SELECT STORY.

J. B. ODER, Proprietor.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

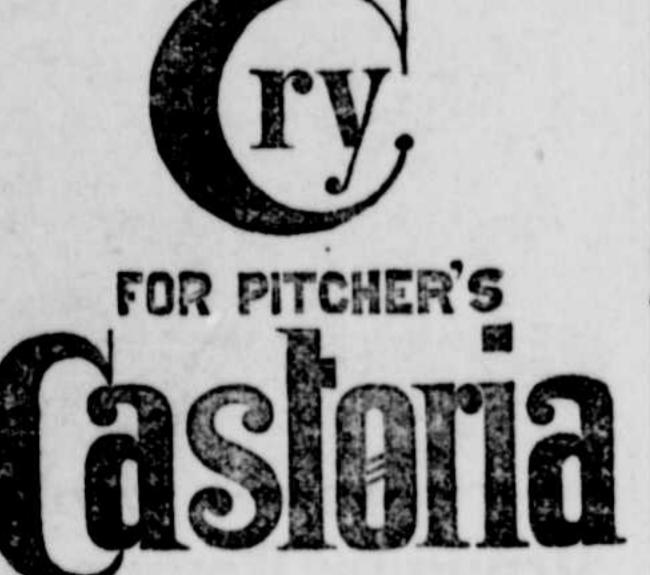
\$1.50 per annum-IN ADVANCE.

22º YEAR-NO. 26.

FROSTBURG, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1893.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,118.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.



Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhora, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,

82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."

THE CENTAUR Co., 77 Murray St., N. Y.

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland and Pennsylvania RAILROAD.

			SCHEDULE	2.		
Eastward.		Stations.	1	Westward.		
	Leave.			2	rrive.	
No. 5.	No. 3	No.	1.	io. 2. N	io. 1. 2	Vo. 6.
p. m. 6 15	a. 11 20 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21 21	a. m 6 3 3 4 6 5 5 5 6 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	Piedmont Barton Lonaconing Midland Ocean Borden Shaft FROSTBURG Morantown Mount Savage	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	555555554438383318 44444444444444444444444444444	11 43 21 09 5 11 10 5 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
	p. m.			a. m.	p. m. Leave	

and 6 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. L. M. HAMILTON, Superintendent. Nov 19 RAILROAD.

AILY, Sundays excepted, from Centra Station, Cumberland.

Market Committee		mberland	7:15 a m	1:45 p r
Arrive		Vale Summit.	8:00 a m	2:30 p 1
**		Midland	8:22 a m	2:52 p 1
**		Lonaconing .	8:30 a m	3:00 p r
		RETURNING	TRAINS.	
Leave	Lo	naconing	10:30 a m	5:00 p 1
Arrive	at	Midland	10:39 a m	5:09 p.r
**		Vale Summit		5:30 p 1
		Cumberland.		6:15 p 1

General Manager. Baltimore and Chio RAILROAD.

JAMES A. MILLHOLLAND,

5:30 p. m. train at Vale Summit.



Arrive	EASTBOUND.	Leave
	No. 10 Express	2:45 a t
7:29 a m	No. 8 Express	7:48 a t
8:05 a m	No. 14 Accom'odation	8:10 a 1
9:30 a m	No. 2 Express	9:50 a 1
12:25 p m	No. 6 Express	12:30 p t
	No. 16 Passenger	2:50 p t
6:40 pm	No. 72 Accom'odation	
12 midn't	No. 4 Express	12:15 a 1
12:10 p m	No. 16 Grafton & Way	
Arrive	WESTBOUND.	Leave
12:53 a m	No. 7 Express	1:00 a
1:20 a m	No. 9 Express	11.516-
4:00 a m	No. 3 Express	4:05 a
	No. 71 Accom'odation	7:15 a
11:15 a m	No. 13 Accom'odation	
3:50 p m	No. 5 Express	4:00 p
4:20 p m	No. 15 Passenger.	4:25 p
The state of the s		8:04 p
7:44 pm	No. 1 Express	Children Burn

Trains No 46 and 47 do not carry passengers. Pittsburg Division.

L'IVICILI.
BOUND.
press leaves1.30 a r
ept Sunday 7:40 a r leaves 3:25 p r leaves 4:05 p r
BOUND.
Exp. dai- cept Sunday 7:30 p t leaves12:20 p t
from Pittsburg to Cun from Pittsburg to Cun i make 3 stops each way T. T. ALLEN, Acting Agent.

Railroad Tickets.

Save Your Money BY BUYING YOUR RAILROAD TICKETS

gotten, and they were married.

made subject for conversation, and the top of Fourteen Hill. the prophesied trouble never came.

ligious opinion-stood in the way.

little town went on, the years of peace | courage enough to ho':. But m "Castoria is so well adapted to children that and plenty, the times of strikes and brother was gone. starving. John Shell built himself a home on top of old Pompey mine, taken from undergeath the cars His two boys-John, eighteen, and open wide. Ernest, sixteen-worked in the mine,

> comparatively easy task of driving on out in the starlight. But I got up Old six. At Dantzic, one was said to have which the writer chronicles, occurred. father and mother, and they came down died in Wallachia at the last mentioned Old Pompey mine was a drift-that is, with me.". its entrance from the world outside | This was all. But Tom Higgins was official records of centenarianism whose went in at a dead level. Further in it looking at the sprags and brakes. "My accuracy it is not easy to impeach. was in grades and inclines as the God! See here!" he said. There mine followed the rising and falling were the marks of bloody fingers on of the yein. Old Pompey didn't them all. The next day the body of Fabius Maximus, who died a centenamount to much as a mine, and the the boy was taken up and buried in arian; Terentia, the wife of Cicero, who. night shift only consisted of three consecrated ground. The coffin was according to some, lived to be one gangs of two men each, all told.

> in the daytime and he drove cars in spragged and braked the loaded cars parte, then first consul, received two and out for the night shift from 6 p. m. on the top of Fourteen Hill. till 3 a. m., kept his attention on the whistled and was happy.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily except Sunday. Nos. 5 Higgins' heading and did not come and the dead and living of one flish the statue of the Grand Monarch. GEORGES CREEK & CUMBERLAND back. The night shift, after long rode down the hill together deep down The Protection of Aged Parents. waiting, went out to see what was the within the mine - Poy L. McCardell in matter with the boy. They found him New York World. at the bottom of Fourteen Hill. The mule and the four loaded cars were piled upon him and he was dead.

There were seven children in the death.

John had been the favorite son, and his father was heartbroken. They made his grave beneath an apple tree, a place that had been his fayorite resort when alive, and they buried him

ground. But his father is a hard man and depart from CUM- when his mind is set. He has to have Breton.

m by excessive vent of emotion Willy

night shift, making the wages of a man. Ernest Shell was a dull, heavy-witted boy, totally different from the brother where the tragedy had broken it off, first place there is the present duty of 75 cents and drove his cars, spragged and braked, down Fourteen Hill and out. But he never whistled and sang as his

brother had. minutes to 12 (for Tom Higgins had overcome. While there will always be a that, apart from questions of our own his watch in the m'ne and marked the considerable number of people who will buy convenience, there are not some destime), Ernest Shell took out four load- coal just because it is cheap, the trade best perately wicked animals which are not

ed cars of coal and never came back. and went out. saying nothing, but Journal. peering forward through the dark,

A sigh of relief came from them all when the bottom of Fourteen Hill was vast and dim with the white descending death seen clear of wreck and coal, and with there went up "A cry that shiver'd to the lighter hearts, though still solemn, the | tingling stars!"-Baltimore News. night shift went on and on until they

There were lights twinkling, too, And the night shift saw, standing beside two mine cars and a mule, the boy. Ernest Shell, with his father and mother, and the boy was weeping on his mother's breast. The face of John

Shell was grave and pale as in the flickering light of the lamps the boy The Wraith on Fourteen Hill. told his tale between his sobs.

It wasn't so much in itself. You may smile incredulously at it as you A TRUESTORY OF HOFFMAN MINE. read it here. But had you been in that When the engagement of John Shell strange group that night you wou'd and Mary Dunn was announced sevhave known it to be true.

eral people objected, the parents of The little mining town, silent and the contracting parties doing the most still; the vague outlines of the blackened buildings on the dumps; the half-Not that John Shell wasn't a sober, dressed father and mother; the black industrious, well meaning young man, and grimy miners, and a wreping boy and Mary Dunn a virtuous, comely | who spoke like this:

girl; but that old difference that has | "I was riding on the front car, and ever caused bitterness and strife-re- had hollered 'Steady!' to the mule to slow, when we reached the top of Four John Shell was the son of Protestant teen Hill. I raised up t jump aside parents, but believed in nothing. and put down the first brake, when Mary Dunn was of a Catholic family, saw my brother standing between the and was devout. However, they loved | hitchings of the third and fourth cars. and all religious differences were for- He jumped down as I hong on trembling to the front car, and thr w down For all the foreboding on either side all the brakes, got three sprags in on they were happy, and the years went the wheels on the other side and by and other bits of village gossip jumped back just as we planged over

"I shut my eyes and prayed, and The uneventful lives of all in the when we slowed up at the bottom I had

"He looked just as he ded who worked, saved and was contented. | was deathly white, and his eyes wer

"But with his mangled hands I saw too, Ernest with his father, while John him do my work for me, and brake and drove a mule and made a man's wages. sprag on top of Fourteen Hill. I could and twenty; and three from one hun-The boss liked him, and he had the hardly walk when the mule stopped dred and fifty to one hundred and fiftythe night shift at the time the eyents | Pompey Hill to the house, and woke

To bring in the empty cars from out- had prepared the body for burial, yet the easy task for John Shell, jr. His hands, were the traces of coal dirt that father and brother dug coal together showed where the dead hands had

And as strange as all the rest is the wicked grade on Fourteenth Hill fact, vouched for by the company's Pietro Huel, who was then one hundred mining engineer, that the grave and seventeen years old, and the only But one night he took out four loads beneath the apple tree is just above Frenchman living who had seen Louis

COUNTY NEWS.

The Coal Trade. Shipments of coal from the mines of Shell family, and this was the first the Georges Creek coal region were in long tons-

For week ending March 4, 1803..... " year to same date..... 579,522 Increase compared with last year.... 15,511 The latest news from the New York

market is gleaned as follows: The usual amount of speculation as to the purposes of the Dominion Coal Company is The mother objected, the neighbors to be heard in certain quarters. This is the were scandalized. "He'll never rest | American syndicate that recently secured there," they said. "John was a good | control of Cape Breton coal mines, and the Catholie, like his mother. He should officers are: H. M. Whitney, Boston have been buried in consecrated treasurer, John J. McLennan, Montreal chiefengineer, F. S. Pearson, Boston; resident manager, D. McKeen, Glace Bay, Care

Certain estimates are given as to the cost of It was the most natural thing, ac- delivering the Cape Breton coal on vessels at cording to precedents at the mine, that | Louisburg, and \$1 is taken as the basis. The after the first grief had been deadened company seems to be proceeding on the assumption that the duty of 75 cents per ton will be taken off, so that this coal can be laid Shell, fourteen, should be taken from down at Boston for \$1.75 or \$2 per ton. school and get his half turn digging | Without expressing any opinion as to the with his father, while Ernest took his removal of the duty, we venture to say that dead brother's place and drove for the the Cape Breton coal may be laid down at Boston for \$2 a ton, but this rate will not be

There are several considerations that affect the successful rivalry of the Dominion Coa that was killed. He took up the work | company with American companies. In the per ton, which, we beg our friends to notice, has not yet been removed or reduced. If it remains at 75 cents, the opportunity for capturing the New England trade will be slim enough; if it is taken off, there will still re- esting question when it asks "whether On the night of the night day, ten | main the great obstacle of inferior quality to | there is not some ground for supposing

worth having is more particular. The night shift did not wait as long pare with a cargo of George's Creek or any them outside the pale both of human for him as they did for his brother. It other good Cumberland coal as to quaity, and animal considerations." Men are was ten minutes of one by Tom Hig- and while it may be delivered at Boston for apt, as a rale, to consider animals gins' watch when the night shift 50 cents or \$1 a ton less, it will not be able to the bulk-to say with the schoolboy knocked up the wicks of their lamps run its rival clear off the field or secure the that "the horse is a noble animal," and

Parody.

J. J. Robinson! Down in Lonareached the mine mouth and saw God's | coning small and dim, with the swift stars twinkling clear in the purple descending libel case there went up "a heartless cry that shiver'd him !"

Business Logals. Ask your druggist to show you a bottle of Mayer's Magnetic Catarrh Cure. One bottle to cure any case, no matter how severe, and will last for three months' treatment. Sold

A. F. Parker and G. E. Pearce & Co. .

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Proof That the Attainment of Centenari.

anism is Not Impracticable.

It has been asserted that nobody ever lived to be a hundred years old, centenarians having been persons whose history was obscure, and the date of whose birth could not be verified. On the other hand, a

celebrated physician has made an ext usive investigation which proves that the attainment of centenarianism is by no means impracticable, not less tha seventy-four persons being enumerated who have unquestionably reached or exceeded the age of a hundred years. Nothing, for instance, could be better authenticated than the longevity of the famous French savant, Chevreal, who was more than a hundred and two years old when he died. In the case of John Bayles, said to have been one hundred and thirty years old when he died in 1706, there is extant a medical description, with details, that satisfied the observers of the correctness of the reputed age. In 1875, Sir Duncan Gibb recorded the case of a great-aunt of a Mr. Williams, who sat at the head of her own table for a hundre! Christmas days, having been married at the age of fifteen. There is on the borders of Siberia a district where a year seldom passes in the course of which some person does not die at the age of one hundred and thirty. Then, again, from official accounts of deaths in the Russian empire in 1839, it appears that there were eight hundred and fiftyeight persons whose ages ranged from one hundred to one hundred and five; one hundred and thirty ranging from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred lived to one hundred and eighty-four, and in the next year, 1840, another age. In ancient times, also, there are Among the distinguished persons whose age there would be abundant means of verifying, may be mentioned opened, too, and though loving hands hundred and three, according to others, one hundred and twelve; Claudia, the wife of the Senator Aurelius, who died side and take out the loaded ones was there, plain, on the washed but mangled at one hundred and fifteen. It is also to be noted that on the tenth anniver-

from Tom Higgins and Pat Blake in the spot where the boy met his dentil, XVI., assisted at the inauguration of in the class.

sary of the taking of the Bastile, Boua-

invalid soldiers, one of one hundred

and six, and the other of one hundred

and seven years; and that, in 1882,

There is no more pathetic object in life than an old, dependent person; whose life is f'n shed; who lives from day to day with no special purpose or ambition to stimulate life; simply waiting for the grim messenger, whose certain call is constantly expected by them. Some people seem to think that the sensibilities of such old people become callous; that they are indifferent to slights and inattention; that they can put up with inferior accommodations and few comforts with much less inconvenience than the younger members of the family. But instead, I think the feeling of such ones becomes painfully sensitive. Their dependent condition is galling to the last degree. If they do not complain it is not from indifference, but because they know complaining would be unavailing. The lessons of patience they have learned in the hard school of life stand them in good stead in this final trial. It is not enough that old persons must bear the painful consciousness that life is about over; that the once vigorous body has become feeble and inactive; the quick mental faculties darkened by a cloud and the physical beauty that charmed the eye has withered at the touch of age? it not enough that all this should be borne, without being made to feel that there is no welcome spot or willing care for them in life? The protection of aged parents by their children is one of the beautiful and just claims of nature. And the son or daughter who, through greed and selfishness, refuses to bestow such care when needed is an ungrateful and unnatural exception in the human family. - Boston Transcript.

An Interesting Question. The London Spectator raises an inter-

only wicked per se, but quite conscious A cargo of Cape Breton coat will not com- that they are doing actions which place best of the market .- Engineering and Mining let it go at that. But any one who has lived much with horses or with dogs knows that the variety of disposition among them is as great as among men; Ah, those children! Out there in the desert that there are horses and dogs which judged in relation to the majority their kind, are criminals, and deserve to be treated as criminals. That is to say, they do wrong not because it is their "instinct," or because they know no better—as tigers prey on human life. but in contradiction to their own moral sense. The consciousness of guilt is a very common trait in all domesticated

Animals have the power of self-control. Any well-trained dog or horse will give you a conspicuous illustration of the truth of this theory; and even

cats and birds, which some people place on a level with dogs and horses, although the evidence is against this conclusion, have shown themselves to be by no means indifferent to ethical considerations. Many wild animals, too, like elephants, differ morally in no

The Marriage Question. In former days, young people hastened to marry as soon as they were out of school, and society commended their course. It was considered their duty to become yoked without unnecessary delay. But it is decidedly different discredit attend the unmated

at the present day. The practice of wedlock is no longer imperative, nor state, even when prolonged into the thirties. There is as much advice given against marriage as in favor of it by the wise and experienced of both sexes, and the result is a steady decrease in the proportion of actual weddings to possible ones. The causes which have brought about this marked change are not sufficiently definite for satisfactory analysis. No doubt observations on unhappy marriages have a bad influence in the way of keeping people single. Unfortunately, the squabbling of a solitary household makes more noise than the placid career of a thousand happy families, and the bachelor who draws inferences only from what he hears is very apt to exaggerate the risk involved in a change of condition. From perhaps one terrible example he infers a general conclusion, and spends the rest of his days in reading the proceedings in breach of promise and divorce cases, and accumulating stories to the disadvantage of the misunderstood mother-in-law. Then our extravagant style of living, as compared with that of former times, is one of the effective influences. The cost of supporting a wife and rearing a family is much larger than it used to be, and this feature of the matter often gives pause on both sides. We have come to measure so many other things by money that matrimony has not escaped the rule. The young people are disinclined to start in a humble way and gradually improve their situation; they want all that their parents have without waiting and striving for it. Many proposals are unquestionably delayed or rejected on this account. It is well known that the new avenues of employment open to women have made them more independent, and

probably also more exacting as to the qualifications of husbands. Knowing What You Know. "I have been working all day like a Trojan," said the young lady teacher to her pupils, "and I wish you would follow my example."

Up went the hand of the biggest boy "What is a Trojan, Miss B-, and how hard does it work, please?" "A Trojan is—is a—why, a Trojan is

-you look that up, Billy, for yourself -then you'll remember." "That was a Parthian shot," said the principal of the school, who overheard

the dialogue. "What? Where? I didn't hear any shot," exclaimed Miss B-, rousing herself from a trance of meditation. "No?" replied the principal, with a

caustic accent. "Suppose you look up the meaning of the phrase, then you'll "There's a Roland for her Oliver," remarked an assistant teacher.

Then her face paled and she rushed out in search of an encyclopedia of phrases and fable, before some one should ask if she knew the meaning an origin of the illustration she so flip-

The Visiting Clause. There are probably not many travelers on the railroad who know of the "visiting" clause in the rules of sleeping-car companies. In the Wagner rules it is provided that "passengers who have purchased berths will not be prohibited from inviting friends en route to share their accommodations. For persons so invited the regular form of berth check will be issued, punch ing out the cipher and writing the word 'visitor' plainly across the face of the check. This rule does not admit of an invitation being extended so that more than two persons occupy one berth.

* On trains where there are two or more cars of this company, visiting will be allowed between the passengers who have purchased accommodations either car, provided inconvenience not done to any of the other occupants of the cars.

Parlor Dramas. Almost every courtship might truthfully be called a parlor drama, from the fact that both the parties of the

first part are much "made up," and do a good deal of very neat acting. Occasionally a little brother or sister who has been permitted to go behind the scenes and to learn of things not intended to be made known to the public, innocently points out some of the weak places that are simply gilded

One such little brother, of an inquiring turn of mind, said to his sister's "steady company," when they two were alone together: "Mr. Jaysmith, do you weigh very

"About one hundred and fifty pounds, my little man," the hopeful lover re-"Do you think sister could lift you?"

the boy continued. "Oh, goodness, no!" said the young man, blushing at the mere thought "but why do you ask?" "I don't believe she can, either, but

I heard her tell ma she was going to

throw you over as soon as she could."

There's Richard, the lawyer, you see and 'sher, the doctor; while Ezra, The scholar, has took his degree, Then, too, there is Ivan and Linus, And Arthur, the painter, at Rome: But dearest of all is our Edgar-The lad who has never come home. lie went off to war in the sixties,

MISSING.

With his knapsack and musket so brave? He fought, so they told us, at Shiloh, The papers the whole story gave, And then after that we lost record, itis regiment was sent here and there. nd mother and I simply waited-We couldn't give up in despair. We had but one letter from Edgar.

All faded and yellow to-day; It tells of some wearisome marching. And how near the enemy lay; And next came a terrible battle. When half of the regiment went down't Our poor lad was never seen after His mother put on a black gown.

But still I kept watching and waiting. And can't believe Edgar is dead. He stood just six feet in his stockings. And his was a handsome young head. With eyes the merriest of bazel. Ab, yes, I remember him well His brown hair was glossy and curling-It was never known that he fell

Perhaps he is living and happy. And quite forgot mother and me, He may have gone west. I am thinking. Or stayed there in old Tennessee! He may fill a grave 'neath the south sod -Yes, after all, that would be best! We couldn't bear knowing our dear lad Was hiding away from the rest.

I still count him in with his brothers He's one of them, dead or alive. Our brightest, and eldest, and bravest The fittest it seemed to survive. He may be a wanderer-roofless The years have been many to roam, I wait for him yet, all unknowing-My lad who has never come home. -Mrs. F. Amden.

THE GHOST. In a street not far from the small market place in Antwerp, and a little nothing but the air. beyond the tobacconist of the Rabbit with a Pipe, there once stood a house king's palace; but no one wished to ing. dwell in the mansion, and it remained a ghost appeared, hurrying through the raising a disturbance. I have had no house from attic to cellar; when this business with you or your family. the clock sounded one, it placed itself | way." derstand. For no one dared to go into | crossly : the house, though the ghost only cried.

"Deliver my soul! Deliver my soul!" It was said that this was the soul of that he had from avarice hidden a great | suspicious to be caught, so he said : sum of money somewhere in the house. This went on for a long time, until

give him greater pleasure than to sleep | saying : one night in this deserted dwelling; if any one would advance him a hundred

"Is that so? Dare you sleep in the mansion yonder?" he asked. "Yes," said Jean, "for I mock at any

"Well, said the owner, "do it and it asked. is a bargain. What shall I let you

"Give me a bundle of good beechwood sticks, a dozen bottles of wine, a bottle of gin, a pan filled with dough. and a dish in which to do my baking." "You shall have them all," said the other; and when they had been brought Jean went to the dwelling with the pro- death.

his pan of dough into a chamber on the | not have judged so from your appearfirst floor, where there were already a lance. table and two chairs. He built a large fire, and placed the pan near it to make | observation, and continued : the dough rise. While the paste was heating he broke off the necks of bottles. one after another, and it was not long before he found himself as drunk as au old Swiss; but he did not lose his wits, and knew very well what he said and

frying pan upon the fire and poured in a good flow of dough. The hissing of it was pleasant and the odor delightful. The cake being browned on one side, Jean threw it into the air up the chimney to turn it over. But just when i should have fallen upon the pan it hit something in the chimney and fell into

"A million-I know not what!" cried Jean. "How shall I swear? So brown and so crisp, and now my cake is in the ashes. Bah! I must put another ladleful of batter in the pan."

But first he poked up the chimney to see what had caused the cake to fall Some heavy object was dislodged by his vigorous thrusts and fell into the fire. Jean was too careless and too ungry to investigate its nature. pushed it aside and proceeded to cook his second cake. When this was half done he said to himself:

"You will not trick me this time. will eat the cake unbrown, you imps He reached out his hand to take when again some object suddenly fel out of the chimney, and the cake was in

"Heavens and earth !" origin Jean, "Is all my labor to be wasted? Will these people not leave a good man to eat his

supper in peace?" He seated himself again by his pan, and although a third object fell from the chimney, he gave it no heed, and presently had upon the table a heap of cakes, which he began to eat. Before be had swallowed a mouthful a clock

struck the hour of midnight. He lifted his eyes and perceived in a dark corner a skeleton. The ghost was there, with a large white shroud upon its back. Jean looked at the spectre for a time, rubbing his eyes, for he feared he was

deceived. But it stood unmoved. "Ah, there, good evening, my hearty!
ne cried. "How is your health? You have a troubled face, my gallant. Two or three pancakes and a bottle of wine would do you good. What do you say? Sent yourself."

The ghost said nothing, but he made a sign with his finger which indicated "Come here !"

But Jean though very tipsy, was too

shrewd to obey. "No, no!" said he. "If you wish to remain there until to-morrow morning. take your ease. But I, in your place, would seat myself near the fire, for that corner is full of rheumatism. What language do you speak? Is it French?" But the ghost remained silent, nor cease to repeat the sign for Jean to come to him, until half past twelve was sounded, when he put forward his meagre legs and slowly approached the old soldier.

Jean rose abruptly. "See here!" he exclaimed. "I have but one thing to say: talk as much as you like, but don't touch me; otherwise we are enemies. If you dare to advance further I will break this bottle over your head. We must keep apart. You do not know me yet, my hearty!" The ghost extended his finger and

were burned. "Take care!" he cried. "So this is the way you would make my acquaintance? You appear to have a very hot hand, neighbor. But enough-here in my first bump !"

touched Jean's hand; he felt as if he

He struck with an empty bottle at the skull of the apparition, but hit

Then he was angry indeed. He sought to grasp the ghost and throw with four stories, not counting the at- him, but he could not. When he tic. It was as large and handsome as a thought to seize him he seized noth-

"Look here," said he at last. "You vacant for many years, for it was are afraid to say to me now what you haunted. Upon the stroke of midnight wish. Why then do you come here turmoil had continued for an hour and | Leave me then in peace and go your

behind the street door and began to But the spectre did not cease making lament so sadly that every one had signs and pointing to the door. At compassion upon it—at a distance, un- last Jean took his candle and said

"Come, then, show us what you want. Go shead and I will follow. The ghost opened the door and the last proprietor of the mansion, and pointed to the stairs; Jean was too "You must go in advance."

They came at last to the upper hall, one day came an old soldier of Napol- where there was a great stone with an eon's wars. He was called Jean the | iron ring fastened into it. The ghost Strong, and he had said in the ale-house | indicated to Jean that he was to raise at which he stopped that nothing would | this stone; but the soldier laughed, "You take me for a fool, do you, my

hearty? If you have not a mechanic in your bag you may seek for one else-The owner of the house overheard | where. Raise the stone yourself, for I The spectre silently lifted the stone; underneath there was a great heap of

iron pots filled with gold. Then at last evil from all the ghosts and devils in he spoke: "Do you wish for this gold?" he

"Ah, jester," said Jean, "you can speak! We begin to understand each other. I see something shining like a jolly lot of ten-florin pieces." The ghost took three pots from the

heap and said in a hollow voice :

gold which I had hidden before my "Before your death!" cried Jeau, in At 4 o'clock he carried his wood and | surprise. "Are you dead? One would

"Here are three vessels filled with

The ghost paid no attention to this "I was obliged to walk the earth until these pots were discovered; and you you will give to the poor, one to the church, and the third is for you." "For me!" cried Jean, joyously.

He sprang forward with delight to After having drunk for some time he grasp it, stumbled, fell upon the heap, began to grow hungry. He put his and his light was extinguished. The clock struck one. A crashing sound mmediately followed. "Hah!" cried Jean. "Where am 1? My dear ghost, come here! I have de-

livered you from evil-you should help

me out of this hole." But the ghost had disappeared for-Jean climed with great difficulty from the hollow and found his candle. He descended to the first floor, and

having drunk two more bottles of wine he went to bed. The next morning he awoke late, and considered all that had passed a dream until, looking into the fireplace, ho discovered there three vessels filled with gold. Evidently the ghost had thrown them down the chimney, which lay behind the big stone. At least that

was the only way Jean could account for their existence. He did just what the ghost had bade him do. He gave one pot of gold to the poor, one to the church, and kept the third himself. So he became rich. for his pot contained at least a hundred millions. And he dwelt in the great mansion, had horses and carriages, slept upon a bed of velvet, drank wine and lived at a restaurant all his days. But he could never find the stone un der which the ghost had hidden his treasure, and people to whom he told the story always listened to it with a laugh.—Translated by C. A. Shaw for

Waverly Magazine. Virgil was a porter's son.