

# THE QUELLING OF MISS IDLEWILD

By Carrie E. Garrett

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**M**ATTHEW HALLIDAY sighed. She was so wayward, so provoking, so lovable, so pretty.

But he was much too old. Matthew came of Quaker stock in the City of Brotherly Love. He was temperamentally sedate and at thirty-eight felt himself to be quite a Meville. Besides, she had, so to speak, grown up at Matthew's knee, he having stood to her and her brother in loco parents for something like twelve years—ever since Matthew's best beloved friend, Howard Joy, took his invalid wife away for a sea voyage, leaving his two children in the good care of a maiden aunt and his business affairs in the safe hands of Matthew Halliday, banker, even since the good ship Aurora went down in a fearful gale in the West Indies.

Aunt Patty tried to do her duty by the children, but this suddenly befell, but she was one of those dear, dumpy, yielding spinsters born to be the prey of youthful vandals. The young people loved her dearly, ruled her ruthlessly and laughed at her little code of laws for the order of their being.

It was at her hysterical behest that Matthew stepped in at this juncture and took the reins of government. It was he who planned the education of the children and who, deaf to their wallings, kept them steadily to their tasks. It was he, too, who made their holidays glorious and gave them splendid rewards of merit.

But now the term of Matthew's self imposed guardianship was over. Howard Joy, Jr., had made a successful start in the world and was quite ready to give dear old Mat any pointers he needed about life in general.

As for Miss Evelyn Russell Joy, as she invariably and unobtrusively called herself, whom Matthew well, she, too, had made a successful start in life after the manner of girls. She was nineteen—just half my age, Matthew often dismally reflected; she had charm, with all its power of winning love; she was coquette to the finger tips, and she was most fair to see. Besides all this, she was a little bit of an actress, and many swains came riding by.

Matthew watched all this with a patient sort of despair. "Fool!" he called himself with very heavy self contempt. A girl who patronized, coaxed, teased or subdued him as though he were an elderly relative? The man who would subdue this "Dear Lady Disdain" was some dashing hero who would take her heart by storm.

She walked over him with ruthless little feet, and he was her patient, adoring slave. Dreading her ridicule and desiring, above all things, to preserve the status quo, wherein he enjoyed a certain miserable species of happiness, he had never spoken a word of love to her.

She frankly told him all her love affairs, often (innocently?) stabbing him with her confidences and beguiling or humiliated him into disposing of her adorers when they became troublesome. This she required him to do by virtue of his whimsical guardianship, the prestige of which she carefully preserved for such occasions.

She was the more dependent on Matthew in such matters as Howard was straitlaced, somewhat of a prig and very severe on her frivolities.

It was to quash a darling plan of his pretty sister's that he stalked into Matthew's office one morning, his brow wrinkled in a portentous frown.

"Mat," he said abruptly, "it seems to me Evelyn has been spending money like the deuce lately. Haven't you been letting her draw her interest ahead of time?"

Matthew reddened guiltily. He still had charge of Evelyn's finances, though the Joy property had been divided and Howard had drawn out his share.

"Sometimes she has anticipated a little," he said slowly, "but it is no great matter."

"But it is very bad for her," said Howard, with a parental air. "You know yourself, Mat, she has no more idea of business than a butterfly. She ought to learn to live within her income. And she is becoming quite reckless about money matters and other things."

Matthew pricked up his ears. "What other things?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I think she has got into a rather fast set."

her. So she looked a little discontented and abandoned this method of attack.

"Matthew, I am bankrupt, insolvent, forced to make an assignment," she said in a plaintive, spoiled child tone. "I want some money—a lot of money—in fact for a very special purpose. May I have it?"

"A lot?" repeated Matthew.

"Yes—that is, at least a hundred."

Matthew looked grave. "What is the special purpose?" he inquired, fervently hoping she would tell him all about the proposed theater party.

"That's a secret," said Miss Idlewild, with an air of mystery.

"I cannot let you have any money just now, Evelyn," he said gently after a pause, and as he spoke he carefully avoided her eye and stared with rapid absorption at the carpet.

"But, Matthew, I haven't any money," she said piteously, half laughing, half embarrassed, "and Howard is so mean he will not lend me any. I shall have to sit on the curbstone and sell needles if nobody will take pity on me."

"You have overdrawn your account several months deep," said Matthew, still studying the carpet. "It is wrong for me to allow you to do this."

"But now when I want it so badly—it is cruel to refuse me now. I will economize after this, Matthew; I will indeed."

"Poor Matthew found it terribly hard not to yield to her, but Howard's words 'fast set' recurred to him, and he steeled himself against her pretty beseeching.

"Matthew, please," she said after a pause, with just a little tremble in her voice and an expression on her face which should have melted an iceberg.

But Matthew was looking at the carpet.

"Perhaps that was why he had strength to say 'No' again and in such a way that Miss Idlewild knew that all her pretty pleading was wasted."

Then, of course, she blazed up into anger, her eyes flashing and cheeks hot with indignant feeling.

"Of course you can do as you choose about it," she said, which was a rather superfluous remark under the circumstances.

"I mean it only for the best, Evelyn," he said sadly. "This unwise project" but here he stopped, rather horrified at himself for having nearly betrayed Howard.

"That is my affair," she interrupted, with terrible dignity. "Besides, you know nothing of the project, whether it is unwise or not. It is the money you refuse me."

Matthew shivered and looked at the carpet very hard indeed.

"Hereafter," continued Miss Idlewild, with a grand air, "I will manage my own money matters. Then I will know just how much I have and spend it as I please without begging for it. I am of age, and I will not endure such treatment any longer."

All this she said in anger, never dreaming that long suffering Matthew would take her at her word.

In the habit of running in and out of his house as if it were her own. She was a very special pet of Miss Abby, Matthew's maiden sister, who kept house for him and who knew nothing about the girl's latest impertinence to her brother. Perhaps—women are sharp in such matters—she may have guessed Matthew's secret; but, if so, she never made any sign.

Matthew went into his study one evening about 8 o'clock and closed the door, giving strict orders that he was not to be disturbed. It was about fifteen minutes later, just as he had settled down for his evening's reading, when he heard the doorbell ring, then quick footsteps running down the hall, followed by a gentle tap at his door.

He did not say "Come in," but got up, with some irritation, and opened the door.

It was Miss Idlewild, in evening dress, with a frothy looking pink tulle over her head and shoulders, laughing and out of breath.

Now, Matthew had been fathoms deep in a formidable looking tome, trying to find forgetfulness in study, and, moreover, he was very strict about matters of decorum. So he frowned at the apparition, lovely though it was, and hardened his heart.

"May I come in?" she said demurely.

Matthew looked at her unsmilingly, still holding on to the door. "Abby is out," he said. "She has gone with some ladies to a lecture."

"How lively for her!" said Miss Idlewild rather quickly. Apparently she was her old self this evening.

"Perhaps you had better go into the sitting room," said Matthew in a tone which he meant to be at once polite and crushing.

The girl laughed, not the least abashed, and made a little bow.

"Your hospitality overwhelms me," she said mockingly. "Why not invite me to sit in the hall?"

"Come in," said Matthew shortly, dropping his hand from the door. "Was she laughing at his misery? Might he not have even peaced?" was his angry reflection.

"It was that dreadful Beecher," she said confidentially. "I had bribed Perkins not to admit him; but, of course, Howard happened to be at the door when he rang, and so I was in for it. Howard is so—so literal. So I fled in desperation. That dreadful boy! He is waiting for me now. I guess he thinks I'm prinking."

"Did you come over here with no wrap but that flimsy thing?" asked Matthew, looking his very crossdest.

"Yes, grandmother. This was what she called Matthew when he lectured her."

He had hitherto borne such ills in patient silence, but tonight it angered him. "She thinks in truth I am a 'grandmother,'" he thought bitterly.

"I object to your addressing me in that manner," he said, with an effort. "I beg your pardon, Matthew," she said, looking a little frightened. "It was only in fun."

Then he said: "You will take cold going back. I will send for a shawl." And he rang the bell as he spoke.

"I won't have any shawl!" said Miss Idlewild pettishly. "First you receive me as if I were a chimney sweep, then you send me for a mere harmless shawl! I won't do it!"

"You will." "Well, you will see. Besides, I am not going home yet—not until that wicked Beecher has gone. Last time he came he wept—actually wept—all over the carpet. I had to put on my rubbers."

But Matthew was proof against nonsense. Not a smile escaped him. A huge gray shawl arrived per maid, and he began to unfold it, with a determined eye.

## LANGUAGE OF CIGARS

THE TERMS USED IN THE TRADE ARE GREEK TO MOST SMOKERS.

Some Refer to Size, Some to Shape, Some to Color, Some to Taste, Some to Price, Some to Name, and Some to the Man Who Smokes Them.

Whenever the average untutored tobacco lover wishes to indicate to his envious friends that he is in possession of a cigar of the first quality, he usually says that he has a perfect. By perfect he means the best cigar obtainable, and as a rule he applies the name to all products of the Havana factories. But in truth, declares an intelligent writer in the Kansas City Journal, a good many cigars that bear such Havana are genuine perfects, and a good many made in the most famous factories of the Cuban capital are not.

The word, as a matter of fact, does not refer to the quality of a cigar at all. It is simply a term used to describe the shape. A perfect may cost \$1, and it may cost 25 cents. There are half a dozen cigar terms thus misused by the average smoker, and there are several times as many words of the same sort whose meaning he is utterly unable to fathom.

What native, corn fed smoker, for instance, knows the difference between a panetela and a Reina Victoria? And how many know whether there is a real difference between a maduro and an oscuro? Yet all of these terms are the common property of cigar makers all over the world. Like many other brand names, they are of Spanish origin, but the wanderings of Havana tobacco and Cuban cigars have taken them into all countries and all languages.

The great majority of cigars are put up fifty in a box, with thirteen on the top row, twelve on the row next to the top, thirteen on the next and twelve on the bottom row. When a Londres cigar is packed in a box of two hundred there is a phibon, it becomes a Reina Victoria, which is Spanish for Queen Victoria. Early in the late queen's reign a Cuban manufacturer invented this method of packing and called the resultant bundle after Great Britain's sovereign. The name has remained ever since.

The word perfecto is a term indicating a certain shape in cigars. A perfect is a smoke having what is generally called the "cigar shape"—that is to say, it is swelled near the end which is lighted, and tapers gradually down to the point, or head. The end of a cigar which a smoker puts in his mouth is known among cigar makers as the head. The other end, that which is lighted, is called the truck. When, as often happens in a perfect, the truck is very small, it is called a needle truck or feather truck. All others follow these lines more or less closely.

A thin, straight cigar, with little more thickness in the middle than at the ends, is called a panetela. The average panetela is slightly longer than a perfecto, though the matter of size has nothing to do with the shape. Panetelas are esteemed because they burn more regularly and are usually better because more easily made. The virtue of the perfecto is that its smaller truck lights more readily, and its more artistic curves give it greater beauty.

A Londres is a sort of cross between the perfecto and the panetela. It is a perfect panetela is slightly longer than a perfecto, though the matter of size has nothing to do with the shape. Panetelas are esteemed because they burn more regularly and are usually better because more easily made. The virtue of the perfecto is that its smaller truck lights more readily, and its more artistic curves give it greater beauty.

A panetela is a cigar shaped much like a Londres, except that the slope from the thickest part to the head is usually not so rounded. It is a shape not now as fashionable as it used to be, and even when cigars are genuine perfects the box is seldom stamped with the name.

A concha is a small blunt cigar. As a rule it is a very satisfactory smoke and usually it lasts as long as a perfecto. This is because that thin truck of the latter burns down rapidly. The opera is a very small cigar of any standard shape. It derives its name from the fact that it is designed for a short smoke between the acts, and very often it is called on extra-acts. The bravas is a large, chunky cigar, good for an hour's puffing. The largest size of all is the Napoleon. Sometimes Havana Napoleons are six or seven inches in length. The blacker ones are positively terrifying.

The better grades of cigars are usually made in several shapes and sizes. There may be, for instance, the La Flor de Habana perfectos, the La Flor de Habana panetelas, the La Flor de Habana operas, the La Flor de Habana bravas and the La Flor de Habana Napoleons. The label is the same on all of the sizes and shapes, but on the front of the box the name of the shape is stamped.

On one end of each box of cigars will be noted another word. Sometimes it is colorado, sometimes it is claro and at other times it is maduro. This indicates the color of the cigars when, or as, uninformed smokers say, the "strength." The lightest of all cigars are a yellowish brown. They are called claros. Next in order come the colorados, and then come the colorados, which are about midway between black and yellow. After the colorados come the colorados maduros, which are a dark brown, and then the maduros, which are well nigh black. Formerly another color was in vogue. This was the oscuro, and it was a shiny black. But of late the fashion has been for light cigars, and the word oscuro has almost dropped out of use.

Her Opportunity. "They say she isn't happy," commented the neighbor, "but I don't see why."

"Oh, some people never are satisfied." "That's right, and it's her own fault. If she isn't happy, because she's able to buy clothes that will make all the other women envious."—Chicago Post.

"I've observed," said Uncle Ephie, "that wife or good many men hang round a brain power in an inventor's parlor."—Colorado Springs Gazette.

## HOW SALT COOLS COFFEE.

A Little Experiment Worth the Trying Out of Mere Curiosity.

Between bites of the simple breakfast he had ordered the young clerk gazed curiously at the restaurant clock. It was plain he had overstepped himself and was paying the way to future indigestion by boiling his food.

The coffee was the stumbling block. It was hot—very hot—but the clerk needed it badly, and he sipped it carefully, having due regard for his mouth and tongue.

But time passed, and with a parting glance at the clock, he reached for his glass of ice water and prepared to pour some of the frigid fluid into his cup.

"Don't spoil your coffee, young man," said an elderly gentleman who was eating his breakfast on the other side of the table. "You take all the good out of it by putting ice or ice water in it."

The clerk was at first inclined to resent the interference, but the patriarchal appearance of the other man tempered his resentment.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I am late for the office, and I want this coffee badly."

"Let me show you a little scheme," said the elderly man. Taking the cylindrical saucer from the table, he wiped it carefully with a napkin, then, reaching over, deposited the glass vessel in the cup of coffee.

"Salt, you know, has peculiar cooling properties," he said, meanwhile holding the receptacle firmly in position. "You put it with ice to intensify the cold when making ice cream. It is used extensively in cold storage warehouses for cooling purposes, and being increased in glass does not affect its power to any great extent."

As he spoke he withdrew the saucer from the coffee and motioned to the younger man to drink. He raised the cup to his lips and, to his surprise, found the liquid cooled to such an extent that he could drink it without inconvenience.

"The uses of salt are manifold," said the elderly man, with the air of one beginning a lecture. "I remember once when I was in Mexico."

But the clerk, with another glance at the clock, thanked him profusely and dashed out of the restaurant.—New York Mail and Express.

## FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Land cannot be too rich or too melon for fruits.

Manure for the garden should be free from weed seeds.

The head of a tree needs to be fairly open to admit sun and air for full growth of fruit.

The dahlias will never disappoint you. Pink, white, yellow or crimson, fall, dwarf or cactus, it is bound to flower.

In the fall after the leaves have dropped is generally the best time for taking cuttings from quinces, but they may be taken later.

Hellebore should not be mixed with other cut flowers in water. They decay quickly and have a harmful effect upon the other blossoms.

Myosotis (forget-me-not) needs partial shading, but not the shade of a tree. Plant among taller flowers or around rosebushes, and it will do well.

Plenty of yellow blossoms should be secured for places which lack sunshine. Yellow is good in almost every situation and is the cheeriest of tones.

Good cultivation causes an abundance of fibrous roots to be made. The growth of any plant is largely measured by the number of its fibrous roots.

Too Smart. He was one of those men who are constantly trying to beat down prices, said a bank cashier, "and had evidently been looking around for bargain prices for his bill of exchange. When he presented it to me and asked the rate, I replied, 'One-tenth of 1 per cent.'"

## The Earth's Other Motion.

The earth, in addition to its diurnal and annual revolutions, has a slow wabbling of its axis, a motion seldom mentioned even in the textbooks of astronomy. This curious motion may be

properly likened to that imparted to a top by a touch of the finger on its rim when it is in rapid movement, the touch causing the upper end of the top's stem to describe a small circle.

So, too, the mighty sun lays hold of the rim of the great terrestrial top, and it begins to oscillate in the long period of 21,000 years—that is to say, on Dec. 21, 1248—the earth made its nearest approach to the sun, and it will approach equally near in 10,500 years from that time, or on the 21st day of June in the year 11,748. This has all to do with climate both north and south of the equatorial line.

In the period comprising the first our northern winters are short and mild and our summers are long and sunny. But during the period of which the year 11,748 will be the middle our winters will be awful in their severity and our summers short and cool. Even now the northern hemisphere is slowly but surely losing its long sunny summers and if you should live until the winter of the year 11,748 you could tell a story of cold and snows that would pale to insignificance the stories of the cold winter of 1832-34, for the whole northern hemisphere will then be in the midst of its great and terrible winter.

The Kingfisher. Koskimos, the kingfisher, still burrows in the earth like his reptile ancestors. Therefore the other birds kill him out and will have nothing to do with him. But he cares little for that, being a clattering, rattle headed, self-satisfied fellow, who seems to do nothing all day long but fish and eat. As you follow him, however, you note with amazement that he does some things marvellously well better, indeed, than any other of the wood folk.

To locate a fish accurately in still water is difficult enough when one thinks of light refraction, but when the fish is moving and the sun glares down into the pool and the wind scipples its face into a thousand flashing, changing furrows and ridges, then the bird that can point a bill straight to his fish and hit him fair just behind the gills must have more in his head than the usual chattering gossip that one hears from him on the trout streams.—Country Life in America.

An Odd Nugget of Gold. There have been many large and oddly shaped gold nuggets found in the United States and elsewhere, but the oddest of them all was the one discovered at the Midhas mine, on Sulky gully, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. The nugget was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was 12 1/2 inches and its greatest breadth 8 inches.

It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering, mostly between the "fingers," and weighed 617 ounces. It was found in the northwest main drive of the Midhas mine, 120 feet below the surface of the earth and at a spot only fifty feet from where the famous Lady Brassey nugget was discovered the year before. It weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold.

Preliminary to the Baptism. When Bishop Goe of Melbourne was a curate, a famous pugilist in the parish, who went by the name of Jim the Slogger and who had never darkened a church door, called at the parsonage, asking him to baptize the baby. Accordingly the bishop repaired to Jim's house, but was surprised on being admitted to see Jim lack the door and pocket the key. "Be you the parson come to sprinkle the kid?" he asked. On the bishop assenting he continued, "You can't sprinkle that kid till you and me has had a fight, parson."

The unfortunate parson protested, but finding protest useless "stood up" to Jim. The battle went for the bishop, and Jim, pulling himself from the floor, muttered, "He's the parson for me?" The baptism was proceeded with, and, as the story goes, Jim took to church going from that day.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Adequate Provocation. An old Scotswoman had inhibited so much of the doctrine that music in church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to subscribe to the general sentiment in favor of choir singing, etc. She scowled one day in her own church when the congregation took up an anthem that was scored rather elaborately and complained to her pew neighbor of the foothold the devil was getting even in the service of God, says the Philadelphia Times.

"But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!" "Well, well," commented the old woman, "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw a javelin at David when the lad sang for him?"

That Number 13. So prevalent is the prejudice against the number 13 that car companies in many cities have been obliged to omit it, as the car bearing it did not "earn its living." In St. Joseph, Mo., No. 13 happened to be the car oftenest run over a certain line in a locality chiefly inhabited by negroes. It was discovered after a time that these would walk blocks out of their way to take the cars of a rival line, but as soon as No. 14 was sent down in their district the company's receipts resumed their previous figure. Thirteen as a house number also is looked upon with suspicion, and the expedient of 11, 11 1/2 and then 15 is often employed.—New York Tribune.

Then She Reminded. He—You always remind me of something very disagreeable. She—Sir! I—I— He—Yes, you remind me of all the time I have to spend where I can't see you. And the clouds lifted.

In some New Zealand towns there are more women voters than men.

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## Rejected for Insurance, Cured, Then Accepted.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Are Positively Curable.

Chas. F. Wacker, another merchant traveler, Address 311-313, San Francisco. Q.—You are reported as having been cured of Diabetes, although it is believed incurable. A.—I had it, but am now well. Q.—Did it get severe? A.—Very. The first notice I had was when I was rejected by an insurance company. I later became very weak and suffered greatly. Q.—Any other physician say it was Diabetes? A.—Oh, yes. My own did. The sugar was enormous, over an ounce per day. Q.—Who told you of the Brighton Compound? A.—Editor Englehart of the German paper. It had cured him of Bright's Disease. Q.—How soon did you begin to improve? A.—In two weeks I knew I'd get well. Q.—Did you again apply for insurance? A.—I did, soon as I was well. A.—Is the same company? A.—Yes, the Northwestern of Minneapolis. Q.—Did they accept you? A.—They did. The policy is No. 35,866, and is for \$5000. Q.—Yes, let me see made since? A.—Yes. Let me see made since, reporting normal, neither albumen or sugar. The sugar was 100 grains per ounce. Q.—I know of any other cures? A.—Yes. My sister-in-law was cured of Bright's Disease after being given up by three physicians. (He gave us his address.)

Medical works agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 82 per cent. are positively cured by the Brighton Compound. (Common forms of kidney complaint and rheumatism offer similar results.) Price, 75c for Bright's Disease and \$1.00 for the Diabetes Compound. John J. Fulton, 409 Montgomery St., San Francisco. Free circulars. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

## Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three troubling years is something frightful. The deaths of one show that about one in every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the teeth coming in, the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for some material that will supply the needs of the system as deficient in the result is weakness, scurvy, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 28,000, or 1 in 100 of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry all night, do not wait, and do not, under any conditions, give him any medicine. The mother is crying out for more home nursing. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

254 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902. Gentlemen: I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to indigestion. A large percentage of the infantile ailments and fatalities are the result of indigestion. The food you supply is a complete system of demands, and I have had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet, given with the regular food, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without your food. I do not see how quickly brought to the attention of the country. It is an absolute necessity. I. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902. Dear Sir: I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased weeping and commenced eating and in now more than a week in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours, I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders unnecessary the use of any medicine. It is a complete plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to give the food at the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or loathing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. Free 50 cents (enough for six weeks), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast, International Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

## AN UNQUIET SPIRIT.

The Mysterious Light That For Years Haunted Cape Noir.

For many years on Cape Noir, the western point of Maria, a strange light was seen, dancing and moving about in the most unaccountable manner. At one moment it would rise like a column of fire into the air, and at another time it would fall like a meteor. Then it would seem to leap over the point and drop into the sea, afterward appearing again in the same spot on the hillside. The inhabitants tell this story about it:

In the time of the war for the possession of Canada a French vessel, pursued by an English warship, steered its course into the bay at this point for refuge. A boat was lowered from the side of the richly laden merchantman, and in this thirteen men swiftly rowed to the shore. Their object was to secure a chest of gold which they had brought with them. On reaching the point they drew lots to see which of the men should remain to guard the treasure. The one to whom the lot fell was forced to swear a solemn oath, by land and sea, by night and day, by the ruler of the nation, that he would be faithful to the trust through life, unless relieved by his returning comrades, and even after death would haunt the spot should no one come to take his place, says a writer in the Era.

To secure the fulfillment of this vow his wicked associates then and there put him to death and buried him with the treasure. The ghostly light was supposed to be the spirit of the murdered man, and many persons who, tempted by the hope of recovering the treasure, ventured into the haunted spot fled in terror and told horrible and frightful sights which they had witnessed. The light is seen no longer. Perhaps some adventurous soldier than the most successful discoverer of the gold, carried it off and thus gave rest to the unquiet spirit.

Related. "Professor, I want to ask you a question, if you please." "Certainly. Let me hear it." "I want to ask you if your experience leads to the belief that a person who eats a Welsh rabbit should sleep on a hare mattress?"



"May I come in?" she said demurely.