



## MONTGOMERY RECORD

A. E. Davis, Minister and Publisher.

### BOSTONVILLE RECORD

W. H. Smith, Minister and Publisher.

### NYC HAS A YOUNG IDEA

**Mr. Tamm:** It should be taught in school to Cornell. The Job, the Temptations, the Devil, the Devil's Example, Which Almost Any Student Could Commit—The Art of Writing Advertising—Hints on How to Be Popular.

I am glad to know, says Bill NYC in the New York World, that Cornell University is to establish a department of journalism next September.

That journalism could be taught in universities and colleges just as successfully as any other athletic exercise. Of course you can not teach a boy how to jerk a giant journal from the crutches of decay and make of it a robust and commanding shaper and trimmer of public opinion. In whose counting-room people will walk all over each other in their mad efforts to insert advertisements. You can not teach a boy how to discover the open Polar Sea, but you can teach him the rudiments and save him a good deal of time experimenting with himself.

Boys spend small fortunes and the best years of their lives in learning the simplest truths in relation to journalism. We grow up blindly, learning this year perhaps

how to distinguish an stale shooting stick when we see it, or how to eradicate type

ice from a steaming galley, learning next

how to sustain life on an iron diet

and a sample early-rose potato weighing four pounds and measuring eleven inches in circumference. This is a slow and tedious



THE DEPT. AT WORK.

way to obtain journalistic training. If this can be avoided or abbreviated it will be a great boon.

As I understand it, the department at Cornell University will not deal so much with actual newspaper experience as it will with construction and style in writing. This is certainly a good move, for we must admit that you can improve very greatly our style and the purity of our English. For instance, I select an exchange at random, and on the telegraphic page I find the details of a horrible crime. It seems that an old lady, who lived by herself almost, and who had amassed between \$16 and \$17, was attacked by an assassin, dragged from her bed and cruelly murdered. The large telegraph headline reads: "Drug from her bed and murdered!" This is incorrect in orthography, syntax and probably, bad in form and inelegant in style. Carefully paring the word drug as it appears here, I find that it does not agree with anything in number, gender or person. I do not like to criticize the style of others when I know that my own is so faulty, but I am sure that the word drug should not be used in this way.

Take the following, also from the Kansas correspondence of the Statesville (N. C.) Standard:

"There were several bad accidents in and around Cisco. Water during my absence from home. The saddest one was the shooting of one Peter Peterson by his father. They were out rabbit-hunting in the snow. A rabbit got up and started to run. The son was in a swing of a place and the father was taking aim at the rabbit. The son at the same time was trying to get a shot at it and, not knowing that his father was shooting, ran between the rabbit and his father and was killed dead, falling on the snow with his gun grasped in his hands and never moved. He still carried that pleasant smile which he had on, in expectation of shooting that jack-rabbit, when put in the grave. Wheat is setting at about 60 cents; corn at 40 cents; fat hogs, grous, etc., to 40¢; fat steers, 65¢; butcher's stock, 2 cents."

It is hard to say just exactly where in this is faulty, but something is the matter with it. I would like to get an expression of opinion from those who take an interest in such things, as to whether the fault is in orthography, syntax, anatomy, chitarrist or price current, or whether it consists in writing several features too closely in the same paragraph.

It would also be a good idea to establish a chair for advertisers in some practical college in order that they might run in for a few hours and learn how to write an advertisement so that it would express in the most direct way what they desired to state. Here is an advertisement, for instance, that is given exactly as written and punctuated:

Mrs. D. Edwards.

THE GREAT WESTERN CLAYTOMAN. Has arrived and will remain only a short time. Call at once at HOTEL WINDSOR, No. 1st and East State street, Room 14, third door. Please take elevator.

The greatest and most natural born and highly-educated and well-known all over the country, Claytoman, now traveling on the road. Wonder from the Pacific coast.

Seventh Daughter of the Seventh Daughter; born with red and second sight; every mystery revealed; if one you love is true or false; removes trouble; settles lovers' quarrels; causes a speedy marriage with one you love; valuable information to gentlemen on all business transactions; how to make profitable investments for speedy riches; lucky numbers; Egyptian talismans for the unlucky; cures mysterious and chronic diseases. All who are sick or troubled from any cause are invited to call without delay.

There could be made a success if we could send some one who was sufficiently natural born to grapple with it. Now, Mrs. Edwards seems to know what is required. She was born utterly without affection. When she was born she just seemed to say to those who happened to be present at the time: "Fellow-citizens, you will have to take me just as you find me. I can not dissemble or appear to be otherwise than what I am. I am the most natural born and highly educated ill over the country, claytoman."

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson VI, August 5, 1888.

THEME: The Burnt Offering—Leviticus 1:3.

And the Lord called unto Moses, and spake unto him out of the tabernacle of the congregation, saying, "Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, If any man of you bring an offering unto unto the Lord, let him offer a burnt sacrifice of the herd, even of the herd, and of the flock. & If his offering be a burnt sacrifice of the herd, he shall offer it a male without blemish: he shall offer of it of his own voluntary will after the manner of the offering of the sacrifice of the congregation before the Lord. & And he shall put his hand upon the head of the burnt offering; and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him. & And he shall kill the bullock before the Lord: and the priests shall lay the blood upon the head of the bullock before the Lord: and the priests Aaron's sons, shall bring the blood, and sprinkle the blood round about upon the altar that is by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. & And he shall lay his hand upon the head of the burnt 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## Northville Record.

E. R. REED, Editor and Prop.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1883.

Nehemiah compare, the adjective  
her brightest pupils. Positive cold,  
comparative cough, superlative coffin,  
triumphantly responded the boy.

A writer says an ordinary beetle can  
draw twenty times its own weight. We  
have seen the insect move a woman  
weighing 165 pounds by simply alight-  
ing within half an inch of her nose.

Whereas, We the former members of  
the K. T. Band have been thrown on  
our own resources to meet certain obli-  
gations, and seeing no immediate way  
of meeting the same without uniting  
ourselves in a body.

Resolved, That we do immediately  
re-organize the band under our former  
name, and use our best endeavors to  
meet all our obligations, by furnishing  
music for campaign purposes, or any  
other occasions where our services may  
be required.

### Members.

1. G. Graville Wood.
2. Geo. Wilcox.
3. W. D. Wood.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
8. W. C. Nicolls.
9. H. E. Babcock.
10. A. E. Rockwell.
11. C. E. Nicolls.
- 12.
- 13.
- 14.

### PLYMOUTH.

Mrs. Mosier died yesterday.

Mrs. Penny has quit working at the  
jew store.

Joe Sommers reports business in the  
painting lively.

Rev. Mr. Woodward is temporarily  
preaching at the First Church.

Hornet Smith's new residence is  
ready for the pictures.

Dr. Klineburg, the physician, has lo-  
cated over the post office.

G. A. Starkweather is shipping a  
large amount of cabbages to Detroit.

Charles Beams has manufactured a  
large number of iron harrows this sea-  
son.

The Rev. G. H. Wallace left Tuesday  
for New York for a six weeks' vaca-  
tion.

Several of our boys have been out  
among the farmers this week stream-  
ing.

W. Kidd, night operator at the  
crossing, has taken possession of the  
Exchange hotel.

On account of the uncertainty of the  
tariff question no wool will be bought  
here this season.

The Methodist campmeeting near  
Belleville begins Tuesday, August 7  
and lasts ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Atchison and  
daughter, of South Lyon, visited  
friends here Friday.

A young man named Stevenson was  
drowned in the Rouge river Sunday,  
while in swimming.

Miss Mary Joy, who has been visit-  
ing among friends here, has returned  
to her home at Spring Lake.

The long string of evergreens in the  
avenue leading to River side cemetery  
are nearly all dead from the drought.

There is talk of removing the cheese  
factory to another locality. Reason, too  
much smoke from the passing trains.

Harvesting is nearly completed in  
this neighborhood. The wheat crop is  
light, hay fair, oat crop heavy, and  
corn crop looking fine.

The youngest son of Wm. Linden  
died Friday of cholera morbus caused  
by eating green apples. Funeral from  
the house Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M.

Bill Winter is arranging his finan-  
cies so as to be ready that Cleveland  
will be re-elected president. He is the  
staidest democrat in this vicinity and  
adjacencies.

Orr Passage, the handsome looking  
nickel plated tonsorial artist, who re-  
moved to Northville, is much noticed.  
He was the prince of good fellows  
among the young ladies. Even the  
little English sparrows would fly up to  
the trees and sing when he passed by.

Joe Sommers has a tall evergreen  
for which he has divested of its boughs  
nearly to the top, to be used as a  
flag staff as soon as he decides which  
candidate he will give his hearty sup-  
port. He intends running up the stars  
and stripes and a streamer with his  
candidate painted thereon.

### STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

There will be a special meeting of the  
stockholders of the Globe Grain Drill  
Company at their factory Monday,  
Aug. 6, 1883, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the  
transaction of such business as may  
come before them. Business of impor-  
tance will come before the meeting.  
The presence of all stockholders is desired.

### AUCTION SALE.

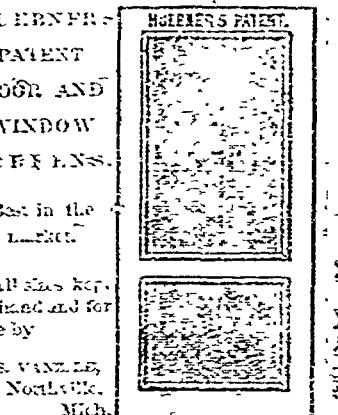
Whereas, the directors of the Globe  
Grain Drill Co. have from time to time  
called in the capital of said corporation  
by assessment upon the subscribers to  
its capital stock by giving notice  
thereof to the subscribers, and whereas  
the following persons have neglected  
payment of said assessment for thirty  
or more days since the installments  
were due and payable. Therefore, the  
board of Directors will sell at the office  
of the secretary of the corporation on  
the 6th day of August A. D. '83, at 3  
o'clock in the afternoon so much of the  
stock of each of the said delinquent  
stockholders, as may be necessary to  
pay installments due on same in ac-  
cordance with Sect. 11 of Act No. 222  
laws of Mich. for 1883; Elmer W.  
Smith, Henry P. Britton, Horace E.  
Cray, Wall Stewart, Edward Simonds,  
George Payson, Peter Connell, Hiram  
R. Holmes, Edward P. Kellogg, George  
C. Huston, Wm. P. Yerkes, Frank N.  
Clark, Marvin Bovee, Orion Barnhart,  
Will A. Ery, Robert Yerkes, Major D.  
Gorton, Charles T. Leonard, Otto W.  
Reed, Nathan H. Powe, John W.  
Fricker, Carpenter Bros., Frank B. Park  
and John G. Knapp.

By order of the Board of Directors.  
A. W. CARPENTER, Secy.  
Northville, July 5th.

### BRACE UP.

You are feeling depressed, your ap-  
petite is poor, you are bothered with  
headache, you are fidgety, nervous  
and generally out of sorts, and want  
to brace up. Brace up, but not with  
stimulants, spring medicine, or bit-  
ters, which have for their basis very  
cheap, bad whisky, and which stimu-  
late you for an hour, and then leave  
you in worse condition than before.  
What you want is an alterative that  
will purify your blood, start healthy  
action of liver and kidneys, resto-  
rate the system to a state of red health  
and in doing so cleanse you  
and fit you to Electric Billings, and only  
find a bottle at A. M. Radcliffe's  
Drug Sto.

**RICHLY** adorned with various  
read this and then write  
the salutation before the signature  
that will be taken from their  
heads and faces. These coats are  
large and full, especially for per-  
sons of medium height, and are  
made with the latest style of  
fashionable tailoring. It is  
easy to get a coat like this  
at a price of \$100.00 per pair  
which will last a long time to come.  
Haberdashery, men's clothing, etc.  
needed? See you. Every thing else  
is to be had in this place. Write  
to us for a sample. We are  
sure to supply you with  
what you want.



### W. L. DOUGLAS S. S. SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The coat is made of the  
finest materials and  
is well tailored. It  
is a good coat for  
any one to wear.  
W. L. DOUGLAS & SON,  
BOSTON, MASS.

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NORTHVILLE, MICH.

**SMOKERS' ATTENTION!**  
SMOKE THE J. B. CIGAR  
THIS BROS. FIVE CENT CIGAR IN THE  
MANUFACTURED  
AND WRAPPED MANUFACTURED  
WORLD. MADE IN NORTHVILLE.  
PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY. GIVE  
MADE AND SOLD BY  
G. FLAHERTY.

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selves.

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Every sack warranted to be equal to any flour  
made, patent or otherwise. All kinds of grain  
bought and sold for cash. Bran, middlings, and  
all kinds of feed always on hand at the

**NORTHVILLE MILLS.**

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### EDGEE TRAPGRATORS AND SIX

## Paring Machines

Will sell all or part Cheap.

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DETROIT.

## *Northville Record.*

"Everyone can be a boomer. Keep your money at home. Patronize those who patronize you; spend your money among home institutions, where you stand a good show of getting it back."

finds its way back to your own pocket. A dollar spent in another town goes to build up that town. Figure the thing down fine and you lose money by buying away from home. Remember this and act accordingly.—Ex.

This is a great year for clergymen's sons, notwithstanding the old theory that they and deacons' daughters never turn out well. Grover Cleveland, Democrat candidate for the presidency, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman.

Allen G. Thurman, ditto for the vice-presidency, is the son of a Methodist clergymen. Benjamin Harrison, Republican candidate for presidency, is the son-in-law of a Presbyterian clergymen.

Levi P. Morton, ditto for the vice-presidency, is the son of a Congregational clergymen. Calvin S. Brice, chairman of the Democratic executive committee, in charge of the campaign, is the son of a Presbyterian clergymen. Matthew Stanley Quay, chairman of the Republican national committee, is also the son of a Presbyterian, George Quay, which, with the last Bill. Mr. Garrison is an elder of the Presbyterian church himself, ought to get out the Calvins' vote at the coming election.

And the fathers of these men, economical as well as godly, saved enough out of their small salaries to send the boys to school and college. Morton is the only one in the list who did not have the advantage of a collegiate education, although he was born and reared in the village of Haverstraw. Where Dartmouth college is. Brice and Harrison graduated at a semi-nary institution, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where they were then, at the same time, at the classmate. Prof. swing can tell you all about it; for he was their instructor, and well I know. Brice's wife, nee, Mrs. Brice, is bedridden, though at work, but she is well. Her son was a soldier, very steady in his devotion, even in his less time, and apt to be extravagant when he got a chance.

Quay's father died in the little village of D'Ville, Pa., and never got more than \$2000 per year, a salary in his day. Brice's father was a Dr. Brown in Ohio, a missionary to the western areas, and earned not more than \$200 a year. Cleveland's father lived under similar circumstances, and yet these two men occur in the list to give their sons a position in the world. I recall every clergymen's son of the first educational and moral importance. Brice's son is probably in training for the Ohio legislature. The Quay representation in the Senate and in the house, more than five-fifths received for a quarter of a century in the service of the great Master. He will give a full Democratic campaign to the nation, as far as his future extends during the entire course of his life. These men are as proud of their ancestry as they are of their own achievements. They like to tell of their boyhood days.

Senator Quay has a few in the New York Avenue Presbyterian church. Dr. Bartlett, formerly of Calicoe, preaches, and is a regular attendant. Mr. Brice is a pillar of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church in New York, over which the venerable Dr. John Held presides, or I may nearly oppose. He has a son of whom he is very proud, and the boy is situated rather differently than his father, as when of a similar age. Two years ago he graduated at Lyceum academy prepared to enter college, but his father thought he was too young and sent him around the world in charge of a tutor. The young man has only recently returned with his mind full of ideas and knowledge that will be of great value to him, and will enter Princeton next fall.

Mr. Brice is a new hand in politics, but he will be a power from this time on. Any man who can accumulate \$10,000,000 or \$5,000,000, as he has done, and manage great interests as he has managed them, may be trusted to conduct a political campaign and to bring in fresh blood, and such blood is a great triumph for the party. It was only at the request of the president and with great reluctance that Mr. Brice accepted the responsibility, and at a great sacrifice of his personal interests, but his partner, Gen. Samuel Thomas, will look after the railroads and mailing companies and other affairs while Mr. Brice is looking after politics.

## REPUBLICANS

Buy of

## STARK & BROS.

Because they have goods protected by a protective tariff.

## DEMOCRATS

buy of

## STARK & BROS.

Because they have goods that have the reform prices on them.

## PROHIBITIONISTS

buy of

## STARK & BROS.

because they can get goods and prices straight, and do not have to have a license to get them.

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buy of

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## STARK & BROS.

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Expenses less than any other school in Michigan. Special Courses, including Penmanship, Teachers' Seminary, Library, Higher Education, Commercial, Electricty, Music, Fire and Insurance, Secretarial, and Typewriting. Tuition expense for a term of ten weeks only \$30.50. Payments may extend any time. No tuition fees. Full payment required at time of enrollment. Second winter term Jan. 15, 1888. Spring term March 28, 1888. Underwood, Webster, and new books. Send for catalogues.

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J. D. RICE, Proprietor. W. L. ECKEY, Clerk.

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Formerly Antigone House.  
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RAFFLES: Meals, 50c. Per Day, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Rooms, without meals, 50c, 75c, and \$1.25. Parties from outside the city welcome. Dinner and a place to leave their packages will find this the most central and convenient place in the city.

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Palace Steamers. Low Rates.  
For Extra per Week Between

DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND  
St. Ignace, Charlevoix, Alpena, Marquette,  
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Every Week Day Between  
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND,  
Special Sunday Trips During July and August.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS  
Rates and Expenses fully detailed  
by our ticket agent, address  
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Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.  
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of 9 rooms, good cellar, well cistern and barn for \$2000. Or consider and a quarter of an acre of land. Terms easy.

3. SIX GOOD VILLAGE LOTS,  
each 10 rods, in good location, will besold on contract, or terms to earn  
pension.

4. LARGE HOUSE,  
well finished, good barn, well  
and cistern and four acres of land all  
in the corner will be sold cheap  
and on easy terms.

5. NEW HOUSE IN BEAL TOWN.  
7 rooms, good well, cistern, cedar shingles, fruit trees set on lot.

14. FINE HOUSE  
On North Center street. Corner lot.  
Cistern and good cellar. \$1,200.

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One mile south of Portland. Two  
good horses, barns, etc. Will trade  
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In Bealton for \$1,500. 7 rooms.  
Good cistern and cellar.

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Finely finished. \$2,500.

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House nearly new; 3 blocks from the  
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Possession given at once.

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A large house of 10 rooms and corner  
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CHEAP.  
28. A COZY HOME.  
In a desirable location on West Main  
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We carry the Best and Largest Stock of Fine and Common Wall Paper, Ceiling and Decorations to be found in the country; and as the prices are only about one half the price of these in Northern cities, they should go in very well for your wants in this line supplied before assortment is broken.

We retail Sugars at Barrel Prices.

Our Teas and Coffees are at the bottom.

Best water white, Kerosene oil 13 cents per gallon.

D. B. Wilcox & Son.

## OLIVET COLLEGE,

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For both sexes. Expenses for Seven Months \$150.00.

Admission Free. First Year \$15.00. Tuition Free. Tuition \$15.00. Winter term \$15.00. Summer term \$15.00. Winter term \$15.00. Summer term \$15.00.

## THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK

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M. W. O'BRIEN, Pres't.  
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Paid up Capital \$500,000  
Surplus 10,000  
Additional Liability of Stockholders 500,000

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Book of the Month, Anti-Slavery Society of Great Britain.

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The Diamond District, A Novel, by E. W. Gandy.

The Lady of the Lake, A Novel, by Sir Walter Scott.

The Merchant of Venice, A Novel, by Maria Dorothea.

The Peacock Skins, A Novel, by Sir W. G. Head.

The Pocahontas, A Novel, by Maria Dorothea.

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## NOT AS I WILL

BY JULIUS MINT JACKSON

Blindfolded and alone I stand,  
With unknown thunders on each hand,  
The darkness deceives as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil.

"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I walk;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;  
Too heavy burdens in the load.  
And too few helpers on the road;  
And joy is weak and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long!  
Yet this one thing I learn to know,  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and sin,  
My dangerous law are ordered still.

"Not as I will."

"Not as I will—the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat.  
"Not as I will." The darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought  
steals.

Like a whispering voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.

"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best, has gone.

Before us is the road, and still

For us exist all His love fallen.

"Not as we will."

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY MARY CONWAY.

### CHAPTER XIII (CONTINUED)

Mr. Simcox, with the quickness of his race, read what was passing in Horace's mind. His anger merged into pity for his courteous kindly host. He repeated himself, and said with a pleasant smile, "How curious such things sound to men of the world like us." Then he said something in praise of the Latins. Horace gave a sign of relief, and to his dying day will love that gentle Jew.

Taking it altogether, the Talbots do not count that dinner among their social successes.

Frank knew that when the party adjoined to the drawing-room he should see Beatrice. Her uncles wished her to be there; but it was not the rule at Hazlewood House for the mere guests to go straight from the table to the smoking-room. So whilst Horace and Herbert were sipping that the curiously-shaped Venetian tanks were going around with hospitality, but not with unusual convivial speed, Mr. Carrathers was summoning up courage to descend the stairs and cheer Miss Clouston's loneliness. He thought that his friend's eyes were painful—tired, taking a chance of Horace being engaged in deep conversation with his uncles, he rose, slipped from the room, and passing across the hall opened the drawing room door.

The drawing room door, like every other door in the house, had its daily visitors. There were some people's rooms which always seemed to be, just as there were some rooms in which always seemed to be, silent. Frank stood at the hall carpet as he looked at Miss Clouston, who had no fear that her sentry-like eyes could detect him.

She was seated on the piano bench. Her hands were on the keys of the piano, but making no music. She was gazing with grave eyes far away—looking right through the center of the audience. Beatrice could not help feeling a sense of awe, stand against the opposite wall. Her thoughts had a sweet tenderness in them.

"Nothing," Frank said to himself and then a cigar.

Nothing said the corona.

"Beatrice, you are a dear."

Well then, trying.

"And everything else like it means  
to me, but it is a terrible life  
I have."

There was a lump in Sylanus' throat, but he did not dare to say it.

Frank was at the piano, picking up a cigar, and looking out the window.

He was always a good judge of the supernatural gifts of detection, with which his friends seem endowed.

"May I wish you joy?" reiterated Mordie.

"You may wish what you like, but the truth is we are partners in misfortune."

"You have tried."

"And failed." Frank tapped the words out sharply. Mordie looked the picture of surprise. He held his hand out to his visitor.

"Hang it!" said Frank. "I don't want this. If you bore it, I suppose I can."

"Our cases are different. You left certain of us."

"Did I?" If so, it was only one of the delusions natural to a man of my age."

"Explain."

"The older you grow the more liable you are to be delusions. A man between thirty and forty more easily deludes himself into believing that a woman loves him than a boy of twenty does."

"Ha!" said Mordie. "All new to me, this. Let me think it over." The curate lived an argument of this sort. Presently he looked up.

"That's all—no," he said. "Boy of twenty—modest and good—can't see any reason for a woman's loving him. Man of this is or isn't—accident in life—say measured his strength against his fellows—can't help feeling he's a real worth being loved. See how falacious your argument."

"Never mind," said Frank; "it doesn't matter which way you take it."

"I say," continued Mordie, laying his hand on Frank's shoulder. "Listen to my advice. Don't you take no for an answer?"

"I'll ask no woman twice to be my wife," said Frank, with conclusion number three fixed in his mind.

"You might ask this two twenty times and feel happy if you got her then. But twenty times won't be needed. She loves you now, Carrathers."

"What folly you talk!"

"I don't—I never talk folly. I have seen you together. I have watched her closely as I watch one of my dock houses toward dissent. I have seen what you have seen, and again I say, don't take 'No' for an answer."

"Let us talk of something else," said Frank. All the same the old proverb of mirth. Even in the first bitterness of defeat he did not blame her. That all was ended over he never doubted. His feelings were those of bewilderment. He could not understand it; could see no reason for this summary and without appeal rejection of his love.

"I must go and think it all over," he muttered. "I can't think here. In this

room where the perfume of her dress still lingers."

He stooped and picked up a flower which must have fallen from her dress. He took a glove, which was lying on the piano.

"What a clever boy is," he said grimly. "One laughs at the idiotic proceedings of others, and when one's own time comes does just the same. A glove! A bower!

Conventional emblems, lacking even originality. What a fool I am!"

After this he took his hat and forgetting all about the dinner party, went out into the garden to think. In spite of his assumed calm he must have been strongly moved, for he continued his operation of thinking by digging his heel into the maculate gravel path so violently that the roller was needed for half an hour the next morning in order to smooth matters down. Then ashamed of the burst of passion, he walked down to the bottom of the garden and, regardless of October dew and chill air, threw himself on a seat and strove to account for what had happened, and to determine his result so far as his own fate was concerned.

"No, I won't grovel," said Frank.

"Most fellows seem to grovel when they are in love. Hang it, I won't. I'll be original in that respect if I have to cut my heart out."

These remarks were of course applicable to conclusion number three—a conclusion at which love always laughs.

Give a proper man than Mr. Carrathers, and as hopelessly in love with a woman that woman, if she wished, might have fresh declaration o' undying passion,

every week in the year. Oh, yes—all losers can "grovel" if need be.

By and by a curious whim seized this particular lover. He would go down and see Sylvanus Mordie. Not that he wished to unbosom his woes to the curate—that would be groveling with vengeance—but there seemed a grim propriety in speaking and sitting with the other man who was rowing in the same boat, or, to put it poetically, the man whose bark of joy had been wrecked upon the same rock as his own. Besides, Mordie would be sure to talk about Miss Clouston—he always did.

"What a fool I am!" said Frank.

"Most fellows seem to grovel when they are in love. Hang it, I won't. I'll be original in that respect if I have to cut my heart out."

Frank went back to Hazlewood House and apologized for his strange absence as best he could. He had been seized with a splitting headache and compelled to seek fresh air. Strange to say a splitting headache has also driven Miss Clouston not to fresh air but to her room. "That's in the air, no doubt," said Herbert. "Sylvanus Mordie is a bachelor to this day.

Frank went back to Hazlewood House and apologized for his strange absence as best he could. He had been seized with a splitting headache and compelled to seek fresh air. Strange to say a splitting

headache has also driven Miss Clouston not to fresh air but to her room. "That's in the air, no doubt," said Herbert.

Herbert looked at Frank.

"Shall we go to bed now, or would you like to stay up longer?"

Frank started out of his reverie. He did not feel in the least inclined for bed.

"If you don't mind," he said. "I will go into the library and write some letters.

The freakish hair made me so wide awake that I can't be able to sleep for a long time."

They did mind, of course; but were too polite to say so. Whitaker was ordered to take the lamp into the library, and Frank bade his cousins good night.

"Please turn thewick down low before you blow it out," said Horace.

"And," entreated Herbert, "would you mind turning the hearth rug upside down when you leave the room? It makes it last much longer."

Frank paled, wondering the while why the constitution of a hearth rug was

such that the night and early morning air impaired it. Then he sought the library, closed the door, and was alone with his own thoughts.

Then he tried to read. Naturally he turned to poetry. All it ever turned to it was

inevitably as a deck o' cards to water. He took Tennyson from the shelf and for the first time in his life, grieved with the ill-used, forgotten works of Lockley Hall. After it he turned upon a volume of Mrs. Browning, and read about the past who, although so passionately in love with Emily Geraldine, vainglorious and not to be able to detect the secret of a ever-sounding Jeannine on the part of her ladyship.

And then Mr. Carrathers reached the part where the lovely lady comes by night, leaves the room, the stars are low, and in a fair forward way comes a woman to bear a light from Tigray lap on the library door. A wild but not altogether unnatural thought ran through him. Was a woman lady—could the episode about to occur? Could that be possible?

It was not.

Let us leave it tried.

The remarkable one said a day, inability of the old to return to the use of society has been lost or, at most, lost.

There was a lump in Sylvanus' throat, but he did not dare to say it.

Frank was at the piano, picking up a cigar, and looking out the window.

He was always a good judge of the supernatural gifts of detection, with which his friends seem endowed.

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He could not understand it; could see no reason for this summary and without appeal rejection of his love.

"I must go and think it all over," he muttered. "I can't think here. In this

good night, Mordie a melancholy story asserted that he ought not to despair had done him good, although he still swore he would not "grovel" and ask for it.

His guest having left him, Sylvanus drew himself up and patted his chest approvingly. "That—was a magnanimous act," he said, "to help a little like that. But I am thoroughly cured, so I could afford to do it."

He always said himself he was cured. Perhaps he was. All the same the Rev. Sylvanus Mordie is a bachelor to this day. Frank went back to Hazlewood House and apologized for his strange absence as best he could. He had been seized with a splitting headache and compelled to seek fresh air. Strange to say a splitting

headache has also driven Miss Clouston not to fresh air but to her room. "That's in the air, no doubt," said Herbert.

Another marked difference between the old ghost and the writh of to-day

is that the latter is voiceless. The earlier gibbered and moaned. In bare,

lonely woods in haunted church and castle, they shrieked and screamed.

We have heard of ghosts that moaned

and sang; a few have played musical instruments. In the black plantation

at the top of the hill, where Bella Brown killed her baby and then hanged herself, you might hear—so the peasant is used to say—on windy nights,

when the rotten boughs were buried

down and the dead leaves sent flying

like hounds in full cry, first the cry

of the phantom child, then the lullaby

of its phantom mother. No one would

go there after dark, not even Will, the poacher, who, though he was reputed

to fear neither man nor devil, cautiously skirted the wood at a safe distance

with his limping dog cowering at his heels.

All those wild, turbulent restless spirits are laid forever. Such wreaths as do appear merely look in as

they are passing—to put the fact in a familiar way—to let us know they are

going. The best authenticated stories are those of spirits which, when far from home, are compelled at short notice to quit for ghostland.

Instead of going direct one will sometimes call round the house of a dear friend, a lover, or a brother, enter the room in some mysterious manner, thicken out of mist into a resemblance to the familiar form, then with a long, mournful gaze pass out again to pursue the mystic journey.

This gentle, harmless shadow is all that remains of the stern, sleepless, vindictive ghost who could never be quiet till his secrets were told or he had had his revenge or burial, but who is now interred in that graveyard of romance where lie the fauns and satyrs, brownies, elves, and fairies, the witches and warlocks, the hobgoblins

