

# Tales of Love and Adventure

## Over the Top in a Cemetery

By Parke Whitney

There was an under current of excitement in Cedarville. The very atmosphere of the village was tense and electric with emotion. Everybody seemed to be hugging a deep secret which he could not or would not divulge, and there was a reticence when old residents met which was unusual and entirely unlike Cedarville, which was noted not only for being a college center but also for being one of the most social and hospitable villages on the C. and A. railroad.

Something strange had happened, that was evident—or was going to happen—something mysterious and something that touched the lives of a great many persons. Yet no one would mention the matter to another, or admit that there was anything unusual troubling his mind.

The fact was, that during the past week or more leading citizens had received strange and mysterious epistles through the mail—epistles written in scarlet upon thin black paper. Each epistle bore the ensigns of the skull and crossbones and even possessed the dank odor of parchments of bygone ages, suggesting that they had been hidden for centuries in tomb or sepulchre. Each of these epistles was written in a bold, scrawling hand, and read as follows:

### A SUMMONS.

You are hereby summoned to appear at the Old Turnpike cemetery, Cedarville, Thursday night, Nov. 30th, at 12 o'clock sharp. The dead are risen and alive again! We must speak to you of matters that concern your eternal destiny. Your refusal to obey this summons will bring upon you the torments of an haunted soul!

(Signed)  
Squire Ebenezer Phillibrown,  
(Dead these forty years)  
Deacon Jonathan Williams  
(Departed these thirty years)  
Captain Ignacius Thompson,  
(Being dead since Zachary Taylor was president).

Over two hundred of these weird epistles had been received by citizens of Cedarville. The recipients were all practical men and women, and not believers in ghosts or apparitions, and yet this letter was so strange and unusual and bore such convincing earmarks of having emanated from the City of the Dead, that it proved absolutely convincing, and all receiving the letter deemed it wise to keep their own counsel (each believing that he was undoubtedly the "EMS" recipient) and to meekly obey the summons upon the night stipulated.

As it neared 12 o'clock on the night of November 30th the moon shone brightly and cast its spectre shadow.

It was a wonderful night to hold converse with the dead.

Leading citizens emerged from their warmth and comfort of their homes and wended their way, with quaking knees and beating hearts, to the Turnpike cemetery, each seeking an unfrequented path across fields and through woods, and unconsciously they played hide-and-seek with one-another. It may have been merely curiosity that prompted so many to take this midnight walk to the old cemetery, and most of them actually tried to make themselves believe that this was the case; but the fact was, that everyone of them felt not a little uncomfortable as he approached the heavy foliage and dark shadows of the cemetery.

They all finally reached the Turnpike cemetery gate. It was not without surprise that the leading citizens discovered each other's presence and compared notes and found that they all had received the same strange epistle and had been lured by its weird contents to wander forth obedient to its imperative bidding. It was a fact that every man and woman of them

was credulous and more than half convinced and spoke in a whisper and with quivering voice. The casting of spectre shadows by the full moon, the oppressive silence of the cemetery—all seemed to increase the company's awe and uneasiness.

Suddenly Elder Green, one of the most pious and respected citizens of Cedarville, exclaimed, "See! There's one! He's coming toward us!"

The crowd looked with agitation and no small degree of fear into the semi-darkness of the cemetery; and behold, a spectre form was emerging from behind William Stackpole's tombstone and was stalking toward them. The silence was oppressive and quite unbearable. The spectre walked slowly between grave stones, swaying slightly as he walked, and putting forth his long slender hands as if attempting to grasp something, or as if blind, to guide his steps! The form came on straight toward the waiting throng.

Finally he came close to the gate, stood still, and seemed to be surveying the company. Then he spoke, slowly, in a hollow rattling voice.

"Enter ye! Enter ye!" he commanded. "Enter ye into the Kingdom of the Dead!" Instantly the gate swung open as if by magic, and two hundred of Cedarville's most respected citizens advanced with feeble and hesitant steps into the walled enclosure of the cemetery.

Almost simultaneously there was a loud noise as though the earth were quaking, and the wind was blowing through the distant trees, and a countless number of white apparelled forms appeared as if out of their graves—seemingly from nowhere! They lined up in a semicircle around the frightened, trembling company.

Then there was a full minute—what seemed to be an interminable length of time—of heavy, awe-laden silence, and a ghost stood forth and spoke—in a strange, subdued, deliberate voice! "I am the ghost of Captain Ignacius Thompson! In behalf of the dead, long resident in the Turnpike cemetery, I bid you welcome. We have called you hither to speak to you of matters that vitally concern your everlasting destiny!"

There was a pause in the speaker's "introductory remarks." Everybody could hear his own breathing so tense was the silence and the excitement. It would be expected that all present would be fully convinced by this time—convinced that the ghost was precisely whom he said he was, and that all the other ghosts were genuine disembodied spirits, now haunting the darkness of the cemetery. Beyond a doubt all present were convinced—all except one—the redoubtable Captain John Teasdale!

Captain Teasdale was one of this strange company not because he was convinced, but because he loved excitement and delighted in every opportunity to expose an imposter. It must also be remembered that Captain Teasdale was a hero of the World War, and had known what it is to flirt with death and to go over the top in fighting the Kaiser's hordes in France.

The captain could endure the situation no longer, and elbowing his way through the crowd he exclaimed, "Men, this is a fake! A miserable fake!"

Follow me! Over the top! And down with the ghosts forever! There was the real note of command in his voice, and everybody could see that Teasdale was in earnest and was resolute in his purpose.

And Captain Teasdale made one mad lurch. He grabbed the ghost of Ignacius Thompson, and ruthlessly tore the white robe from his shadowy body, which proved to be not ethereal at all, but just as material and carnal as anybody's! Other men, seeing that the ghost was more human than spiritual, became suddenly very brave and jumped into the fight with valor. Soon the Turnpike cemetery was the scene of a mad struggle, a desperate melee. Women cringed in fear, and wept, and wrung their hands.

Suddenly a loud voice was heard above the confusion: "Boys," it said, "it's no use! We're fooled! The game's up!" And then a bunch of young fellows from the college on the hill, untangling themselves from the free-for-all, and doffing their white robes, stood forth and meekly "gave up the ghost," as it were.

## Over the Phone

By Phil Moore

She stood there before him like an avenging angel. She ignored the admiration gleaming from his honest gray eyes.

Then catching sight of his good-natured smile, she snapped:

"I—I just hate people that never get angry—just smile, smile."

That remark deepened the smile on Nell Burnson's cherry face.

"But, Millie, if you know how exasperatingly pretty you look in one of your, hm!—tantrums. If you keep on—"

"Tantrums! It's honest to goodness disgust and indifference to any flattery you give me."

"As I was saying," resumed the imperturbable youth, "if you don't stop looking so aggravatingly charming, why, I shall be compelled to take you in my arms."

"That's just what I'm trying to make

clear to you. You have done that for the last time! Here, there's no use to prolong the scene."

Millie stepped nearer, and snatching the ring from her finger, she crushed it down into his hand.

Her companion's eyes clouded a little as he answered,

"I say, Millie, aren't you carrying your little farce too far! It's only a trivial thing and you know it."

"Farce, indeed! Nell Burnson, there's another thing. You needn't order those flowers for me; I'll telephone myself."

Then the fellow "that never got mad" said hastily:

"See here, young lady, the next time I order any flowers for you, you'll wear them. And when you want that ring, you'll ask for it. Good-by."

And Nell was off. He didn't see the girl's face pale, he was too angry to

catch sight of her outstretched arms.

Why Millie Clayton should drop into a chair and burst into tears when she had accomplished the thing she desired, was a mystery.

Soon, disgusted with herself, she dashed away her tears.

"What a silly goose I am! I'll look like a fright at the party this evening. No Nell Burnson shall keep me away. I must telephone soon for my flowers. Nell always attends to it for me. But I—d—don't care."

Half an hour later Millie called up the florist and made him promise an early delivery. She must have them early. She banged up the receiver as an outlet for her feelings.

A picture the girl made in her shimmering party dress of pale green. It set off the healthy pink in her face, and her wavy brown hair, and her brown eyes, still emitting defiance that

but gave a sparkle to the portrait.

She gave a pat to the silky folds of her dress, then looked at the clock.

"Eight o'clock, and no flowers have come! And I've patronized that florist for so long a time. I'll just leave him," she pouted.

She looked down at her girdle where the flowers ought to be resting. Then her glance traveled to her left hand.

"How queer it seems with no ring. But a girl can't wear everything," she argued inwardly. "Oh, it seems to—so lonesome—my ring and—him gone."

She looked in her mirror and began to study the radiant reflection in it.

"Perhaps I was too quick, and childish—par-pars—I—was," she drawled. "If I'm old enough to be a society woman, I'm old enough to have a little patience with Nell. He's such a boy! Besides, I do miss my ring and him."

A loud peal at the door bell startled her.

"There's the flowers. I'll go myself." She tripped down the stairs, and turned to open the door, and there stood Nell with a box of flowers.

The girl's face lighted unconsciously. The young man's heart beat fast.

"Why—y, Nell Burnson, didn't I tell you not to—engage—"

Nell threw out his hand.

"When a young lady, one's own fiancée,"—Millie's head lifted defiantly—"orders me on the telephone to bring her flowers early, I obey." He ended with a low bow.

"But I telephoned to the florist," explained Millie.

"You thought you did, dear girl; but your numbers got mixed. So here I am ready to escort you to the party," and the shameless fellow calmly led

the way to the living room. Millie went over to the window, and with her emotions in a tumult, stood looking down the street.

Her companion produced from his pocket a little figure of a Cupid, which he placed on top of the telephone covering.

The girl with troubled eyes still gazed streetward.

Nell next took the ring and hung it on the tip of Cupid's arrow. Then he called:

"Come Millie, look at your lovely flowers. The girl turned slowly, caught sight of the ring sparkling its welcome, and with a little quivering sigh she cried out:

"Oh, my dear, darling ring. I've missed it so! And she eagerly snatched it from its place. Then she looked at Nell, who tried his utmost to conceal the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

But Millie saw it and challenged: "Why don't you say what a woman would—that 'if you wanted flowers from me you'll wear them; and when you want this ring you'll ask for it.' I do ask you for your ring, Nell and I do want the flowers you bring. I found

out how trivial I'd been as soon as you left me, Nell; I was so lonely!" Nell stood patting the telephone.

"Good old telephone! You played a successful part as Cupid that time," he exulted.

This is Made in Boston.

"So this is your famous Beacon street!" said Major X, as he strolled with his friend along past the Statehouse. "Frankly, I'm surprised. I had always heard that it was a very exclusive street, you know."

"Well, so it is," said the other man. "Eh! old chap, how can you say so? Why it positively verges on the Common."

Duff (the inquisitive)—Hello, old man, how did you get your hand hurt?

Bluff (the convivial)—Oh, I was walking home from the club last night and a clumsy idiot trod on my fingers.

"Which side do you wish your hair combed?" asked the barber, who appeared to be trying to make a hole in the customer's head with his comb. "On the outside, please."

## The White Eagle

By Parke Whitney

Speaking of airships, I took a trip in one eighteen years ago, and it was as fine a plane as any that are made today! The speaker knocked the ashes off of his cigar and proceeded to tell his story.

Two men, casual acquaintances, were sitting in the lobby of a middle western hotel. They were both salesmen, and were exchanging the details of unique and extraordinary experiences.

"You see how it was," said the man who had introduced the airplane story, settling down in his chair. "I was traveling out of St. Louis, selling rubber goods in southern Illinois and Missouri, and I might say in passing that my strongest line were rubber-boots which were a necessity in those days in that part of the country."

"On this particular trip I am going to tell you about, I was on a train bound for Centralia. We were riding along leisurely, taking our time as most trains in those days were in the habit of doing."

"I say that we were riding leisurely when—suddenly—I was literally lifted out of my seat, and I found myself in another instant riding through space

at a tremendous rate of speed in an fine an airplane as the genius of man could conceive!

"I was not alone, of course. There was a driver with me—I might say, a chauffeur. I shall never forget him. He was a sturdy, silent fellow who was indifferent to my presence and sat tight in his seat while he piloted that big plane through the pathless air over the villages and prairies of southern Illinois. He had a black, closely clipped mustache, and little, penetrating eyes which he occasionally turned upon me and looked through my soul like an X-ray."

"Finding myself in this airplane, plowing through space at a 50-mile an hour clip, I was naturally somewhat disturbed and not a little frightened. I couldn't understand how I got there. The driver himself seemed a trifle surprised to see me, but he soon took my presence for granted. I was completely bewildered by my surroundings and situation. I speculated hopelessly, and wondered if I had suddenly become insane for I distinctly remembered having taken the train out of St. Louis. I tried to engage the driver in conver-

sation repeatedly, but he was exceedingly non-communicative and, simply said over and over again, 'sit tight! Sit tight! This is the White Eagle! We're on our way!'

"Of course, I knew we were 'on our way,' but where to was what interested me, and how in thunder I landed in that airship! 'The White Eagle!' an appropriate name I ruminated."

"After fruitless speculation and mental agony I finally decided to make the best of the situation and enjoy the novel and wonderful experience. I had long been interested in the possibility of man's being able to build an airship which would actually fly, and now I was in one, and was flying, so decided that I might as well 'sit tight' as I was instructed and enjoy the adventure if that were possible."

"I asked the driver a thousand and

one questions, such as 'Who does this machine belong to? Where did it come from? and Who are you anyhow?' To all of these interrogations the driver simply replied, 'Sit tight! This is the White Eagle! We are on our way!'

"Then finally, I decided to look down at the country we were flying over. It was a fascinating pastime. I can tell you. Vast prairies of waving wheat and grain were spread out beneath us; grazing cattle and horses looked like moving insects or ants; villages appeared as if something heavy had fallen upon them, and they were all spread out or flattened out while church steeples looked like toothpicks that had been fixed on a doll's house."

"Suddenly I felt the machine tremble and shake, and the driver turned to me and said, 'Hold tight! I'm go-

ing to do a few figure eights and turn over a few times—we're getting to the big city and I want to show 'em what the White Eagle can do!'

"What big city? I gasped, in utter bewilderment, clutching desperately to the railing and trying instinctively to dig my toes into the floor."

"London!" he said.

"London!" I ejaculated. "Why man, you're crazy—or, that is, I am!—we haven't crossed the pond yet!"

"Hold tight!" he muttered again through his teeth.

"And we plunged down, down! My heart was in my mouth. I could hear it pounding against my ribs and it sounded louder than a clock. This was worse than taking a drop in an elevator from the twenty-second floor. The engine breathed heavily, and seemed to gasp, and then take another breath.

One moment I was falling—down—down—and the next I was literally standing upon my head and clinging to the floor and the railing of the machine like a fly to the wall. My brain was reeling, I was deathly sick.

It seemed an interminable length of time that we were cutting up these wonderful stunts in space, when suddenly—I found myself looking into the large, beautiful eyes of a woman!

They were rich, dreamy, almost tropical! I looked and looked, I had never seen such beautiful eyes before. They were wonderful I thought, the inspiration for a Byron or a Raphael!

Gradually I was able to see her features, and her face was quite as beautiful as her eyes. She was gazing expectantly, tenderly into mine! Then she smiled, and she whispered, "Lie perfectly still, the danger is over! The

doctor says you will live! But do not move!"

"I heard agonizing cries about me. I saw men with stretchers pass by me, hurrying. That woman was a nurse! I understood then—I had been in a railroad wreck!"

Secondary Consideration.

Widower—"I suppose that when you recall what a handsome man your first husband was you wouldn't consider me for a minute!"

Widow—"Oh, yes, I would. But I wouldn't consider you for a second."

Hunt—Yes; I had a narrow escape from a rhinoceros.

Quiz—And what saved you?

Hunt—I suspect that the fact that the rhinoceros could not climb a tree had something to do with it.

## The Love That Lived

By Algia Frances Brooks.

"WHAT'S in the air?" asked young Bill Sherwood of "Slim" Baker, the station agent, who was standing in the doorway and playing nervously with the awning rope.

"I dunno," he replied, shaking his head.

"You know if anybody does," said a voice back of Bill Sherwood; "I heard this morning that you 'phoned a telegram over to Mary Goodwin, and now she and Fred are going to the city. I'll bet they've found John Thayer! Eh, Baker?"

The speaker was Dale Morrison, the blacksmith. He was an old resident of Logansville and knew something about the Thayer scrape and the looting of the Logansville bank eighteen years before. "If Thayer's come to life I'll bet he'll make it hot for Shelton," observed the blacksmith.

"Don't know a blame thing about it," protested Baker.

In another minute the train had pulled into the station, and Mary Goodwin and her brother Fred had dis-

appeared in a coach. "I always believed in John Thayer, and despite the evidence I never can think he took that ten thousand!" said Thomas Brooks, the white-haired hotel-keeper, to a couple of village residents who walked with him down the plank walk towards town.

For some reason the crowd at the station followed Brooks into the hotel. Everybody was interested and knew that something was happening. They were nearly all acquainted with the Logansville bank robbery and generally supposed that John Thayer had absconded with the funds. There was just one person in the town who knew better, who was positive about it, and that was Mary Goodwin, a young woman to whom Thayer had been engaged. Through these eighteen years she had refused to believe in his guilt, and even now she was waiting, with hope in her heart, for his return.

"It was all mighty strange anyhow!" said one of the old settlers as the crowd sat around the hotel lobby. "It was a strange thing. John Thayer was

well thought of and was one of the 'comin' men of the county, and I believe that he was gettin' to be too popular to suit Robert Shelton!"

"Well, it's all-fired queer, however you figure it," responded someone in the company. "And Baker, he knows more than he's a'tellin'. Men, let's go back to the station and make him show his hand, tell us what was in that blamed telegram!"

"It's a go!" shouted the crowd, and the men strode out of the hotel. Baker didn't want to talk. He was silent, or tried to be. "Let us see a copy of that telegram!" demanded the crowd. Reluctantly Baker produced a yellow piece of paper and handed it to one of the crowd who read it aloud. It was from St. Mary's Hospital, Delphia City, and read as follows:

"Miss Mary Goodwin, Logansville. "Patient David Weston while under ether in operation stated his name to be John Thayer. He called repeatedly for you. Will you come?"

"DR. CHAS. MAYNARD."

"My God!" exclaimed a dozen

voices in unison. "It is John Thayer, and now that he's found it'll be the penitentiary for him!"

Mary Goodwin and her brother reached the hospital that evening early. Thayer's doctor awaited them, and taking them into a private consultation room told them the story. "While under the ether," explained the doctor, "the man told about having been cashier of a bank in Logansville, and he continually repeated, 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!'

"Oh, may I see him?" Miss Goodwin exclaimed impatiently.

She and her brother were straightway ushered into the patient's room. The man rose up slightly upon his pillow and looked at the woman before him. For a moment he seemed dazed, and then, when the woman smiled, he reached out his arms and exclaimed, "Mary! It is you, after all of these years!"

"John, I have loved you all the time—believed in you!" Falling down tip-

on her knees by the bed she kissed his hand impulsively.

"Help me doctor, to sit up. I must tell her all about it. She must know the truth before I die—"

"But you are going to live!" said Dr. Maynard, smiling.

"For eighteen years, dear," the man began, "ever since that awful night at the bank, I have been alternately two persons. I have been one, David Weston, and then, every once in a while, something would tell me that I was John Thayer, but I couldn't make out anything clear. It wasn't until after my operation here that I could think clearly, back of those eighteen years, and suddenly while lying here it all came to me—my name—my real identity—the truth about Logansville, and you and the bank. . . . You know, my dear, I was nominated for supervisor, Robert Shelton was a young man then just as I was, and was very ambitious and was jealous of my popularity with the rank and file of the people in Logansville. He wanted to be the political power of the town, and he feared that he never could realize his ambition without re-

moving me from the path. My nomination to run against him in the election for supervisor was more than he could stand or tolerate. He simply had to get me out of the way, and he took a means to accomplish his purpose which proved my ruin and your unhappiness. I look back upon it now and realize that I was a coward, a miserably coward, but it is no use to regret or condemn myself—it is all in the past. Shelton continually warned me not to oppose him politically."

. . . said that if I did he would drive me out of Logansville, would ruin me forever, and made other threats, but I disregarded them and accepted the nomination. As you know I was cashier of the Merchants' National Bank at the time. Well, on the night that I accepted the nomination I was working in the bank on the books; Shelton, using a skeleton key managed to force his entrance; he suddenly appeared at my desk, put a revolver to my forehead, and said, 'Thayer, give me every cent there is in this bank and leave on the midnight train, and never return! I shall have two men at the station to see that you obey my orders. Hand over that money or—I—shoot!' I saw that he was desperate. I was overcome by

fright, and I obeyed—handed him ten thousand dollars. And that night I took the 12:10 train for the city. I remember reaching Chicago; but there,

for days, my mind was a blank. I knew of nothing else that happened until six months afterwards when I was selling insurance in Oakland. I was now another man; I was David Weston; but my mind was haunted by the shadow of another personality, and dear, your face kept coming to me, though I couldn't place you or speak your name! I am now myself again! I am John Thayer! And you dear, are you still mine—have you found another to—"

"Not No!" said Mary, leaning over and kissing him. "I am yours dear, now just as I was the night you left Logansville and the years that have followed!"

The next morning Mary Goodwin and her brother were at breakfast at the hotel. Fred was reading the morning paper. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Sister, listen! Here's a dispatch from Logansville! Let us read it: Robert Shelton, prominent Logansville citizen, commits suicide. Confesses to robbing bank eighteen years ago. Bank of which he was president!"

Mary Goodwin burst into tears and hid her face in her hands. "At last—at last!" she sobbed—"John is—"

"Vindicated!" said her brother.

She—"I never could see why they call a boat 'she.'"

He—"Evidently you never tried to steer one."