## The Gateway of Delight

BY IDA CLIFTON HINSHAW.

wonderful cities of the West, eyed, winsome girl, unspoiled spring up as if by magic, and adulation and money. grow at a giant's strides, a most winome girl, whose perfect magnetic uty created as much stir wherever went as if a real and truly Prin--Millicent McMath.

one to Missouri in '49 in one of the tary, Mr. Raymond Bray, a man many boat-shaped white covered gentle birth, much culture, and pagents that crawled, snake-like, as the proverbial "church mouse, across the vast prairies from one of compared with his bride. They our Southern States, but a year later went on to California. His mode ing, accompanied by Mrs. Cale. of travel in those days was quite un-Many hard strenuous years of grind-

ing toil, and poverty of an undiluted kind, lay back in his past, before he had "struck it rich." He was reputed to be "close fisted" in a deal, but nerosity itself to those in trouble, He was an observant man, and a forceful, magnetic speaker. His personality made itself felt, no matter how distinguished or learned the gathering. He was, as we use the expression nowadays, relative to a man iot college bred, a "self-made" man And in the making, the maker had seimilated much of the refinement and wisdom of others, without their folbles. He exacted and gave in refellow men. Slow to anger, he was ned this other marriage, which was slow to relent. In 1854, he met at a to unite the ancient and brilliant Rodfriend's an ambitious young woman, rigues family with its illustrious extremely pretty, whom he fell in "at first sight." love with young and talented school teacher, McMath family of the new world. father had come West from Louisians, had many suitors. But, believing in the old adage "faint heart andaunted persistence, the heart of courage much of the great fortune he sunny morning, and he was entirely When bad luck amassed, was due. came and more bad luck, she acknowledged no defeat. Socially ambitions, she lived to see the day when her reign, as queen socially, of our largest cities was undisputed.

It was when little Millicent was but four years of age, the tide turned in their fortune, and brought a highwater mark of wealth from "Risky Jane" mine, which he had wished to abandon, but which wife persuaded him not to sell.

The child when a little older was not sent to school, but had private tutors in many languages. She was also taught fencing, dancing and horse back riding. A trained nurse watched carefully over her health, and Mrs. Cale, an educated, competent Englishwoman was her nurse, and constant attendant.

As a child, her rooms were beauti-As a young girl they were more than beautiful, but as a young woman who was soon to make her debut, prospective heiress to the Mc-Math millions, they were really marvelously, exquisitely wonderful. It had taken months to make, the

tures represented years of toil, to some well known genius, and fabupled bed, with its gorgeous workmanship, had once pillowed the beautiful head of one of France's unhappy, but brilliant, princesses of a by-

And the gold articles on her dresser were set with tiny diamonds. and priceless pearls with her mono-Her gowns were dreams of loveliness, made by modistes of note, in many countries. The lace for some of these gowns took months to complete woven into the marvelously

She walked with a rare grace and talked with a charm as great. There was that in the poise of the small but shapely head that gave her a certain distinction, such as those who by centuries of undisputed authority and power, have given to royalty-an inherited dignity. From her mother, she had inherited unlimited tact, and from her father, a keen sense of humor. Added to these admirable traits, wide travel and a kindly heart, made her not only socially a success, but

She was beautiful, too. The papers always called her "The beautiful Miss McMath"-with a beauty that one did not soon forget. Picture a slender girl with a complexion of rose-like tint and transparency. With full warmly red, adorably tender lips, which smiled winsomely at one, or compassionately curved in sympathy. Nursie found out. And, diplomat that hair was brown, with a golden tint in its waves, as if the sunshine lingered in it loathe to go-glorious, derful hair, that gleamed and glistened with a marvelous burnished light! But it was to her eyes that men made poems and quoted beautiful verses that artists raved over, and that made men lose their hearts. They were beautiful eyes, of a luminous grayish blue. Her straight black brows, and long intensely black lashes made them appear like velvet. When excited they grew wondrously dark.

Three quickly speeding years marked the flight of time since Millicent's brilliant debut, which event had interested two nations. Many were the suitors who came from far and near to meet the charming young beauty. There were foreign statesmen, diplomats, rich and handsome young Americans with a long line of cleanlived ancestors back of them-a French count, an Italian nobleman with an unpronounceable name, men old enough to be her grandfather, fell madly, desperately in love with At last a rich and dashing young Brazilian, whom she met when travel-ing in South America, seemed, so said the newspapers, to find some favor in her eyes. He had been Governor one of the Brazilian States. And It was said of him that he was the most accomplished linguist in any of the official circles of that country. He was exceedingly handsome, and his practical business ability that ad brought him-yet a comparatively young man—so large a fortune, appealed to Jacob McMath more than the fortune itself. The papers said—they are most wise—that Mr. McMath he wife of the Honorable DeGraca Carvalho Rodrigues.

scent dinner, the McMaths senior, see day—she thought of it this morning—it had been in April, she had gone up to London to do some shopping, and coming out one of the shops, she the dinner was to be giv
ten to see but few home friends. But one day—she thought of it this morning—it had been in April, she had gone up to London to do some shopping, and coming out one of the shops, she the dinner was to be giv
ten to see but few home friends. But one day—she thought of it this morning—it had been in April, she had been a long time since a child had been to see him! There was something indefinable, but strangely allike in this child's expression to some one he used to know in the Beautiful

Once upen a time—as the good old-fashioned story books always say— and it has not been so very many pears ago, there lived in one of those

The afternoon of the 25th and with it, the astounding news that electrified the reading public and the friends of the beautiful Miss McMath -that she had early that morning Her father, Jacob McMath, had married her father's private secre gentle birth, much culture, and poor compared with his bride. They had sailed for England later in the morn

To a reporter at the steamer, wh like that of later years, when in his in some way-known only to report-own perfectly, luxuriously appointed ers-found out of the marriage and private car, he traveled over one of who requested an interview, she had the finest railroad systems of the replied that she had none for him world, and of which he was presi- but simply stated that "for years she had loved Mr. Bray, but that her father did not think the match brilliant enough. She had married for love, the greatest thing on earth." That was all.

For love she had then relinquished exalted position, fortune-all-for love, as the quaint old song of the beautiful long ago has it, is "Gateway of Delight!"

So that beautiful spring morning she sailed to a new far-away home, leaving a palace, a father angered beyond belief, who would be slow to relent, and a mother who sided with her daughter, but whose husband forbade her even as much as write her Personally he liked Mr. Bray, He turn a scrupulous honesty from his admired him. But also he had planname, and marvelous fortune, with But the the newer and equally as wealthy

And the years crept on, as the years have a way of doing, and seven passed slowly by to the lonely old ne'er won fair lady," he won by his man, for deep down in his heart, Jacob McMath wanted his daughter. this dark-eyed Southerner. And to And, at the beginning of the seventh her self denial, tact and undaunted year, Mrs. McMath died quietly one

Alone-pitifully alone!

CHAPTER II.

In a large Southern city it had been sullenly raining for two days. But, as if ashamed of this outburst of temper, capricious April suddenly burst forth into one of her rare smiles. The tender green grass shimmered like the rays of a costly diamond, with April's tears in the radiance of the sun. The birds sang jubilantly. In the little old-fashioned square

about the city's most ancient and most beautiful church, Trinity, the crocuses starred with gold the green grass. The tall lilac bushes showed tinges of lavender, and the tulips saucily nodded, while the "Star of Bethlehem" gleamed whitely from the emerald sheen of grass,

On this same street, which was one of the city's most fashionable, just three blocks away, straight to the north, were several of the city's handsomest residences.

Nested between two of the most imposing was a tiny brown cottage, like a wee homely brown sparrow, in the mellowed toned rugs, which artists of midst of birds of paradise. The house note had designed. Some of the pic- | had been used as a gathering place -a kind of club-for the artists of the city-until a month previous, when they had been notified that the widow of the young owner, an Englishman, awhile. She loved music passionately was coming to take possession.

widow, with a marvelous beauty of like above all the others. face and carriage, and a voice of rare slipped quietly out in the little square charm. And, since she had become about the church, where she was in soloist at Trinity, there was not a seat the habit of playing. Across the street

able April morning, a wee maid of down to the street's edge, with a five, was having her golden locks wilderness of flowers. But it was not curied by a motherly old woman, who the flowers which interested Marjorie happened to be Mrs. Cale, who had sailed eight years before with the lit- ing at one of the second story winbeautiful designs, with its intricate the maid's mother, Mrs. Bray, and dows. He had snow white hair webb-like tracery, then the pattern whom as Millicent McMath she had he looked like—like the ogre nursed as a child. "Nursie," as Marforle called Mrs.

Cale, had been telling her a most wonderful fairy story. In it was a delightful little princess, who had the distressing habit of running away. She was always looking for the fairles that live in the flowers in the woods. But one day, she was found by a fierce looking old ogre, with an awful temper, and but one tooth. But, if his emper was crooked, his heart was all right. He and the little Princess became very good friends. He had never had any one to love him before. He had any one to love him before. He saw" she said impressively, "with a carried the little Princess back home black gown, with blue eyes that look and the King wanted to give him a gray (here the fat woman smiled, for handsome gift, but all he asked, was it seemed funny to her, 'a black gown that she should come to see him some with blue eyes')" please tell her that time. It was quite a long story. I her little daughter has gone across have left out some—and very thrill- the street.
ing, but even "one tooth ogres" can- "All rig she was, she changed her tactics. "Be still, darling," she crned, "and

mother when she goes to practice her beautiful song for Sunday. And you tiful flowers.

"Really Nursie," she exclaimed delightedly. her great dark eyes shining with excitement. "S'pect I'll see the ogre with one tooth. I wonder if I will be scared," she added musingly. At last her hair was properly curl-ed and getting "Lady Ruth," her big doll, she clasped her closely, as she went out to see if "the sun had come

The little, charge gone, the nurse busied herself, about straightening the tiny bed room. She had just finished her task, and gone into an adjoining room, when the door opened to admit a slender woman in black-Millicent McMath Bray, who wearily threw herself on the couch drawn up in front of the open fire place, where earlier in the day a wood fire had given of its warmth and cheer, but now was a bed of ashes. That phrase, "Ashes of roses," kept recurring to her. Like roses in their sweetness, had been her ife, simply lived in the little English village where her husband wrote for the magazines, and taught Latin in a boy's school there. Occasionally they would go up to London for some new play, or to hear some good music. Her English friends-and she had manybegged her to come to their magnifi-cent country homes, as she did before her marriage, or to even spend a "week end" in London with them, but she was far too proud to accept their she was far too proud to accept their hospitality, and not be able to return it in like manner. Few toyrists had come to the little village where she lived, for there was nothing of especial interest to make them include it in their filnerary, and so she had gotten to see but few home friends. But the fill the she thought of it this morn.

dearest friends of her mother and father. "Uncle Dick," she had always called the fatherly old bachelor, and she had screamed his name out so loudly that morning, that those about her had turned, and looked about in startled excitement, as if half fearing that they would be spectators to some accident.

He had been amazed, but delighted, when she had spoken to him, and he had found out that it was "little Millicent," and they had walked on to a little square and sat down and talked "old times," in the two hours he had, before he should get back to his hotel before going to the steamer to sail home. Her father, he said, would not allow her mother to talk of her. sall home. Her father, he said, would not allow her mother to talk of her, although he knew that in his heart he was hungry to see her. But he—"Uncle Dick"—and her mother, often talked of her. He had said her mother was very thin. She had not been well for a long time. He had promised to go to her mother as soon as he landed and tell her that he had seen her—Millicent. That she was well and happy, only she missed her every day, and that she still loved her, and that she had named her little girl, Marjorie, after her. It comforted her now to know that she had had this news—her beantiful mother—for she knew Judge Gray was a man of his word. beautiful mother—for she knew Judge Gray was a man of his word, and that he had delivered the mes-A month afterwards she had read in the English edition of The Heraid of her mother's sudden death and, that same day her husband was brought home, crushed in an accident, in which he had succeeded in saving a child's life, at the loss of his own.

She was crying now as if her heart would break, Mrs. Cale from an ad-joining room heard her sobs. She came in and sat down on the edge of "Oh! Nursle," she cried, "I want

father!" "Why not write him?" Mrs. Cale suggested. "He must be lonely, since your mother went away." People never died to Mrs. Cale. They "went away" to a more beautiful place, where there was absolute peace and joy, and rest for evermore.

"I couldn't," Millicent cried. has sent all my letters back un-opened. He thinks I had planned all the time to elope, when you know, Nursic, I went that morning into the library to tell father I could not marry the Honorable De Graca—and that they must not announce our en-gagement that night, because I didn't love him—then Raymond came in. I asked him what made him so white—he looked positively ill—and then he told me he had loved me for years and—he said father flad set his heart or this ether marriage. He had been on this other marriage. He had been on this other marriage. He had been to him and told him of his love for me. And then I told him I had never loved any one but him, which you know was quite true, and we decided then and there to be married, and you went with us. \* \* No. Nursie, I want to him and the second that the second the second that the second the second that t I want to see him more than any-And, Nursie, I want to talk to you about something else. Our finances aren't any too great and I wish you would get you a place as house-ceeper. I can pay you so little, but nonestly Marjorie and I couldn't very well live without you "but we

Mrs. Cale had been stroking the soft beautiful brown hair with strong, yet tender hands, until from sheer haustion the long lashes drooped over the tired eyes, and Mrs. McMath was

"Poor child!" Mrs. Cale said compassionately, "she misses her people so," as she softly drew down the shades, and tiptoed out of the room Much to Marjorie's intense delight the sun shone brilliantly that afternoon. She skipped merrily by her mother's side, a dainty little figure in white, with her sheer white hat of mull.

and eagerly she listened to her moth-And she had arrived, a girlish young er's beautiful voice, as it soared bird-In this little cottage, that change-ble April morning, a wee maid of had a beautiful lawn that sloped to-day, but an old gentleman stand-He had snow white hair, and nursie had told about. "S'posin' it With a thrill of delight not unmingled with fear, she decided to run away and see if it was really. She started across the street, but paused in hesitancy, and retraced her steps to where a fat old woman sat sleepily in the warm sunshine.

"Good afternoon," Marjorie said, in her prettiest manner. would you be kind enough to deliver a message for me." She had bor-rowed this phrase from Mrs. Cale. lady comes out of the 'If a pretty. church, the very prettiest you ever

"All right," the woman responded

have her do. "Cross your heart?" the little girl if the sun comes out, you may go with said with much solemnity.
mother when she goes to practice her "Cross my heart." the woman af firmed. Much relieved, Marjorie set can sit in the little square, and hear out happily across the way. She loit-the birds sing, and see all the beau-ered a little in the flower bordered paths. "The flowers were so lovely, she remarked out loud. But deep down in her heart, she knew it was only an excuse for not facing the

But some of her mother's courage came to her rescue. She ascended the steps and standing on tiptoe pressed the electric bell. Her summons was answered by an imposing looking butler in maroon livery. the ogre at home?" she polite-

"The — I didn't quite understand though there was a merry twinkle n his eyes,

The gentleman with the white explanations to a servant, so of course she couldn't tell him how came her he asked deferentially.

"Just a little girl." The Little
Princess in the story had no name.
"Perhaps you wouldn't mind going
up with me," he said; "he is in his
private sitting room." "I will go with you." she answered graciously as she daintily ascended the richly carpeted stairs,

The man knocked at the door.
"Enter!" a shrill voice demanded.
The child trembled. There could be no mistake. On the other side of that door the ogre of Nursie's story, must surely bet.
"A young lady to see you," the man announced and noiselessly with-

The old man, tall and very erect. with black eyes that seemed to pierce through and through one,

"No one," she replied bravely in a sweet, childish voice, looking at him straight in the keen eyes, with black ones as equally frank, "I was at the church. Mother is practicing over there. I just came over to see you. Are you really an ogre?" she asked with awe, but undeniable curiosity. "Did some one say I was?" gloweringly.

"Oh! no, indeed. 'Ceptin' Nursie told me about one—that a Little

he laughed before?

"Tell me the story, can't you?" he said interestedly.

She climbed on one of the arms of his great leather chair, and began:
"Once upon a time"—and when she had finished, she said abruptly, "I must be going. Mother will think I am lost. A nice fat lady promised to tell her where I was. She said, 'Cross my heart,' she'd tell her. Course t'would be terribly bad if she didn't after that—wouldn't it?" she said so after that—wouldn't it?" she said so seriously, that he found himself smiling again "It looks that way to me," he re-

'I am all that mother has now, cept nursie, since father went away."
"Went away—where?" he ssked.
"Surely no man 'could part long from a winsome child like this." "To live with the angels," was the unexpected but reverent reply, made

unexpected but reverent reply, made so softly he had to stoop to catch it. "Mother says he is so happy we musn't be sorry he isn't here. We do try, but we are sorry lots of times. Fathers are awful nice to little girls.

She arose to go. 'I hope you won't be mad at me for thinking you were an ogre and didn't have but one tooth. Of course I didn't know. I like your teeth—and eyes—both."
"Thank you. Indeed I do like you Ask your mother whenever she comes again to the church to let you come and sit with a lonely old man." "I've had a beautiful time," she said, as she shook hands with him at goodbye, and as she left the room she turned back. She had told Timmons to go on ahead. The gentleman" had rung for him "show the young lady across the street and to gather her some flow-ers." She turned back to wave her hand to the "ogre." But her little heart contracted with a sudden spasm of compassion, for he was spasm of compassion, for he was crying. She tip-toed softly to him and kissed him gently, then hurried down the broad stairway, where Simmons stood waiting with a "nosegay" of lilles of the valley. He had teen amazed at his master's affabili-ty, but was too well trained to exhibit any emotion.

When Marjorie reached the square she found the fat old woman at her post of duty. She thanked her, and divided her flowers with her. mother had not yet come out of the church

At last the organ's sonorous tones lifted in glorious tones of melody It was a very excited little girl longed to hear again that

CHAPTER III.

was on the verge of a "nervous Delight!"

The noted doctor whom quaint old song's definition—love, "Love, love it is the Gateway of breakdown," She needed absolute (THE END) She needed absolute rest and change, something to divert her mind from her recent grief. She seemed so listless one morning and so wan, Mrs. Cale became alaumed. She had almost decided to telegraph Mrs. Bray's father, aland it was like gall to her spirit to ask for aid, but she then re-membered to have seen in a Western paper that Mr. McMath was traveling, to be gone an indefinite time By strict economy she could get on somehow for a month or so The rector and his wife had been most kind, but there was no one whom she knew well enough to go to. She was sitting with her head bowed, lost in deep thought. girl. Marjorie, asked anxiously.

"Your mother is very sick. You must be a good little girl and not make any noise to-day." Then, she added to herself, "if I only could find her father " " if she only had money enough to travel!"

Mrs. Cale arose and went into the sick room. The child, left to her-self, fell to thinking. Her grandbut this country was so big and strange. And they were poor. remembered when they—she and her father—used to go up to London. She would hold tightly to his hand. There was such a horrid stir and noise \* \* \* If she only knew some one to go to! At last she thought of "the ogre." Of course she would go to him. She had never seen him but that one time, but had often thought of him and wondered if he had had a little girl who "went away" like father, be-cause he had cried so that day. She got her hat and put it on. Then she took a pencil with red lead and laboriously copied the number over the door, "\$12." She wanted to add "Jefferson avenue," but those words were so long she could not spell them. Now, if she got lost, some kind policeman would tell her the Tightly clutching the paper, she

ran hurriedly down the walk and out to the street. Nursie said she would not be out of mother's room until lunch time. Was it up or down he street one went toward Trinity She wondered vaguely. fat, jolly policeman was "Will you please start me right to Trinity church?" she quaintly said. "I thought the church mostly started folks right," he said, jocu-larly. She did not understand this larly. She did not understand this pleasantry, but she hurried forth in the direction given by a wave of his She ran so fast that she was quite

out of breath when she reached Trinity. She had come straight up the street and crossed the little Square.

Just s'posin' he wasn't there!
What would she do? The tears
came into her eyes. She sat down
for a moment on the lop step of the
broad steps of the veranda. Just at
that moment a carriage, drawn by
two dashing greys, came around the
house. In it was the old gentleman.
He gave an abrupt order to the
coachman to stop.

in the round, childish numbers, and added. "Jefferson avenue; it is this same street," she said.
"Do you know," he said, as they started down the avenue at a brisk pace, "you have never told me your name, little girl?"
"I'm named for my beautiful grandma, who "went away" when my father did—Marjorie McMath Bray."

Bray,
The old gentleman grew very white. "Marjorie—McMath—Bray!" he gasped. "Is your mother named Millicent?" He asked huskily.
The child replied in the affirmative, frightened at the white face beside

"Drive up," he commanded the coachman sharply. It was his only At the gate Mrs. Cale, who had just missed the child, was eagerly looking up and down the street. She ran to the carriage and before it seemed hardly to have stopped was half smothering the child with kisses, oblivious to everything but that she "Here's my nice old gentleman nursie—he will help you," Marjor said. Then she turned. "Mrs. Cale!

he cried.
"Mr. McMath!" she gasped, bu
there was surprise, delight and relief in the tone she uttered his name "I want to see my daughter," he said. Is she very ill? I want to know what you have done all these years, but not now; we can talk afterward." He was following her up the little

walk as he spoke. At the front door he paused. "The Brazilian nobleman, the Honorable De Graca Carvalho Rodrigues, proved to be a bad investment to the lady he married, after my daughter married Mr. Bray." he said dryly. "You knew better than I how to help her select a husband." Mrs. Cale softly opened the door. Mrs. Bray was awake, but did not

turn. Her gloriously golden brown crowned head was pillowed on her white arms.

The seft chirp of a bird outside the narrow windows was the only sound that marred the stillness. A faint breeze ruffled the light curtains at the high, old-fashioned windows, through which came in delicious sweetness, the clusive subtle grance of the illacs.

Mrs. Cale stepped softly back into the hall. The old man hurried eagerly but quietly into the room.
"My little girl!" he cried chokingly At the old familiar words, the old familiar voice, Mrs. Bray turned. "Father!" she cried exultantly.

It was three hours later when the noted physician came. He marveled at the decided change for the better in his patient." Joy had worked

marvelous transformation. Two weeks later the leading after noon paper stated that, "much to the city's intense regret, Mr. Jacob McMath, the well-known Western multi-millionaire, was leaving in his private car for his palatini home on the Pacific coast! He had come benefited." He had been joinedso the paper went on to say-here by his only daughter and granddaughter, who would accompany him home. But carelessly the paper forgot to mention the daughter's name, And the little brown cottage way were quiet. The beautiful voices again for rent. And many people lifted in glorious tones of melody wondered where the beautiful young stranger had gone to, and many thrilling adventure, of the ogre, who turned out to be "just fine, and who lived in a castle."

longed to hear again that giorious voice lifted high in wonderful song of pathetic socery. Only the rector and his wife knew the beautiful singer's remarkle. for the second time she had entered the "Gateway of Delight," which is For three days Mrs. Bray had been as of a truth, the verification of the

(THE END).

## For the Hostess

BY CHARLOTTE K. INGRAM.

A MUSICAL MEDLEY. The invitations were written upon small sheets of note-paper upon which had been sketched bars of music from

some popular song.
On arrival the guests received pretty note-books and pencils, though the programme of the evening remained a mystery until the last guest had ap-peared. When the company was complète a small table was produced with a miscellaneous collection of articles and the players were asked to discover in each object a term used in musical literature. A letter-sheet enclosed in a small envelope stamped and addressed stood for "note;" a yard-stick for "measure;" a little pitch in a saucer for "pitch;" a fish scale, "scale;" a door-key, "key;" several pieces of different colored twine, chords;' a thick cane, "staff;" a knife with open blade, "sharp;" the pot pourri-jar bespoke a "potpourri;" the choir" was suggested in a quire of

paper. Guesses at the hidden meanings were written by the players in their note-books, the answer being placed opposite the number of the object. opposite the number of the object. A copy of a popular song was awarded to the player who had the longest list

of correct answers. The next feature of the programme event was the "symphony game," which luck, the simple taking of sand from consisted in seeing who could form in the craw of a chicken and placing of ten minutes the greatest number of words out of the letters in "symphony." At the end of the allotted made, the instant the last bit of graveing the symphony. time the lists were examined and or sand enters the vial and fills it up compared by the hostess; the maker accompanied by the wish, of the longest list received a natty mu-

received a plaster cast of St. Cecelia. One of the most amusing beliefs or This was followed by a lively competition to determine who had the most It is believed that on a Thursday, the

coachman to stop.

"Why, here's my little gir!" he cried, as he got out. "I thought you had frogotten the old ogre," whimsically.

"But I haven't—and mother is real sick, and—I've run away, and come "guantities."

When an engine becomes overheated, whether from insufficient lubrication or defecting circulation of the water in the radiator, it should be cooled very gradually, water being supplied to the jackets in but limited quantities.

## Superstitions in the South

BY EDWARD A. TRESCOT.

Though this is the tw posedly enlightened age, one comes in almost daily confact with evidence of witchcraft—a mass of superstitions, among both white and colored, rich and poor, that not only prompts but controls their actions. Yet the average person to-day, be they man or woman, high or low, white or colored, if charged with superstition, would vehemently deny such a charge. Indeed, some of those who, after reading this article will scoff at it, will sconer or later, by some act, prove the correctness of the foregoing statement—that the average person is more or less superstitious, though only too anxious to deny such to be the case. In this article the writer expresses no opinion: has no desire to shake the ideals nor idois of anyone; to ridicule ideals nor idols of anyone; to ridicule their superstitions or beliefs. He has simply collected the following material for a newspaper article, and it may be added, that, there are hundreds of other instances of a similar characte which could be given.

One of the most striking beliefs or

of the most striking believes of superstitions, is the use of a bundle of fodder in the finding of the body of a person who has been drowned. In a large majority of the instances where such a method was resorted to it will be found that it was done by both whites and colored, and by them, claimed to be effectual and thoroughly satisfactory. In the event of the death of one by drowning, a bundle of fodder is taken some distance up the stream where the body is supposed to have lodged or sunk. The fodder is then thrown into the water, and its course down the stream, watched with intense interest. It is claimed, that as soon as the bundle of fodder reaches the place where the body is, it will stop in its course and remain, only turning in the current. The presence of the body in the wat-er immediately below where the fod-der has stopped, will be found. In this connection, the following incident was related to the writer by a highly respectable white man and corroborated by three others who were present at the time of the experiment, It appeared that a negro who worked on the speaker's place, was also in charge of the ferry at that point. There came a flood and he was told by his employer not to use the boat, but he did, and with the result that when the boat was on its way across the river, the wire broke. The boat, with its occupant, was swept down the stream. The employer hunted everywhere along the stream for the body of the unfortunate negro, but falled to either see or hear of him. The third day he watched some of the friends of the negro, both white and colored, throw a bundle of fodder into the water. Down the stream it drifted, followed ty many people along the bank. Then it stopped near the middle of the stream and there turned around and around, as if in a whirl-pool. Some vere satisfied, others not, and insisted upon the throwing of a bundle of oats into the stream. That was done and after floating down some distance, it stopped just where the bundle of odder had stopped. Still not content, some insisted that an old pair of the negro's pants be also thrown into the water. That was done and the pants, floating with the current of the where it had been first found. It had floated down the stream and been caught by a twig on the bank. According to the statement of those who have either tried the experiment

or watched it when tried by others, one of the most curious, yet effective, is that where a woman, shortly after childbirth and death of infant, seeks to relieve herself of the milk in her bosom. She will take a piece of cork, fill it with needles; then wear it appear. Among the same class, there exists the belief, that in the event of the suffering of a child in consequence of teething, the giving to the infant, the water in which a toad-frog has been boiled, will instantly give relief. In the following instance the writer talked with the old negro several times about the matter, and he had al-ready told a number of people. That he really believes in what he states, is evidenced by his physical condition since the occurrence, and due perhaps to his mental anguish in consequence He was a slave, during of his belief. Another curious superstition or b

lief among the negroes, is that in the event of your wishing another bad luck, the simple taking of sand from Among the colored people there

Among the colored people there is great faith in the belief that when anyone is sick to the extent that they are confined to the bed, as long as long as long are confined to the bed, as long as long as

One of the most amusing beliefs or tition to determine who had the most acute ear among the company. A member of the family went to the piano and played haif a dozen bars from each of twelve musical compositions. These ranged from "agon songs" to Wagner. Each time was divided from the other by a pause of two or three minutes. During this pause each one tried to recall the name of the tune. The names were written in the little note-books in the order in which they were played. The person guessing the greatest number was given an interesting book on the stories of Wagnerian opera. The guests received, as "favors." hon-bons in boxes shaped like musical instruments. one of those who believe in their was to the lower regions or Friday, is called to the fact that some of the blus-jays die not go, they will assure you at one that the blue-jays in question, have been left by the others, as sentinels.

The following instances have been noted, where, among the colored people in a community, one has discovered the loss of an article and though

necessity of the accuser making him or herself conspicuous. All are requested to meet at a certain house at a specified hour, a special invitation being extended to the suspect. At that hour amusements were first induged in, only to, later on, assume a spiritual all. A sieve is then brought in and spun around on the floor in front of the guests. The accuser would be the one to do the spinning and while doing so would ery out:

By the Lord who made us all— Let this sleve, before the guilty, fall,

and the one before whom it fell was declared guilty.

Another way of bringing about the same result has been observed. Instead of the use of a sieve while in the midst of the consideration of spiritual enatters, the accuser takes a Bible, through which a string has been run, and holding it between the outstretched hands, passes in front of each person. The instant it reaches the guilty party, it falls to the floor.

The following incident is referred to not in a spirit of levity nor with a desire to ridicule the religious belief of anyone, be they white or colored, but, to simply call attention to the fact—the belief or superstition connected with it, which came within the observation of the writer. The colored people of the county, desired to have an exhibition of their material advancement, that is to say, an exhibition and the one before whom it fell was

vancement, that is to say, an exhibi-tion of their prowess in the field of mechanics and especially in arts, such as needle work, etc. They agreed up-on a little town with a history and historic surroundings. Those in charge of the exhibition had purchased an old tent that had been used by a street carnival company. The question then arose as to where it should be placed. Several efforts to place it convenientnally, it was decided to place it in a graveyard of a colored church in almost the very heart of the town. Ob-jection was raised by the older members of the church and some of the residents of the town. The younger, who had given the permission, con-trolled, and the tent was erected. The exhibit on the opening day was high-ly creditable. Before night, however, there were indications of an approaching storm. When night did come, with it came the storm, and the tent was blown down. The next morning she tent was straightened, and while some of the exhibits were damaged, those in charge appeared undaunted, Among the older colored people, however, there was a shaking of heads and considerable talk, to the effect that not only the blowing down of the tent showed that those in charge had done wrong in desecrating a graveyard and with a tent that had been used theretofore for questionable performances by a carnival company, further harm would follow, if the tent was not removed. Nevertheless, that night the tent was crowded. present found everything so interesting and enjoyable that they were un-mindful of the elements. By midpants, floating with the current of the stream, stopped where the bundle of fodder and the bundle of oats had stopped. The employer of the negro then procured pot-hooks and dragged at the spot for the body. It was brought to the surface, only to get loose from the hooks, and again disappear. A few days later the body was found about 150 yards below. night there was a terrific wind, rain, and finally, a hall storm. The tent The writer cannot but recall an in-

stance of where, though he had known the man of whom he is about to refer from childhood, he had never known of his being superstitious. No man was respected and loved in the community more than him, yet one night when he was nearing his sixtleth birthday, and the writer asked him for some in-formation for the purpose of a news-paper article in regard to supersti-tions of both colors, classes and con-ditions, he mentioned a number of in-stances, and then said that he had stances, and then said that he himself was more or less superstitious. Referring to dreams, especially those about muddy water, as indicative of sickness in the family, he mentioned a number of instances and then referred to death in connection with screech owls. In substance, he said that from childhood, he had heard that the coming of a screech owl to one's house, was a sign that there would soon be death in the family, but, that he had death in the family, but, that he had until lately laughed at such an idea. That his wife, since the burning of the old hotel, had been taking boarders, that is, traveling men. That one night he was reading when a screech work and retained the confidence of men spoke of the incident as indicating when a screech men spoke of the incident as indicating the years ago he incurred the received word. The next morning ill-will of a negro who had approximately a specific and the received word. About nive years and was known throughout the ing one night and a screech owl made country among the negroes, as a number of attempts to come into "conjurer." The outcome was the the room. His wife expressed regret paralysis of the old negro. He claims paralysis of the old negro. He claims of the owl as an evil omen. The bird that he found in his shoes when removed after the first stroke of paralysis of the owl as an evil omen. The bird still persisted in its efforts to enter the room where he was reading. Finally, becoming exasperated by the ralysis, the powdered dust of a rattlesnake, and that it had been placed there by the negro who wished him bad luck. He has never recovered and feels that he never will.

Still persisted in its efforts to enter the room where he was reading. Finally, becoming exasperated by the owl's persistent efforts and its somewhat nerve-racking cries, he went out on the porch and killed it in the vision. what nerve-racking cries, he went out on the porch and killed it in the vines with a stick. The next morning his wife was taken sick, and within a few

> "Quart Parties" the Latest Thing. Washington Herald.

"Since prohibition went into effect in Georgia," said Jasper J. Horner, a prominent business man of Atlanta, Ga., at the Raleigh last night, "a new form of social amusement has sprung up. It is called the 'quart party.' "Strangers invited to such a party for the first time are likely to be puzzled. After one experience they are generally willing to accept a second invitation.

"A quart party is more or less of a Dutch treat. Every guest is supposed to take with him as his card of admission a quart of some kind of liquor. The kind does not matjer. Once on the scene of festivity the 'wet goods' become the common prop-

A DREAM.

In visions of the dark night I have dreamed of joy departed— But a waking dream of life and light Hath left me broken-hearted.

To him whose eyes are cast On things around him with a ray Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream, While all the world were chiding. Hath cheered me as a lovely bear A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, three storm ple in a community, one has discovple in a community, one has discovso trembled from afar—
what could there be more purely bright
perhaps inclined to believe a certain
one is guilty of the theft or misap-