Daily Globe.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL, MONDAY, NOV. 29, 1886.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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1yr. in advance...$8 00 | 3 mos., in advance.$2 00
6mos., in advance. 4.00 | 6 weeks, in advance. 1 00
One month.....70c.

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THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

Has a Larger Circulation than that of Any Other Newspaper Printed Northwest of Chicago, and it is Steadily and Rapidly Increasing, Keeping Pace with the Growth of the Great City of which the GLOBE is Admittedly the Journalistic Representative.

It is the Best Advertising Medium for Those who Desire to Reach All Classes of Newspaper Readers in the Great Northwest, and Especially in Minnesota and Dakota.

THAT SUPPLY DEPOT.

The GLOBE calls the attention of the chamber of commerce to the necessity of at once placing before the commissioner of the Indian affairs arguments in behalf of the selection of St. Paul as the proper location for the national warehouse for Indian supplies. Omaha is the latest city which has decided to present claims for being selected, and will enter the list with Kansas City, Chicago and St. Louis. The arguments are to be heard or read, as the case may be, by the commissioner during the present week, and if St. Paul is going to do anything toward securing what would be a very important factor in her commercial life she must be up and doing. She certainly can present stronger reasons than any of the cities mentioned why she should be chosen in preference to them, for her comparative contiguity to the larger Indian reservations of the country gives her an obvious advantage. But unless St. Paul's claims are presented soon and vigorously it will be too late, and aprize which she might as well have will be captured by some one of the less deserving cities. Let the Chamber of Commerce take cognizance of the matter, and at least take steps to place the advantages of this city before Commissioner Atkins in the proper light.

REDUCE TAXATION.

The Chicago Tribuhe, which seems to be regaining something of its old-time editorial vitality, has latterly been calling attention to the necessity which exists for congress to take steps without further delay toward reducing the onerous burden of taxation under which the people labor. The matter, relieved of all the technicalities with which the tariff enthusiasts delight to invest it, resolves itself into a simple business proposition. The government is annually collecting $100,000,000 in excess of its expenditures, and is gathering that enormous sum, almost equivalent to $2 for each person in the country, through direct taxation upon the people. The government doesn't need the money, and it should not, therefor, be taken out of the pockets of those who support it and for whom it was instituted. The 3 per cent. bonds will soon be retired, but the surplus will continue to be augmented, and, as a natural cansequence, an artificial sontraction of the currency must ensue. It would be manifestly unwise to place a premium upon corruption and extravagance by getting rid of the surplus through the obviously easy method of liberal and indiscriminate appropriations, and yet, unless by a reduction of taxation, this enormous balance cannot be done away with in any other manner. Common sense would teach that no money over and above what is absolutely necessary for paying government expenses and establishing a proper sinking fund should be taken from the pockets of the people and that is just what the public will demand. The war taxes which still exist have outlived their usefulness. The people should no longer be compelled to pay them, and the sooner congress recognizes tnat fact, the more readily will the wisdom of its deliberations be recognized and appreciated. No subject can better engage the attention of the national legislative body and none more imperatively demands its consideration.

A NOVEL SUGGESTION.

Judge DOOLITTLE, of Chicago, in his address at the recent banquet of the Iroquois club made a suggestion startling in its novelty and yet presenting features sure to attract thoughtful attention. He advocates the granting to married men who are householders of two votes, one on their own account and one on behalf of their families. The suggestion has much in it that would commend a scheme of franchise based upon the lines indicated. The householder is the responsible person in the community. Not only does he contribute the larger part of all taxes, but upon him fall most of the burdens of citizenship, while his privileges are no greater than those of the unmarried man or non-householder. But the safeguard of every community is to be found in the homes it contains. They form the conservative element which holds in check the more unruly and radical element, always restless and always ready to lend its support to reckless and chimerical schemes. To those, then, who establish and maintain the homes, it would be but natural to grant greater influence than to those who have nothing at stake, whose interest in the maintenance of society is limited to purely selfish considerations, and who cannot always be relied upon to be on the safe side in questions of political and social importance. Those who are the heads of homes form the backbone of the state, and any augmenting of their influence can have none other than a good effect. Judge DOOLITTLE'S scheme may not find ready adoption, but it is certainly worthy of earnest and intelligent consideration.

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

Congressman-Elect BAKER, who enjoys the distinction of having defeated MORRISON at the recent election, celebrates his entry again into public life in a very doubtful manner, through his personal and violent attack upon a newspaper reporter by whom he thought he had been misrepresented, but who, on the contrary, seems to have incurred BAKER'S enmity simply because he warmly espoused the cause of MORRISON. The congressman made the mistake so frequently made by politicians and others of supposing a reporter to be personally responsible for anything he may put into print. The misguided individuals who "want to see the writer of that article" are familiar to every newspaper office, and no amount of reasoning, as a general thing, is able to convince them that the paper itself and not an individual writer, except in peculiar instances, is responsible for publications by which they may consider themselves aggrieved. It is the reporter's duty to get the news, and if its publication strikes home at any particular person he is not to blame for that. It is a matter of business with him, and he is not to be deterred by occasional little episodes like that in which Congressman BAKER was the chief actor. Reporters are usually pretty able-bodied young men, and in an argument involving personal violence are just as apt to carry conviction as are their opponents.

IF THE grain growers could only have known a few hours before its beginning, that the Duluth fire was to have occurred, so as to have placed a few orders on the board of trade, they might be reconciled to the loss of such a tremendous amount of wheat.

THE people of the country are expecting St. Paul to do something wonderful this winter in the way of an ice carnival. They should not be disappointed, but much remains to be done and the time until Jan. 17 is none too long.

THE Press club concert last night was a success in every particular, partially owing to the excellent advertising given it by those individuals who could see nothing but desecration in the playing of tuneful music on Sunday.

OF COURSE Mrs. CLEVELAND, as reported, does not love several of the cabinet ladies. It is against feminine human nature for one woman to love another who copies her bonnets and dresses.

THE recent stealing of over a hundred registered packages en route from the United States to Russia is not the first time American males have been robbed abroad, or females either.

THE supply of electric lights being unequal to the demand at Rapid City, Dak., the company is seeking to import a few old-time Black Hills miners with prominently colored nasal organs.

SINCE there is now no doubt that winter has at last come, Minnesotians can settle down and enjoy life while they commiserate with residents of bleak and storm-stricken climes.

PERHAPS after all HENRY M. STANLEY comes to this country to lead an expedition of discovery which has BENJAMIN BUTLER, of whom nothing has lately been heard, as its object.

AND now they are talking of a governmental exhibition at Washington, as if there was not a national show running already in Washington for the greater part of the year.

As a gentle reminder it might be suggested again to forgetful citizens that he best serves his fellow men in the winter time who keeps his sidewalks free from snow.

A LONG-SUFFERING public will hold its breath in suspense until there is a certainty that BLAINE and EDMUNDS will not write each other open letters.

DULUTH is now sure of her metropolitanism. Only a city of the very first class could support a million-dollar fire and not be downcast.

THE Ideals have laid the foundation for a very warm reception from the newspaper fraternity when they come this way again.

WITH snow now in ample sufficiency, the toboggan slides should no longer be delayed. A word to the wise.

ISN'T it about time for somebody to discover another senatorial combination?

Give the Old Man a Chance.

Washington Critic.

In the New York Sun office:

Mr. Dana to the office boy—Boy, go tell Mr. Cummings and Mr. Merriam that I want to see them.

Boy goes. Enter shortly Cummings and Merriam.

Both—Good morning, Mr. Dana. Did you desire to see us?

Mr. D.—I did. I believe both of you are employes on the best paper in New York?

Both—Yes, sir.

Mr. D.—And both of you are members of congress?

Both (with self-satisfied smiles)—Yes, sir.

Mr. D.—Are there any more men on the staff who want to go to congress?

Both—We do not know, sir.

Mr. D.—Well, I know of one (tapping himself on the chest), and while I do not object to the Sun being converted into a congressional training school, I wish it understood that I want some of it myself. Do you tumble, gentlemen? Good morning.

Both retire abashed.

Rival of Wiggins and Foster.

Truckee, Cal., Republican.

It has been said that Indians were the most reliable weather prophets that could be obtained. So when old Bodie came around this morning to secure a two-bit payment in advance on some wood he proposed to saw for us, we asked him: "Bodie, what kind of winter are we going to have?"

"My fok he ketchum heap pine nut."

"What is that a sign of?"

"Deer him heap pat."

"What does that indicate?"

"Jack rabbit him heap plenty."

"Sign of cold weather, maybe?"

"Mabbe so, mabbe him cold, mabbe him hot, mabbe him sun all time, mabbe him lain, mabbe him snow. I dunno."

The Indian may be as good a prophet as Wiggins, but he lacks exactness.

An Unlucky Number.

New York Herald.

It was an ominous number that constituted the "combine." Has any thirteen ever come to greater grief? Here is the story:

McLaughlin, Kenny, Dempsey	In the grave
DeLacy, Sayles	In Canada
Jaehne	In Sing Sing
McCabe	Insane
McQuade	On trial
Cleary, Reilly, O'Neill, Fullgraff, Duffy	Awaiting trial
	Turned state's evidence

Please Don't Mention It.

Boston Record.

Rising Statesman to Reporter—I'm very glad to see you, but of course you will not mention that this is my birthday, and that many of my friends have called.

Reporter—What else would you like to have suppressed in the same way?

"I'm afraid something will be said about the fact that I'm sending my family to Europe for the winter."

"Does anything else worry you?"

"Nothing but this: Isn't there danger that what you put in the daily will also appear in the weekly edition! Then, too, I'm anxious lest it may be necessary to give a week's notice for a thousand extra copies or so, and that my friends may be disappointed about getting their papers."

Advice to McGill.

Morris Tribune.

The Republican majority has been cut down this year by farmers who are suspicious of the influences apparently back of Governor-Elect McGill. Much in the future now depends upon Mr. McGill and his approaching administration. If he boldly follows the spirit of the Republican platform and acts in accordance with the interests of the whole people, all will be well. If, however, he allows those to whom he owes his nomination and election to control his official actions, nothing, not even the unworthiness of opposition candidates, will save the Republican party from overwhelming defeat at the next general election. The Republicans of the state will tolerate ring rule no longer.

Can't Do It Again.

Atlanta Constitution.

It is said that when Senator Jones, of Florida, was elected to the senate in 1876 he was a member of the legislature and voted for himself. The funny part of the business is that his vote was necessary to effect the election, and he thus practically elected himself. When Jones saw that his vote was necessary to a choice he drew himself up to his full height and looking severely at the presiding officer, said: "In the name and by the command of the 3,000 Democrats of Escambia county, I cast my vote for Charles W. Jones." The assembly burst into uproarious laughter and applause. Jones had the balance of power and used it with conscientious regard for the public welfare and his own.

Mugwump Donnelly.

Alexandria Post.

Donnelly goes to the legislature this winter as a "mugwump," and he will have a chance to get in a few whacks at the monopolists, unless Jim Hill gives him first choice of those hornless animals and thus appeases his wrath.

Davis' Chance.

St. Peter Herald.

The chances of C. K. Davis being the next United States senator from Minnesota are growing decidedly slim. Gordon E. Cole, of Faribault, is the man now most talked of for that position. Mr. Cole could get the Democratic support in case the Republicans are divided, and as C. K. Davis has said that he would not vote for the Apostle Paul were he running on the Democratic ticket, no self-respecting Democrat could vote for Davis. The chances for a divide among the Republicans on the senatorial question are good.

Sam Himself.

Omaha Bee.

A stranger strolled into a bookstore on Fifteenth street last evening and began examining some pictures on a counter near the door. He apparently didn't find exactly what he wanted, and was on the point of leaving when a gentlemanly clerk stepped forward and said: "Perhaps this was what you were hunting for," as he proffered a picture of Jam Jones. The stranger eyed the clerk closely, then slowly remarked: "No, thank you, I can see the original of that picture every time I look into a glass."

Sister Grace's Conundrum.

Boston Record.

Helen—Oh, Mr. Copley, I've such a funny conundrum for you.

Staniford Copley—What is it, my child?

"Sister Grace asked me this morning at the breakfast table why you were like a street car."

"What was the answer? Because I am so democratic in my ways?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Copley, something funnier than that!"

"Well, I must give it up."

"She said 'twas because you never seem to want to go."

The Sleeping Sleeper.

San Diego Union.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper, by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

Referred to Davis.

Hastings Gazette.

The sentiment of a large majority of the people of this state, Republicans and Democrats, is clearly in favor of a wholesale reduction for the benefit of the taxpayers. Why, then, should a protective tariff man be elected to the United States senate to misrepresent us for six years, no matter how able or brilliant he may be? Respectfully referred to C. K. Davis.

A Happy Family.

Bangor Commercial.

Evidently Mr. Kervin N. Riggs, of Georgetown, Me., stands well with the present administration. He secured an early appointment in the Bath custom house. Last week his daughter was appointed postmistress at Georgetown, while this week his son has been appointed inspector in the Portland custom house. By the way, they are all excellent people.

Ready for Such Emergencies.

Sherburne Star-News.

Gov. Pillsbury has sued the GLOBE for $100,000 damages for libel. Of course the GLOBE will never go to law for such a miserable sum as that, but go down in its vest pocket and pay over the amount without a murmur. Newspapers always have such little sums lying around loose for just such emergencies.

Unpopular Tariff Views.

Montgomery Star.

No small amount of interest is being taken just now throughout tae state, as to the next United States senator. Public opinion is much divided, but, judging by extracts from the state press, C. K. Davis will have a strong support, though his high tariff views are far from popular.

Should Have Seven Congressmen.

Sherburne Star-News.

The number of votes cast in Minnesota at the late election shows that the state is entitled to seven instead of five congressmen. However, if there is to be any more such funny work as there was this fall, five will be enough.

A Challenge to McGill.

St. Cloud Times.

If H. G. Stordock and John L. Gibbs are appointed railroad commissioners, it will be conclusive proof of the bargain which brought the first named into line and sent the second's delegates over to McGill.

Mahone as a Bluffer.

Washington Correspondent Courier-Journal.

Mahone is a thoroughbred when it comes to backing his judgement. He made a Tennessee gentleman lay down a "queen full" one night last winter on a "jack" of $500. Mahone had a "bobtail."

Where Elder Gets Left.

Omaha Republican.

The president is hard at work on his message. Mr. Elder particularly regrets the row with Miss Cleveland at this time, as he had confidently expected to work a puff of Literary Life into that document.

Merriam Well Qualified.

Glencoe Register.

Probably W. R. Merriam, of St. Paul, is as well or better qualified to fill that important office than any other member of that body, but we suspect the country will put in a claim that will be hard to resist.

One Cent for Pillsbury.

Hastings Democrat.

Ex-Gov. John S. Pillsbury has brought suit against the St. Paul GLOBE for $100,000 for libel, in charging him with intent to count in McGill by fraud. The ex-governor possibly may get the usual amount of damages in such cases, viz.: 1 cent.

Langdon on the Track.

Glencoe Register.

Section Boss Langdon is said to be very busy in trying to buy the right of way on which to lay a track to run his engine into the United States senate.

Will Be 40,000.

Sauk Rapids Sentinel.

If such men as Flower, Fletcher & Co. have as much to do with shaping the course of the Republican party in 1888 as they did in 1886, the party is likely to be beaten by 40,000.

Rhyme Without Reason.

Chicago Herald.

McCosh rhymes so well with gosh, slosh, bosh, Josh and wash that the Hub poets must soon get the Harvard quarrel into rhyme.

A Snake in the Grass.

Ortonville Herald.

It is plain to be seen that the Pioneer Press is playing its old game of snake in the grass, this time with Cush Davis.

Kelly's Promise.

Sleepy-Eye Herald.

P. H. Kelly promises that the electoral vote of Minnesota will be cast for the Democratic nominee for president in 1888.

Horace Greeley's Blunder.

The Journalist.

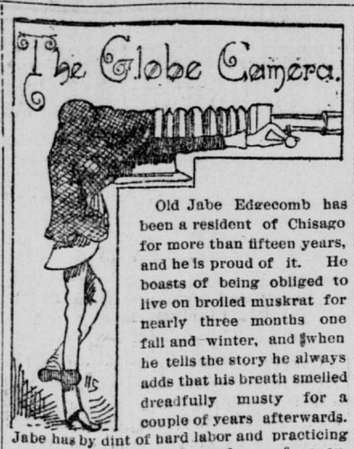
Mr. Greeley was a queer character, and could be funny when he liked. He was one of the originators of the American institute, and naturally took a deep interest in its welfare. When the annual exhibition was in progress the Tribune columns were full of it. Sometimes Mr. Greeley took a hack at it himself. Though a strictly temperate man, he one day astonished the staff by writing a paragraph on the wine exhibit, saying that it included port, sherry, claret, Cliquot, Mumm, Roederer and champagne. The staff were laughing over the old gentleman's blunder when he came in and asked the cause. The slip of the pen being pointed out, Mr. Greeley remarked in his squeaky voice: "Well, I'm about the only man on this paper who could make such a d—d foolish mistake as that."

IN ECSTASY HE LIVES.

Press me closer, all mine own,
Warms my heart for thee alone,
Every sense responsive thrills,
Each caress my being fills;
Rest and peace in vain I crave,
In ectasy I live, thy slave;
Dowered with hope, with promise blest,
Thou dost reign upon my breast;
Closer still, for I am thine,
Burns my heart for thou art mine;
Thou the message, I the wire,
I the furnace, thou the fire;
I the servant, thou the master—
Roaring, red-hot, mustard plaster!

—Burdette.

The Globe Camera.



Old Jabe Edgecomb has been a resident of Chisago for more than fifteen years, and he is proud of it. He boasts of being obliged to live on broiled muskrat for nearly three months one fall and winter, and when he tells the story he always adds that his breath smelled dreadfully musty for a couple of years afterwards. Jabe has by dint of hard labor and practicing economy, saved a good, round sum of money, and owns a tract of timber land in the county in which he lives that covers several hundred acres, and every year he cuts railroad ties off this land and sells them at a good profit to the railroad companies. Jabe has the reputation of being a harmless liar of colossal proportions. He can't talk with a person fifteen minutes without telling a most improbable story. So long has he practiced this that he has come to believe that everything he tells is true. Last Saturday Jabe came down to St. Paul, and as he was going up West Seventh street, near Seven corners, his attention was attracted by a crowd standing around the window of Wilkes' drug store. Jabe's curiosity was excited, and crossing the street he saw a well-dressed man standing on a chair writing something in fancy characters on the glass. He watched him until he finished, when he read the words the man had written. They were "The Little Tycoon."

"Ther little ty coon," muttered Jabe to himself. "By gosh, ef there's er new kind of coon in ther country thet I haint seen I want ter size him up, an' I guess I'll go inside an' ask 'em ter let me see ther coon."

He entered the drug store, and, stepping up to a clerk, said: "I thought I'd drop in an' take a look et thet 'air coon."

"What coon?" inquired the clerk, with a surprised look.

"Why, that air ty-coon whut you've advertised on ther winder out thair."

"Oh, yes," said the clerk, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "certainly, just step back this way, please."

Jabe followed the clerk back to the rear end of the store, where he was shown a young Spitz dog lying asleep in a box to which he was chained. "Tnat's him," said the clerk.

Jabe rubbed his spectacles, and adjusting them to the bridge of his nose looked down on the slumbering Spitz with a frown on his brow and a peculiar working of the lips. He didn't say anything for about a minute, when looking up at the clerk he said: "Did you know that them ty-coons wus ther most troublesome kind of coons in ther country?"

"No, I didn't know much about the animal," replied the clerk.

"Waal, they be," continued Jube. "They've knocked me out ov a good many hundred dollars in ther past tew years. Why, ther country up where I live is full ov them fellers, and they destroy more ties than yer can shake a stick at."

"Destroy ties?" repeated the clerk.

"Yaas, ties; railroad ties, they eat um; thet's whut makes em call um the tie coon. I had jest got out 3,000 fust-class ties, ready ter be loaded onto ther cars, when one night a gang ov them tie coons tackled um an' in two days they'd eat every durned one of them ties up, slick an' clean. Thet feller thair is the slickest specimen ov ther tie coon I've ever seen, an' yer'd better keep him chained up thair purty tight, fur if he gits erway he's liable ter chaw this entire block up before yer can head him off. Much erbliged ter yew fur showin' him to me. Good day."

***

Jimmy Nugent is a familiar figure at the city hall. He sits down on a wooden-bottom chair, and looks out through a window with more grace and far-away expression than any other man in St. Paul. He also has a habit of wearing his hat more on one side of his head than on the other, which gives him the appearance of a man who would take great pleasure in arguing that Vanderbilt evidently knew what he was talking about when he said, "the public be d—d." Jimmy is license collector, and he has the respect of every peddler and street fakir in the city, and the hack-drivers always remove their hats and smile when they see him approaching, and put on their hats and swear in a low tone of voice when he has passed. But Jimmy moves on in the even tenor of his ways careless of what the hack drivers or street fakirs say so long as they pay him for the privilege of transacting business within the corporate limits of St. Paul. Among the large number of things that Jimmy don't take any interest in is politics. He has got no particular time to devote to this class of amusement, and he contents himself with sitting around and watching the panorama as it moves by. One day a few weeks ago while John T. Raymond, the comedian, was playing a week's engagement here, Jimmy and John O'Connor were walking down Wabasha street, when Jimmy happened to glance in a store window in which was posted a bill, on which was printed in large letters:

JOHN T. RAYMOND,
RUNNING FOR CONGRESS.

"Who is this feller Raymond?" asked Jimmy of John.

"Why, that's the chap who's running for congress against Lawler down there in Chicago."

"Well, he's a d—d fool," said Jimmy. "He can never beat Lawler in God's world, and I'll bet money on it."

Mrs. Hicks-Lord's Jewels.

New York Journal.

Mrs. Astor possesses the most costly diamonds in New York. Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Vanderbilt both have fine pearls, but it is said that Mrs. Hicks-Lord has the finest collection of rubies and emeralds in this country, and a variety of costly jewels of every description. Many sets were purcased to match certain costumes, and each year additions are made to her jewel case that would be the envy of many a queen.

A diamond necklace which she wears now and then was set last spring in fine gold at a cost of $2,000 by a firm in this city. The necklace fits closely like a collar and is designed in a series of brooches, each brooch consisting of a great solitaire diamond surrounded by pear-shaped ones, purest water, placed on vertical beds of gold. The center brooch is two inches and a half wide, and the others are graduated in size to the clasp in the back, which is a vertical bar of diamonds. The necklace is valued at $120,000, and is most unique in design.

A set of rubies which were bought many years ago in Paris are unusually large and of exquisite color. There is a necklace containing forty-nine large stones and over 200 small ones, three brooches, four stars for the hair and four bracelets. It is worth $100,000.

The emeralds all measure from three-quarters of an inch to a half inch in width, and she has black and white and pink pearls, sapphire and pearl sets, onyx, opals of rare beauty, which she never wears, and so many bracelets that she can completely cover both arms with them and yet have some stuff left over. She is especially fond of bangles, and all her jewels would buy a good-sized kingdom.

Can't Understand.

San Francisco Report.

Men say they cannot understand why a "man's woman" is never a "woman's woman." Because a man's woman is not a woman's woman, men invariably put the causes down to sister woman's envy and jealousy. Though there are hundreds whom this double-face cap fits, woman-world, as a whole, is neither envious nor jealous. Of exceptional cases I do not speak. But men never realize, and never can be taught that a man's woman "has two faces under a hood," one for men and another for women. Do my male readers, if I have any, begin to see chinks of light now? They should after that last sentence. A man's woman, with men, is bright, animated, entertaining, coaxing, toadying or taffying, as the case demands. Put her with women and she is a poke. She wont do this, or that or the other. She simply yawns through time until the return of the coat-tails. It is an almost invariable rule that the woman most liked by man is least liked by her own sex. The reason why I've just been telling.

THE BALLAD OF THE HAT.

One evening at the theater
A maid before me sat,
Whose gentle brow was shaded
By an elephantine hat.

A plume upon it nodded,
The flaring brim was wide,
And bristling bits of various birds
Stuck out on every side.

It towered above the footlights,
Aggressively and loud;
The actors were invisible,
The play was in a cloud.

I could not see the stage at all,
And scarcely heard the star,
Whose voice came round that awful hat,
An echo from afar.

Between the acts she turned her head;
Her face was fair to see,
And innocent of all offense,
She dropped a smile to me.

I knew her then. O cruel fate!
My heart went pit-a-pat;
I would have loved that maiden, but
I could not love her hat.

And now two lives are blighted,
Forever stale and flat;
For over both there grimly falls
The shadow of the hat.

—F. W. C. in Life.

THE GROANING GHOST.

BY ARTHUR READY.

London Belgravia.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, when I was a young man, my father's business experienced a sudden and severe check. We were living at the time in an expensive quarter of the West End. Our establishment was large, and we entertained liberally. We were many in family, and the expenses of education were heavy. It was necessary to retrench.

My father's place of business lay in the heart of the city. The means of communication in the metropolis were not so complete as they are at the present day. Now, the omnibus service and the underground railway put a man down almost in his office arm-chair. But when we lived in the West End we had to keep horses, if only to take myself and my father to and from the city. The most important articles in our scheme of retrenchment were our horses and carriages. For all these reasons we resolved to move eastward to within easy reach of our place of business. My brother and myself were commissioned to find a suitable house.

We found the greatest difficulty in suiting ourselves. We were thirteen in family, and we all had to be at home. The children were to be taken from school, and the elder girls were to teach them. Consequently, we required a large number of bed-rooms, and a house of the description we wanted was hard to find.

Time drew on, and we were still unsuccessful. We passed from house agent to house agent; we inserted advertisements; we answered advertisements. But to no purpose. In the autumn evenings my brother and I used to prowl about the streets and squares, hoping to hit upon a likely habitation. We had given notice to quit our own house, and matters were getting pressing. It would be a perfect catastrophe if so large a family as ours found itself homeless.

The days began to grow short; the autumn was unusually cold and bleak; and our evening walks became anything but pleasant. But late one Saturday afternoon we were investigating a quarter to which we had not hitherto penetrated, and we came on the very thing.

A simultaneous exclamation burst from both of us. The house stood at the corner of a quiet, sober-looking, very old-fashioned square. Being the corner house, it was larger than the other houses. We had gained some experience by this time, and we saw at a glance that the place was almost certain to suit us.

A bill in one of the numerous windows announced that the house was to let: "Apply next door." We applied.

The door was opened by a tidy, gray-haired elderly woman.

"Can we look over the house next door?" I said.

A rather queer look crossed the woman's face for a moment, but she answered civilly:

"Certainly, sir. But it is rather dark, now."

"So it is," said I. "We may come in daylight if the place is likely to suit us. Can you tell us the particulars?"

The woman enumerated the rooms and the various features of the mansion. All were most suitable.

"And the rent?" I inquired, nerving myself for a disappointment.

She named so low a figure that I uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"You see, we've had it on our hands for some time," she explained, "and we would offer easy terms to a good tenant."

"And when can we look over it?" I asked. "Is it your own property?"

"No, sir. But we have the letting of it. My husband would show you over, to-morrow, if you didn't mind. He is always away all day, and until very late at night."

"Is he a house agent?"

"No, sir. He's employed behind the scenes at one of the theaters. He is a master carpenter."

We thanked her, made an appointment for Sunday morning, and went home delighted. As we turned out of the square, I said:

"Did you notice how odd that woman looked when I spoke to her? What did that look mean?"

"Surprise," said my brother, who was an observant fellow.

"I suppose she thought we were too great swells for the neighborhood," said I, laughing. "Gad! I like the look of the place. Quiet, respectable, and old-fashioned."

We announced our success at home, to the great relief of everybody. Next morning we kept our appointment, and were received by the landlord himself.

He was a staid, responsible-looking man, of some 60 years, and we were favorably impressed with him. He took us over the house and answered our inquires freely and fully. Everything was satisfactory. I was delighted. But my brother, who was of a cautious temperament, kept on asking questions until I became fairly angry. First he got on to the matter of drains and when he had been reduced to silence on this head, he was most pertinacious on the subject of damp. At last he said:

"You don't ask a very high rent. How's that?"

"Why," said the landlord, deliberately, and turning his cap in his hand, "you see, this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacant for some time and we're anxious to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong about the place. If it were in the West End you'd pay six or seven times the rent."

His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny. Eventually, we closed the bargain.

The next day I was lunching at my usual chop-house, along with two or three acquaintances.

"Still house hunting, Denton?" said one of these.

"No, thank heaven," I said. "We've got a house at last. In —— square."

"—— square," echoed he, thoughtfully. "Why, —— square is the— Which number have you got?"

"No. 45," I said.

He threw back his head and burst into a fit of laughter. The other men laughed, too. I looked from one to the other for an explanation.

"When you've done," said I, with dignity.

"Why, don't you know?" said my friend, recovering his gravity. "No. 45 —— square is haunted."

I saw the other men looking at me, so I put on a bold front.

"As if everyone didn't know that," said I, composedly.

He was somewhat taken aback, but returned to the charge.

"Well, you'll have plenty of company there," he said. "We shall have you appearing in the city with a fine head of snow-white hair, acquired in a single night. Poor old boy!"

"Don't you be afraid," I retorted. "There are enough of us to frighten any ghost. We shall crowd him out."

"I bet you a new hat you don't stop there a week," said he.

"Done with you," said I promptly. "As often as you like. Anyone else want to bet?"

No one volunteered, and the subject dropped. But I was extremely uncomfortable. In the course of the afternoon I took my brother aside and told him.

"Phew!" said he. "That explains the low rent. But it's rather curious. The governor can't stand anything of the sort. You know how nervous he is?"

"Yes; I know," I said. "And it strikes me that the best thing we can do is to move into the house ourselves, so that we can tell him the story is a myth, if any one lets it out to him. Just you and I."

"Right," said he. "We have taken the house, and we can't afford to lose the money. Besides, it's such a capital place."

The whole family was to move in about three weeks' time. We had no difficulty in finding a pretext for preceding them, and it was arranged that some of the bed-room furniture should be immediately sent in to our new domicile. We were going to sel most of our furniture in our West End house, and the new furniture could be bought immediately and placed in No, 45.

So, at about 10 o'clock one evening, after a substantial dinner in town, we let ourselves into our new abode by means of the key, and took possession. A bright fire, lit by our landlady, was blazing in the kitchen. We had a plentiful supply of whisky and tobacco, and we made ourselves comfortable with our slippers and lounging coats, and prepared for a night of it.

"Uncommonly comfortable," said my brother, approvingly. "Gad, the old lady knows how to make a fire!"

"And what a grate! And a chimney as big as a blast furnace. There is nothing like one of these old-fashioned kitchens for comfort."

Ensconced in our chimney corners, we passed the time luxuriously enough. We had made up our minds to sit up all night and show the ghost what manner of men he had to deal with.

"We'll take the ghost by the horns," said my brother. "I only hope we shan't have to take the devil by his."

I was not quite so complacent, for I inherited something of my father's nervous temperament. However, I had company, and there was Dutch courage in the whisky bottle, so I kept up a stout heart.

We were very cheerful and light-hearted at first. We talked over various boyish escapades; we criticised the characters of our friends and relations; we got the fidgets; we found we could not smoke forever without burning our mouths. Finally, the fumes of whisky and the heat of the fire had their inevitable effect, and we began to doze.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly awoke with a violent start. A cold shudder ran through me from head to foot. I had an indefinable sensation of something strange and terrible. I rose and stretched myself, and tried to feel at my ease. But I could not. I touched my brother and he awoke.

"Ha lo!" he said. "What's the matter? Why, I've been asleep! What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said I.

"Just the time for a ghost," said he, with unseemly levity. "Do you know, Will, I don't think he'll come here? Ghosts are uncomfortable things, and don't like good fires. Got too much of them where they are, I suppose. Let's go and look for him."

"Anything for a change," said I, although the thought of perambulating that great, lonely mansion in the dead of night was anything but agreeable. "I am wide awake."

"So am I," said he; and taking up the brass candlestick, he went towards the door. I followed him close. We passed along the passage, our stealthy footfalls making a faint sound on the uncarpeted floor. We examined the rooms on the ground floor. We heard and saw nothing. We ascended the stairs. Every individual stair creaked horribly, but that was all. No ghost.

My brother suddenly opened the door of a bedroom on the first floor. Instantly a gust of air blew the candle out. And as we stood there in the icy cold, we distinctly heard—a groan.

It was no fancy. It was a long-drawn, wailing moan of inexpressible horror and pathos. It died away in a despairing cadence. It seemed like the sorrowful lament of a soul in torment.

As we stood there grasping each other's hands, with our hearts throbbing in great pulsations, it came again. Oh, the horror of it! It seemed to be in the room and close to us. The cold was deathly, the silence broken only by that weird and awful moan. Once more it rose and fell—and, somehow or other, the next moment we found ourselves in the kitchen, with shaking limbs and ashen faces, relighting our extinguished candle. Then we looked at each other.

"That was no fancy, Will," said my brother.

"Fancy—no," I replied, my teeth chattering in my head. "What are you going to do?"

For my brother had relit the candle and was moving away.

"I'm going to have another look," he said.

"But perhaps," I suggested, "the—the ghost extinguishes the light."

"I'll give him another chance," said my brother coolly. "Come along, you chattering idiot."

I was too shattered to resent this unflattering description, and with a quaking heart I followed his foolhardy footsteps. This time he opened the door more cautiously, and we entered with every nerve strung to its utmost tension. Holding the candle on high, we looked around. Pure vacuity. And the sound came not again.

"Poor old chap!" said my brother. "He can't stand the light. Shall I blow it out again?"

"If you do—" said I. "But joking apart, who is going to sleep in this room? I'm not, for one. And this would naturally be the governor's room."

My brother was struck.

"You're right," he said. "We must get to the bottom of this. We'll find out somehow. And now I think we may go to bed. I'll just look round."

He examined the room carefully, but there was nothing to be seen, neither was there anything to be heard. So we gave up the thing for that night and went to bed.

I could not sleep a wink. My nerves were completely unstrung. After a night of tossing and fever, I awoke unrefreshed and mightily pleased to find myself in broad daylight.

At lunch that day I had to run the gauntlet of my friends. And, I am bound to say, I lied like Ananias. As the day drew on I grew more and more uncomfortable, and I fairly dreaded the ordeal of the ensuing night.

As before, we dined in town. It was a fine night, and we took a walk round the square before turning in. The houses all looked cheerful with their bright lights. Ours alone was black and gloomy.

We agreed that at 2 o'clock precisely we would again visit the haunted room. There was no danger of our going to sleep tonight. We were painfully wide-awake.

All sorts of wild conjectures crossed my mind as we sat by the kitchen fire awaiting for the appointed hour. Perhaps some maniac had taken up his abode in the house and roved about at night uttering that awful noise. Or perhaps some wily person had a fancy to live rent-free, and had adopted this method of frightening tenants away. In any case, the effect was sufficiently horrible. The shock to one's nervous system was the same, whatever the cause.

The whisky ebbed fast, but not so fast as my courage. My brother, cool and practical, was deep in thought. He was not likely to indulge the wild speculations that crossed my brain. He was seeking some material explanation of the weird phenomenon.

At last the hour began to sound. At the the first stroke my brother rose and took up the candle. I had provided myself with a second candle on my own account. We examined the rooms on the ground floor without success. We ascended the stairs and paused outside the haunted chamber. The passages and the stairs above us were thick with shadow. My brother turned the handle—and the wierd sound died away as we entered.

In a moment it came again. It rose and swelled and died sorrowfully away. It was singularly human. Yet it was beyond all description unearthly. No banshee could wail in sadder or more thrilling tones.

We stood there like Dante and Virgil, except that the author of the "Inferno" and his guide did not wear carpet slippers or carry brass candlesticks. Neither had they such extraordinarily rough heads of hair as we had. I felt mine going gray fast. And a cold stream of terror trickled down my back.

My brother stood still and listened intently. The ghost groaned again, and yet again. In fact, he kept on groaning. It was frightful. The wail began in a whisper; it swelled to an acute pitch; it died away in a note of woe that thrilled one's heart. It was awful to stand there, waiting for the sound to come again.

My matter-of-fact brother spoke.

"He's in good voice to-night," he said, approvingly. "A bit hoarse, but I don't wonder at that. Still, I wish he'd try another key. He's been at this long enough. And he might get himself tuned—hush!"

I quite expected some supernatural visitation to rebuke this ill-timed levity. None came. My brother, having politely waited until the ghost had finished, began again:

"All these groans are exactly alike," he said, considering. "That's odd, isn't it? Will, I'll tell you what. The ghost's up the chimney."

Once more the sound came, as though to confirm his words. And it certainly did appear to proceed from the region of the fire-place.

"Still," resumed my brother, thoughtfully, "a ghost in a chimney is an uncomfortable sort of a thing. Will, we'll have that chimney swept. Fancy a ghost coming down with the soot. We'll see