

The Times' Daily Short Story.

When the Creeps Came

(Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.)  
I had purchased for half its value what had been known for ten years as a haunted house, and on the day the deeds were delivered to me I made arrangements to pass the night in the place, and I was there at an early evening hour.  
To begin with, the garret was the length and width of the house without a partition, as was also the case with the cellar. On the first floor was a parlor, sitting room, dining room and a kitchen with a pantry off, and not having been tenanted for years the whole building was very much out of repair.  
After going through the whole house from top to bottom I took a seat in the kitchen and lighted the lamp I had brought with me, though I had candles besides. I began reading a novel I had selected, and thus put in the time until 11 o'clock, but even as I read I had a nervous, uneasy feeling. This grew upon me that I finally laid aside the book and passed out of the back door. I remained until I had smoked a cigar, and then feeling more quiet I re-entered the kitchen.  
As I opened the door I found the room in darkness. I had left a bright light on the table, and there was not draught enough to flare a candle. I stood for a moment undecided, having no feeling but of surprise, and of a sudden I heard soft footsteps retreating into the sitting room. It was the echo of slipped feet or one walking on tiptoe, and I traced their progress for a distance of twenty feet.  
When I could no longer bear them I struck a match and relighted the lamp, noticing that the chimney was still a little warm and that the wick had not been turned down. Although my heart was beating like a hammer and my hair curling, I took up the lamp and went through every room in the house, finding nothing, of course. After returning to the kitchen I lighted two of the candles and placed them in the lower rooms and then forced myself to sit down.  
I was trying to argue things out when a noise like the humming of a telegraph wire came from the hall and was speedily followed by a wall and a sobbing. It was like a child crying out in distress, and it lasted fully thirty seconds. As I rose up I shook so that I feared to drop the lamp, and my throat was so dry that I could not have made a loud sound, but I passed through the rooms into the hall and upstairs again. So upset was I that in descending the stairs I had to sit down three different times, and my feet dragged after me as I walked through the lower hall.  
However, after dragging myself back to the kitchen and taking a seat I began calling myself a fool and a coward

and to try to whistle, and I determined to pay no more attention to the mysterious noises.  
Ten minutes went by, and I was trying to smile at my own fears, when a pat, pat, pat, of footsteps caught my ear. They began in a room over my head and descended the stairs and came along the hall and through the sitting room. I sat looking into the open door of this room, which was lighted by a candle; but, though I heard the footsteps, I saw nothing. They crossed the room, they entered the kitchen, they advanced to the table, and as my hair stood up and my heart choked me the lamp was blown out, and I was left in semidarkness. If I tell you that I yelled out and jumped for the door and fled across the fields, you will not call me cowardly.  
It was 8 o'clock next morning when I returned to the house. The candles I had left burning had not burned out, but had been blown out. I told my story to a number of people, and a hardheaded man, who claimed never to have known what fear was, volunteered to pass a night in the house, claiming that all the noises I had heard were made by the wind or rats. He had changed his mind several hours before daylight came, however.  
At 2 o'clock he awoke me, and in all my life I never saw a man more broken up. He had heard the walling and sobbing and gone over the house with his lighted lamp. Soon after midnight, as he sat by the kitchen table, he had caught the sounds of footsteps on the cellar stairs. He plainly heard the footsteps take every stair in rotation until the top, only a few feet to his left, was reached, and then the tightly closed door swung softly open. He was looking full at it when it did so. There was a minute of deepest silence, and then the lamp at his elbow was suddenly turned out.  
For a few seconds the man could not move a finger, and though he had seen no one he fully expected to be struck or stabbed. Then he made a rush for the outer door, banged it to behind him and ran for his life.  
After breakfast I went over to the house with him. There was the lamp—there the open cellar door—there his overturned chair. What hand had opened the door and turned down the light? What voice had cried out in that walling, sobbing way? Had the living or the dead walked about through halls and rooms?  
I wanted nothing more to do with the house, and at once gave orders to have it razed to the foundations. Was the mystery solved in the tearing down? No. The workmen found nothing whatever which could in the remotest degree account for the noises, and the affair is just as much of a mystery today as it was then. Neither of us was a coward nor given to superstition, and yet the noises, caused any way you please, had driven us from the house in something like a fit of terror.  
M. QUAD

JAPANESE FOOTGEAR.

Kind That Makes the Feet Hard and Ankles Strong.

SHOES ARE OF TWO VARIETIES.

The Low Kind is Called "Komageta" and the High "Ashida"—Learning to Walk on the Former a Very Difficult Process—Curious Superstitions Associated With "Geta."

The Japanese shoes, or "geta," as they are called, are one of the singularly distinctive features of Japanese life which will strike the observer with wonderment as soon as he sees them looming along the roadway or hears them scraping the gravel with an irritable squeak that makes his very nerves shudder. Nevertheless, awkward though the shoes appear, they are of a kind constituted to make feet as hard as sheet iron and ankles as strong as steel girders, says the London Chronicle.

The shoes are divided into two varieties. The low shoe is called the "komageta" and is only used when the roads are in good condition. The high shoes, named "ashida," are worn when the weather is rainy and the roads are muddy. Both kinds have a thin thing attached to the surface to secure them to the feet, which are therefore not covered as if they were in shoes, but are left exposed to atmospheric conditions. The "komageta" resemble somewhat the Lancashire clog, and their construction merely entails the carving of a block of wood to the proper size. The "ashida," however, are of more complicated design. They have two thin pieces of wood, about three inches high, at right angles to the soles, and occasionally, in the case of priests or pilgrims, only one bar attached.

Some of the "geta" worn by little girls are painted in many colors and others have a tiny bell hanging from a hollow place at the back, which, as it tinkles in a mystic way, heralds the approach of children. The superior makes are covered with mats made of Panama. The highest price amounts to about 10 yen, or \$5, while the cheapest is less than 10 sen, or a few cents; but, then, the "geta" will not last longer than a month and once out of repair can never be mended.

Learning to walk on a "geta" is an exceedingly difficult process. Indeed, it is far easier to acquire skating or still walking. The average child in Japan takes about two months before being able to move along on the national footgear, and the little ones re-

peatedly slip from the wooden blocks, falling to the ground, which seems to their immature imaginations a considerable distance beneath them. Although foreigners usually take with readiness to the customs of Japan, they are absolutely unable to manipulate the perilous "geta."

A curious story is told of a San Francisco merchant who was invited to attend a fancy dress ball. He thought it would be quite the correct thing to attend in Japanese costume and wrote to a friend in Yokohama to send a complete suit of the costume of a gentleman of high class. On receipt of the costume he was immensely surprised at its extensive variety. He mastered all the intricacies of the flowing robes, but when he neared the "geta" he was completely at a loss to understand its use. Having only just arrived in the country and not being overobservant, he had omitted to notice the foot arrangements of the people. After much earnest consideration he was suddenly seized with a brilliant idea. "Ah," he exclaimed in his desire to extol everything Japanese. "This wooden block has got a very lovely shape. It is very beautifully carved and artistic. Therefore it must be a kind of decoration to be worn on the shoulders like epanettes." And so the merchant went to the ball with a "geta" on each shoulder instead of on each foot!

Some parents allow their children to play barefoot in the streets, but when going out with their elders or paying visits it is essential that every one, from the smallest to the tallest, must mount the wooden clog and propel themselves in this odd fashion. The dislike of the Japanese children for the activity of outdoor games is to be mainly attributed to the awkward encumbrances with which their little feet are loaded. For instance, one seldom sees Japanese children gambling in open playgrounds. They have yet to learn the feverish pleasures of "hide and seek" or "rounders," while such a thing as top spinning or football never obstructs the roadways.

Singular superstitions are associated with the "geta," which at times are decidedly useful. When a host desires that a too attentive caller should depart, he induces somebody to burn moxa, which has a peculiar odor, upon his shoes, which are outside the door. The guest will immediately take the hint and simultaneously his leave. When a thong of a "geta" is accidentally severed on the return from the visit to a sick person a firm belief exists that the patient must die. The Japanese, however, dearly love the "geta," and, although civilization may teach them to win battles, it will never induce them to wear leather boots.

JAPAN'S HERO WORSHIP

Honors to the Memory of Men Who Fell in Battle.

NARA PROUD OF HER GALLANT SONS

Empire's Eighth Century Capital Was Represented by Heroes Who Died For the Mikado on a Boat Sunk by Russians—Relics of Many Battles in Nara's Temples.

The heart of old Japan abides still at Nara, the capital of the empire during the eighth century and a religious capital before and since the reigns of those seven Nara emperors, says Eliza R. Scidmore, the Chicago Tribune's correspondent in Japan. Like Kamakura, it is now but a shadow of itself, the city of a half million inhabitants shrank to a country town less than a tenth of that population, its one long street running down from the temple gates to the railway track, a ribbon between green fields.

Here and there on the green plain and among the groves at the foot of the hills are soaring temple roofs and slender spired pagodas that were once surrounded by the dwellings and all the busy life of a great city. The oldest Buddhist temples in Japan are at Nara and its vicinity, and to one of them an emperor bequeathed all his personal possessions, every article which his palace contained—the most unique treasure house in all the world.

The life of the eighth century is there complete, and the furniture and domestic utensils, the art treasures and ornaments, the books, the costumes, the musical instruments and every possible belonging have been stored there intact for 1,200 years in a wooden building that has mercifully escaped destruction by fire.

Nara is no means lives in the past entirely, and within a few weeks it has been to the forefront in the eyes of all Japan. The Thirty-seventh regiment of the Osaka division is the Nara regiment, and a company of that Nara regiment was on board the little coasting schooner Kinshin Maru, which was torpedoed and sunk by the Vladivostok squadron off Wonsau, Korea.

Those were Nara men who quietly remained below until summoned to surrender, when they lined upon deck and fired volleys at the big, black Russian cruiser, well knowing that it would be answered by machine guns and torpedoes, and then knelt down on the deck and met the honorable death of seppuku or harakiri. That was in accordance with the best traditions of the Japanese code of honor, of the samurai's cult of Bushido, and to the Japanese is one of the greatest incidents of the war.

All Nara glows with pride at mention of the Kinshin Maru, and they point out the homes of the relatives of the men who died a samurai's death rather than be led to a Russian prison. "It was magnificent," says the European. "It was modern war," says the European.

"It was magnificent," say the Nara people and all Japan, "and it is Nara's greatest glory that these men came from our midst, walked our streets, worked these fields and made their vows at these temples before they went to war."

Funeral services have been held at all the Nara temples, and in time there will be some fitting monument to these men of idolized memory, which will be a shrine of chivalry second only to that one of the Forty-seven Ronin.

The hero lives eternal in Japan, and at Momoyama the other day the coolly stopped the jinrikisha and pointed in under a slender torii or skeleton gateway by the roadside. "Hattori San! Hattori San! Fuji Kan!" he said and made me dismount and go in to the shrine and family tomb of the hero of the great naval incident of the Chinese war of 1890.

"Hattori San! Hattori San!" said a Japanese in the train another day as we ran by the little torii and stopped at Momoyama station. He rose and bowed his head, as did the others in the car, in honor to Captain Hattori, who fell in the attack on the Taku forts and was such another son of Hachimaru, the god of war, as the later Mars, Commander Hirose.

Past the noble old pagoda of Yakushi and three miles out on the Nara rice plain is the village of Koriyama, famous now because three of its men were on board the Kinshin Maru and all died "the honorable death" by their own hands. Three miles farther on the village of Horijui boasts that three of its men were in the Thirty-seventh's ranks and on board the boat of fame. Two committed harakiri and one is missing, but the people will not believe that he surrendered.

When the news was given out the whole countryside flocked to the great temple of Horijui, which is the oldest Buddhist temple in Japan and lacks only three years of celebrating the thirtieth centenary of its founding. There is a round little octagonal temple on a mound beyond the temple, which is only 1,180 years old, to be exact, that is dedicated to Yakushi, the healing or pitying Buddha, which is the refuge of all distressed souls in time of need. Outside and inside the little temple is heaped up and covered over with votive offerings and pictures, as it has been throughout the centuries. A prayer and a vow are made and upon the fulfillment the grateful one brings the promised object.

Mirrors have been vowed by the ten thousand until the metal disks plate the walls and doors and cover the pillars and rafters far up in the dark interior. Tresses of hair are pathetic offerings of those too poor to own mirrors or treasures they might offer or even to have a little picture painted to prove

BAD BLOOD

"I had trouble with my bowels which made my blood impure. My face was covered with pimples which no external remedy could remove. I tried your Cascarets and soon was my joy when the pimples disappeared after a month's steady use. I have recommended them to all my friends and quite a few have found relief."  
C. J. Beach, 97 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, 10c. 25c. 50c. 1.00. Sold in bulk. The genuine label stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.  
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 600  
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

In other days men had long tresses of hair to sacrifice, and the shins used to have more offerings of hair than now.

And then there are swords, swords, swords until the eye wearies of ranging over the crowded hilts and scabbards and blades laid closely together, overlapping on every flat wall space. At the least rough estimate there are 10,000 sword blades on the walls of the Yakushi shrine, and one sees great bundles of them laid on the rafters overhead. Splendid blades have gone to rust and ruin in this dark temple, and hundreds of short swords were given out at the time of the China war of 1894 to the soldiers who made their last vows here. Some of those swords came back from Korea and Manchuria and were borne to this shrine with great ceremony by rejoicing companies of friends and relatives of the returned soldiers. Shell trappings and combs, those expensive and treasured ornaments of the women, have been offered in such numbers that the priests have strung them ladderwise in long curtains.

EFFECTS OF ALTITUDE.

Experiences of Members of the British Tibet Expedition.

The British Tibet expedition, which has required the existence of troops at altitudes of from 10,000 to 15,700 feet above sea level, has furnished a number of instances of the effect of a high elevation on life and habits, says Harper's Weekly. There has been considerable mountain sickness among the men, who were quite unused to such altitudes, and also a large amount of indigestion due to undercooked food. At elevations of 15,000 feet water boils at about 180 degrees F., and consequently the ordinary amount of cooking is quite inadequate. At such a height it is almost impossible to boil rice properly, while of the several kinds of dal or ordinary red lentil of India there is only one variety that can be cooked at heights over 10,000 feet.

For such elevations there should have been supplied cooking vessels with air tight lids provided with safety valves which would blow off at a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, or approximately that of the atmosphere at sea level. Another effect of the altitude and temperature was the difficulty in the operation of the magazines of the rifles and the mechanism of the Maxim guns on account of the congealing of the oil, which lost its lubricating properties. This could have been remedied by supplying glycerin for lubricating purposes.

A FARM-SWALLOWING RIVER

Land is Literally Being Eaten Up by the Missouri River.

Robert Buchanan's fine farm in the town of Lakeport, Ia., is being literally eaten up by the Missouri river, says a Sioux City dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. It has taken but five years for the current to swallow 200 acres of this 400 acre farm, which is valued at \$75 an acre. Great sections of rich earth, with the growing crops thereon, tumble into the river day and night, and the encroachment is approaching the buildings.

"When the river gets near enough to take the buildings," Mr. Buchanan says, "it practically will have got the entire farm. I have had opportunities to trade my farm, but I would not dispose of it to persons unfamiliar with the destructive character of the river: I would rather lose it myself."

At one time the Buchanan farm was worth \$30,000. Several other farms in the vicinity have been damaged by the river, and the Lakeport shore, containing the postoffice, is in the path of the greedy stream.

Fatal Result of Celebrating.

Louisville, Ky., July 5.—R. Lee Suter, a member of the board of public safety, an attorney and for several years an important figure in Democratic politics, was shot and killed by Sanford Vaughn, Jr., the son of a wealthy contractor. Vaughn, who admits that he fired the shot, says he was celebrating the Fourth. The tragedy occurred eight miles above Louisville, where Suter and a party of friends were camping and fishing.

Ice Plant Burns.

Smyrna, Del., July 5.—The four story ice plant of the Smyrna Transportation and Manufacturing company, situated on the river here, was destroyed by fire, along with four large storage houses, wharfs and coal bins. The loss is estimated at \$35,000, covered by insurance.

The Silkworm.

The silkworm secretes silk in two glands of coiled tubes, which have a single orifice from which the thread issues and is hardened as it reaches the air. Though usually colorless, silk is sometimes yellow or greenish.

WHALE FISHING REVIVAL

Incidents Connected With the Newfoundland Industry.

STEAMERS USED INSTEAD OF SHIPS

"strikes" Are Made With Bombs Fired From Guns at the Bow. Thrilling Experiences With Monster Fishes Not Vitally Injured. Catch of 1903 a Record Breaker.

In an article which presents all the thrilling interest of some of the old tales of voyage and adventure in whaling ships the Toronto Globe notes the revival of the whaling industry by the people of Newfoundland.

Instead of two and three year voyages in which ship's boats used in capturing the giants of the deep, the Newfoundland industry is prosecuted in the immediate waters of the island by the use of small but handy steamers of about 100 tons burden, with a speed of about thirteen knots. The "strike" is made with a bomb fired from a gun at the bow of the steamer. A successful shot results in almost immediate death, and three, four and even five whales a day have been taken by single crews. One steamer brought to the shore five whales each day for three days in succession, and another one killed twenty-three in a single week. That is the purely commercial side of the industry, and is quite as dull and prosaic as digging potatoes.

But there is another side which is full of thrill and excitement. Taken as a sport, it bears about the same relation to the most exciting salmon or tarpon fishing that those sports bear to the pursuit of the shore clam. One day last March a ninety-one foot bull whale, struck, but not vitally injured, towed the Puma around and across and up and down Placentia bay for three days before a killing shot could be sent into his huge body. Reversed engines throughout the fight failed to tire the monster. Again and again he charged the little vessel, and ramming was avoided only by the quickness of the steamer. After seventy-four hours of this there came the opportunity for a killing shot.

The Humber had a twenty-eight hour struggle with another off Cape Spear. The Cabot had a nineteen hour fight with an eighty-eight footer. Six to twelve hour runs with danger in every minute of them are frequent. When killed, the whales are taken to shore stations where the oil is tried out, the whalebone, now worth about \$12,000 a ton, is extracted, and the refuse ground up for fertilizer.

Four steamers are now at work in the coastal waters of the island. Their catches for last year were: Puma, 290; Humber, 215; Cabot, 211; Viking, 177, a total of 883, a record breaker in the history of whale fishing.

JAPANESE PHARMACY.

Druggists of Two Classes and Dried Animals Used as Medicinal Agents.

Japanese doctors and druggists are said by a correspondent of the Chemist and Druggist to have reached a higher standard than the world has given them credit for. Japanese druggists are of two classes, the one certificated and qualified to compound medicines, the other dealing in drugs and sundries. The native doctors, as a usual thing, dispense their own medicines, though a few write prescriptions only, these latter for the most part having studied in Germany and holding a university degree. The metric system is used for both weights and measures. There is a considerable popular demand for household remedies, and many of these correspond exactly with those which have here long since fallen into disuse. Thus snakes, lizards, frogs, crabs and other animals are kept in a dried condition in the native drug stores, and enjoy more or less repute as medicinal agents.

Face paints and powders and various dentifrices are much in vogue, and plasters to relieve headache and neuralgia are largely employed. Massage is used in rheumatism and in nervous affections, and is to a large extent in the hands of the blind. The manufacture of mineral waters is carefully supervised by the authorities, and fines are inflicted in any case where the official standard of purity is departed from.

The Ancient Greek Gods.

The favorite advertising centers with the ancient Greeks were the temples of their gods. Persons with grievances were wont to exploit them on parchment and hang the written scroll to the ears, the nose, the head, the eyelids, of the images of the avenging deities until the temple looked like a modern billposter's display room.

SEVEN BARKS

Is not a new, untried remedy. It has been on the American market for more than 30 years. It is the most popular household remedy known. Why? Because it is genuine, honest, powerful, thorough, harmless, quick in action and easy to take—the doses are very small.

CURES CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.

Mrs. Mary J. DeGross, of New York City, in a voluntary letter to Mr. Lyman Brown says: "For years I have been a chronic dyspeptic. Have taken more kinds of medicine than I can remember, but Seven Barks has proved to be the best. The relief it gives me is speedy and certain. I feel bright and well after its use, the effect is so good."

We have thousands of equally as complimentary letters.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you suffer from headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia or any of the kindred ailments, buy a 50 cent bottle of Seven Barks and try it. If the result is not entirely satisfactory take the bottle back and get your money. The druggist will cheerfully refund it.

LYMAN BROWN, New York City, SOLE AGT.

Red Cross Pharmacy, 160 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont.

MADE HIS WIFE'S GOWNS.

Creation of Blue Duality Designed by a Pennsylvania Preacher.

The Rev. Francis Dowlin, pastor of the Norwood (Pa.) Methodist Episcopal church, who has recently established quite a reputation as a dressmaker, is greatly praised by his wife and parishioners, says the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. On a recent Sunday Mrs. Dowlin appeared at the church services radiant in a blue duality gown that had been designed by her husband. The creation excited widespread admiration on all sides.

Mrs. Dowlin, in an interview, said: "My husband is certainly a handy man. He is a good dressmaker as well as preacher and seems to like the former occupation because it is a nice diversion from his pastoral work. No, this is not his first attempt at dressmaking. Last winter he made me a dress and it was the prettiest one I had too. Will he make me others? I am sure he will."

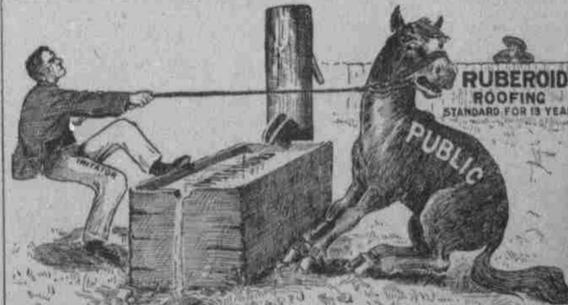
Mr. Dowlin was at work preparing a sermon, but was glad to know that people were taking such an interest in him. When asked how he became so successful as a dressmaker, he said: "My mother used to be a dressmaker, and I obtained my ideas and knowledge from her. Young preachers, like young doctors and young lawyers, need to economize in some ways, and I find this an excellent way. I do not intend to do dressmaking as a business, however. I would not make dresses even for the women in my church."

This much discussed dress of pale blue duality is, in the eyes of the parish, a dream. There are white figures in the cloth and a white linen yoke is inserted at the shoulders, and serves to give the dress, as well as the wearer, a stunning appearance. The dress is a labyrinth of tucks and frills, all of which Mr. Dowlin made with the sewing machine—"a marvelous feat"—as expressed by a neighbor.

Mrs. Dowlin is a jolly little woman and was so overjoyed at her husband's work that she told her neighbors on Saturday that she would make her first appearance in the dress on Sunday morning. Naturally the news spread, and on Sunday, as the young minister and his wife entered the church, she received all of the attention for the first time. Sidelong glances were cast in her direction during the services, and afterward the pastor and his wife held a veritable reception. Many were the congratulations received by the little pastor, as his work excited the admiration of all.

Patent Leather Going Out of Style.

"Patent leather shoes for women will be out of style next spring," said Charles Torrey, who represents a Boston shoe house, to a reporter of the Milwaukee Sentinel. "Tans will replace them to a large extent. I am now out with our line for the spring of 1905. Just why styles should change I do not know. There really is no accounting for them. The mere fact remains that tans will predominate in next year's market and that low cut footgear will remain in vogue. The patent leather article, however, which never has been a comfortable shoe for summer wear because its pores are clogged air tight, will be a thing of the past."



YOU MAY DRIVE --- BUT YOU CAN'T ---  
FOR SALE ONLY BY  
WILLIAM H. PITKIN,  
Miles' Granite Block. (Tel. 231-2) Barre, Vermont.