

WOOD SCENTS.

Oh! the penury of scent,
And the broken sassafras,
And the muggy papaw biant
With the mint of the morass!

Ah, this good-woody smell
Draws me back to boyhood days,
When I used to dream and dwell
Where the misty meadows haze

Let me stay here, let me lie
Here along the forest edge,
Not a wall to shut the sky
From my vision, nor a ledge

A BERKSHIRE GHOST STORY

TIMOTHY DOLE, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a great and powerful blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire Hills.

Tim was an honest, hard working, kind-hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and firm believer in spirit-rapping, haunted houses and ghosts.

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long wintry evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "Honest John," he could not vouch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scarred and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost-murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an ax while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone, and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been able to live in that house, or even use the barn. The horses stabled in that barn, no matter how securely fastened, would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used.

John Davis had never fastened a horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man, had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it—

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth, and 'Everybody knew that mother could not lie!'"

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor, and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place.

He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and "communicating with their friends by rapping on tin pans," and as usual John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and "nonsense."

Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full-fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger in his belief than ever, and had many wonderful things to relate.

When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away to-morrow—out West." Then he added mischievously, slyly winking at John, "Tim, if I am killed before I return I will let you know it through the spirit. I will rap on the headboard of your bed at night. Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then louder than a bass drum, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee, and no matter what it is, you must hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it he will at once be converted to your views."

Thus then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck ten, and the young man added:

"Ah, John, that you may also know

CIVIL WAR HERO GONE.



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievements, but his patriotism and his services to his country were important and long continued.

Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by instinct and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

Both old men started into the firelight, and thoughtfully—Waverly.

AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE. Jacob S. Rogers, Famous Locomotive Builder, Hit Victim.

Jacob S. Rogers, who succumbed to the intense heat in New York during the hot weather, was the richest man in New Jersey and was perhaps the most eccentric millionaire New York has known.

In 1891 Jacob S. Rogers retired, leaving the management of the works to E. S. Hughes. Hughes died two years ago, and then Mr. Rogers astonished the world and Paterson in particular by announcing that he would close the Rogers Locomotive Works when outstanding contracts were filled.

And he did. Then it was proposed to Mr. Rogers that he should sell the works.

Next Mr. Rogers asked the courts to name a receiver for the Rogers Locomotive Works. This was done, and the receiver sold them for \$602,000.

Mr. Rogers said that he had, at that time, never sold anything but locomotives and butter—and he told the truth. He invested in securities and did not sell them. If the securities were forced to a liquidation value, Jacob Rogers paid no attention.

At Pompton he owned a stock farm of many hundred of acres, where he raised blooded cattle, thoroughbred horses and maintained extensive game preserves.

Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's headboard Mr. Maxon, the station agent, came into the shop, and he held in his hand a folded paper.

"I saw your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you were going right home I could get you to deliver this message that has just come for Deacon Cowee."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John answered, and the agent handed him the paper and departed.

As soon as he was out of the shop both old men drew near each other and looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this is what it read:

"Your nephew, George Cowee, was killed in a railroad accident here last night."

COULDN'T FOOL COUNTRYMEN.

Young Chicagoans Gets Into a Scrape from Politeness. A young man in Chicago found himself in a very embarrassing position during Grand Army encampment week because of the fear of some of the visitors from the country who thronged the city.

Herbert McCulla, who travels for a well-known Chicago gas lamp company, had just returned to this city over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and was walking south on 5th avenue to go to his home on the West Side on a West Madison street car.

The policeman rushed after McCulla and grabbed him by the collar, demanding to know what he had tried to do with the strangers with him.

The policeman was skeptical and would not believe him, and asked him to show evidence of his identification as a traveling salesman.

GROWTH OF OUR LARGE CITIES. Thirty-eight in This Country with a Population of 100,000 or More.

A Vague Reminiscence. Though it happened in one of Detroit's swart hotels, neither of the principals belongs here.

Some Florida Rivers. In Florida one may have another odd experience; a river ride in an ox-cart.

Did China Have a Noah? A London paper has discovered a Chinese picture that represents—no it is supposed to represent—Noah's ark resting on the top of Mount Ararat.

Economic Value of Birds. It is asserted that the destruction of birds in France has produced disastrous effects upon agriculture, horticulture and the grape industry.

A Curiosity of Nature. A pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together in Woolwich, Me., that one trunk serves for both.

Beaver a Nuisance in Colorado. Beaver have become so numerous in the southern part of Colorado that the ranchmen want them killed off to save their property.

When a man has nothing to do, nobody wants him around. Ever notice how a business man scowls when an idle man comes in to occupy his chair, and "talk"?

The greatest distinction to a sick woman is when her doctor accompanies her when she goes out on her first drive.

THIS WOMAN KEPT A SECRET.

New She's Married and Apparently Happy that She Did! Tell. Judge John H. Baker of the United States District Court at Indianapolis was in his private office the other day when a well-dressed woman, hardly more than 20, knocked at the door.

The young woman seemed thoughtful for a moment, and then, shaking her head slowly, replied: "Oh, I don't have to tell you now."

The girl kept silent and was sent out to the reformatory to spend the night, the court hoping that a slight of the institution and the prospect of spending six years there would cause her to name her confederate.

Hustling Household. Careful Housekeeper—Bridget, you may get all the preserves we cannot last year, and both them up again.

After the Reconciliation. Dooley—Say, Hooley, give me a punch on the jaw opposite where ye kicked me.

A Willing Youth. "You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the millionaire.

Tactical. Mrs. Nosepoke—John, don't you think it's about time for us to call on our new neighbors?

The Terrible Infant. Host—So sorry you have to be going. Guest—Indeed, I am, too. By the way, I'm not sure about my train. It's nine-something, but—

A French Duel. Mrs. Vera Sharpe—Thea, he began, "you must know why I've been coming here so much; why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night."

A Testimonial. "Dear Doctor: When I began using your hair medicine three months ago, you assured me that my hair would not trouble me much longer.

Lesson in Arithmetic. "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if your father had ten one-dollar bills and your mother asked him for half of them, how many would he have left?"

Difficulties in the Way. "Wiggles—Do you call your kitchen girl a maid?" "Wiggles—How can we? Her name is Mrs. Moriarty, and she has eight grown-up children.—Somerville Journal.

Saving Money. Mr. Hardhead—I saved a big pile of money to-day. Mrs. H.—That is lovely! How? Mr. H.—Instead of using a man for what he owed me, I let him have it.—New York Weekly.

Use of the Automobile. With the increase of endurance and the perfection of motive power and mechanical parts, the automobile has grown popular.

Volume 10. Boder—Bryght's new work will be in four volumes.

True Resignation. The Spinster (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?

A Lib. Ascum—He said he saw you in a store the other day looking at trousers.

A man soon forgets his faults when they are known only to himself.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Did you have a good time on the Fourth?" "Never enjoyed anything so well in my life. You know that mean old dunks that wakes me up so often at daybreak by running his lawn mower?"

"Well, the night before the Fourth I got all the boys in my neighborhood to agree to shoot firecrackers in front of his house from midnight till 7 o'clock—and then I went out into the country."—Chicago Tribune.

Rat Not Her Face. Gussie Gush—Do you know I paint? Willie Softleigh—Aw—wally, Miss Gush, I never noticed it.—Ohio State Journal.



He (reading notice)—I shouldn't have thought it.—The King.

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