

Earlier people would not come to the middle of the Speaker's final adjournment...

RIOT. The Shipping among them. A riot in a county jail...

DEFENDER. Beams Used for Beams.

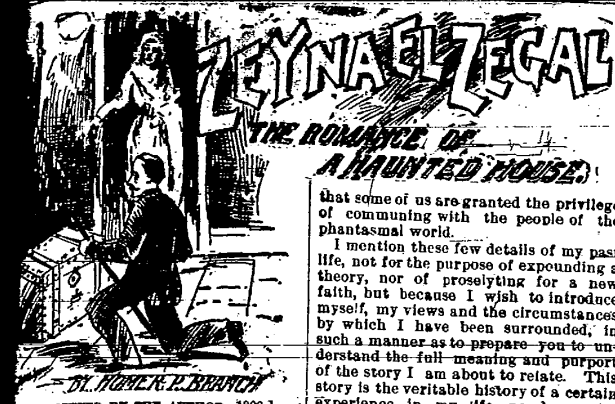
White-iden now hood, has sister's Indian 70 years. She is to Prof. in school, and he is her.

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THE ROMANCE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY.

I believe that I am not what could be called superstitious, yet my earliest recollection I have of opinions that differ from the accepted religious doctrines...

In other words, the impressions of childhood bear upon one's whole life. I know that with me—Hal Mala—the impressions of childhood have hung like a prevailing vapor over the whole period of my existence...

I loved to wander amid the hush and loneliness of woodland scenes. The sighing of the trees, the rippling of the brooks, the quaint sounds articulated by the small wild animals...

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CHAPTER II. ON THE BAYOU.

It was in the somber dead of night, and the red moon, wrapped in filmy mantles of light, floating cloud, floated down behind the tall cottonwoods...

Our journey by boat was some twenty miles, and on our way up we had stood on the top deck, leaning against the pilot house, absorbed in thought and speaking but seldom.

Flash and blood! I know then whether it was flesh and blood I had for a companion that night, or the shade of one long dead.

And Burton Arold! Why had I taken him as a boon companion—a man who was as the dead come to life, so unnatural were his ways and so supernatural were his thoughts and words?

His conversation also charmed me, so ineffably eccentric, buoyant, and beautiful it was. When we were alone in the dark, weary watches of the night, hour after hour, never seeming to sleep...

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CHAPTER III. THE SPIRITUAL REVELRY.

The haunted house was deluged in a flood of golden light. Melodious music swelled and sank and echoed among its halls and chambers as if all harmonious and pleasing sounds were assembled there, wrestling in ecstasies of unrestrained delight...

The motherly lady who had met us on the threshold ushered us into a small reception-room and left us in the presence of the host, an aged gentleman with silvery locks and a stately military bearing...

The viands and delicacies of the meal had a remarkable significance. None of the edibles were of the kind or quality common to earth. A mild fragrance welled from every dish, and the palatable properties of every sample were the result of a culinary art different from any that I was acquainted with...

Supper over, the company again repaired to the north room and the dancing and the music were resumed. It fell to me to lead out in the after supper reel with the fair Montini, but she had only got well to dancing when I discovered that I was honored with an other partner altogether.

A dozen times within the next hour and a half were my partners relieved by new ones. Each was as beautiful as the rest, and as charming and as pleasant. They all bade me welcome to the house, and alluded to the same mysterious mission spoken of by the Senorita El Maza.

Two hours after supper my last partner said to me: "The dance is done; I must bid you good-night." I led her to the door of the ladies' room, where I left her, and upon turning around met our gray-haired host, who greeted me and said: "You will see no more of us till to-morrow night; make yourself perfectly easy and at home."

A BELIEVER OF NOTE.

Those who are sceptical of spiritual manifestations in Indianapolis know that Mrs. Hendricks, widow of Vice President Hendricks, and some leading Democrats who believe in spiritual phenomena profess to have received on the slate of a medium messages from the spirit land...

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE. There was a man called Li Hung Chang who might have known much better. He jumped into a war with Japs. And lost his shirt, et cetera.

Little Boy Blue. Come blow your horn. Or you will get left. As sure as you're born. And if you blow loud enough—Mark me for that!—We'll send you to Congress To talk through your hat.

Simple Simon met old Hymen On his way from Paris. Said Simple Simon to old Hymen, "Pick me out an' be a man." Said old Hymen to Simple Simon, "What's your title, say?" Said Simple Simon to old Hymen, "Love is all I pray."

The Fighting Schoolmaster. He Didn't Look It, but He Was a Terror to Evil Doers. "It was not my privilege to be a pupil of the famous Chris Page, the fighting schoolmaster," said a State of Maine man...

Gradually it became known to a select and chosen few that Mrs. Hendricks was receiving messages from her departed husband—messages mainly on topics concerning themselves alone, but occasionally referring to political conditions and events most interesting at the time.



MRS. HENDRICKS.

Many of the faithful in Indianapolis declare that the successful business ventures made by Mrs. Hendricks since her husband's death have been due to his spiritual advice on the Herbine slate. They claim that she has increased her fortune only through the advices and prophetic instruction which could only come from an all seeing soul in the spirit land.



MRS. HERBINE, THE MEDIUM.

She Managed Iron Works. Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who has just died in England, was distinguished not only in London society, but also in many charitable undertakings. She managed the Dowlat Iron Works all through her son's minority and shared with Baroness Burdette-Coutts the distinction of being a free woman of the city of London and a member of a city guild.

Amelle Rives Chandler is at work on a poem of passion. She also has an attack of rheumatism. It is hard to tell which is the more excruciating.