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DR. FOMERIE R. BURTON

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CHAPTER IV. THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM

I mechanically sought the door, and was startled, indeed, upon suddenly encountering Burton, who was leisurely pacing up and down the north balcony. He noticed my astonishment, laughingly, and motioned me to be seated upon the balcony railing.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I did; but whether I enjoyed a dream, or a reality I cannot determine. Is this an enchanted house where a person is deluded into passing through all these things, or were those actually spirits gathered together on a special occasion?"

"Those were the shades of the people who once lived here," replied Burton. "They were here to celebrate a popular family anniversary, and also to receive a becoming state a person, who, you are undoubtedly heard, is destined to work out an important mission in connection with the house."

"That means me, I presume," said I.

"But what," I asked, "is this mission—this all mysterious mission—that I have heard referred to so many times within the past few hours?"

"It has been ordained that others should acquaint you with the necessary information," replied Burton. "Besides, the most mysterious part of the mission has been studiously kept secret from me. Everything you need undoubtedly be made plain to you as you need to proceed."

The glorious prospect of the waking day, as the sun's great orb slowly crept out of the eastern void, fixed our attention and stayed our words for a spell, and we drank in the radiant effect in silence.

When the sun had crept up its length or so along the firmament, Burton arose and said that he must leave me for the day, as he had to go to a neighboring village on a business errand. He informed me that dinner would be ready for me at noon, and that if I got lonely the old family library had a rich store of the wherewithal to while away time. Then he wished me a pleasant morning and left me in charge of my mission.

For an hour or so I walked around the lonely old place. Sadly neglected and it been for years. Becoming tired at length of the drearful dullness of the place, I sought the library, as Burton had directed. The door had been shut so long that it came open with difficulty, but finally yielded and I walked in.

The room was filled with easy chairs, writing desks and various-sized bookcases. Opening one of the latter, I drew forth a quaint little volume that had attracted my attention through the glass front, and opened it. A small parcel fell to the floor. I picked this up to see what it contained. A large white rose, dried and pressed from having been in the book, and musty with age, was disclosed; but from it even then issued a delicate fragrance that was charming to the sense. The stem of this rose was uniquely attached by a small blue ribbon to a thick piece of pretty note paper, upon the opposite side of which were written some verses, headed with the words, "To Zeyna," and signed by Burton Aroid. I was so curious as to read these verses. They were as follows:

Of all the flowers, dear, that grow
Up from the fertile sod,
The fragrant white rose is, I know,
Sweet as the smile of God;
As sweet, Zeyna, thy nature true,
As sweet as thou, how few!

Then take this rose and wear it where
'Twill catch the changing sheen
That darts along thy raven hair,
Or glances bright between
The lashes of thy tender eyes
And on thy fair cheek lies.

Wear it love, where thy breath, twice
Sweet,
Can kiss its fragrant leaves;
Look on't, then think, my dear, to meet
Me 'neath the hanging eaves
Of the old rose-bower to-night,
Prepared for secret flight.

I fell to musing upon this little relic of Burton's courtship, which had been cut short, so he had told me, by the death of Zeyna. But I was disturbed presently by a slight step upon the floor. Startled, I looked up.

Angel of light! Dream of spiritual loveliness! Was heaven at hand, and was the queen thereof standing within the gates? Thus I, indeed, thought for the moment.

I had seen beauty before in this wonderful world, both upon the painter's canvas and in reality; I have seen it there: I had seen it the night before among the apparitions of the spiritual revelry; but may the beings that people paradise be one-half so lovely as the radiant spirit maiden who stood so divinely there in that ancient and dusty library.

My wildest, most indulged flights of imagination were eclipsed in that face and form. I knelt in an ecstasy of reverence in the presence. Majestic and queenly, with a slight halo about the head; long, loosely flowing tresses; a pale, sweet purr face; tender, lustrous eyes, that seemed to melt the very soul with sympathy and rapture; a divinely perfect form, molded exquisitely within the transparent folds of a great saphyre mantle of pure white, thus stood the spirit before me!

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Then a long conversation ensued, in which I learned that several of the officers were heavy land owners and that they were so unfortunate as to be in possession of many acres adjoining the Montini estate, which land could not be sold for a penny on account of its nearness to the villa, which was generally believed to be a cursed and haunted place. They said that they would like to search the house to see for themselves if any supernatural agencies infested it, and if there were any noticeable grounds for the wild reports current throughout the community, if I would grant them permission. This I did, as I had no authority or inclination to do otherwise. We all entered the house together, the sheriff and myself leading. We had hardly got half way down the hall when the gentleman who bore the distinction of being parish clerk felt his carbine eluding his grasp, and, almost overwhelmed with amazement and fear, saw it leave his shoulder and retire swiftly to the door, where it seemed to be held by an invisible somebody standing on guard. As he was too frightened to speak, and as the others did not notice the mishap a panic was avoided.

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Turning to the officers I told them that the just enacted revelation was sufficient evidence that those doors were not to be opened at the present time, and that perhaps it would not be well to persist in the investigation. And they seemed to agree with me, judging from their blanched faces.

Ah, human bravery and cowardice! how often dost thou live side by side in one heart! These seven men, four of whom were veterans of two wars and distinguished for their bravery in battle, there in that room where there was no danger at all, stood pale as the specters themselves, silent as statues, trembling, speechless, in abject fear. I watched them curiously for a moment. Presently faint rappings sounded on all the locked doors, and a dense vapor began to obscure the hallway. One man let his carbine drop to a rest upon the floor, and at the noise thus made every honorable officer started as if awakened from a troubled sleep, and in concert, as if inspired with a sudden madness, they gave a wild, crazy yell and fled down the stairs and down into the outer air as if the legions of Tophet had been let loose at their heels. Panic-stricken, they hurriedly mounted and spurred their astonished animals to their full powers of speed down the road.

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THE ROMANCE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

tom placed a finger upon her lips and shook her head.

Turning out of the room, and beckoning me to follow, she flitted down the hall, through several bare rooms, then into a small office in a wing of the building. Here she stopped by the side of a narrow door which she motioned me to open. It led us into a vault, set in the side of which was a rusty iron box, with its door partly ajar. The phantom signified a desire to have this opened, and with the aid of an iron bar that I found upon the floor I pried the door back. A roll of parchment fell out. I started to open this, but she shook her head, and placing her finger against the dark side of the vault, traced, in pale phosphorescent letters, that faded away almost as fast as she wrote, this sentence: "My trusting to you this paper is a part of your preordained fate; it is a part of your mission here; do not open it until you are well acquainted with the object of the mission." With this she bowed her thanks and vanished.

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Wind Vortices

That intelligent traveler in South Africa, Mr. Burchell, says that in the dry season, when the thermometer frequently stood at 96 in the shade, he often witnessed small whirlwinds which drew up pillars of dust, and these passed rapidly along, carrying up every light substance to the height of 100 to 400 feet.

Prof. Smythe, while at Tenerife, noticed this curious effect: A small whirlwind passed close to their tent and eddied upon the end of a roll of blue cloth that was hanging out of a sheet, unrolled it, although it was forty yards long, and carried it up into the sky so high that it looked like a piece of ribbon; there it sailed slowly round in a circle, accompanied by some hats, caps and other smaller matters, after which descending leisurely, it fell about 400 yards away.

would spend the rest of the day sauntering about the fields and looking at the country.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wind Vortices

That intelligent traveler in South Africa, Mr. Burchell, says that in the dry season, when the thermometer frequently stood at 96 in the shade, he often witnessed small whirlwinds which drew up pillars of dust, and these passed rapidly along, carrying up every light substance to the height of 100 to 400 feet.

Prof. Smythe, while at Tenerife, noticed this curious effect: A small whirlwind passed close to their tent and eddied upon the end of a roll of blue cloth that was hanging out of a sheet, unrolled it, although it was forty yards long, and carried it up into the sky so high that it looked like a piece of ribbon; there it sailed slowly round in a circle, accompanied by some hats, caps and other smaller matters, after which descending leisurely, it fell about 400 yards away.

BIG HOTEL KITCHENS

TURNING OUT AN ELABORATE BILL OF FARE.

The Chef's Organized Corps--Buying the Enormous Food Supply and Cooking It According to a Thousand Recipes.

There are two great men in the lower section of the big modern hotel. One of them is the steward and the other is the chef. The first supplies the raw provender, and the other gives it the artistic treatment which later on soothes the appetite of the guest into dreamy satisfaction.

The steward is a keen business man who watches the markets as closely as a professional stock speculator. At night he makes a list of what he is to buy the next morning. The list would read like a bit of fiction to the average housewife. It is the regular thing for the steward of one of the new Fifth avenue hotels to buy each morning twenty-five different kinds of fresh fish, fifteen sorts of shellfish, ten of smoked and salt fish, twenty-five varieties of meats, and the same number of butcher's miscellanies, such as sweetbreads, calf's head, etc.; fifteen varieties of game, thirty-five of vegetables, a dozen of fruit and a like number of cheeses.

A number of smaller items are also bought each day, such as olives, jellies, syrups, milk and eggs. There are regular days for the purchase of vast quantities of groceries, but these give the steward comparatively little trouble, as they require no skirmining about to secure. An order is sent by telephone or messenger to the wholesaler, and the goods are delivered.

Great care is taken in the purchase of milk, butter and eggs. Four of the large fashionable hotels pay a contract price of \$1 a pound the year round for their butter, and this item alone costs each of them in the neighborhood of \$90,000 a year, including the cooking butter.

None of the milk supplied to these hotels is of the skimmed variety. It is bought by contract from large dealers, and from each can is taken enough to fill a small glass jar, which is at once placed in a refrigerator at 45 degrees and kept locked up for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time it is tested by an expert to discover the exact proportion of cream and milk. The season of the year has much to do with these proportions, which for the cream vary from 12 to 22 per cent. If the cream falls below the minimum the dealer stands the immediate danger of losing a fat contract.

Eggs are a tender subject with the large hotel men, and the steward invariably buys the costliest in the market. An egg of bad character may lose for the hotel one of its best patrons, and may indirectly cause others to change their quarters, as the man who leaves on account of a disreputable egg is sure to tell about it. Not only that, but it has the power to ruin scores of dollars' worth of dainty pastry, gallons of puddings and custards, and generally do untold damage.

All the eggs not boiled to order are broken separately by skilled assistants, making the cost of handling them a considerable item. Two hundred and fifty dozen is an average number used each day in a large hotel, and at busy times as much as 500 dozen have been handled. Breaking and judging 6,000 eggs in a day is no small task, as can easily be imagined.

All the meat used is treated with artistic care, and the "ripening" process requires the judgment of an expert. When purchased it is ticketed with the date of killing and the dressing, and is then packed in a cold room at 45 degrees for two weeks. When removed it is usually covered with a thick mold and the appearance of this mold to the expert is the keynote of its condition. It must be ripe, juicy and tender, and the long storage usually brings about these results.

The real work of the kitchen falls to the lot of the chef. In four of the greatest New York hotels the chef is an Alsatian, and his salary ranges from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year. He has a number of department chefs under him and each of them has a small regiment of helpers.

The next in rank to the chef is the saucier, who boils the meats and mixes the soups and sauces. After him comes the rotisseur, who broils and roasts all the meats and fish. Following the rotisseur is the entremetier, who handles all the side dishes, such as vegetables, omelets and whatever is fried. The garde manger, next in rank, makes the salads and prepares the cold meats. The butcher, who cuts the meats, and the poissonier, who dresses the fish, and the casseroier, who fills the important post of head pot washer, complete the executive force of the chef.

With a well organized staff of assistants the main duty of the chef comes just before mealtime, when he makes a round of the entire kitchen, seeing every article prepared. He may suggest some slight change, like the adding of seasoning, but usually everything has been done by his satisfaction. The bakery force is independent of the chef.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is Fond of Hunting.

Royalty gets its recreation in various ways. In ancient times the relief from official cares was had by looking at slaves contesting good naturedly for prizes or fighting earnestly or vindictively for self preservation. Things are different now. Emperor William, of Germany; the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales take to various athletic diversions, principally yachting.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, though fond of nearly every kind of outdoor sport, is passionately devoted to hunting. Chamois hunting, for instance, is sport of the most difficult character. It would be the hardest kind of work for most of America's smart set, who "follow the hounds" so assiduously in season. But chamois hunting appeals to the Austrian Emperor because it is arduous, and probably to be successful requires a remarkable degree of skill with the rifle and extraordinary familiarity with horseback riding. He is inordinately fond of horses, and is, therefore, most naturally a splendid horseman. He does not look so well on horseback as his graceful wife, the Empress, but he goes in more for fun than looks, though the Empress is, by the way, a courageous hunter. Emperor Francis, though 61 years of age, is as hardy and tireless as a man of 30.

Solferino is his favorite resort for hunting the nimble chamois, and here for weeks he will occupy a modest shooting lodge, chatting affably with the peasants and taking what sport comes in his way with quiet good nature. The district abounds in mountain forests and little villages, where the Emperor's appearance excites slight attention.

The Waif of Wounded Knee.

Those who remember the terrible battle that took place some four years ago between the Indians of the Pine Ridge agency and the United States regular troops at the place known as Wounded Knee may have forgotten, says the Philadelphia Times, that a girl baby was found on the body of her mother four days after the fight. That Indian baby is alive and well, and is now the adopted daughter of General Colby, who took her under his care as soon as she was found and brought her to his wife. Big Foot, chief of the Sioux, had about twenty lodges gathered about him when the outbreak began, but after a terrible fight in the winter not one of the one hundred and twenty warriors was left to tell the tale; and when the soldiers went over the snow covered fields afterward they found the dead body of an Indian squaw, and closely held to her breast was a tiny babe about seven months old.

Zintka Lanuni, as she is called, does not seem to be the "Lost Bird" that her name indicates, for when a Times reporter called at the home of Mrs. Colby a few days ago she came running in and began to speak in excellent English and show some queer balls that she had gathered in her rambles. She is large for her age, and seems to be a child of fine intelligence, calling her adopted father and mother, "mother" and "father," and evidently not ever imagining that she is always regarded with curious eyes by all visitors. She dresses in the same gowns as the little American girls wear, and one would never notice her were it not for the Indian cast of the dark features and the black, straight hair that is combed back from the low brow. Mrs. Colby, who has no children, is as fond of the little waif as if it were her own child, and she will be trained and educated as well as any girl in America.

Fur of the Weasel.

The fur of the weasel family is in great demand by the dealers because of its beauty and adaptability in many classes of wearing apparel. What is known as ermine is produced by a little animal called the stoat in England. In winter he changes his reddish brown skin to a white one. Savage and bloodthirsty is this little creature, preying upon everything that he can overpower. His chief food consists of partridges and rabbits, but many other small animals are disposed of in the same way. The pine marten, a member of the weasel tribe, has a brown skin and yellow throat. Some martens have a bluish brown coat with white throat. They are larger than the stoat and more destructive. The other is the king of weasels. He can whip anything of his weight in the world. He is hunted with hounds in England, and can give six or seven dogs all they can do to kill him. Like the mink, he is very fond of fish and water fowl.

All of the weasel family are fierce and strong for their size. The skunk, with his black and white coat; the badger, with his beautiful silver gray fur and black dashes, and the sable are all of the same species and valuable fur bearing animals.

There are 206,456 miles of telephone wire in England.