

to snatch them away. Among those who were filled with the sense of vague fear was Sam Simpson, the son of a poor farmer.

"I have seen him with my own eyes," he would say excitedly, while telling of his encounter with the headless man, as he sat with the other members of the family and of the neighborhood around the open fire place at night.

In this little village nestled among the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains lived another farmer, who had two very mischievous boys. Very unlike Sam Simpson, these boys, Tom and Jim Hawkins, were afraid of nothing. They liked to hear Sam tell about how the headless man, dressed all in white, ran him all the way from the hollow below the Hawkins' house to his own home, about half a mile away. Tom and Jim would try to listen attentively, but they could not help laughing behind their ears, and adding a few funny remarks. Sometimes when all the boys were taking Sam's story in through ears and mouth, Tom would give Jim a wink and a mischievous little grin, and Jim would have to bit his tongue almost off to prevent laughing out. When they would get away from everybody, they would laugh until their stomachs hurt.

One day Jemima, Sam's sister, came with news to the Hawkins family.

"I think we are going to move to the city," she said with a big smile on her face. Pa's mos' decided to."

"Why so, Jemima? Mrs. Hawkins asked.

"Wal, you know we've been worried a heap since that ghost got after Sam. Ble've to my soul that old

house is hanted that we live in, 'cause you can hear all sorts of noises nights. Mis' Hawkin, you jest ought to hear Bud Bridgers tell about the luxries of the city. Why he said they had auterbeely wagons that run without even a horse or a oxen hitched to 'em, n' said the folks lived in mansions, n' must have heaps o' money too, 'cause the didn't have to do nothing but jes ring a little bell n' all the servants y' min t' look fer, comes up. Pa said if other folks could make money and live like that he guess he could too. He said all us youngens could pitch in 'n' work till we got started and then we could sit back 'n' have servants. Y' know, Mis' Hawkins, that Sam's got a good head on his self, 'n' pa said apt as not he'd git in some big business. And the best thing about the city, Mis' Hawkins, Bud said you never heard tell of ghosts."

"Something worse than ghosts there, Jemima," said Tom. "Why, I wouldn't live in the city fer nothing on earth."

"What in the world, boy?" she said, almost in a rage.

"Why, ain't you heard what Bud said about them people he saw in that 'Eden Muzee.' He said that they had people standing around in there, and when you spoke to them they wa'n't people at all—jest wax. But worst of all, they have a place they call the 'Chamber of Horror,' 'n' in there is folks getting cut up, and hung 'n' everything. Don't you spose them people does around hauntin' nights?"

"Lands child! Don't scare me to death. I'll be afraid to go home in broad open day light, not saying nothing 'bout poor Sam. He's gone

to Mullingsville to see Jim Harper'll move us. Sam's up fer moving all right. But the poor thing might not get back 'fore dark, 'n' its going to be a awful dark night I'm afraid. Wal, I must be going. I'm so messed up I don't know what to 'sist on pa to do, go to the city or stay here."

After Jemima left, Jim and Tom went out of the house. If you could have seen them when they were out of their mother's sight, you would have known they were planning to play a trick on some one. Had you been near, you would have heard Tom say, "If they are going to move, we want to have some fun one more time out of Sam, and this is a good chance to scare him. He will have to come by here and if he doesn't get back until dark we will have some fun. Want it be fun to see him trying to make that old horse run! I bet he will leave the horse and run for his life."

"Yes," said Jim, "won't it be fun to hear him tell about it tomorrow? We will have the whole neighborhood on their heads."

Sam did not pass that afternoon. The boys were on the watch for him. Eight o'clock passed, and Sam had not come. Tom and Jim were sitting quietly in the room with their father and mother, when they heard the sound of buggy wheels coming over the hill. Tom winked at Jim, and they made an excuse to get out of the room. When they were on the outside of the room Tom said, "Grab that rope and sheet, and we will hit it for the hollow. As quickly as they could they put the sheet that had the rope tied to it on one side of the road, covered it up with leaves, then took the other end of

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