

## AT FORESTERS' ARMS.

I had ridden on my bicycle through the picturesque, hill encircled old city of Bath at 7 o'clock on a beautiful summer's evening, and by the time I had arrived at the little village of Box, lying some five miles beyond, upon the London Road, the flesh of the sunset was dying out of the northern sky, and the long shadows of the coming darkness were creeping apace over the country around. Therefore I determined upon spending the night in the quaint village, familiar to most travelers. I hailed a rustic looking policeman, who was leaning upon his walking stick at the corner of the short, irregular street, and asked whether he could recommend me to a good comfortable hostelry.

"Why, yes, sir," he answered in the broad dialect of the West Country; "I couldn't do better than go to the Foresters' Arms, just opposite the old church, away down yonder."

Dismounting, I leaned my bicycle against the whitewashed wall of the house. It was a typical, old-fashioned, rural inn; long, low and straggling. Behind the counter stood a good looking buxom young woman, and in the background was a man in his shirt sleeves.

"Good evening," said I.

"Good evening, sir," answered the buxom young woman.

"Can I have a room here for the night?" I inquired.

Upon this she looked at me dubiously for a moment. "Well," said she, "tomorrow is the horse show day in Bath, and that makes us rather full. There's one room, however," she paused.

"One is all that I require," said I.

"Ay, but you mightn't care to occupy this one," she exclaimed.

"And why not?" said I. "It's haunted?"

"That's just what it is!" cried she with a look of surprise. "You've heard about it?"

"Not I. This is the first time I was ever in the village of Box in my life. Has anybody ever seen the ghost?"

"No," she answered, "but plenty have heard it, but if you are prepared to sleep in the haunted room we can put you up."

I asked to have some supper.

When I had finished my meal I went again into the bar and there sat awhile, smoking my pipe and listening to the views of the villagers upon several questions of great national moment. Then, intending to be up and away by sunrise on the morrow, I rose and asked to be shown to the ghost-inhabited apartment where I was to sleep.

The barman procured a candle and led me up a narrow winding staircase, which creaked beneath our tread, I asked him what the age of this house was, and he replied he believed it to be above a couple of centuries old, and that it was slightly famous as having long since been the resort of a notorious highwayman known as Fleecey Joe.

Leisurely undressed myself and got into the bed. I heard the chimes of the clock in the adjoining church tower strike the hour of 11, after which I sank into a deep slumber.

I was awakened by a subdued roaring noise, and I opened my eyes upon an atmosphere of intense darkness. As soon as I had in some measure collected my wits, I realized that a gale of wind was blowing outside. I lay for awhile listening to the bursting in great gusts against the house and moaning like thunder, heard afar in the chimney of the wide old-fashioned fireplace.

On a sudden I heard a sound as of a faint rapping inside the wall somewhere at the back of the bed, a feeble, metallic kind of clinking, such as might be made by chipping the masonry with a small hammer. The recollection that I was in a room reputed to be haunted instantly rushed in upon me, and I hastily sat up to listen, not a little startled. The noise ceased at that moment; but in a very short time it recommenced, and by harkening attentively I speedily determined that it proceeded from the direction of the gate.

I am free to admit that my first impulse was to spring out of bed and run from the room, for although I had given no credence to the ghost story connected with the apartment, yet here unmistakably was that mysterious sound of which the buxom young woman had spoken, and who was to say that the next thing might not be the apparition of some dim, pale specter shaping itself in an impalpable essence upon the blackness?

Groping for the candle which I had placed on a chair by my side, I struck a match and got a light. The sweep of the wind out of doors created a strong draught, and the flame wavered fitfully, filling the room with wildly fluctuating shadows. The longer I listened the more certain I was that the noise came from the fireplace. I got quietly out of bed, and holding the candle in my hand, crept over to the grate and better to barken. The wind droned and sighed high up in the wide orifice of the chimney uttering many strange, weird cries, as though, forsooth, the spirits of the dead lying in the cemetery opposite were assembled there to give vent to their lamentations and wailings. But the slow, rhythmic click, click, click reached my ears in a perfectly audible note now, as I was satisfied that, let the occasion be what it would, the sound came down the chimney.

This discovery, trifling as it was, created in me a resolution to make further exploration, and try to arrive at a resolution of the mystery. Stepping upon the bars of the fireplace, I was enabled to bring my head on to a level with openings in the walls. I held the candle as far back as the length of my arm would admit to ascertain the extent of the orifice, and by so doing carried the light clear of the draught coming down the chimney, so that it burnt up steadily. The ghostly noises seemed to me to proceed from a ledge on my right. Planting my shoulders against the back of the chimney to steady myself, for my footing upon the bars was by no means secure, I held the candle against that part of the brick work to try and ascertain the cause of this mystery.

The wavering flame fell with a faint glint upon some dully bright object, swaying to and fro against the part of the rayless surface of soot. I brought the light close and then to my unutterable astonishment I perceived a stout gold watch chain hanging over the edge of the shelf, with a large bunch of coins and seals attached to the end of it; which, as the thing swayed in the strong gusts of air coming down from the top, clinked against the bricks and created the faint hollow sound of tapping,

like an imprisoned skeleton trying to claw his way out with his bony fingers.

This, to be sure, was a strange discovery, and one of a very different nature to what I had expected. I took hold of the chain. A small object of considerable weight was attached to that end of it which was buried in the soot; it proved to be a massive gold watch of very antique pattern, all blackened and tarnished, but in perfect condition, so far as I could make out by the uncertain candle light.

So here, thought I, is the secret of the haunted room in the Foresters' Arms; some part of the booty may be of the long departed worthy, Fleecey Joe. And then it occurred to me that there might be other things hidden in that dark mysterious chimney, so I got hold of a poker and began raking about among the soot which covered the ledge. In that receptacle from which I had taken the watch, I found nothing; though scraped and poked into every nook and corner of it; but on the other side, after raking about for awhile, I felt something lying against the wall at the back.

I looked it along toward me, and then discovered that it was a small leather bag bulging with its contents, and dyed to the hue of the soot beneath which it had lain. My heart beat fast, for I guessed what it held. Satisfied that there was nothing further for me to find, I dismounted from the grate and got upon the floor again, blacker than the most ebony-like of cannibals. My fingers trembled with agitation as I untied the string which bound the neck of the little bag and opened it. An exclamation escaped my lips. The bag was full of gold coins. I emptied them on the hearthrug to count them. They proved to be all spade guineas and half guineas, and there were thirty-nine of them in all.

I slept no more that night. Having cleaned myself of the soot in the best fashion I could contrive, I dressed fully and sat down to wait for daylight. They were early risers at the little country inn; and whilst the windy sky was growing flushed in the east to the soaming of the sun, and the clock in the old church opposite was striking the hour of 5, I heard the footsteps of people up and about. I left my room and went downstairs, carrying the bag of guineas in one pocket and the watch and chain in the other. In the bar I met the buxom young woman, very fresh and smiling.

"I have discovered the ghost," said I.

"No!" she cried. "Have you really seen it?"

"I have done more," said I; "I have brought it to show you."

She listened with eyes rounded by astonishment, and when I had done, bounded off to fetch her mother, a decrepit old woman, the landlady of the house, who presently appeared. It was finally agreed that I should keep the watch and chain, together with five of the guineas and five of the half guineas; the remainder to go to the landlady. The buxom young woman appeared to be prodigiously delighted at my discovery, and when an hour later I asked for the reckoning, she refused to receive any money from me, coming to the door to watch me mount my bicycle, and calling after me I rode off, that she hoped I would come again and put up at the Foresters' Arms.

But Henry was too dumfounded to reply. He could only gaze in bewilderment before him.

"I propose, however, to revise the proofs as I have said. My name must stand, but—yours must be added as my collaborator."

In a frenzy of delight, Henry sprang forward, seized his patron's hand, and endeavored to thank him.

"No, do not thank me," said he; "you have merit—if not genius—and you will succeed."

## CALIFORNIA FRUIT.

Over Thirteen Million Dollars' Worth Shipped East Last Year.

Last year there were shipped from this State 606,994,600 pounds of fruit and vegetables. These shipments filled nearly 36,000 cars, and were sold principally in Chicago and New York. If the total shipments had been made up into one train, the engine would have passed from San Francisco, by way of Port Costa, down to Lithrop and Stockton, through Sacramento and up the Sierra Nevada Mountains across the State line into Nevada, and would leave Truckee three miles behind before the last car would leave the Oakland mole. It would extend to one continuous line of fruit laden cars from San Francisco down to Monterey and back again as far as Santa Clara. In the Eastern States, where the engine was steaming into New York, the middle of the train would not have reached Philadelphia, while the end of the train would extend a third of the way across the State toward Pittsburg. If the train was run from New York to Boston, the last car would be just crossing the Harlem River bridge when the engine steamed into Boston; and in running from New York to Washington, there would be but eight miles of track uncovered at either end of the run.

These figures will give some idea of the growth of the business during the last few years. In 1890 there was little more than one-half as much fruit shipped as in 1894. And when the value of the fruit is considered, the extent to which the business has grown becomes apparent. The value of the gold output of California last year was \$13,570,000; the value of the fruit shipped from this State and sold in the Eastern States amounted to very nearly the same sum. It is, of course, difficult to get exact figures as to the value of these shipments, for they are invoiced at one price at this end of the line, and are sold at another upon reaching their destination. A careful estimate, however, places the amount in excess of \$13,000,000. In addition to this the wine and brandy shipped last year was valued at \$7,000,000 and the wheat at \$18,000,000 more.—Argonaut.

## What did the Duke say?

According to the well-known story, the Duke of Wellington is said to have cheered his men to their last charge at Waterloo by the rousing cry, "Up, guards (or boys), and at 'em!" When the first statue was put up at Hyde Park corner, it was proposed that the sculptor should take those words as his text, so to speak, and represent the duke in the attitude which might befit them. But when the matter came before Wellington, he denied he had ever

used the words. "I remember very well," he remarked, "that I caused the men to lie down for shelter behind a rising ground, and by that means saved many of their lives; but, 'Up boys, and at 'em!' is all nonsense." The probability is the duke said nothing beyond giving the signal for the charge.

## HUNTING FOR FREAKS.

Where the Dime Museum and Circus Get Some of Their Attractions.

Amongst the many strange and out-of-the-way occupations noticed from time to time in the columns of the press, few are more odd and seldom heard of than is the calling of the "freak-hunter;" and yet so great has become the demand for exhibitions of a strange and fantastic character that the professional seeker after innovations in the entertainment line is now quite a recognized member of the huge band of caterers for the amusement of the public.

The "freak-hunter" is usually a gentleman connected closely with the music-halls and other places of entertainment, who from his long experience knows exactly what it will pay him to import and what will "catch on" with the public; and, possessed of this valuable faculty, he takes long journeys into foreign parts, ever on the look-out for likely subjects.

Usually, when the "freak" is discovered—says a two-headed negro, a glass eating Indian, or an india-rubber-fleshed Brahmin—there is difficulty in persuading him to forsake his own land and engage himself for a tour in foreign parts.

In addition to this, it would, of course, be of little use to attempt to introduce him to the managers in the "raw state;" and often quite a long period elapses between the discovery of the "eccentric gem" and its presentation, artistically cut and polished, to those with whom an engagement is desired.

Oftentimes these human oddities are unearthed quite by chance. For instance, perhaps, during a visit to some Continental town, the "freak-hunter" gets to hear of a man who for a wager has lifted a heavy table with his teeth, and, thinking that this may prove to be some strong-jawed wonder, he seeks him out and discovers a miner or a mill-hand endowed with such marvellous power.

The capture effected, then comes a task even more difficult still. Accustomed only to the display of his acquisitions in the village beer or wine-shop, the freak is naturally clumsy, and probably wastes half his strength by the employment of unscientific methods. These defects his tutor has to remedy, and in addition to impart to his pupil the art of neat and graceful performance. When that is acquired, to the managers he is taken, a trial arranged, and if an engagement follows, the freak and his finder are in clover.

Such is the real history of many of the human marvels, who—known as "Bill," or "Ted," or "Jules," or "Jacques," in their obscure country haunts—disappear suddenly from the scene of their former exploits, to blossom out on the boards of some great entertainment house as "Monsieur Hard-nuzzo, the man with the Steel Skull," or "Signor Nospino, the Human Silos' Knot."

## ELEPHANTS AND ORANGES.

An Incident Which Shows the Former Have a Keen Taste for the Latter.

There is anything in the world an elephant loves better than a peanut it is an orange, and if any boy who reads this wishes, when he goes to the circus, to give the massive creature an especial treat, instead of paying five cents for a bag of peanuts to put in the elephant's trunk, let him purchase for the same money one good-sized orange and present that to the small-eyed, flat-eared monster.

A number of years ago, in a book called "Leaves from the life of a Special Correspondent," Mr. O'Shea, the author, gave the following description of an adventure he had with a herd of elephants:

"A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron filled with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment he reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scent! the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated and give me a smack with his trunk—that is where the elephant gets the short of the human being—so I went to the door and began at the beginning as before. Thrice I went along the line and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to go back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focussed on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."—Recorder.

## Prevalence of Nervous Disease.

Nervous disease is more common than in any former age. It is a natural result of the rapid pace of modern life. Men hurry from morning till night from week's end to week's end, from month to month, and from year to year. How many there are who find no leisure till exhausted nature enforces rest. Science has sought to keep pace with man's ambition and provide him with the means of restoring wasted energy. It is well for the race that such remedies as Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic have been discovered, else the pressure on human lives would prove infinitely more disastrous than it is. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic restores vigor to the whole physical system, by improving digestion, enriching the blood, invigorating and

strengthening the nerves. It is a wonderful remedy and has a wonderful record of success. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts a bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John. N. B. and New York City.

## DETECTING BLOOD STAINS.

Where the Work of the Medical Expert is of Very Great Importance.

Whether the blood-stains on the hands and garments of suspected murderers are those of the victim or some animal has for many years been a most difficult question to decide. The presence of the sanguinary fluid forms a very strong bit of circumstantial evidence, but no expert has until recently ever been able to swear positively that the stains were made by the blood of a human being.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, one of America's best-known physicians, has often been called as an expert in murder cases, but, with a deep sense of the importance of his decision, has many times refused to testify that it was the blood of a human being that he was required to examine. Recently, however, he has made an important discovery, and one which definitely fixes the actor of experts in the future. By magnifying blood corpuscles and throwing them upon a screen with a magic-lantern, the form, consistency and other peculiarities of blood are clearly established, and it is shown that blood drawn from the veins of a human being is entirely unlike that of any other creature.

The importance of this discovery may be realized when it is known that within one single year at least fifteen cases have occurred in which the identification of human blood was necessary in order to establish the guilt of the suspected party.

SIZE AND STRENGTH NO DEFENCE.

Here's a point for you to think over: Size and development have nothing to do with health. A man may stand six feet two inches in his stockings and have the muscles of a prize fighter, and yet be an essentially unhealthy man. His trail-looking wife may be really the better of the couple; she may easily do more work, endure more exposure, bear more grief and worry, and outlive her big husband. There is a mystery in this that nobody can see into. It is a matter of vitality and organization—not of dimensions.

Take, for example, the case of Mr. T. B. Staples, of Oakwood, Ont. He is a blacksmith; and I well remember how, when a boy, I used to regard his strength. It was fearsome to see him swing those mighty hammers and pick up a heavy cart-wheel as though it were a child's hoop. Yet I saw only in part and understood in part.

"Some twelve years ago," writes Mr. Staples, "I became aware that the dreaded disease, dyspepsia, had chosen me for one of its many victims. It is hardly necessary for me to try to describe all the different feelings that came over me. I have talked with many people suffering with dyspepsia, and they have all had the same experience. Among the symptoms on which we agreed are the following: Bad taste in the mouth; fulness and distress in the stomach after eating; getting no good from one's food; headache and palpitation of the heart; gas and sour fluids from the stomach; dizziness, especially when one rises up suddenly, or bends over his work; loss of appetite; pains in the chest and back, and the weakness that comes from not eating and digesting enough food to keep the body going. All these things I had; and you can imagine how bad they are for any one; particularly for a man who has got to earn his living by daily hard work, as in my case.

"After I found out what was the matter with me I consulted a doctor at once, and began to take the medicine he gave me. I am sorry to say it did me little or no good. Although there is a common opinion that stomach troubles are not very serious, and never dangerous I must say that is not my opinion. No one who suffers from dyspepsia as long as I did (about six years) will ever talk foolishly or lightly about it. Even the doctors admit it is the hardest of all diseases to keep track of, and to cure. It does not kill a man right out of hand, it spreads the shadow of death over him all the time he has it, and takes all the laughter out of his days.

"Well after the doctor's medicine failed, I kept on taking anything and everything that was recommended to me in hopes of relief. Yet none of them went to the root of the trouble. Sometimes I would feel a little better and sometimes worse, and that's the way things went on with me year after year, a dreary and miserable time. There's no money could hire me to live it over again.

"I was still in this condition when a friend, that I had been talking to about myself, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I didn't know the merits of the Syrup then, but being anxious to try anything that might help me, I bought a bottle from Messrs. Hoag Brothers, and commenced taking it. All I can say is, that I found relief immediately, and by continuing with it a short time, all my bad symptoms abated one by one, and I found myself completely rid of the dyspepsia. Since then I have never had a touch of the old complaint. If there is any other medicine in the world that is able to cure in digestion and dyspepsia as Mother Seigel's Syrup does it, why I have never heard of it. I have recommended the Syrup to other sufferers, and they have been more than pleased with it; and I write these hasty lines in hope the publication of them may come in the nick of time to be useful to others still. Yours very truly, (Signed) Thos. B. Staples, Oakwood, Ontario, February 25th, 1895.

We need add but a few words to Mr. Staples' intelligent and manly letter. The disease which afflicted him attacks both sexes, all ages, and all classes and conditions of humanity. Neither youth nor strength is proof against it. It imitates other complaints, and so leads to fatal mistakes in treatment. If you are wise you will acquaint yourself with its character, as described in Mother Seigel's almanack, and know what to do in time of need.

## Fully Explained.

A lady who had been taken ill sent a card to her friend with this written upon it: "Mrs. C. —, being unable to leave her bed, will not be at home next Wednesday, as usual."

## JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP

and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes.

Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

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