis exposition which was removed to Brazil after the close of the great fair. Aside from Secretary Root the members of the delegation from this country are Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois; Leo S. Rowe, professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania; Julio Larrinaga, resident commissioner of Porto Rico to the United States, and James S. Harlan, a lawyer, of Chicago, and son of Associate Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States supreme court. They were officially received on their arrival.

# CHINA READY FOR WAR.

**Reign of Terror Predicted for Celestial Empire—Only One Good Army in Country—Serious Flaws of Soldiers.**

Peking.—China is a volcano. Close observers not in Peking, because Peking is not the place to get the real news concerning China, but foreigners long resident in the interior, in Shantung and Chili, put the explosion nine years hence. Educated Chinese bring it nearer. For the present, however, the American in China is as secure as he would be in his home in the United States.

It is well understood in official and other circles that it is useless to kill foreigners. There is a general running after foreign things and foreign ways. Men having foreign training are in demand. The same men had to run for their lives in "Boxer" times. At the same time there is anxiety to shake off foreign control of everything—partly from a new feeling of national pride and partly from a desire to keep the good things for the Chinese.

Misgivings for the future are based on fear of an antidynastic rising, probably on the part of the radicals. This would become partly antiforeign and in any case would mean anarchy.

There are a great many "armies" in China, but the only one that counts is Yuan Shi Kai's "northern army." The Chinese are raising big horses somewhere in Mongolia for the ultimate use of the army, and hope to remount their cavalry in about four years. Of the other arms the men are smart and the recent spring manoeuvres were most creditable.

There are serious flaws in the army. The Chinese soldiers will blaze away black cartridges in fine style, but they are not trained to shoot. Target practice is rare. It is doubtful if the men would follow their officers except in the rear, and it is doubtful if the officers would go anywhere else.

The "American boycott" never so much affected the interior. A few cases of United States imports came into the interior in smaller quantities pro tem. It was a question for the ports, particularly those in the south. The Shanghai riots were purely local and magnified by Shanghai hysteria. A serious question is the educational one, which gives rise to the "young China" movement. This is founded on conceit, the basis of Chinese student character. They are about one quarter educated and think their education is complete.

# *Never Saw A Railroad*

Cleveland, O.—Odrid Troy, 18 years of age, Carroll county, Virginia, long and lean and as innocent as tall, spent the other night at the Central police station.

Until a recent morning Odrid had never seen a railroad train. All of the 18 years of his life had been spent on a farm in the back part of Carroll county; but, after Odrid's father died and his mother became ill, four years ago, things began to break bad at the farm and soon there was a heavy mortgage in sight.

A chance seemed to offer itself in the way of a job proffered to Odrid by his cousin in Ohio, and it was then that Odrid made the long journey from his home to the nearest railroad station and started on his still longer journey to his cousin's home in Ohio.

As near as Odrid could remember, that cousin lived in a place called Rich Hill, somewhere in Ohio, but he lost the card bearing the address and is not now sure where his cousin lives. The police gave Odrid a bed at the station. Odrid had spent his last cent on street car fare, and was wandering aimlessly about the streets. His baggage under his arm, when a kind-hearted citizen's attention was attracted to his forlorn appearance. The man brought the boy to the station, and Odrid was glad to stay there all night.

### DOG KEEPS SMILING NOW.

**Scranton Beagle Has a Gold Tooth and Is Proud of It.**

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Dr. Fred S. Hitchard, of Scranton, has a dog with a solid gold tooth. The dog is proud of it. The animal is a valuable English beagle. A few days ago, noticing that one of its front teeth was very much decayed, Dr. Hitchard took the dog to a dentist friend. The dentist suggested that the best thing to do was to insert a gold tooth.

"I'll do it now," said the dentist, who is a great lover of animals. The operation took a little more than half an hour. All that time the intelligent animal laid back in his master's arms, submitting with an occasional wince of pain.

Now it sports about with its new gold tooth, a curiosity for all the small boys of the community.

### TOWN IS TAKING TO BEER.

**Water Supply Blamed for Increase of Appendicitis and Paralysis.**

Corning, N. Y.—"This city's water supply is responsible for much of the appendicitis prevalent here," is the declaration of Dr. F. S. Swain, secretary of the City Medical society. "Not only does it cause appendicitis but it is also responsible for also tenths of the paralysis cases as well as heart disease and gall stones."

This indictment of the drinking water of Corning is concurred in by other members of the medical association. It is explained that the percentage of alkali in the water is high and when it gets into the human system causes a scaly formation in the arteries. The scale becomes brittle, breaks off and the little particles are carried in the blood to the brain, causing paralysis, to the liver, causing gall stones, and to the appendix.

A water commission will spend several hundred thousand dollars, if necessary, on a new supply. Temperance societies are blamed at the way beer drinking has increased for "brain fog" reasons.

### Uses Sea Water: Faces Fine.

Bologna.—A woman who took two quarts of water from the sea to salve her child, in accordance with the doctors orders, was astonished to receive an official warning from the sanitary officers threatening to fine her for breach of the law. There has been discovered an unexpended law of Louis XIV. forbidding the taking of sea water but those taking it extract the salt, and thus defraud the government of the salt tax. The woman has added a declaration of the purpose for which the water was obtained in order to secure an official permit to use sea water.

### Great U. S. Naval Show Planned.

Washington.—Plans have been perfected for the grand naval pageant which Acting Secretary of the Navy Newberry has announced will occur in the sound off Oyster Bay September 3. The president will receive the assembled fleet.

**Little Willie's Philosophy.**

When the fish is biting, worms stick to worms.

Pharisees scour to hard on the little sinners.

Boys will be boys but girls can't never be.

Mi ma's father is th' sweetest moonin' guide.

Laf afore yer clean happy er ye may run fur a rail.

Most folks swear fur more. It's cheaper n payin' doctor bills.

This baffle business ain't no baffle nuthin' er you don't get no answer.

Th' hot-keeper allus th' first man t' laf at the jokes of his customers.

When yr fat hard, hold yer mouth. Then they ain't no danger of bustin'.

I'd rather be IT this president an I'd rather be honest than also president.

It ain't allus th' boy that spits on his hair that ketches two hair-brushes to once.

I lost my taste for strawberries. They allus have to be weeded in earlier fishin' season.

When a kid plays duck-on-the-rock he mus' 'spect to get mistuck for th duck occasionally.

Ma say honesty is the best policy, but pa say most folks don't seem to be carryin' insurance.

Carryin' bees by their wings when they ain't lookin' is dangerous business if the bee gits freashus.

There never was a game of Indian started that he didn't want a pail of water "right this minute."

Luffer makes fun and ma pa'd better quit it. He ways 20 arredy an' he hain't half done luffin' yit.

Shakespeare say he's stabbed with luffer, but he ain't never goin' t' git no life insurance on that joke.

A sagewoun that comes inten his hide lively when a kid's got hold o' his other end, knows his business.

Karlyle say we kin tell what kind of a man a feller is from his luffer. This may be, but I'd rather listen' to him jawin' his wife!

Bum peopul think it's a weakness to laf at little things, keep wattle' for elefants standin' on their heads an' don' git no laf a' tall!

What doth it prophet a feller to have smooth away from school yistaday and played hookie when his ma ketches him at it to-day? Moral—It pays to be kerful.

There's a place t' laf and a place t' bottle it up, wid a handkerchief. [illegible] ever yet fur has saved many a kid fr'm eatin' his meals standin' up.

### A Sonnet.

A sonnet is made up of fourteen lines—
One Shakespeare lived in sonnet form to rhyme.
Let Bacchus sup his sacred nectared wines,
Our Bill would rather scribble any time;
And I, tho' not a Shakespeare or a "Bac",
Take some delight to whittling out my verse;
'Tis true my baking stomach sometimes lack
Of inspiration—but they might be worse!
So quite soon in shaded rain is mine,
I work where cinders fill the air, and smoke
Just floats by along the parcited line,
And funny smells waft in—and begging broke!
I write to fill this hole and not for fame—
And now I guess, by heck, this sonnet's done!

### A Man's Friends.

Hicks was back from the moonshine country flushed with success. In a box on the way to the club rested, as he believed, four fine muskies that tipped the scales at an average of 22 pounds each. At the club the scoffers waited, incited to hazarding and doubting remarks by Binks, who had accompanied Hicks on the trip and who seemed, at times, to lay unusual some great secret that had a lunch cracker on its tail. When the boy arrived, the "in-be-shows" club men gathered about, while Hicks ordered the porter to bring the sail-puller.

"I tell you," exclaimed Hicks, with pride, "one of those 20-pound muskies bangs gives a fellow a pretty tough fight in deep water. I know I worked over 40 minutes on the greatest one of this lot."

Just then the fish came on with a slip. The gang rallied to catch sight of the big fish.

Instead of the 20-pound monsters there crossed immortality in the pail-like of the box on top of some rocks and moss, four dead herring.

Hicks fought, but to this day Binks insists he doesn't know anything about who caused those fish or what became of the big catch.

### Journalism.

Newspapering is a yacht.

In which many are called, but few are chosen.

Not the newspaper man, but a newspaper word is the distinction. Here samples of the real tales may occasionally be seen in the great city.

An excuse for publishing a yellow newspaper.

Something for the preachers to criticise!

A subject on which newspaper men are little posted.

A bluff that sometimes gets free theater tickets.

That state from which a magazine writer has graduated without receiving a diploma.

When a boy we hoped to be its exponent. Now we know better.

Byron Williams

# MINES AND MINING

The directors of the Utah mine at Park Bureau last week declared a dividend of 2 per cent per share.

The plan is being seriously considered of building an electric line from Murray to the Alta mining district.

During the month of July the Little Bell Mining company of Park City marketed eight tons of ore, which netted the contrabs $45,000.

Gold bearing ore in paying quantities has recently been found in a mine of the Goodenough Mining and Milling company in Marshal Lake, Utah.

There are ten members of the New York stock exchange who were admitted to that body prior to 1854. Of this number five are still actively engaged in business.

One furnace in the new Garfield, Utah, plant of the A. S. & R. Co. has been brought into successful operation, and the rest of the battery will be brought across as quickly as possible.

Four Utah mining companies declared dividends for payment during the present month on Friday last. They are all Tintic companies, and the aggregate amount ordered disbursed was $55,000.

The recently organized Lakeside Copper Mining company, which has a big group of claims on the Promontory within a few miles of the Lucin cut-off, is hauling steadily to the railroad from surface workings.

Myers & Murphy, the pioneer Bros of Goldfield prospectors, now counted among the most fortunate operators of the region, are down 240 feet on the Combination Fraction, and they are getting into some very fine ore.

The Carrie Leonard mines, lying at the southwest base of Dollarhide mountain and adjoining the Dollarhide properties near Hailey, Idaho, have been taken under bond and lease by the company operating the latter.

It is stated that Judge J. T. McConnell of Idaho is about to consummate the sale of a $250,000 property in the northwestern corner of that state. If the deal goes through it is said development will be inaugurated upon a large scale.

Lovejoy and Russell of Pittsburg, owners of the Sunnyside mine, in Thunder Mountain district, have taken a short time working bond on the gold properties belonging to Dan Cutler and A. A. Wayland adjoining the present [illegible]

The January claim of the Goldfield Mining company has disclosed a fine tonnage of rich ore, the extent of which no one knows positively. It is understood, however, that fourteen inches of the vein recently struck will run as high as $6,000 to the ton.

Prospectors from the Uintah Indian reservation in Utah are bringing in ample proof that the former Indian lands are full of mineral, and it is thought that the old reservation soon will be giving birth to copper camps which will astonish the uninformed.

Ramsey is the most accessible of the new Nevada mining camps, being but thirty-five miles from Carson City, twenty-five miles from Virginia City, and twenty-two miles from Dayton. The nearest railroad station is Churchill, on the Carson & Colorado.

The output of the eighteen Lake Superior copper producing mines for July was 17,998,000 pounds, a falling off as compared with the months immediately preceding. June production was 119,213,000 and May 19,922,000 pounds. Last July the production was greater at 19,287,800 pounds.

The Gemini Mining company has contracted to deliver its ores for several years to come to the furnaces of the mining company at Bingham Junction. The output of this mine is from 1200 to 1500 tons a month, and there is very desirable for the use of the United States company.

Collieries Nos. 9 and 10 at Coalgate, I. T., owned by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, were flooded last week by a crevice backing up, the result of the recent heavy rain. Property valued at two million dollars is badly damaged and six hundred men are out of employment.

Lafayette Hanchett, manager of the Newhouse interests, has returned to Salt Lake from a business trip to Colorado. Mr. Hanchett visited Idaho Springs before his return and reports that the Newhouse capital is now taking steps to make Idaho Springs and the adjacent mine hills, which lie just west, a big silver district.

Kingman Harvey, Nevada, made its last April 15 of this year when word came that a strike had been made there. The Clark claim, on which the town of the district now rests, was not located until April 14. Since then other strikes have helped to draw the attention of the mining world to this diversion.

Every possible effort is being brought into play by the Nevada Northern company to connect Ely by rail with the outside world, and at the same time the road to Lake Bonneville and will be on Ely's streets by the 1st of September, when mining operations will receive a decided boom.

Eminent mining men have visited the Greenwater district in Nevada, and they pronounce it a wonderful district. Automobiles and rigs rush and crash to get in first, prospectors with back the same mission, all tending every parcel to be recognized in the mineral empire building in this state.