THE PARTY OF THE P

When George the Second in Albion's Jalo Defended the faith, twee a weary while Ere a ghip that sailed from Raode Estand's shore Could return to the colonist port once more.

And the churchmen of Bristol, who'd hoarded

or to

.

And sent scross sens for an English bell, Had waited full many a month and long For the cheer of their new built steeple's song

But at last the good vessel at Newport lay, And a brave little sloop sailed down the bay To carry the bell to Bristol town, That should bless St. Michael's with wide renown.

Though the brave sloop's men numbered only two, Their pride was enough for a galleon's crew, And their bosoms swelled as they foully thought Of the fame for themselves in the bell they

The sky never looked so blue to them, Andieven "Despair" seemed an island gem In the beautiful spread of the sun lit bay-For when pride is at work, it works that way.

"The deck is too lowly a place," they said. "For our glorious cargo; high overhead Let's hoist it, that there its far heard peal May speak for the righteous joy we feel."

So up to the cross trees the bell they swung, Forgetting by mere mischance its tongue; "What matter!" cried brawny Waldron, "I Will smite it myself 'neath the arching sky !"

Then aloft he sped with a mighty sledge To waken the sounds from the slumbering edge Of the church's treasure; no greater bliss Had failen to Waldron's lot than this.

"Give ear, good helmsman i" he cried aloud. As he reached the top of the slender shroud, And praise to himself for his prowess spoke, And curved his arm for the wondrous stroke. D-o-n-gi Glorious tone! How its colsoes ran

Around and across the horizon's span! Did ever a sound so full and clear Enrapture a listening mortal's ear? "Again!" cried the steersman in mad delight,

"Still a lustier note from the metal smite!" And exultant his comrade called back, "Be it so And Bristol shall hear it this time, I trow!"

Oh; the ponderous blow that descended then-Twas beyond all telling of song or pen; For alack and alast by ill fortune's whim .It cracked the church bell from top to rim!

Then woe for the pitiful homeward sail, And the crestfallen heroes glum and pale, With an eager crowd on the wharf, to be met With naught but a prayer to forgive and forget!

How sing of welcome turned to tears, A payment in worthles; weight for years Of the parish thrift! What words for the shame That ashore with the crew and their cargo came?

In brief measure their tale they told, But they'd learned a lesson that's never grown

When pride, on land, sea, river or bay, k at work, it can work in a wretched way. -M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr., in Youth's Compan-

## AUNTIES GHOST STORY.

It was a cold autumn night. The wind was howling without, but inside the great, old fashioned kitchen where we children sat, gathered around the crackling fire, everything was cozy and warm. Aunt Jane had given us a basket of nuts, and we were having great fun cracking them.

We had come to spend a few days with Aunt Jane, who lived in a fine old farm house some miles away from the village. Now, auntie had no children of her own, and so she was always glad when we nieces and nephews came like a young into the woods when they's told not to." army to take possession of the old-house, as she was very kind to us and told us

many famous stories.

But, as I said, the wind was having a blustering time of it without, and we were laughing merrily within, and cracking our nuts, when all of a sudden we heard a piercing scream. Of course w all screamed too, dropped our nuts, and sat quite still in fright. Now, Auntie Jane, who is very sensible, and not at all timid, only looked up from her sewing and listened. In another minute there came another scream, even louder than the first. "Oh, auntiel" we cried, in a frightened chorus, "it's Robbie." Robbie, who was only 4 years old, and not big enough to sit up with us, had been put to bed up stairs half an hour before. "Don't be such silly little geese!" said auntie, calmly folding her work. "I'll go up and see what is the matter with the child." So auntie put down her basket, took a lamp in her hand and left the room, while we all followed and stood huddled together at the foot of the stairs.

Presently auntie appeared with trembling Robbie in her arms, and told us all to go back into the kitchen.

Auntie took her place by the fire, and we all sat down again. "Now, Robbie," said Aunt Jane, quietly, "sit up and tell them what was the matter, and why you screamed and frightened everybody, and what you saw." But Master Robbie didn't want to sit up; he kicked his little fat legs about and clung close to auntie, hiding his face in her gown.

"Come along, sir," said auntie firmly, and then she sat Robbie up in her lap, but he put his finger in his mouth and blinked at the fire, and finally began to howl dismally.

"There, there," said auntie more gen tly and petting him. "Be a brave little man. Now tell us, what did you think you saw?"

A little pause, then from out the folds of suntie's gown came a smothered "Dhost!" from Robbie.

"So." said auntie. "you thought you saw a ghost?"

"Fought I saw a dhost," was the muffied echo.

"Very well," said auntie. "Now what did you really see when I came in with the lamp and made you take your head out from under the blanket? Petticosti asked auntie, bending down.

"Petticoat hanging in torner." "Ah," said auntie, "you thought you saw a ghost, and what you really did see was a white petticoat hanging up in the corner. Is that it?

"Es. I'se been a bad boy today, and Henny told me when I was a bad boy I would see a dhost tanding up in terner. and I fought pettitoat was a dhost."

Auntie looked very sternly at Henry. "Henry," she said, "have you really been putting such nonsense into this tilly little boy's head?"

"Oh, just for fun," said Henry, though he looked a little schamed. "It's a fine wat to keep him good."

"Let me tell you. Henry, that a great deal of harm and a great deal of suffering have come from just this thoughtless habit of frightening little children in order to keep them good.

"And so I am going to tell you a story of myself; a story about something that happened to me when I was a little girl and of all the harm that came of my old nurse's telling me about the old woman wrapped in a blanket who would come to carry me away if ever I was naughty and disobedient.

And then auntie, sitting with Robbie on her lap, told us her story:

When I was a little girl like Hattie papa and I were living alone here. When I say alone I mean that my poor mamma had died, and we were the only ones of the family left on the farm.

But we had a servant, who took care of the house, and old Maria, who took care of me and mended my clothes, and then there was the man who worked the farm, as papa's business in the village kept him away from home all day.

Now, Maria was very good and kind to me, and loved me very dearly, even though I was a wild little thing, always running away and getting lost, and giving her a deal of trouble. I dare say.

I suppose it, was because I was so hard to manage and so very naughty that she first told me the story of the old woman in the blanket.

One night, after I had got into bed, and she had tucked me away and was going out with the light she stopped to

"I'm afraid if you ain't any better tomorrow than you've been today, Miss Jane, and if you don't stop runnin' into the woods, the old woman in the blanket will come after you." (I had been very, very bad that day, and I suppose poor Maria was at her wits' end to make me behave.)

"What old woman in a blanket?" I inquired, sitting up in bed.

"Never mind," Maria went on mysteriously, "I tell you there's an old woman in a blanket who comes after all naughty girls, specially them that runs away

Then Maria went away with the candle and I lay alone in the dark with my mind full of the old woman in the blan-

I was very good for a little while, and Leppose Maria thought she had done a fine thing in making up the story, as it seemed to have so good an effect upon my conduct. Indeed I thought a great deal about the old woman in the blan-

Playing about in the fields in the day time, I would sometimes forget all about her, but whenever I was quiet, and especially at night, I fell to imagining all sorts of dreadful things, about how she looked and what she would say and

where she would take me. Maria soon found that whenever I was unruly and disobedient all she had to do was to remind me of the terrible old woman in the blanket, so by and by I began to feel quite sure that at some time or other I would certainly be punished by her, and sometimes I was dreadfully frightened at night and used to cover my head up with the bedclothes,

just as Robbie did a while ago. Now, you must know, for I think I've told you, I was always expressly forbid-

den to go into the woods. I didn't see very much of papa, as he was away all day, but I remember he

often said to me: "Jennie, you may play about the fields and over in the meadows as much as you like, but you must not go into the woods alone."

You see, there were snakes there, and besides, the woods were very dense (it was almost a forest), and there were so many paths that even a grown person might easily get lost there. How it was that dever forgot my old woman in the blanket so entirely I don't remember, but anyway, one day I ran after a poor little rabbit that was lame and that couldn't go very fast, and as I wasn't thinking of anything but the little limping creature, whose home I was so anxious to see. I 

suddenly found myself in the midst of the forbidden woods.

I must have been running for a long time, for I found myself in a place that I had not known before, and I had made so many turns along the paths that I looked around bewildered, because ] couldn't tell in what direction home lay

Oh, dear me!" I cried to myself, very much frightened. "I didn't mean to be disobedient. I didn't mean to come into the woods at all."

Indeed, I had not meant to come. was seldom naughty deliberately, and most of the mischief I got into was the result of thoughtlessness and careless-

But anyway here I was in the woods. and I must get out of them... I looked and looked, and finally started out bravely to the left, as the way looked a little familiar. But though I walked on and on, and sometimes ran a little, it all grew more and more strange about me, and I finally stopped in dismay.

"I must be going the wrong way," I almost cried aloud, "and oh!" (I held my breath in terror) "what is that?"

A long, low rumble, and then the trees began to moan and shake their heavy branches, as if they, too, were trembling

Plash! Plash! A great drop fell upon my bare head. Suddenly there was a dreadful crash. In a moment everything grew dark, and then the thunder and the lightning and the furious rain all seemed to come together, and I was alone, all alone, lost in the woods, and night was coming on! Then I cried out as loud as I could in my terror.

"Oh, what a bad, naughty girl I have been!" I sobbed. And then I thought of the old woman in the blanket, and my tears dried in very fear, and I looked about trembling. I had made it up in my mind just what she would look like. She would be shriveled up and very old and all bent over, and the great blanket would cover her up from her head to her feet, and oh! this would be such a dreadful place to meet her! I almost believed that I could see her coming along through the trees. I threw myself on the ground and covered my face with my apron, and oh! what was that?.

I felt a touch on my shoulder. I was almost dead with fright, when I heard a gruff but kindly voice say:

"Wall, sakes alive! If it ain't a little gal! Look up, sissy! What ails ye!" My heart gave a great bound of iov, and looking up I saw a big, bearded face. bending over me. The man had a dog with him and a gun. I couldn't speak, Another great crack of thunder came. I could only cling to him and cry.

"Lost, I s'pose?" he asked, taking me up in his strong arms.

"Y-es, y-es, sir!" I finally stammered. "Umph!" exclaimed my deliverer. "Wall, I reckon I'd better take ye to the cabin and dry ye off, and then we'll see where ye belong."

The dog bounded ahead, and the big, kind faced man carried me easily on one arm. and, shouldering his gun, made that? great, bold strides through the words.

He must have known them well, for a black night was coming on and the rain was blinding. We had gone only a little way when a bright and ruddy light appeared. Here we were at the "cabin." The door opened into a cheerful kitchen, and at the threshold stood a

young girl holding a lantern. "Here ye are, pop!" she cried in welcome. "Look out, Jack!" to the dog, who, covered with mud, made a leap at

"Why, pop! what on earth have you got there?

"Gal," was the only reply of the big

"Gal! Lost? Oh, the poor little thing!" cried the girl, and then I was put in a chair by the kitchen fire, and my wet shoes and stockings were pulled off and so was my dripping gown, and I was wrapped in a big, warm shawl and given a cup of hot milk to drink.

They were very kind and gentle to me, rough people though they were, and neither papa nor I ever forgot their goodness to a poor little stranger.

When I could speak without shivering I told them my name and where I lived. "I shouldn't have come into the woods," I ended. "I've been told not to, but I was running after the rabbit to see where he lived, and I ran on and on and

"Why, pop," exclaimed the girl, "it's Mr. Harvey's little girl." "Oh, yes," said the man, "I know

squire Harvey." "Please, sir," I asked, "are you th

"Aye, I s'pose so," answered the man "leastways. I hunt most of the time."

"Then," I said, beginning to cry again then I'm far from home, way at the other side of the woods." I had heard of the nunter's cabin. "Oh," I went on, "what will they say at home? They will be so frightened! What shall I do?" The man went to the window and

looked out. "The storm is ragin," he said, and indeed wê coma near ....

"I tell ye, little gal, you'll have to wait till mornin'. No one could ever git through them woods to night."

I felt dreadfully, careless as I was. knew how they would suffer at home and yet there was no help for it. I cried and sobbed, and after a while upright in bed the girl carried me up the little rickety

pair of stairs to her own tiny room. There were only two rooms up stairsthe girl's where I was taken, and her father's. It was a soor little room but

"There," said the kind hearted girl, warm quilt. "I reckon I'll have to sleep on the floor; I've got some bedclothes thought it was the old woman." down stairs put away, so I'll git 'em and I'll be up in an hour or two."

Then she went away, and left me alone then a cold shiver would run up and down my body.

I couldn't sleep; my eyes were wide and by.

There was an old rag carnet on the I called: floor, and over in the corner a funny old fashioned chest of drawers and a poor little table on which the candle stood, ing quickly to my side. and one worn out chair.

Bang! bang! went the shutters! Oh. how the wind howled, and then would "No, no, my deary," oried Maris, very come the sudden, fearful crashes of sorry for her thoughtlessness. I only thunder that seemed directly above my said it to make you mind, and it was bed!

I trembled so that my teeth chattered. I should have been very warm, for the plenty, but still I felt very, very cold Jane.—New York World. and shivered dreadfully. It was silent except for the noise of the raging storm without. -

I was frightened up there, all alone, in that strange place.

The candle flickered and made ugly shadows on the wall, and, oh! I wished that the girl would come up stairs. I thought of papa and Maria, and longed for the day to come that they might know I was safe and sound.

And presently I knew nothing, for a few moments, it seemed to me.

Bangi bangi went the shutters again I sat up, wide awake, with a dreadful terror in my heart.

In the moment that I had slept I had dreamed of the old woman in the blanket, I was not cold now; I seemed to be burning up, and I tried to call out. wanted some one to come to me; I was so afraid, what with the storm and my

dream and the strange, lonely place. My voice seemed very faint and weak, so I crawled from the bed, and it was hard to move. The candle was still flickering on the table, and cast but a

dim light into the little passageway. I reached the stairs, but all seemed si lent below. Nothing was to be heard but the rumbling of the thunder and nothing was to be seen, but—what was

There, there in the corner!

Something white, bent over, and, yes, a blanket, a great vellow blanket, cover-

Thad left the door ajar and a faint ray from the candlelight rested uponthe old woman! The old woman in the blanket! I only remember screaming out loud, as Robbie screamed a little while ago.

One bright morning I opened my eyes, and was surprised to find myself in my own bed, and in my own pretty room at home.

I felt too tired to speak, and just closed my eyes and tried to remember what had happened.

Presently I hourd voices. "Poor little dear!" Maria was saying.

"I'm so glad the fever has gone. Master has been so worried. This morning he went to the village for the first time since Miss Jane was brought home with the fever."

"Oh, yes," replied another voice, voice I had heard in my dream, and indeed it was the voice of the hunter's WHALEN'S SHIELD CHEWING daughter. "She's all right now, I reckon."

"Tell me," said Maria. "Tell me again, just how it came on."

"Well, you see," answered the girl, "I had put her in bed safely, and then I went down and got pop's tea. It was stormin' dreadful. After a while I fetched out the pillows and blanket that I was agoin' to make my bed of on the floor, and took 'em up stairs, and stood them in the passageway, and then went down again to finish a bit of mending, while pop read the paper. All on a sudden we heard a dreadful scream, and when we ran up the stairs we found the poor little gal laying in the passageway moanin' and tearin' in the fever. Then, next morning, pop came over and told you, and the little thing was fetched

And very good and kind you have been, my dear, and we are very grateful," said Maria,

Then it all came bads to me dream, my waking and steading out a the head of he state of the and he was of the terrible old woman in the blanks standing in the corner.

I astonished them and Trientment Change both very much by makes I willing hill

"What did you say" Lagarly saked the girl. "What did you say about purting the bedclothes up in the passage-

Way? "Bless the child!" cried Maria. "She's quite clean, and the bed was very, very in the fever yet, and doesn't know what she's a-talking about."

"Yes, I'do," I declared, "I saw somemaking up my little body under the thing in the corner something white with a planket over it, and and I

Then the girl told me how she had out. Now, I'll just leave you the candle, put a white case on the bolster she had got out for her bed, and sow the had taken a couple of blankets and come up in the strange little room. I looked stairs with them. But seeing that I had about me as I lay. It all seemed so odd fallen into a light sleep and hearing me and my head felt so queer, and now and mosn, she had been afraid of waking are then, and so had placed the things in the corner, intending to come up by

After a while, when the girl had gone,

"Maria!"

"Yes, my deary," she answered, com-

"Maria," I asked solemnly "is there any old woman in a blanket?"

very wicked of me.'

Robbie had fallen asleep, but the rest coverings on the bed were thick and of us were listening eagerly to Aunt

Credality.

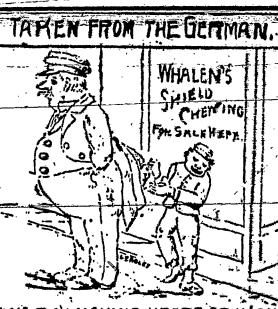
Usually, in bewitching a person, it was thought necessary to possess something closely connected with the victim, as a lock of his hair, a nail paring or even a small quantity of his saliva.

The belief engendered by the shamans often had very serious consequences to innocent persons. If a shaman told a patient that he was afflicted by a disease which a certain man or woman had charmed into him, the consequences to the supposed offender were often serious enough, and such beliefs led to many

This is particularly the case in Africa. where the same belief occurs, and thousands are yearly sacrificed, because they are supposed to have afflicted others with disease spirits, or to be the authors of misfortunes of one sort or another.

The power too "hoodoo," that is, bewitch, is believed in by a very large number of the negroes of this country-In fact, such beliefs are common to the ignorant everywhere, be they red, white or black.

We should not be too ready to despise the Indian who holds them, since faith in charms, fortune telling and similar nonsense survives today among civilized people who ought to know better, and many are they who thrive by the practice of such arts. Credulity does not die with sorcery and barbarism, but lives on, and will continue to live until men grow much wiser than they have vet grown.-H. W. Henshaw in Youth Companion



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THIS BOY HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF THE SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF OVER ALL OTHER BRANDS. (AN no longer resist the temp-TATION TO ROB ONE OF OUR UERMAN HMERICAN CITIZENS of his chewing tobacco.



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