

THE MONK CAME BACK.

Cheiro the Palmist Tells How He Went Ghost Hunting.

MYSTERY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

The Ghost Was There Sure Enough and Thoroughly Frightened the Psychological Researchers—Uncanny Manifestations by Day and Night.

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THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, DUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

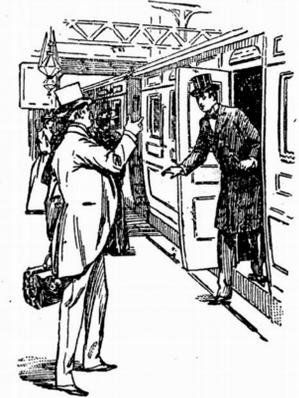
MY DEAR FRIEND—Meet me tonight, Black-Beath station, 11 o'clock sharp. Bring your revolver—may want it. Don't disappoint. In haste, MAX MARKHAM.

This strange epistle arrived by special messenger one evening just as I was preparing to join some friends at a theater party at the Garrick. In one way it was disappointing, in another pleasant. Markham was always on the trail of the interesting, and as the drama of life is more fascinating than the stage of art the promises of an exciting evening were fairly good.

The few words in his letter meant to me another of the many ghost hunts that we had been so often engaged in together. The command, "Bring your revolver," was not in the least startling or surprising. It was in keeping with the man's character. That was all. He always hunted ghosts with a revolver. It was as necessary to him as holy water would be to a priest. However, obeying instructions, I slipped my British bulldog and some cartridges into my pocket and started for the train.

My friend Markham was one of the most active members of the Society for Psychical Research. He devoted his entire time to examining the tricks of pretended mediums, ghosts or noises of any kind in any part of the country, and yet at heart he was a spiritualist. He firmly believed in the communion between the living and the spirits of the dead. He was a self-elected censor, and in his censorship, although he excited the enmity of the spiritualists, he was in reality their friend by his expose of fraud and the relentless way in which he pulled up weeds of imposture by the roots. "There is no subject that lays itself so open to deception," he used to say. "Because we have proved fraud in many cases, that does not prove it in all. It is my duty to destroy the weeds, lest they, getting too strong, destroy the flowers of truth."

Max considered me a sensitive—a clairvoyant—although only once did I show him any evidence in that direction, and that was when he went without me to



"AH, IN GOOD TIME!" HE SAID.

Manchester to examine into the case of a girl three months in a trance. Without knowing he was returning I telegraphed: "Don't take express tonight. Wait." And as it happened the express that night was wrecked and nearly all its passengers injured. At all events, there seemed some bond of sympathy between us, and thus it came to pass that two very opposite natures became fast friends.

As the train rushed into the station I saw my friend, with a small black bag in his hand, pacing the platform from end to end. "Ah, in good time," he said as I jumped out. "We have a good two mile tramp before us, so don't ask any questions now. I'll explain on the way. We must reach our point of survey before 12 strikes."

"This sounds quite ghostly, Max," I said. "What's the case?"

"Well," he answered, "it's the funniest thing I've met lately. What it will turn out is another thing, but up to now the evidence lies in favor of the good old fashioned ghost that walks at 12. The story is to the effect that the house we are about to visit has as fine a record of blood as any ancient castle. It is quite modern, built in 1847 by the grandfather of its present owner. It occupies a lonely site with a stone's throw of the ruins of an old abbey, and it is from this very abbey that all the trouble comes. It is reported to be haunted by the ghost of an old monk, and his career of crime is laid on the shaven head of this early and long departed Christian. The part I cannot reconcile is why an old monk who died a few hundred years ago should turn up now to trouble well behaved people at the end of the nineteenth century.

"Since it was built murder has followed murder, suicide followed suicide, but yet there was no talk about any ghost theory until within the last 19 months, and since then the old monk seems to have made himself master of the situation. The present owner a year ago while traveling in America one morning received the startling news that his father had hung himself in the cellar, so he hurried home with a newly made bride to take possession. His wife, a young and fearless American from some out of the way place in Texas, a woman who never heard of ghosts, was the first to see the apparition. Going into the nursery one night to look after her child, she found the nurse asleep and the form of an old monk leaning over the cradle. She screamed, fainted, and when people came to her assistance the monk had disappeared, and the mark of a cross was found on the child's forehead. From that moment the monk visited them regularly. Even in the daylight he might be seen walking down the corridors and the stairways, and a strange noise commenced every night at 12 o'clock that seemed to shake the house to its foundations. The servants of course threw up their places and left, and the only one that remained, an old butler, a few days afterward was found hung in exactly the same

place as the owner's father. Under these circumstances I can hardly wonder at the people clearing out. Since then, though the house has remained empty, the noises are heard by every one who approaches the house at midnight, and the form of the old monk was seen no later than yesterday by a man who lives here and whose word I have every reason to believe. I have arranged with him that we call at his house on our way, all three of us to spend the night in the old mansion, and then—nous verrons."

To tell the truth, I did not quite fancy the idea. Fortunately for me, I only half believed the story, and so, stopping off briskly, we soon reached the pretty little house belonging to Max's friend. This man, Dr. Appleton, was the first to revive my fears. "Markham," he said solemnly, "I'm half sorry I promised. This is too serious a business for us to meddle with. I saw that thing again today in broad daylight, and I never in all my life saw such a devilish looking face." "Oh, bosh, man!" said Max. "It's too late now to turn back. We have barely 15 minutes to reach the house. A brisk walk will pull up your courage. Come on." Making some remark about fools venturing where angels fear to tread, the doctor put on his coat, and in a few moments we were again under way.

A 10 minutes' walk brought us in sight of the old abbey. Cold and gaunt the ruins looked in the moonlight, like a skeleton of the past. At its back a wood of pines swayed in the night wind like an army of ghosts waiting for a leader, and a little farther on, surrounded by the shadow of the trees, stood a desolate looking house, with empty windows and broken panes, the very picture of all that was haunted and uncanny. Making our way under the shadow of the trees, we reached the back of the house and with a little difficulty forced a window open and were soon inside. By the light of the moon shining through the blindless windows we made our way to what appeared to be the dining room, and then, closing the shutters and lighting a solitary candle, we sat down at a couple of empty boxes to await results. We had not long to wait. Exactly as a neighboring clock struck 12 we heard a sound that made our very hearts stand still. We sprang from our seats and stood looking at one another in consternation and dismay. It seemed as if on the very stroke of 12 the house had received some blow that shook it to its foundations. Every door seemed to open and creak and bang one after another as the wind moaned and swept on its way from room to room. Instinctively we turned our eyes to the door of the chamber we occupied. It was open. There was something standing there. The moon flashed out from behind a cloud. It was the monk.

I could hear my heart beat like a drum. I was almost sinking with fright when suddenly, with a hollow, grating laugh, the figure disappeared. In a second we had picked up our things, opened the window, jumped to the lawn and were running as fast as legs would carry us in the direction of Appleton's house. Markham was the first to recover his composure. "What darned fools we are," he said, "but upon my word I never got such a fright in my life." That sentiment was heartily endorsed by Appleton and myself, and we both strongly opposed the idea of further investigation that Markham gave in, and the doctor put us up in his place for the night.

With the daylight, however, our courage returned, and after a good breakfast we took a walk around the old house before returning to the city and vowed that the three of us would make another attempt that night to penetrate the mystery. Daylight is a wonderful thing for dispelling ghosts and ghostly fears, and we could hardly believe that we were the same men who the night before ran as fast as legs could carry from that very room that the following morning we so contentedly examined. It was exactly as we had left it. There were the two boxes on which we sat, there the grease of the candle, and there the open window through which we had fled.

The doctor was inclined to regard the matter in a very grave light. Up to that moment he had not given much thought to the domain of ghostland. He therefore considered the apparition a direct rebuke for such negligence. Markham simply believed that his eyes had deceived him, but how we three saw the same thing and heard that awful laugh he could not explain. We visited all the rooms, saw the nursery where the monk had been seen bending over the child, and lastly turned our attention to the basement. The cellars were large and freely admitted light, except one which faced toward the abbey. When we entered the latter and got accustomed to the darkness, a grewsome sight met our eyes, which startled us nearly as much as did the apparition of the previous night. Hanging from a beam in the ceiling was the rope and noose by which the unfortunate butler had hung himself. There it had remained, white with mold, swinging softly in the draft, a grim trophy



SWINGING IN THE NOOSE OF DEATH.

of a grewsome past. Without a word we turned away from the horrible relic, and having agreed to come down that night and make one more attempt to interview the ghost Markham and myself returned to town.

Night came. Again I met my friend at Blackbeath station. He had a man with him—a detective from Scotland Yard, named Mitchell, who had often accompanied us on such expeditions. So, without delay, starting off at a brisk pace, we crossed the lonely common and reached the doctor's house. Appleton was at first a little annoyed at the presence of a detective. He declared that Markham's skepticism would provoke the apparition to do us mischief, and it was only after considerable discussion that we prevailed upon him to accompany us.

The presence of a representative of the

law had, however, the effect of stimulating our courage to a great extent; so, chatting and laughing as if it were a fox hunt and not that of a ghost, we broke in upon the silence of the abbey. Sitting on a dismantled tombstone, we looked toward the house, debating upon our plan of attack. Mitchell was for dividing the party, two to go to the cellar, where the rope hung, and two to keep watch in the dining room. Alas! the courage of the invaders was not equal to such a trial, and it was eventually decided that we should all keep together, but establish our guard in the large entrance hall instead of in the dining room.

Once more we burglariously entered by a back window and were soon crouched together on the floor in a dark corner of the old fashioned hall. We were so brave that we would not even have a light, but that was not necessary, as the moonlight, shining through a large window over the



"FLUNG OURSELVES AGAINST THE DOOR."

door, made the entire place as bright as day. Twelve o'clock came. We could hear the neighboring church clock chime the hour, but nothing happened. The stillness of death reigned in the old place. Markham was immensely disappointed, the doctor seemed relieved, while Mitchell evidently considered us a party of fools and himself the greatest fool for coming. "Why, Mr. Markham," he said, "we never had a 'sell' like this before. We haven't had even as much as some table rapping. The ghost hasn't given us a fair run for our money." After some discussion we agreed to again reconnoiter the cellar, and without lighting our candles we groped our way from passage to passage, but found, to our surprise, the cellar door closed. Mitchell, looking through the keyhole, announced in an avestruck whisper that something peculiar seemed to be swinging in the center. The doctor shivered. He remembered that the only thing that could be in the center was that ghastly trophy of death. Markham was the next to peep through. We could see a tremor pass through his body, and, white as a sheet, he turned away. Neither the doctor nor myself cared to take his place, so, drawing back, we made way for Mitchell, who was preparing to burst the door open. Just as he was about to spring, however, it suddenly swung back, and the sight that met our eyes almost paralyzed our senses.

Swinging in the noose of death hung the figure of the monk. His face, ghastly and horrible, seemed to grin at us in agony, a white and awful contrast to the darkness of the vault. Spellbound, we seemed rooted to the spot, but we suddenly became conscious of a new terror, and one rapidly approaching. There were steps coming behind us. The sound of slippers and sandals came nearer and nearer. We turned. My heart failed me; my knees shook as if with ague. Coming steadily toward us in the moonlight was another figure of the monk. In a few seconds he would touch us; but, swift as lightning, we almost threw ourselves into an empty room on our right, and shaking with fear we four strong men flung ourselves against the door to keep it closed while that awful thing went past.

The shuffling sandals came nearer and nearer. They passed our door. We could hear them enter the cellar where the rope hung, and then once more the stillness of death occupied the place. For a few moments Mitchell softly opened the door, and peeping out informed us that there was nothing in sight, and that even the swinging body of the monk had disappeared. Without a word he led the way. We followed, one by one, and in a few minutes we were outside the house and on our way to Appleton's. There was very little said about the matter. We had all mentally determined at least to let our ghost alone for the future; consequently no further resolutions were passed the next morning, and barely mentioning the subject we returned to town to the different walks of life to which we belonged.

One day, three months later, picking up the morning paper, I read: STARTLING DISCOVERY AT BLACK-BEATH.

A SUPPOSED HAUNTED HOUSE THE RESORT OF COINERS.

Ah, this is interesting, I thought, and I was not disappointed. It turned out to be an account of a raid by the police on the house we visited. Our ghosts were nothing more than a desperate gang of coiners. The terrible noise had been produced every night by their letting fall in the basement a tremendous iron weight upon the foundation stone of the house. The body of the monk that we had seen hanging by the neck in the cellar was nothing more than a well made dummy, with its clothes steeped in phosphorus.

And such was the end of the Black-Beath mystery. CHEIRO THE PALMIST.

Must Share the Same Grave.

"A young lady wishes to marry. She is very beautiful, has a rosy countenance framed in dark hair, eyebrows in the form of the crescent moon and a small but gracious mouth. She is also very rich—rich enough to spend the day by the side of her beloved admiring flowers and to pass the night in singing to the stars of heaven. The man on whom her choice shall fall must be young, handsome and educated. He must also be willing to share the same grave." Thus advertises a girl in a Japanese newspaper.

Ell Was the Original Kicker.

In the first book of Samuel, second chapter and twenty-ninth verse, "a man of God" says to Eli, "Wherefore kick ye at my sacrifice and at mine offering?"

A Philadelphia Proverb.

Many a man who is too honest to steal will borrow and forget all about it. The moralizes Candidate Singery in his Philadelphia Record.

SHE BELIEVES IN MATRIMONY.

Mrs. Spencer Has Married Eleven Times With Varying Success.

"All these six and eight time widows that have broken into print lately are base counterfeiters," said George Coffin of Indiana to a Chicago Times man. "There's a woman down in our state—Mrs. Dr. Spencer of Bourbon—who holds the world's record of marriages, I think. Dr. Spencer is just now fancy free. She hasn't had a husband for five years or so, but she ain't



MRS. SPENCER.

like a person utterly hopeless and the prey of despair. She is less than 60 years old now and will outlive many a man who isn't dead yet.

"Mrs. Spencer has had 11 husbands. Some of them she disposed of by death, and others she parted with at the end of a lawsuit; still others fled from her. She has seven kinds of children. Four of her marriages were unblest by any of these pledges of affection.

"She naturally had to begin wedded life early to make such a noble record. Her name was originally Emma A. R. Lyon. She was born in Franklinville, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., and came west with her family in 1850. Two years later, when she was living down Maxinkuckee way, in Marshall county, she was married to Nelson Drake, a carpenter. She was only 16 years old then. Drake died in a short time, and she next became the wife of a man named Roberts. He was a sort of trifling, no account critter, I judge. He never cut much of a figure. Mrs. Spencer herself remembers in a general way that she had Roberts for a husband along in the fifties somewhere, but either she can't or doesn't want to recall anything definite about him. At all events, he dropped out of sight—died or maybe lit out—and she became the wife in due time of Dr. Maryette. She studied medicine and became a physician herself. They had a good practice in Indianapolis, where they settled and got along comfortably until Maryette died.

"The widow was comforted in her sorrow by a person of the name of Ballard, a friend of the departed, and whom she married at the end of a brief period of mourning. The lived at Kokomo. Ballard was a useless attachment to any family, and the best thing he ever did for his wife was to leave, and Kokomo knew him no more. "Dr. Vaniden succeeded Ballard, and they lived happily until one day Vaniden inadvertently stood in front of a moving train. They hardly saved enough of him to hold a legal inquest or to offer in evidence in a damage suit. The bereaved soon married one Strawbacker. This was in 1876. Strawbacker wasn't a six spot. He made no particular impression on any one. Whether he died or was divorced I can't say.

"William Moore was her next selection. They lived at Peru, from which place they removed to Plymouth, where Mrs. Moore got a divorce. You see, she had been married so often by this time that she knew what kind of treatment she was entitled to. Moore began to get gay and figured 'd'nd things himself. She gave him the springboard,' as the young men say, too quick. In 1883 she was married to Thomas Farlan. One year was enough, and she got a divorce in 1884. A farmer named John Cunningham was the next candidate. He was a miser, and this spirited woman did not endure him six months.

"With her next husband, William Spencer, she led an ideal life, but it was too sweet to last. Spencer was taken away in 1889 and left quite a fortune. In 1889 Mrs. Spencer became the wife of Judge Zebidie D. Boulton of Bourbon. A legal separation and decree followed this marriage, which was her last venture in that behalf. She took Spencer's name again.

"Now," concluded Mr. Coffin, ringing for ice water, "show me the marital statistics that beat these I have offered."

THE RANSOM WAS A KISS.

But as It Was Paid by Froxy the Brooch Was Not Redeemed.

A belle went to the theater. On returning home after the performance she discovered that her brooch, which was a valuable one, had been stolen. She was very sorry for the jewelry was a present. A few days afterward the young lady received the following letter:

The writer of these lines has the honor to inform you that he knows where your brooch is and will return it cheerfully under certain conditions. I do not expect to receive a reward in money, since I regard it as exceedingly vulgar to accept money from a lady whom I hold as a friend. On the other hand, it would be very stupid in me to return you your jewelry without getting some equivalent. Taking into consideration my consuming love for you, I'll return the missing ornament for a single kiss from your rosy lips. Tomorrow morning I will be at the corner of — street with the missing jewelry. If you are willing to pay me my price, I will, after pressing a kiss on the aforesaid lips, press the brooch in your hand. No questions asked.

ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS.

The young lady did not know what to do. She wanted to get her brooch back, but she did not care to pay the price. She hit upon the idea of sending her servant girl in her place. The servant girl put in an appearance at the appointed hour and place. She was heavily veiled. A well dressed gentleman approached and asked: "Will you accept the terms?"

"I do."

The stranger familiarly embraced her after the most approved style and simultaneously imprinted a large 8 by 7 kiss on her mouth that caused the policeman on the corner to start. He thought it was a pistol shot.

"Here is what I promised," he remarked after the formality had been complied with, "but," he added, "you will find it like the kiss, not quite what it was represented to be, as you are only the servant, not the mistress," handing her something wrapped up in a paper. After he had retired, which he did immediately, the servant examined the paper and found that it only contained a piece of wood.

LITERAL.

Shelby Thought He Meant It, and the Eggs Suffered.

The following is to take the place of the George Washington hatchet story. It is sent in with the assurance that it can be authenticated if Senator Cullom denies it: When he was a young man, before he dreamed of listening senates or looked like Lincoln, he was a farmer boy. One day in August, when the blistering heat was parching the crops, and even the dog fennel hung its head, young Cullom was on the porch of the farmhouse trying to keep cool and kill flies. The boss of the farm sat on the far end of the porch dozing. He was roused by a passing neighbor, who called out to him that a drove of hogs had broken into the watermelon patch back of the barn. The watermelon crop was about all that was left. The old farmer had had some trouble with his hogs before, and this information aroused his religious nature and shattered it.

"Shelby!" he roared at the young man. "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "Take the shotgun and go down to that melon patch and shoot every d—d hog you find. I'm getting tired of this. They have ruined everything on the farm, and now they are into the melon patch. Hurry up." The young man moved away, and the old man resumed his seat and again fell asleep. The city reader probably needs to be informed that in the country, where there is no such thing as cold storage, the killing of a hog in August or at any time in hot weather is like throwing away money. In those days particularly there was no way of curing pork in summer.

An hour later young Shelby returned to the house, put up the gun and resumed his place on the porch. The old man, half asleep, opened one eye on him and asked in a lazy manner:

"Well, kill 'em?"

"Killed seven, and two got away," was the equally quiet response.

"What!" shrieked the old man, jumping from his chair and standing before young Shelby in a rage. "You don't mean to tell me that you killed seven of them hogs—my Poland Chinas—this time of year when they are useless? You young saphead?"

"Yes, sir," responded young Shelby, with a meek obedience that reminds one of the Washington hatchet story; "I did as you told me, sir; only I let two get away."

The old man looked at him as he would at a curiosity. His rage quieted, and he sat down on the floor of the porch and nursed his head for some time. After awhile he called out quietly:

"Shelby M."

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Come here. You say you killed seven of them shoats in the melon patch—seven—shot 'em—killed 'em dead?"

"Killed 'em dead," responded Shelby.

The old man looked at him, took off his big straw hat, fanned himself for a moment and then said, with some solemn deliberation:

"Well, Shelby M., I wish I may be d—d if you ain't the d—dest, most obedientest, d—d obliging farmhand that I ever had around. If you keep on mindin this way, you'll be president some day."

"Thank you, sir," replied Shelby, who went in the house to hide his blushes. The old man looked after him and said to himself:

"I reckon he thinks I mean it. Still this is a — of a country for the — fool." Exchange.

A Bad Break.



REPUBLICAN VERSUS DEMOCRATIC WAGES.

Twenty-six Republican states pay an average of \$1.33 per day in farm wages. Eighteen Democratic states pay an average of 87 cents per day in farm wages. This is from a report of the department of agriculture in 1890. Could the south see their folly in remaining Democratic, could they only put aside the old sectional feeling, become Republicans, adopt protection and develop their resources, wages of farm hands would be as high as in the north, and wages of laborers in other industries would be much higher than now. There are vast opportunities in the south as soon as they throw off the shackles of Democracy and free trade. The farm flourishes with the factory. Each helps the other, and when factories are running at full time the farmer will get good prices for his products and his hands good wages for their toil.

"Worse Than Four Years of War."

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts has plainly and tersely described what the effect of the proposed tariff will be upon the country, as follows: "In the cost in money, the destruction of property, the ruin of trade, the misery, the starvation of men accustomed to work for the comforts of life, this bill is twofold worse than four years of war."

Every Republican senator who in any way aids by his vote or countenance by his presence the enactment of such a bill will be contributing to a disaster "twofold worse than four years of war." The north must prevent such wanton wickedness; the north must defeat the south in the forum as well as on the field.

Buy American Silks.

Why should your wife buy an imported Japanese silk dress? There are American factories that are making silks just like the Japanese patterns. The Japanese men work for a few cents a day. The Americans cannot do so. There is no difference in the price or quality of the two different silks, so why not encourage the American silk industry by buying a dress pattern that was made in your own country? By doing so you will help to give work to an American and make an American home happy.

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THE MICA MINERS.

A Southerner Who Demands Protection and Fights Republican Battles.

Having been a manufacturer of pottery in Pennsylvania, and having represented the United States Potters' association during the centennial exhibition in 1876, and afterward, in 1877, the international exhibition of Philadelphia, I had occasion to visit many manufacturing establishments in England, France, Germany and Austria, and while there had occasion to compare their pauper labor with our labor. If some of these free trade politicians would take a trip through the manufacturing and mining districts of Europe, as I have done, they would soon change their minds and never talk free trade any more.

I am nicely situated here in the mountain region, own a comfortable home with beautiful gardens and several thousand acres of fine timber land. I am engaged in mining and also sell large tracts of land and have over 4,000,000 acres on the market now and about 400 mines of all sorts.

Of course I want protection. Mica was mined here on a large scale at one time and shipped to parts of this country and Europe. During Cleveland's former administration they put it on the free list, and our mines were closed up, as we could not compete with the cheap labor (10 cents per day) of India. During Harrison's administration it was put at 35 per cent duty, but before it took effect they laid in heavy supplies to last for some time, and now congress has put it on the free list again. As it is, we are in hot water, and nobody is willing to risk money in the business. Kaolin, or china clay, was discovered by me and became a great industry. Not knowing what these fool politicians will do finally, this business also is at a standstill.

I am doing all I can to assist and always have assisted the Republican cause in the endeavor to protect American industries. W. A. K. SCHREIBER.

Webster, N. C.



Mr. Smith (who is courting a young widow)—Well, Tommy, what do you expect to be when you grow up? Tommy—Oh, I ain't particular. All I want to be is to be big enough to lick Mr. Jones. He kissed mamma six times last night after she told him to stop—Texas Sittings.

The Troubles of Matrimony.

Employer—Late again, John. Can't you manage to get here on time? Employee—I can't sleep nights, sir, and am apt to be late in the morning.

Employer—H'm! Sleeplessness. Why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause? Employee—I know the cause, sir; it is six weeks old.

Employer—Oh!—New York Press.

At the Counter.

They stood behind the counter, two rather pretty girls, with ruffles on their shoulders and Lillian Russell curls.

And, oh, their hearts were merry and their tongues were running fast. Of their lovers, and their dresses, and their pleasures now and past.

When there wandered to the counter, with a tired and worried face, A quiet little woman who asked to look at lace.

One of them looked her over with a cool, contemptuous stare. Then chafed on, "Oh, Daisy, I wish that you'd been there!"

"I s'pose that Charley looked too cute?" "You bet that he's alive! And my dress was that pink satin that we sold at ninety-five."

And the other woman make it that made the dress for Grace."

"If you please," there came a weary voice, "I want to look at lace."

"And Mary Jones was there. Oh, girls, you ought to see her hair! It was curled and frizzed to death—and don't you tell—but I don't care—I don't believe the half of it grew on her head at all."

And her costume—well before I'd wear such a garment to a ball! And how she ever gets a fellow with that lookin' face!"

"Will you kindly," said a weary voice, "will you let me see some lace?"

"I saw that fellow—you know—that was over in the silks; He's just too gone for anything on that stank up to Stuy Wilkes."

"I never"—Here the customer, up plucking heart of grace, Spoke boldly: "Please to wait on me. I want to see some lace."

The second paused, impatient such persistence to discover.

"There's only veilings here," she said; "the lace is three rooms over!"

—New York World.