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E RIOT.

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le Used for Beams

Beams, arrival of the br beams has work on De- al has pracol of doubt as loyed in the boat. The or the sides for the floor from four to lid any other lor the same it of weight will have an vill have an incalculable uit for any esigner and ate. As to

sange faces, and amid perpeasant sifting scenes.

As there was no one to worry over my intercatouts, I went forth when I listed indeame back when I willed.

I much frequented wild and out-of-libe way places, and was often infatused by gloemy-objects that would have ken far from fascinating to other children. The roar of the cataract as it, habled and plunged through jagged, may be a series of the cataract as it went among the cliffs and crags, it went among the cliffs and crags, it went among the cliffs and crags, I loved to wander amid the hush and the innellness of woodland scenes. The states of the trees, the rippling of the ate. As to f course not hoff can ye e bere who ch matters e yacht all

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rovement ouded. -Mrs. Par improve-ind is still es are run adeavor to Parnell's being paid ed. It is

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Dead. Fish, vorld, is Wabash He had

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When I was a little child I held comaunion with shadowy forms that told
he by myriad signs that they were relslikes of mine; souls of my people who
had shaken off the tolds of material life
and assumed immortal existence in the
hard assumed immortal existence in the
light were ghosts I followed them
they were ghosts I followed them
though the gloom of right and fett perlevit in the gloom of right and fett perlevit and stalk about among the white
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hard, and stalk about among the white
hildren were coddled up in their trundle
had at home, droaming things not half
half as all was looking at with open
testings and the full possession in my;
lesides the aforesaid, often



BY MOMER P. BRANCH

IMPTRIGHTED BY THE AUTHOR, 1890.]

INTRODUCTORY.

Ibelieve that I am not what could stally be called superstitious, yet are my earliest recollection I have adoptions that differ from the accepted religious doctrines; and such nions (or beliefs) are often looked on as superstitious, if not wholly dictions and not to be considered, to one deliberately manufactures known belief—that is something over hich he ordinarily has little more consistent has over the original form his body or the co'or of his complexion. It is the superstition of the complexity of the consistent his body or the co'or of his complexity is a part of his sporate self. He can distort his body paint his face, but left alone, they

appraise self. He can distort his body, paint his face, but left alone, they paint his face, but left his face, and his series completely changed by some imposive accident, circumstance or achies but this fehange, you will see, and wrought by his own will, but by affected that are brought to bear agon him. The influences by which we surrounded in the main form our paint his paint his face, and our character and relige to are mapped out in our intellects as the hand of an unseen, incompresymptopic destiny, and we have little bought but to follow the directions of compron the strength of the post says:

Tis education forms the common mind: Just as the twig is bent the tree's in clined."

In other words, the impressions of chidhood bear upon one's whole life. I have that with me—Hal Mala—the impessions of childhood have hung like a greating vapor over the whole period of ye existence; and in every tragedy, coundy or romance, in which I have been fortunate or unfortunate enough a participate, I have been referred a participate, I have been referred kits to the dawning of my personalision.

Orphaned in infancy, and left homemy childhood was spent among faces, and amid perpetually ting scenes.

lived to wander amid the hush and be loneliness of woodland scenes. It is the trees the rippling of the looks, the quaint sounds articulated, by the sasts of the field and the birds of the literature of the looks, the quaint sounds articulated, by the sasts of the field and the birds of the air, were to me well have to me well the looks of t

but me up.

Thus my infancy and childhood's dreamy life ended, and then my living came by a ardnous strife with adversity.

What information I possess was picked up of my own accord, regardless of schools or the pedagogue's art.

I had an early liking for letters, and Luplored enterprisingly the realm of howledge, although nothing like system or order ever accompanied my forts.

I was drilled to no particular trade, so

CHAPTER L

INTRODUCTORY.

that some of us are granted the privilege of communing with the people of the phantasmal world.

I mention these few details of my past life, not for the purpose of expounding a theory, nor of proselyting for a new faith, but because I wish to introduce; myself, my views and the circumstances, by which I have been surrounded, in such a manner as to prepare you to understand the full meaning and purport of the story I am about to relate. This story is the veritable history of a certain experience in my life—no dream, no hallucination.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE PATOR.

It was in the somber dead of night, and the red moon, wrapped in filmy mantles of light, fleeting cloud, floated low down behind the tall cottonwoods on the right, ever and anno casting a flow slight beams across the black deck, of a small steamboat that was headed up one of those numerous murky bayous which flooded the southern port on of the State of Louisians.

The boat which was a sort of "cotton, lugger," contained but two passengers—my companion and myself—who were llooked upon by the officers and deck hands of the craft as mysterious personages We had come on board after dark, and were well bundled up in great coats, so undoubtedly looked quite austere and grim in the dim lights of the smoky lanteris hung about. Besides, we were going to the haunted villa on the old Spanish plantation up the country, which, as 'rumor' had it, had for years been inhabited by none but ghostly apparitions, and which was supposed to be resting under the ban of a terrible and incorable curse.

Our journey by boat was some twenty

and which was supposed to be resting under the ban of a terrible and inexorable curse.

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.

Once the captain came along and touched my arm and that of my companion, and by the aid of his lantern looked earnestly into our faces. Upon being asked why he did this, he replied:

"Beg yeur paidon, misters, but some of the men doubt as how ye are flesh and blood, ye look so glum and ghostly like. They hearn what ye're goin', an' are jest a little skeery. No live man has dared to taskie that 'ar habitation at midnight afore fur up ards o'ten year. Don't mean to offond ye, misters, but of 'twas me I'd wait till sun-up afore I tuk partikeler pains t' git ac mainted wi' the folks at the haunted house."

This said, he walked on.

Flesh and blood that night, or the shade of one long dead?

Was I flesh and blood that night, or that month, or was I the ghost of myself accompanying a weird fancy along the bayous and over the fields of Southern Louisiana?

When I was a little child, untutored in letters or the ways of the world, I saw

When I was a little child, untutored in when I was a little child, untutored in letters or the ways of the world, I saw and held mystic communion with the spirits of the dead. Was I azain, at the beginning of manhood, as at the begin-ning of life, to commune with zephyry ompanions?

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

It came about in this way: I had been to the way in the way of bloody and way to the way of the way to the way to be the way the way to be the way to be the way to be the way to be the way the way to be the way to be the way to be the way to be the way the way to be the way to be the way the way the way the way the wa

It came about in this way: I had been in the swamps of Florida on a hunt for curleus insects for a Northern enternesses in sects for a Northern enternesses in sects for a Northern enternesses of the section of typhoid fever and inflammatory rheunatism—a disease that is very common in the swampy regions of the South. During the delirium which followed I was taken to Mobile and taken care of in a hospital. I was delirious for some weeks, and when I "came to" I was surprised at my surroundings. I inquired of the first person I saw us to where I was and why I was there. This person was Burton Arold, and he told me how it all came about. How he came to find out I do not know, for noue of the hospital people had ever seen him until he was found at my bedside, and none had troubled themselves to learn his name or to give him any information concerning me. He seemed to take a great interest in me, and attended me during my whole illness with the constancy and tenderness of a firm and devoted friend. His solicitous care had the effect upon my recovering faculties of winning my unconditional gratitude, for I found out that the hospital attendants were like a set of machinery, moving here and there in nice order, managed by master heads, but having little more sympathy for a sleek person than one would commonly have for a plaster manikin, so accustomed were they be seenest of slokbed and deathbed sufferings. n the swamps of Florida on a hunt for

I was drilled to no particular trade, so by occupation was necessarily various, and, aside from the fact that it maintained me reasonably well, was of a sort, that of the said from the fact that it maintained me reasonably well, was of a sort, that of the said fact in the fact that of the channel of itinerant journalism, and later into that of Hierature, as best the coming a person of haphazard accomplishments and roving disposition.

All these circumstances, being of an exceedingly miscellaneous and uncompliant of the said of t and ceatings surerings.

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

thin my mind to fasten themselves; on me; but I credit my belief to other as it to child I held committee the child I held commit

When I became well again, he proposed that I should accompany him into Louisians on a visit to the house that had been the home of his sweethears, who had died some years before. It was a haunted house, he said, but from what he had heard me say when I was ill he guessed that I was not afraid of having a friendly visit with spirits that were kindly disposed. I asked no questions, but promised to go; and thus I eventually found myself on board the small steamboat with Burton Arold at my elbow, both of us listening to the sounds that came out of the darkness, and waiting for the boat to carry us to the landing opposite the haunted villa; and as we came around a bend in the bayou and the moon went down below the horizon, leaving all in sulten darkness, the boat swung against the bank. The pilot did not dare to blow the whistle or ring the bell. The reason: It was midnight and the dreadful haunted house was just over the brow of a small hill.

We stepped on shore and parted from the boat's wondering crew. That gloomy craft swung out into the bayou and piled its way onward. We turned up the hill and walked briskly toward our destination, he leading the way.

Low but uncarthly sweet music came in soft, feeling streins, from the direction of the villa, which, upon gaining the summit of the hill, I was surprised to see brilliantly illuminated. "The dance is on," exclaimed Burton, in answer to my exclamation of inquiry. "See, we are expected," and the double front doors opened and a kind-looking elderly matron of the Spanish type tame forward to greet us.

CHAZTER HIL. When I became well again, he used that I should accompany him

CHAPTER III.

tame forward to greet us.

CHASTER III.

THE SPIRITAL REVELRY.

The baunted house was deiuged in a flood of rolden 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 costasies of unrestrained delight. In the dining hall aprincely banquet was laid ready for the night's refreshment. Fair maids and gallant cavaliers, gentle matrons and noble elder gallants, lent the charm of their bright smiles and delightful presence to every nook, and in the great north room sylphilike figures and fairy forms glided through the dreamy movements of quaint old Spanish reets, or gailoped with pretty grace and happy attitude through the lively changes of more gay and modern fandange; indeed it was a night of revelry and joy.

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, who was sitting in a large oak armchair, speaking in bland, pleasant manner, to a group of friends gathered round. Upon our entering he arose and welcomed us warmly. Burton, after shaking hands with several present, passed into another apartment and left me alone with the strangers, whereupon the host turned to me and suavely said: "Shon, after your night's ride you must feel, to a certain extent, the Inroads of bunger. The cloth is laid and ready for the feast." Then stepping to the door of the north room he beckoned to some one within and was himmediately iolined by a queenly young lady of prepossessing beauty and charming manner whom he presented to me as as his daughter, the Senorita fin to supper fell to me. Noticing that the prevailing tendency of the gueests, the honor of leading the senorita in to supper fell to me would be a surface on the ward the dining hall, and feeling the fair senorita's hand already on my arm, I gave her my attention and fell in line on the general march toward the table, which, wh

the table, which, when arrived at, prosented a most gratifying abundance.
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 or had ever heard
or read of. Flowers of unknown varieties and unprecedented loveliness poured
out their dainty perfume upon the air,
decorated the room, the table, adorned
the ladies' corsaces and bloomed upon
the lapels of the gentlemen's coats.
Laughter, gay conversation and genteel
enthusiasm went round the board and
the whole company was in gay spirits. the whole company was in gay spirits. The feast, the feasting, and the feasters were a dream of aliment, radiance and pleasure.

were a dream of allment, radiance and pleasure.

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 reci with the fair Montinni, but we had only got well to dancing when I discovered that I was honored with another partner altogether. This senorita was just as beautiful as the Montinni. She noticed my surprise and saidt. "Senor must dance with us all, so his partners must change often." She introduced herself as a daughter of Senor El Musa, who had been a partner with Montinni. She was a fascinating conversationalist, but of a mysterious strain, mostly, and alluded several times in a vague way to a mission in connection with the villa and its mystic people which she said Fate had appointed me

which she said Fate had appointed me

A dozen times within the next hour
and a half were my partners refleved 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 renerits. El Muza,
The mystery of the mission norplaxed
me not a little, but the infatuating revelry of the dance, and the wild, sweet
music that accompanied it, did not suffer me to think seriously on the matter;
so on we whired beneath the radiant
lights, guided by the wild notes of the
harp, the guitar and the violoncellothe company rading and reappearing
like people in a dream as they gilded
through the quaint figures of fandangos,
walters and reels.

Two hours after supper my last cartser said to me: The same is sone; I
must bid you good-aight. I led her to

the doer of the ladies' room, where I left her, and upon thrains around met our gray-haired host, who greeted me and said: "You will see no more of es till to-morrow night; make yourself perfectly easy and at home." I with these words he glided out, and upon his disappearance the music stopped, the revelry ceased, the lights, went out, the company faded from view, and, speechless with smazement. I found myself alone in the haunted house, in the chill air and gray dawn of morning, wondering if I was asleep or awake, in my right senses or stark mad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

There was a man called Li Hung ('hang Who might have known much better, ry no might have known much better, Ah He jumped into a war with Japs, And lost his shirt, et cetera.

And when he found his shirt was gone.
With all his might and main. He jumped into a Peace Commission To win it back again.

Sing a song of gold loans, The lion and the lamb; Sixty cool odd millions Borrows Uncle Nam. But, six, when the bond is due Another rong he'll sing: For when i comes to paying debts.
That's quite another thing. 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.

To talk through your nac.

Simple Simon met old Hymen
On his way from Paris:
Said Simple Simon to old Hymen,
"Pick me out an heires;"
Said old Hymen to Simple Simon,
What's your title, say;"
Said Simple Simon to old Hymen,
"Love is all. J pray."
Said ald Hymen to Simple Simon,
Bitess me you're a chump:
We'll pay two millions for a "Count,"
But Love has had a siump.
So Simple Simon left old Hymen,
Starting home by steerage:
He's searching now some back-door route
To sneak into the pecrage. He's searching now some one R. W. He's S

THE FIGHTING SCHOOLMASTER.

He Didn't Look It, but He Was a Terro

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, "but I saw him display his qualities man, once under circumstances that caused me

once under circumstances that caused me to remember him gratefully.

"A dapper little drummer traveling for a Boston house arrived late with his wite at a country hotel where I was stopping. After supper the two went into the parlor, which opened upon the office, to wait while the landlady got their room ready for them. The red shirted man was talking profanely and an lond that his voice reached the parlor, and the husband

to wait while the landlady got their room ready for them. The red shirted man was talking profacely and so lond that his voice reached the parlor, and the husband closed the door between them. Immediately the big fellow kicked the door open and threatened to annihilate the small drummer if he ventured to close it again. At this point I noticed that the tail man in the chimney corner was looking glum, but he said inchimer got his wife out of the room into the hallway, and they were passing up stairs when the big fellow, catching sight of them, made a remark insulting to both and started toward the husband. He had made but a step when upgot the tall man. "Stop there, my friend!" he said in a tone drawling but full of business. 'Don't go any further or say another word in that lady's hearing." "The big fellow turned in astonishment, then doubled his fists and ground his teeth.

"Who in hell are you?' he asked. 'Do you want anything of me?" "He took a step toward the tall man, and in an instant he cauz'tt a 'traight right hander in his ner, that the high the down to he floor. But he was hard and meant fight. He got upon his feet, made a rush for his antagonist, and for a few minutes there was a fight so lively that the two men seemed to fill the office. I climbed upon the wood box, and the other spectators got behind the counter or dodged about. But it was soon evident that the man in the red shirt was getting all the punishment. As the two fought rough and tumble, the tall man was so lithe and clever that his heavier opponent could not land a blow on him or force him to a clinch, but was hammered all over tha room. There were some attempte made to separate them, but one peacemaker went down in a heap, owing to a tap on the jaw from the tall man's elbow, and the landlord, crying peace, was sent smash through the door into his own parlor and brought up on the floor in the middle of the roem, where he sat still and waited.

"The fight ended by Red Shirt getting jammed in a corner, where he as tall ind

"The fight ended by Red Shirt getting jammed in a corner, where he held his rhead down and devoted all his efforts to saving his face. The tall man hit him two or three times where he pleased, and

two or three times where he products then asked:

"Do you think you'll insult the next lady and gentleman that happen to come to a hotel where you are disgracing your-

"There was no answer, and the tall an gave him a thumping blow in the

"You think you will, then?" he said.
Thump, thump, came two more blows.
"Till be damned if I ever do,' roared the fellow, with a auddenness and sincerity that were funny.
"Those are sentiments I approve,' said the tall man. "How do you think you'd the tall man. "How do you think you'd the a black after, your exercise? Compaup, all hands, to the bar and drink with Chris Page to the future well doing of a reformed sinner.
"The devili" muttered the big man, as he monped his nose and blinked menulise.

"The devil" muttered the big man, as he mopped his nose and blinked ruefully out of a pair of swellen eyes. 'You licked my brother once. Why didn't you say who you were in the first place and save us two all this trouble?"—N. Y. Sun.

Amelle Rives Chapler le at work on poem of passion. She also has tack of rheumatism. It is bard to tell which is the more excruciating.

A BELIEVER OF NOTE.

The Widow of Vice President Hendricks.

dricks.

Those who are aceptical 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 apirit land and signed by the Vice President. Mr. Hendricks died Thanksgiving eve, 1885. He had no time for the arrangement of his earthly affairs or his political husiness. He was in an upper chamber of his Indianapolis home preparing for dinner. His wife heard a heavy fall on the floor above, and when she reached his side found her husband dead with a peaceful smile. husband dead with a peaceful smile on his face.



MRS. HENDRICKS.

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 re ferring to political conditions and events most interesting at the time. Lottie Greenrod, as a child of twelve knew nothing of Mrs. Hendricks and had no conception of the high place in politics held by her husband. Evidently her first slate writing must have been of satisfactory tenor to Mrs. Hendricks, for in ten years she has been a constant visitor to this same medium's house



MRS HERBINE, THE MEDIUM.

Many of the faithful in Indianapo-lis declare that the successful busi-ness ventures made by Mrs. Hen-dricks since her husband's death have dricks 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. Whatever may be the belief, it is a fact that Mrs. Hendricks has in ten years doubled the property left by her husband, and meantime she has dispensed, it is said, in charity or in aid of relatives nearly \$70,000. Not only has she attended to her own charities, but she has carried on her roll of pensioners all the needy her roll of pensioners all the needy relatives and impoverished political friends that her husband was in the habit of aiding at the time of his death. Vice President Hendricks was in his life charitable almost to

She Managed Iron Works

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who has just died in England, was distinguished not only in London society, ut also in many charitable under-akings. She managed the Dowlais takings. She managed the Dowlats Iron Works all through her son's mi-nority, 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. A married woman cannot by rules

and regulations of these anoient guilds, attain this honor, and it was before her marriage to Ashmead Bartlett that the baroness received the freedoom of the Turners and Haberdashers companies. Lady Char-lotte, who was about the same age as the baroness—that is, in her 80th year was elected a member of the guild of fanmakers on becoming a widow and her collection of fana is one of the most complete and celebrated in the world.

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