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Money to loan on farm security. W. H. Hollis, Forest Grove

The Ghost Spy.

(Original.)
"General, we bring you a spy. While at work on the breach the enemy made yesterday we discovered this man or boy, whichever he may be, at times working with us, at times looking about him at the approaches, the note, the walls, as if searching for a weak point. He did not remove his armor, as we did, for freedom to work and kept his visor closed. Suspecting him, we seized him."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the general. "Take him to the parapet and hang him in view of the prince who sent him."

A gibbet was erected, a ladder placed in position and the prisoner taken on to the parapet for hanging. He begged that he might offer his last adoration to his God in his own way, and when permission was given him, facing to the west, where the sun was sinking, he bowed low three times.

"He's worse than a heathen," cried the captain of the execution party. "He worships fire. Send him to hell, where he belongs."

The youth was forced to climb the ladder, the noose was put about his neck, and the ladder was kicked away. There were a few jerks and all was quiet.

The night was dark. The sentry who guarded that part of the parapet where the spy hung was obliged to pass and repass the grewsome object on his beat. At first he would not look at it. Then in passing he turned his eyes toward it, as though compelled by a dread fascination. There was nothing of the body to be seen within the armor except a lock of hair that hung below the helmet.

"It doth amaze me," muttered the sentry, "how long these cavaliers wear their locks. Mayhap it serves for a rope whereby Satan lowers them into the burning lake."

Encouraged by the thought, he gave the corpse a poke with his pike. As it swung back toward him he thought he heard a low moan. Daring to the end of his beat, he hid behind a stone projection and could not induce himself to again walk past the body. While he stood shivering in his corner a wind sprang up, swaying the dreaded object and occasionally knocking the steel armor against the gibbet. To shut out the sound he put his fingers in his ears.

When he heard the relief coming he took up his pike and resumed his beat. There was the ghostly thing still swaying in the wind. The sentry was relieved, and his successor, a braver man, marched to and fro on his beat without fear. Once when passing it occurred to him to strike it with his pike. What was his surprise to hear it emit a hollow sound. He struck it again, with the same result. Then he put a hand under one foot and lifted it without any more exertion than would be required to lift an empty suit of armor.

"Captain of the guard," he cried, "the devil has flown away with the spy's body!"

The captain came, examined the armor and stood aghast. Then he reported the fact to the general. The general came, saw and was conquered. They were superstitious in those days, and he believed that the spy was a supernatural being who had come to find out how best the stronghold could be taken. The ghost had seen that but a handful of men defended it. Besides, it had seen a circuitous path that led to the rear, over which a force might come and fire into the works from a greater height. The general went trembling back to his quarters.

The next morning he saw the forces of the enemy drawn up prepared to climb the heights and a detachment moving toward the path leading to his rear. He ordered a white flag displayed on the battlements.

Later a party carrying a litter came up the declivity. In the litter was a girl, pale and languid. A young knight who accompanied her stated that she had been sent to receive the surrender. The general gave it, saying:

"I can fight men, but not spirits. Yesterday a mysterious stranger was observed spying on our works. He had neither the face of man nor woman, but a creature betwixt the two. We hanged him on the parapet that the prince might be deterred from sending others. In the night that which seemed to be a body vanished."

A smile came upon the girl's wan face. "General," she said, "I was this supernatural creature. I volunteered to come and get the information required for your defeat. Before the execution I bowed thrice to the west, which, by a code agreed upon, told the prince your weakness and the best route of procedure. When I was hanged my hair was loose under my helmet and protected my throat from the noose, which, too, caught in a projection of my armor. I remained unconscious till"—She looked at her companion. He said:

"Seeing the body of my affianced bride hanging on the parapet, I resolved to secure it or die. A party brought ladders, by which I crossed the moat and by another climbed the battlement. As I was about to cut the body down I heard a moan. I loosened the noose, took the burden to the other side of the moat and sent a man back with the armor to hang it up, thinking to conceal the theft till we could take counsel. Our brave girl was brought back to consciousness, and the prince gave her the right to receive your surrender."

The girl who had achieved this great work and nerved herself to complete it as soon as the story was told faintly. It is one thing to do the work of a spy, another to be hanged.

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

HIT THE WRONG BANK

Story of the Man Who Wanted to Open a Small Account.

A WALL STREET EXPERIENCE.

The Would Be Depositor of Modest Means Found Himself in a Place For Millionaires—An Official's Courteous Explanation and Advice.

"When," said the man who writes pieces for magazines and things, "by some strange and unprecedented chance, I had got hold of a matter of \$350 all at one and the same time it looked big to me. By an even more curious chance there wasn't anything that I really needed to do with the money, so I decided that I'd bank it."

"Now, I knew in a general way that in order to put money in a bank you've got to be known and give your pedigree and look respectable, and all that, and I hated to approach a bank without any sort of credentials. Therefore I went to the business manager of a certain magazine which occasionally prints pieces that I write and asked him what I'd better do."

"Simplest thing in the world," said he. "I'll give you a note to our bank." "That sounded fine to me. He wrote me the note, and I started for the bank a good deal tickled over how easy the little depositing proceeding had been made."

"The bank to which I had the note is in Wall street. I asked the uniformed man who was standing around where I'd find the receiving teller's window, and he pointed that window out to me. I got into line and watched the teller take in money."

"I must own that I was a bit stalled to note the great size of some of the deposits he was receiving. Why, fellows were giving the money to him by the satchelful. But I had my note in my pocket, and I remained complacent enough with that consciousness."

"When I reached the receiving teller I passed in my note, and the receiving teller, a decidedly civil young man, opened it and read it. Then he looked at me, after which he read the note again, this time with a sort of puzzled expression on his countenance. I didn't see why the receiving teller should be puzzled over such a simple matter, but puzzled he seemed. He rang a bell, and the uniformed man who'd directed me to that window appeared."

"Show this gentleman to the office of the cashier," said the receiving teller to the uniformed man, at the same time regarding me with a pleasant smile, and the uniformed man led me down the passageway and took me behind a railing where there was a handsome gray haired gentleman sitting at a desk.

"The handsome gray haired gentleman received me cordially and invited me to be seated. I handed him my note, which the receiving teller had returned to me, and he leaned back in his chair and read it carefully. Then he, too, looked puzzled after he'd read the note a second time. Then he looked at me pleasantly over the tops of his spectacles."

"Ahem!" said the handsome gray haired gentleman, not disagreeably, but in a nice, banker-like way. "Might I—er—inquire, Mr. Penphist, without seeming to be unduly inquisitive, as to how—er—large a—er—balance you would usually be carrying?"

"Well, that was a civil enough question, nothing inquisitive about it."

"Why, sir," I said to the handsome gray haired gentleman, "I am opening an account with a matter of some \$350, but I shall no doubt make some additions to that within the next two months, and probably I shall carry a balance of—well, say, \$500 or \$600 right along."

"The kindly cashier with the gray hair fairly beamed upon me."

"Er—just so, just so," said he, twiddling his thumbs. "We feel complimented, Mr. Penphist, we really do, that you should have come to us. And it is unfortunate—er—really unfortunate, that we are so utterly lacking in facilities for taking care of accounts of such a character."

"You see, Mr. Penphist, our institution is of—er—a sort of special character. It is used as a depository by—well, perhaps I should put it in a clearer manner. I say it to you quite in confidence, you understand, Mr. Penphist, but we have only 1,000 depositors on our books, and these 1,000 depositors' aggregate balances amount all the time to a matter of \$110,000,000."

"Well, that was about enough. I saw the light then. I'd drifted into a millionaires' bank on the careless credentials of a business manager who'd written me that note no doubt in a thoughtless mood."

"The gray haired cashier acted bully about it. He recommended a fine bank to me—one that combines perfect responsibility with the necessary facilities for handling accounts like—er—yours, Mr. Penphist," he added.

"For all of the cashier's niceness I walked out of there into the cold gray light of Wall street feeling like a good deal of a human caterpillar."

"I didn't go to the bank recommended to me by the cashier; didn't have the nerve to visit any more banks. I've got \$62 left now of the \$350, but I'm going to use that as a nest egg, and maybe some day even yet I'll have a bank account."—New York Sun.

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.—Gregory.

An innocent heart suspects no guile.—Portuguese Proverb.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spectral Horseman That Visits Wycollar Hall.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar Hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear, and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot now be identified. Tradition says that once every year a specter horseman visits Wycollar Hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description."

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed and gallops off."

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room and that the specter horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

THE CRITICS.

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Passing from picture to picture, I overheard many criticisms. Thus a lady in a rich gown said:

"What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize. It is easy to see that the gown was made by Paquin."

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon.'

"This still life," he exclaimed, "is the most admirable I have ever seen. Terrapin, canvasback, champagne, lobster, even Perigord pie—ah, what a genius!"

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That horse there," said a young polo player, "is exactly like my Podasokus. It's the best picture in the exhibition."

"An athlete uttered a cry of delight before a daub called 'The Gladiator.'

"What shoulders! What arms!" he said. "I bet anything the jury gives this painting the highest award."

"And half the throng, departing said: "The picture in the last room is the best. No, we didn't see it—couldn't get to it. In fact—but it draws far and away the biggest crowd."

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to be wealthy, while if you have it under your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left temple a mole indicates that you will find friends among the great ones of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming distress. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises wealth. If you have a mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches.

George Washington made none.

Thomas Jefferson made none.

John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan—Jeffersonian.

A Fortunate Man.

One day a young matron to the market place did go, where she bought an oyster plant, then set it out to grow. Said she, "Next winter we'll have oysters, fresh oysters every day, and what a saving it will be, with not a cent to pay. Oh, but hubby should be thankful it was his lot in life to get such a saving woman for his own little wife."—Chicago News.

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock," exclaimed a guest at a hotel, yawning, "and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!" "Shall I bring your bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

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