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THE·MYSTERY·OF·THE INN·BY·THE·SHORE

BY Florence Warden.
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

Continued.

"That'll do, sir," said the sergeant, as, with a shrewd look, he saluted and went back to the cab.

Clifford walked on, therefore, at no very rapid pace. Indeed, as the cab passed him, with the sergeant on the box beside the driver, he saw Nell's face at the window, with a little surprise and reproach in her eyes at the slow progress he was making in carrying out her behest.

She, poor girl, sat upright and listened to the sound of the horse's hoofs and to the wheels upon the road like a person incapable of steady thought. She had known that this blow was coming. She had passed hour after hour of many a weary night in trying to devise means of escape from it. But every plan had ended in failure even before she could put it in practice; for day after day she had found that she was watched by the police, and it had become clear to her that wherever she went she would be shadowed, and that at the time they chose she would find herself in the grip of the police.

It was to the house of one of the local justices of the peace that she was being taken. The cab soon took a turning to the right, and presently arrived at the lodge gates of Horne Park.

Horne Court was a large building, brand-new and many-gabled, built of brilliant red brick. It had so many little turrets and towers and steeples springing out from the main edifice in all directions, that it looked like a puzzle, and set the onlooker wondering whether one could get from one portion of the building to the other without the aid of a plan.

In was in the study—an oddly shaped apartment, with an imposing gallery filled with books—that Nell was brought before the local magistrate.

Sir Neville Rax was a bland and imperious gentleman, with a loud voice and a dominant manner, who, having married the ugliest woman in the county, sought to palliate this misdeed by posing as a great admirer of the rest of the sex. He stared at Nell with an approving eye.

"Well, Miss Claris, and so I hear you have a statement to make to me?" he began in a benevolent tone which made Nell wince.

Nell did not immediately answer.

"Well, don't be afraid. Only speak out and speak the truth. It's the best way—in fact, it's the only way—when, as I understand, the police know so much already."

Nell shivered.

"I understand," continued he, "that you have some important information concerning the robbery at your uncle's inn, the Blue Lion?"

"It's only a very little thing that I know," pleaded Nell.

"Ah, but little things sometimes lead to great results," returned Sir Neville, buoyantly. "You know that there was sleeping on the premises at the Blue Lion, on the occasion of the first robbery committed there, a person whose presence there was known to you only?"

"Yes," faltered Nell, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the meantime Clifford was proceeding slowly on his way to Shingle End. It was dark by this time, and the way seemed even longer than it had done when he was on his way to Courtstairs that afternoon. There was a faint light over the gray sea, but on the right, over the marsh, and away as far as the ridge of hill on which old Fleet Castle stood there was inky blackness. It was a lonely road at night, this long, dreary stretch of straight, hedgeless highway, with only an occasional bit of ragged bush or a still more infrequent wayside cottage to break up its wearisome monotony.

Even the cry of the seabirds was startling as it came to Clifford's ears on the clear air. An ugly fancy took possession of him, too, as he drew near to Shingle End at last that the cries he heard were not all those of the seabirds; that it was a human cry, shrill and weird, which came to him over the flat meadow land by the sea.

He stopped. He heard the sound again. And, forgetting his promise not to hurry, he went on toward Colonel Bostal's house as fast as his tired feet could carry him. He was sure now that the cries had not been those of the birds; sure, too, that they had proceeded from the direction of the spot to which he was hastening.

There was a ragged plantation of untrimmed trees and thorn bushes on the right side of the road before he came to Shingle End. Just as he approached this, the darkest part of the whole road, a man sprang out upon him from the shade of the overhanging trees, and seized him from behind. Clifford shouted, struggled, trying in vain to turn, so that he might see the man's face. But his assailant, who did not utter a word, frustrated all his efforts, and held him fast.

Clifford's cries, however, soon brought help and deliverance.

From out of the darkness there appeared a figure which Clifford thought he knew, and a voice which he recognized called out in authoritative tones:

"Now, then, stop that!"

Clifford's assailant obeyed this rough command without a moment's hesitation, and when Clifford, feeling himself suddenly released, turned round, he only saw a glimpse of a man's figure as it plunged into the darkness again.

"Who was that?" asked the young man in astonishment, as he perceived that his rescuer made no attempt to follow him.

It was Hemming, the London detective, who stood before him, and he only shrugged his shoulders.

"Only a man I've got to help me in this business," answered he, with a gesture in the direction of the Colonel's house. "He made a mistake, that was all."

"What business do you mean?" asked Clifford, uneasily.

"Well, sir, I think you ought to know by this time," replied Hemming, evasively.

Clifford pondered for a few moments. Then he asked:

"Have you been to the house?"

"No, sir. I am waiting for further instructions first."

Clifford looked at the little weather-beaten dwelling, which had lights in two of the upper windows. He fancied he could detect a watching figure behind the narrow curtain of one of them.

"I suppose it was your man," he said suddenly, "who has alarmed the poor lady so much by his knocks and thumps at the doors and windows?"

Hemming's face could not be seen distinctly in the darkness, but Clifford had a fancy that he was smiling as he answered:

"Very likely, sir."

Clifford, who was growing more puzzled, more curious, every minute, turned abruptly away and walked round to the back door of the house, by which had been admitted that morning.

He knocked two or three times with his stick against the door before he heard a window above his head softly opened. Looking up he heard a whisper in Miss Theodora's voice:

"Is that you, Mr. King?"

"Yes."

"You are alone?"

"Why, yes, of course. I have just seen Nell."

As he had expected, this answer brought the little lady down in the twinkling of an eye. He heard the bolts drawn, and a minute later he found himself dragged inside the door, while Miss Theodora, panting with her exertions, hurriedly fastened the door again.

"I have seen your nosy," said Clifford, "the man who torments you at night. He attacked me just before I came to the corner."

"Ah!" cried Miss Bostal, with a shake of her head. "I have found out who he is now. He is the man who is at the bottom of all these robberies and of the murder of poor Jean."

"Indeed!" said Clifford, politely, but without deep excitement.

For he rather looked down upon the little lady's intelligence, which he thought was by no means so strong as her kindness of heart.

"Yes," she said, "he is the man who got such a hold upon poor Nell that he got her to do whatever he pleased."

The notion was so shocking that, improbable as it appeared, it made Clifford shudder.

"But why," he asked impulsively, "should Hemming let him come here and worry you?"

"Hemming!" echoed Miss Bostal.

Then she was silent. They remained in the little stone passage for a few seconds, unable to see each other's face. Then she passed him, and running quickly to the dining-room door, threw it open and entered, beckoning to Clifford to follow.

"Papa," said she, breathlessly, and in a little flutter of excitement, putting her little hands softly and rapidly the one against the other, "it is the detective Hemming who is sending this wretch to annoy us. Mr. King says so."

The Colonel, who, as it seemed to Clifford, had aged since the morning, got up slowly from his chair and stared at Clifford with bleared eyes.

"Hemming!" said he in a broken voice. "The detective! What—at is he here for?"

"You don't understand, papa," piped Miss Theodora's bright, shrill voice. "I didn't say he was here. But Mr. King tells me it is he who sends the man to knock at doors and windows at night. Didn't you, Mr. King?"

Clifford did not immediately answer. He saw that he was upon the threshold of a mystery, to which the staring eyes and trembling limbs of the unhappy old man before him seemed already to give him the clue. Without waiting for Clifford's answer to her question, Miss Theodora suddenly went on again:

"You said you had just left Nell, Mr. King. Where was that?"

He hesitated. He was overwhelmed with a feeling of pity for these two forlorn people, shut up and barricaded within their poor tumbledown house. So that, although he certainly had a vague belief that the old Colonel was in some unknown way involved in the crimes which had made so great a stir, yet he longed for his escape as much, or almost as much, as he longed for Nell's. So he answered in a troubled voice:

"I left her in the hands of the police."

There was the warning, if the Colonel needed it. The old man shook so much, as he heard the announcement, that Clifford began to fear the "stroke" which the police sergeant had predicted.

Miss Theodora turned pale and clasped her hands.

"The police?" she exclaimed, as if scarcely able to grasp the dreadful fact. And she twirled round, as if moved by a spring, to her father. "Papa?" she almost screamed, "if the police have arrested Nell, I shall be called to give evidence against her! I will never do it—never! I would die first."

Clifford was touched. It was only of Nell the poor little lady thought. Then surely Miss Theodora could not have the slightest suspicion that her own father had anything to do with the crimes!

The Colonel, meanwhile, had recovered much of his self possession.

"Calm yourself, my dear," he said to his daughter, but in such a hard tone of despair that Clifford began to feel that he was an intruder upon grief so deep. "If Nell is arrested—"

He stopped.

For in the middle of his speech there was a knock at the front door. Miss Theodora, Clifford noticed, drew herself up in an attitude of rigid attention. There was dead silence in the little dining-room, until the knock was repeated louder than before.

"I shall go upstairs," said Miss Theodora, softly, "and see from the window who it is. But if it is the police, come for my evidence, I will be put in prison rather than give it."

She had scarcely uttered the words when a third knock was heard at the front door. Miss Bostal glided out of the room and ran upstairs without another word.

Then again there was a pause. The two men looked at each other by the light of the lamp, which gave but a dim illumination through its smoky glass. In the old Colonel's face Clifford became conscious that there was written a most pitiful history, the history of a lifelong shame, of an indelible disgrace. Still only groping toward the truth as he was, the young man stood silent, reverent, wondering what awful thing he was next to learn.

For the fourth time the knock, louder and more imperative than before, echoed through the house. Then the Colonel drew a deep sigh and went slowly toward the door.

"I am sorry you are here," he said with calm courtesy. "Whatever errand brings these people, and wherever they are, you, being here, will be subjected to some annoying interrogatories. Perhaps there may still be time for you to get out by the garden way before I have to let them in."

The old man was talking, it suddenly occurred to Clifford, to fill up the time, for he made no movement in the direction of the garden way of which he spoke, but stood in an attitude which showed that he was listening intently.

"Hark! What was that?" he asked abruptly.

Clifford had heard nothing. A doubt, born of hope rather than fear, of the Colonel's complete sanity crossed his mind.

"Upstairs—upstairs?" went on the old man, impatiently, as he at last moved, in a shuffling step, toward the door. "I think I heard a window open."

"Shall I go upstairs and see?" asked Clifford. "What are you afraid of?"

"My daughter—is very determined. She has made up her mind—that she will not—give evidence," answered Colonel Bostal, in a shaking voice. "Yes, you can go up and see."

Clifford went up the narrow staircase, and called gently:

"Miss Bostal!"

No answer. But he heard some one moving about softly in the room on his right. He went close to the door and said, with his mouth so near to the keyhole that she could not fail to hear him:

"Miss Theodora! Your father has sent me."

Then he heard something—a little, weak cry, followed by silence. He drew back a step, and he saw the Colonel standing at the bottom of the stairs.

"Shall I go in?" Clifford asked.

The Colonel hesitated.

"Is the door locked?" he asked.

Clifford tried it and found that it was.

"Then come away," said Colonel Bostal quickly.

At that moment there was a thundering knock at the front door, which threatened to split the old wood into fragments. The Colonel walked slowly along the passage, and, with as much delay as possible, drew the bolts and opened the door.

Clifford, still on the upper floor, knew that the voices were those of the police sergeant and of another constable belonging to Strode.

"You've been a long time opening the door, sir," began the sergeant, dryly.

But the master of the house had not waited to inquire his visitor's business; he had already retreated into the dining-room.

The two policemen held a short and hurried consultation in very low tones. Then the sergeant entered the dining-room and reappeared quickly.

"He's all by himself. He takes it quite quiet," said he.

To be Continued.

If every man capable of bearing arms were put into the field Britain's army would be 2,000,000, against 11,000,000 Frenchmen, or 12,500,000 Germans.

The deaf mute usually has things right at his fingers' ends.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

The modern girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned:

To sew.
To cook.
To mend.
To be gentle.
To dress neatly.
To keep a secret.
To avoid idleness.
To be self-reliant.
To darn stockings.
To respect old age.
To make good bread.
To keep a house tidy.
To be above gossiping.
To make home happy.
To control her temper.
To take care of the sick.
To take care of the baby.
To sweep down cobwebs.
To read the very best books.
To take plenty of active exercise.
To keep clear of trashy literature.
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.

When she has learned all this, if she does not grow wings and fly away to a better land, she will make some lucky man a most excellent wife.

THE SUMMER BOA.

As to the new stoles a great many of them are fashioned with a special view to the requirements of the woman "of a certain age," and there are some lovely creations evolved out of black chiffon and corn lace which are making insistent claims on our notice.

The wide white marabout stole is considerably enhanced by the little feathery tuits of black which occur at intervals, and which always considerably raise the value of a stole of this description. There are others to be had, however, in white and in colors, gray and pale blue being especially effective.

The poorest of all, however, is the hand-painted stole, and it certainly deserves all the obloquy which are being heaped upon it as the present moment. One seen the other day was beautiful and original to a degree. It was composed of Irish crochet overlaid with graduated bands of white taffeta, the two centre bands being painted in a design of moss roses carried in a tiny straggling trail down to the very edge, and the wide capelike effect over the shoulders was still further accentuated by the deep frills of accordion-pleated chiffon which edged it.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

MEANINGLESS GRIMACES.

"There is one thing which never fails to interest me, but at all times continues to puzzle me," remarked a well-known physician to a writer for the Washington Post, "and that is, why women who are frequently beautiful will deliberately, and for no reason, persist in marring the contour of their countenances by facial distortion until it assumes outlines of ugliness.

"The practice of working the mouth into all sorts of meaningless grimaces, which are particularly noticeable during the pauses of conversation or when occupied with deep thought, is explained by many as 'just a habit they have formed,' and this seems to awaken satisfaction concerning the matter and serves as sufficient reason to continue the practice. It is here we get a glimpse of the proverbial inconsistency of woman, for notice the very same woman who twists her mouth, the most attractive part of the face, into all sorts of the most remarkable shapes is just the woman who is apt to be a devoted reader of the beauty and hygiene columns of the magazines and papers and equally likely to be a diligent pupil in the school of beauty cult.

"Singular as this may seem on the part of the sex that craves and strives toward beauty of face and comliness of person, it is none the less true, and you need be seated in a car only a short while when you can witness these grimaces, to be convinced of the fact."

FATE, CHANCE OR WHAT?

As we jog along life's pathway we know next to nothing of what is almost within our reach on each side of us, and yet by merely pushing aside the thicket of ignorance bordering our road we would undoubtedly discover no end of delightful possibilities. Sometimes, however, fate, or chance, or Providence, whatever we may call it, suddenly opens as to an opening, and we find that we have all along been in close companionship with some congenial spirit whose existence even we have never suspected.

"The way I met my wife is a curious exemplification of this," said the man who had been remarking how little one knows beyond his immediate range of vision. "I was taking a walking tour through the Tyrol with a couple of other fellows, and intended on that eventful day to make a certain village before nightfall. And now please note coincidence No. 1. A violent storm came up and we were obliged to go out of our way to take refuge in a little wayside inn. There we found that another party, consisting of a man and his wife and the latter's niece, who were driving through that picturesque region, had also sought a night's lodging and had taken possession of all the available rooms. They were most kind, however, the women insisting upon giving up one of their rooms, and we all became very friendly, foraging the larder for our supper and cooking it with our landlady in her little kitchen. As I was supposed to be the culinary genius of our party, and the niece had attended a cooking class in New York City, we were installed as a committee on the commissariat, and we became necessarily very 'chummy,' especially as the rain continued the next day, and we all voted to remain where we were until the roads got into condition. Well, to make a long story short, the niece, as you probably have surmised, is at present my wife. The oddest part of it all is yet to come, for mutual inquiries soon elicited the fact that we were both from New York City, but it was not until some time afterward that we discovered that we lived in the same street, and, what was stranger still, actually next door to each other, and had grown up without knowing each other, separated only by a wall of brick and plaster, my boyhood at school and young manhood at college making the circumstances a perfectly natural one, especially as our parents were not acquainted."—New York Tribune.

Three hundred and twelve American women have married foreign titles.

Wellesley College, at Wellesley, Mass., this year graduated 158 young women.

The Princess of Wales as Duchess of York always insisted upon having plenty of rose bushes in the garden.

The Vienna University bids fair to become a woman's institution, so numerous are the fair candidates for academical honors on the banks of the Danube.

Oberlin College women are working hard to secure funds for a woman's athletic field. Each student engages to contribute ten dollars, and most of them are earning the money themselves.

King Edward has conferred the decoration of the Royal Red Cross on Lady Macdonald, wife of Sir Claude Maxwell Macdonald, in recognition of her services in attending the wounded soldiers during the defense of the legation at Pekin in 1900. Sir Claude Macdonald was then the British Minister in China.

Dr. E. Cassmer, of Marienfelde, near Berlin, who was one of the first German women to come to this country to study a profession closed to her in Germany, has given up her profession of dentistry after many years of successful work, and is devoting herself to a school of horticulture for women founded by herself. There are now a number of women dentists in Germany.

After two years of litigation the highest court in Mexico has decided that the Rancho Llano de Oro, worth millions of dollars, belongs to an American girl, Miss Mona Clair Erskine, of Illinois. Miss Erskine inherited a claim to the lands in Mexico from her father, with the advice to study law and Spanish and to fight for the claim in the courts. She did as directed, making her own brief and arguing the case before the court.

Square lace yokes adorn both dresses and tailor ties.

Plaid cravats are old, and, if becoming, very pleasing.

Pongee collars with lace en appliqué are tremendously smart.

Some handsome costumes show panel fronts from throat to toe.

One row of pearls is a charming finish for a rich Empire comb.

Embroidery roses are stuffed into such relief as to seem life-size.

Tassels still play a more or less important part in dress and cloak making.

Pleated skirts are best liked when set on a yoke which is extended into a panel front.

There seems to be less and less difference between dresses for women and for misses.

A tiny marabout plume the shade of the dress is a pretty touch for the evening coiffure.

Quaint, old-time ruffles are a feature of many of the dresses that might well be called picture gowns.

It is whispered that many an old curtain has been sacrificed to trim a new dress with "antique lace."

Scalloped effects with strap finishes are conspicuous on some of the handsome imported tailor costumes.

In tucked dresses it's merely a matter of taste whether the tucks go round and round or are mitred down in front.

Appliques of all shapes are in great vogue, there being little course left to sewing, rolled, cut and scroll shapes.

An inside line of red-lined white Liberty is effective on a pretty pastel model, the dots showing up refreshingly in the abbreviated sash as well as the front and the undersleeves.

Paradise plumes have become exceedingly fashionable in Paris, though their expense naturally limits the production. They are to be seen in yellow and white on burnt-straw toques, and the combination is one that for the moment is considered the height of chic in millinery.

Pluck and Adventure.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

KATE SHELLY'S CURVE near Moingona, Ia., has a history with which every one in this section was familiar in the early '80s. In fact at that time the whole country was ringing with the praises of "Iowa's Grace Darling," from whom the place takes its name. The fast mail was wrecked just at the approach to the Des Moines River bridge, which is at the foot of Moingona Hill.

In 1881 Kate Shelly lived with her widowed mother on the banks of the river, which in ordinary time at that point was a comparatively insignificant stream. She was the daughter of a railroad man who had lost his life in an accident on the Northwestern road. Her mother and herself earned their own living and neither dreamed that some day Kate Shelly would be famous and the story of her heroism would be used in thousands of school rooms throughout the land to impress upon the little ones the importance of rising to the occasion when duty calls.

From her humble cabin door she daily watched the freight train by as they came with the momentum gained on the long steep hill, or crowded on all steam to enable them to make the climb. No train ever went by without we either for the girlish figure standing on the lookout in the daytime, or without mentally marking in the night "that is Kate Shelly's home." She was always a favorite with the trainmen and was soon to become their idol.

Instead of the modern structure which now spans the stream there was in those days a long wooden bridge. On the night when Kate Shelly opened her door the ordinary insignificant stream had been swollen by heavy rains until it was a raging torrent. None of the railroad men ever dreamed that the water would ever come up high enough to reach the top of the bridge. Kate Shelly had been watching the river flood all day and when night came she saw it was nearing the danger line. The railway company by this time had employed Kate Shelly to report the condition of affairs and many kindnesses of the railroad men.

In the darkness she saw the waters lapping the timbers upon which the rails rested. The flood continued to rise, and as the time drew near for the passage of the fast overland train across the water was over the roadbed and the huge wooden structure was swaying in the current like a tree in a gale. Kate Shelly knew that the bridge in its weakened condition could never bear the weight of the engine and heavy train which would be due in a few minutes, plunging down the steepest grade on the Northwestern for a speed of sixty miles an hour.

The crew and passengers of that train must be saved and no one was there to do it but frail little Kate Shelly. The night was pitchy dark, the rain was coming in torrents, and with the wind howling over the hills and the bridge trembling to its fall the task of crossing it and flagging the approaching train was one which might daunt the strongest of men. But Kate Shelly was not built on that kind of timber. Realizing that not a moment was to be lost she got down on her hands and knees and feel by feel felt her way through the water over the swaying structure. The rumble of the heavy train, as it sped down the long hill, was already audible above the sound of the rushing water.

It was slow work feeling her way over in the dark, but at last her feet were on solid ground. With all her remaining strength she hurried up the track to warn the approaching train of the danger. At the curve, which still bears her name, she caught the first sight of the gleaming headlight already dangerously close to the river. The engineer espied the girl on the track frantically gesticulating, and it required no second look to tell him that something was wrong. The heavy train with its human burden was speedily but none too soon brought to a standstill, and the lives of the engineer, train crew and passengers were saved by the heroism of a girl, for no human being could possible have escaped alive had that ponderous engine and the heavy coaches once gone upon the bridge. Without Kate Shelly's warning the engineer could not have seen his danger in time to stop.

As the engineer realized what the little girl whom he had watched so many times at the cabin door had done he gathered her in his brawny arms and hugged her for joy. The excitement over and the excessive watch had nerved her to some Kate Shelly was on the point of exclaiming. Strong arms bore her back to the sleeping car and passengers and crew did all that was possible for the wet and exhausted girl to whom they all owed their lives. A few minutes later and the heavy train was on the process of the current and floated off down the stream.

Railroad men not only on the Northwestern, but all over the land, subscribed liberally to a testimonial fund for the brave girl. The passengers of the train she had saved gave her a beautiful gold watch suitably inscribed, and the general public in many ways testified its appreciation of her act. Finally the railway company educated her.

From that humble home where for long years she had lived with her mother she went forth to the world, but wherever she went she was known as the girl who had saved the train. Her fame became national, and she was the recipient of many presents from those who had read of her deed. She was invited to many places of prominence, but she was always the same Kate Shelly she had been before she had gone forth to receive the plaudits of her fellow countrymen. She married and became the mother of a family of children, who never tired of hearing the story of their mother's heroic deed. Her husband, who was a railroad man, died some years ago, and she now lives in Des Moines, where she is known and loved by all who know her, and none dreamed of the latent heroism which was enveloped in a modest garb and still more modest demeanor. Kate Shelly stepped unconsciously into the glare of publicity and heard her praises sounded on every hand. She bore her honors modestly, continuing the even tenor of her way, meeting as they came life's pleasures and burdens as she had done in the one supreme moment.

Such in brief is the story of the event which gave to this place the name of Kate Shelly's Curve.—Omaha Bee.

CRUSHE AGAINST CHINESE.

Mokil is one of the islands of the Caroline group of the Western Pacific. The following grewsome story of an American who once lived on the island is vouched for by a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette:

One day in November, 1850, a small Sydney trading schooner called off Mokil. The one white trader living on the island came off in his whaleboat. He was an American of about fifty years, hoary-headed, stout and muscular and quiet and unassuming. He had just agreed to supply the captain with some pigs, poultry and turtle in return for some European provisions, when the Chinese cook and steward came into the cabin. The trader looked at the man curiously for a moment.

"Is he a Cantonese?" he asked the skipper.

"No, he comes from the Kwang Tung Province, I believe."

"Thought so, by the run of his eyes. Is a will you long, sir?"

"No. I only shipped him in Sydney two days."

Presently the American rose. "Well, I guess I'll get along shore, captain. Perhaps it would be just as well if you let your steward come with me and pick out the pigs you want. Trust a Canaanite to tell a good pig."

The captain acquiesced in the proposition, and in a few minutes the trader, accompanied by the steward, left the ship and went on shore.

An hour afterward the boat returned, bringing the pigs, turtle and poultry, but without the Chinese steward.

"Where's my steward?" asked the captain.

"He's dead," replied the trader, calmly. "I shot him the moment I got him inside my house. Now, don't get mad, captain. Here's a man I've brought aboard who'll make just as good a steward as the Cheok."

"Why did you murder the man?" gasped the astonished seaman.

"I didn't murder him. I shot him as I mean to shoot every Chinaman I come across in the South Seas. I can do it down here." Then he told his story:

"When I was a lad of fourteen I sailed with my father in a big lump of a hermaphrodite brig called the Lulu. We were in the China Valparaiso trade. Left Hong Kong one time under charter to take thirty-six coolies to Tahiti. My mother, two younger brothers and my sister were aboard—had been sailing in the Lulu for nigh on four years. Mate was my uncle. Regular family ship. We carried nine hands. I lived forward. One night, when we were two days out, the Chows made a sudden rush. I was aloft with the Swede staying the top-gallant sail. They first killed every man of the watch on deck, then they went below and slaughtered every living soul, for'ard and aft. In half an hour it was all over, and they lowered the two boats and cleared out. The Swede and I came on deck and this is what we saw: My father, mother and sister's heads were lying on the main deck. My two little brothers, five and seven years of age, were just trunks—hands, feet, heads gone—and my sister's body (she was seventeen or more, maybe) was disemboweled and thrown across the fife rail. And every other body was hacked and slashed about, chunks of flesh lying around everywhere.

"They had set the brig on fire before they left. The Dutchman and I put it out. We were picked up by a French barque the same day.

"That's why I always shoot one of the Chinamen when I get a chance."

ON TOUCHING SPOOKS.

Haunted people experience various sensations while touching ghosts. The rough clothing of an invisible spook is felt to brush against the skin of one young woman. Another spectre had an icy hand when grasped by a terrified woman. One woman on going upstairs at night saw a tall man directly in front of her. Recognizing him as a dear friend she reached out to touch him, but her hand simply penetrated space. Later she received word from India that this friend had died on the very date of the experience. Another woman, who seized a ghost in her room, says that it felt soft, like flimsy drapery, and seemed to be dragged from her by some invisible power as it sank into the floor by a wave of cold air, which chills those who draw near (for another is apparently warm. On very hot nights he is seen to mop his face with a handkerchief).

A spook which lay down by a friend in bed placed its "frozen lips" against her cheek. That some phantoms have appreciable weight is perhaps indicated by the case of a certain woman visited by the shades of two dead friends. They appeared behind her while she was seated at her tea table, and, leaning upon her shoulders, rendered her immovable. She was unaware of what had happened until her daughter, across the table, [illegible] out and gave the names of the intruders.