WATERFORD'S GHOST

A rumor began to spread that something singular was going on nights up at the old log house in Waterford's clearing. Idiotic had been seen loitering about the place for nearly a fortnight.

Yet during the day everything about looked as lonely as ever, and curious, going across and climbing up to the chimney, reported no signs of human habitation.

This had kept gradually spirtkeenal gaits arbitrary, and many eyes were turned to the clearing every night. Not to vain either, for the light or lights—for there were two or more—would sometimes be seen, now flashing out at different points, now paling and darkening, to burst forth again with renewed brightness.

To say that this business display caused quite a sensation in town would but faintly describe the actual excitement. The place was now receiving daily visits from around parties, but search as they might they could discover nothing—not even a drop of tallow from the ghostly candles, while the recording light was sure to witness a still brighter display.

A week ago, or so, a thousand! might have been seen loitering in town the village street and stalking a bee line for the circuit boarding house. Having up the stairs he rushed into No. 12, and hastily closing the door exclaimed in an eager whisper:

"I say, Joe, the Amos and the sheriff and a big crew are going up there tomorrow—yes, sir. What's to be done now? Shall we try it on them?"

"Yes, my worthy chum and schoolmate," Tom Mathews. The next day was Saturday. We devoted it to preparation.

Among Tom's hereditary treasures was a spanking trooper which had descended from an uncle in the navy. From this, by slightly modifying the tube, the most wonderful tones could be elicited. Taken in conjunction with a well winding alarm we judged it might prove a valuable auxiliary.

Toward night we locked our room and departed unknown for the clearing. We got up there just at dusk and made our arrangements as fast as possible, for there was no knowing how soon the collection might come.

We fixed the mouthpiece before the window indicated before, with newspaper carefully drawn up or let loft at pleasure. This done, we filled the old stone chimney with dry grass, brush bark and paper, ready to touch off when occasion called.

A portion of the floor of the cabin near the doorway was gone, leaving an open hole into the cellar. So we allowed the ghost, in his fearful winding sheet, to hang in the cellar, suspended by a cord let down from over the door and ready to rise up and fill the doorway, if some such action should become necessary. The cord passed backward through a crevice and extended away to a distant hickory sapling.

"All ready for the sheriff," said Tom, surveying the production. "Guess we'll better light up. It's getting pretty dark, and they'll need to be made there. Touch the candles and save the chimney till they get into the opening."

The effect of our light was immediately visible from the people down in the village and on the other side of the lake. First ladies, followed by a series of small photographs, showed that we were attracting universal attention.

We heard wagons rattling up the road on the other side of the lake, one, two, three. And while they were coming to through the woods we practiced the ghost dance some, to be sure that he would right.

"Now hitch the whistle, I whispered to Tom, and it was soon sighing away at a great rate. Peering round the end of the house, we watched them come up into the opening. Their torches made all their movements plainly visible.

The foremost came up within seven or eight rods, but did not seem inclined to immediately approach. We caught fragments of their talk above the roaring of the fire.

"Almighty hot looking chimney!" said one. "What a poor thief to stealing there!"

"Witches' broth perhaps," replied another.

"Come, boys, let's move up," said the sheriff.

But the boys didn't move up much. On the contrary, the whole party seemed to have come to a standstill. Meanwhile the fire in the chimney began to shake a little.

"Now brimstone here, pun-tope," trained Tom in hollow tones through the trumpet.

"I tell you, boys, this is all a trick," said Amos. "Let's move up."

Quick as a wink we let the curtains fall, making all dark, while Tom cried in a terrible voice:

"Mortals, depart, depart, depart, or we be unto you!"

They were right in thinking that no mortal frame could have produced such sounds unaccented. I never saw more more completely confounded. Posted they independently were, but shame kept them from retreating.

"Be ready with the ghost," whispered Tom.

One fellow had more nerve than the others. He nearly edged up within a few feet of the door, and, raising his pistol, discharged it through the opening. In an instant the ghost rose through the floor, confronting him with the garments of murder.

"Mortal, thy days are numbered," trumpeted Tom, while I tossed up a hasty sheet, which, falling on the rickety cord, formed of grass close to him.

"Twas a little too much. Hesitated and announced. The whole party followed. Amos bringing up the rear. And back strides as near based from the old trooper as would have appalled braver men than they. We heard them crashing down through the brush, and presently saw the wound of oars came up from the water.

We carefully removed every trace of our presence and went home triumphant.

The story told by the investigating party was quite an improvement on the scaled face as seen by Tom and myself from our standpoint. If Tom and I had only dared to expose them, it would have put the climax on the joke. But prudence forbade. We had to and laughed eight to hit the hatchbone.—New York Sun.

An Egyptian Delicacy.

Every country has its cats. Little delicacies, and Egypt is famous for its kabobs. The kabob is twofold meat, but is twofold to be a delicacy is foolish, not to be really fancy. The kabob meat is little chopped farmer, something like that in one by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a much hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace are a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the kabob takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the more popular, and it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, which is around the skewer and placed in front the shining fire. The drippings are collected, and with a little salt and spice make a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done.—Scribner's Column.

Not a Woman's Way.

Two women stood on the wrong side of a cross street that intersects Broadway and kept signal the cabs cars, only to see them shoot up to the most aggravating way.

"Well, of all the impudence!"

"Did you ever!"

"Why!" were their second shout.

Here one of the pilgrims observed something and waved her hand back and forth.

"What did he say?"

"Something about the wrong corner."

"Well, I've got his number, and I'll report him for not stopping."

Here a policeman came up and took them to the home side of the street, where the very first car stopped for them.

And they both said:

"Well, the idea!"—Kansas City Times.

No "Poison in the Teapot" if it is Pride of Japan (Tea) Tea that's brewing there.

Alice's other Thomas Price & Son, the San Francisco chemists, say:

"Water made a nourishing, flavored tea, which is not injurious to the nerves, and is to the best of our knowledge and belief, wholesome, nourishing and strengthening."

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Gift packages—at your grocers

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, November 16, 1896.

A DIVIDEND OF FIVE (5) PER CENT (ten (10) per cent) out of the net earnings of the company for the day has been declared by the board of directors, payable at the office of the company, No. 15 Main street, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Tuesday, November 17, 1896, to stockholders of record, November 16, 1896.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

The transfer books of the Utah Sugar company will be closed on November 14, 1896, and reopened on November 18, 1896.

HORACE G. WHITNEY, Secretary.

TRUSTEES' SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance with and under the power and authority granted to the undersigned trustees by a certain trust deed, duly executed and delivered to the undersigned, by Thomas E. Williams, her husband, and recorded in Book "Y" of Mortgages, on pages 278 and 279, records of Salt Lake County, Utah, the undersigned trustees will offer for sale and sell at the front door of the court house in said Salt Lake County, Utah, to the highest bidder for cash at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, the following described real estate situated in said Salt Lake County, Utah, to wit:

Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,