

## The Westerfield Scare.

After this, nothing was seen or heard of the man-ape for upwards of a week; but then came a piece of startling news indeed. Lady Dacre's mansion, which was situated about a mile and a half beyond the town boundary, had been broken into, and jewelry of the estimated value of three hundred pounds stolen therefrom. From the evidence there seemed little or no doubt that the man-ape was the thief. It appeared that while the family were at dinner, Lady Dacre's dressing-room, which was on the second floor, had been entered from the window, and the jewel-case rifled. The window in question overlooked a lawn at the back of the house. The wall outside was thickly covered with ivy, said to be nearly as old as the house itself, by the aid of which the thief had doubtless been enabled to reach the window. A shaded lamp was burning in the room at the time. The robber, in order, no doubt, to secure himself from interruption, had locked the door which opened into the corridor, but had omitted to notice that the dressing-room was only divided from the bedroom by a portiere. Through this portiere Lady Dacre's maid presently appeared on the scene, just as the rascal was in the act of rifling the jewel-case. For a moment the two stood confronting each other, then, with something between a snarl and a cry, the man-ape took one stride towards the woman, who thereupon gave utterance to a loud scream and fainted. The only description she could afterwards give of him was that he was exactly like a huge monkey, except that he stood perfectly upright like a human being.

A detective came down from Scotland Yard, and after lingering about Dacre House and its neighbourhood for nearly a fortnight, was seen no more. Then Lady Dacre, in her turn, offered a reward, this time of fifty pounds, for "such information as would," etc., but most people were of opinion that nothing would come of it, even as nothing had come of Squire Dacre's at its pranks again as audacious as ever. And yet, as people asked themselves in dismay, what was it possible to do under circumstances so unprecedented that not even the oldest inhabitant could remember the like of them? It seemed as if the whole town lay helpless and at the mercy of one daring and unscrupulous ruffian. It was a veritable reign of terror on a small scale. Nobody guessed, I least of all, how soon and by what singular chain of events it was destined to be put an end to.

My father's house, which was the end of a row of cottage tenements all alike in size and appearance, might be said to abut on the churchyard, seeing that it was only divided from the wall which enclosed the latter by a gravelled footway. From the back of our house, and following the line of the churchyard, ran the high wall which on that side shut in the old grammar-school and its playground. Along the base of the churchyard flowed the little river Ken. On the farther side, shrouded by its elms and beeches, stood the vicarage; while on the fourth side was the main entrance with its beautiful wrought-iron gates, of which the townspeople were justly proud.

In the gable end of my father's cottage was a window which looked full on the churchyard; it was the window of my bedroom. One night when my father had been more restless than usual and unduly awake, I sat up with him for company's sake, till between twelve and one in the morning. When at length I went to my room, I went without a light. It was too late to think of reading, and I could undress as well in the dark as not. I drew up the blind and stood looking out for a little while, not thinking much of what I was doing, but rather wondering how long a time it would be before I should be able to get back to Mr. Ayscough and my beloved flowers. Then, all at once my eye was caught by something which broke up my waking dream in an instant, and brought me back to the place and the hour with a sort of shock. What I saw was a faint yellow disc of light, evidently emanating from somewhere in the churchyard, and nearly in a line with my window. All the stories I had heard about the man-ape flashed at once across my mind. Motionless and almost breathless, I stood and watched the light, which shone with a faint steady glow, and never varied its position by as much as a hair's breadth. For a space of about two minutes I stood thus without taking my eyes off it; and then all at once it was gone, and though I stayed watching for upwards of an hour longer, I saw it no more.

I said no word to any one of what I had seen; but next morning I made a careful examination of that portion of the churchyard which was visible from the window of my room. Not the slightest sign or token did I find of any unhalloved midnight intruder. The grass grew rank and green on the quiet graves; tombstones of various shapes and sizes were scattered about as if they had been dropped at random, but nowhere was there anything which told of any recent living presence. There was an old right of way through the churchyard; but as it led to nowhere in particular but the river, it was but little used. At sundown the gates were locked, and remained so till morning.

My curiosity had been so much excited, that the next night found me on watch at my window again; but although I sat there in the dark and cold for upwards of two hours, my patience went unrewarded. The same thing happened next night. Then I made up my mind that should the third night prove as fruitless as the first and second had done, I would trouble myself no further in the matter. But that

third night, and close upon the same hour, I beheld again the appearance which had so puzzled me before; a subdued, yellow light, or radiance, almost like a harvest moon seen through a haze, only not, perhaps, quite so large. It was as though the circular door of a furnace in which the fire had begun to burn low had been opened for a little while. As before, it was visible for a space of from two to three minutes, and then it disappeared as instantaneously as it had come. Then and there I made up my mind to solve the mystery, if it were possible for human ingenuity to do so.

The first step towards doing so was evidently to take up my watch in the churchyard itself. This, however, I was unable to do for some nights to come, in consequence of my father's illness having taken a turn for the worse, which made it undesirable that I should be out of call. The first night it seemed safe for me to leave him, I let myself quietly out of the house about half-past ten o'clock. I had my father's key with me, which admitted me into the churchyard through one of the side-doors. I was warmly wrapped up in a dark overcoat, and wore on my head a close-fitting cap. I had provided myself with a stout cudgel, in view of any possible encounter at close quarters. Threading my way cautiously among the graves, I presently took up a position between two large family tombs which I had previously fixed upon. The point to be borne in mind was that I should be able to see while myself remaining unseen. A little way behind me was a tall headstone, but in front there was nothing but a few lowly mounds between myself and the abbey. Crouching in the long grass, with my back supported by one of the tombs, I began my watch with such patience as I could summon to my aid. Now and then I raised myself cautiously and peered around. The night was starlit and windless, and around me reigned silence the most absolute. Eleven o'clock boomed forth in deep musical throbs from the abbey tower, and then, after what seemed to me a space as long as three or four ordinary hours, midnight struck. I had raised my head and shoulders above the level of the tombs for about the hundredth time, when suddenly my eyes were taken by a dark movable object faintly outlined by the starlight. Whatever it might be, it was advancing swiftly, and apparently in a direct line towards me. My head went down again in an instant; I drew closer to the tomb, and grasping my cudgel more tightly, kept my eyes fixed on the opening in front of me. Half-a-dozen seconds later a human form passed swiftly across my line of vision, which, in my crouching position, was bounded by the tomb on each side of me. The figure had come and gone almost while I had time to draw a breath—come and gone, too, without a sound, for not the faintest noise of footsteps had reached my ears—but that might perhaps be accounted for by the fact that it was walking on the grass. Hardly had it passed before I raised myself cautiously and peered the way it had gone; but already it had vanished—the darkness had swallowed it up as completely as if it had never been. I waited a full half-hour longer, but saw nothing more.

My watch the next night proved of no avail; but the night following that I was more fortunate. I had taken up the same position as before; midnight had struck; a cold wind swept over the churchyard and moaned drearily among the tombs. I was chilled through and through. At length I said to myself: "I will wait another quarter of an hour, but not a moment longer." Scarcely had the words passed my lips when all at once I saw again the same faint disc of yellow light which I had seen twice already from my bedroom window. Now that I was closer to it, it shone out more clearly than before; still, I was utterly puzzled to know whence it emanated. It was not much raised above the level of the ground, and seemed as if it might proceed from the interior of some tomb, and yet I remembered no tomb just there which could have been made to serve such a purpose. I found that I had somewhat miscalculated its position, that is, assuming it to be in the same position as when I saw it first, which was a point I could not be quite sure about, and that from the place where I now was I could only obtain a side-view of it. If I wanted to find out more about it, I must get nearer to it, be the risk whatever it might.

I had seen nothing of the mysterious being who had come and gone so strangely two nights before, but might he not appear at any moment? It was needless to proceed with the utmost caution. Slowly and carefully I began to creep forward on my hands and knees through the wet grass in the direction of the light. About half-way towards the point for which I was making was a tall headstone; behind this I paused for a moment while I took a careful look round. I was on the point of setting out again when, casting my eyes in the direction where the light had been but an instant before, I found it gone. Not the faintest glimmer of it was to be seen. I waited where I was for half an hour longer, but nothing more came to pass.

I could not sleep till long after I got to bed, but by next morning I had worked out a certain theory in my mind which I determined to put to the test at the earliest possible moment.

Accordingly, in the course of the forenoon, taking my tape with me, I made my way to that part of the churchyard where I had kept watch the night before. Not knowing what unseen eyes might be taking note of my movements, I proceeded to measure a space here and there with my tape, as though I were selecting a site for a grave; in reality I was deciding on

a spot for my next hiding-place. Just thereabouts, as it happened, there were no large family tombs behind which might be found a convenient shelter, nothing, in fact, but a few scattered headstones and row after row of nameless graves. Such as the situation was, I must make the best of it.

In the course of the day I went into the town, and from the tradesman who had care of the abbey clock I borrowed a powerful opera-glass, and from an undertaker a mourner's cloak long enough to shroud me from head to foot. I was now ready for my enterprise. The evening, it was a brought wind and rain, which before midnight increased to a storm, and the next night proved nearly as bad, it would have been madness to take up my watch under such circumstances. The third night was fair and clear, and at half-past ten I let myself out of the house, carrying with me not only my "inky cloak," but a couple of old overcoats to spread on the ground. I made my way stealthily to the particular headstone I had marked out beforehand. It was a very old stone which had settled down a little on one side, so that it now stood somewhat askant, while the mound whose inmate it was intended to commemorate had by this time sunk nearly to the original level of the churchyard. Here I spread my overcoats, and wrapping my cloak about me, I lay down upon them. Any passerby who might have observed me by that dim light would merely have taken me for one more among the scores that surrounded me.

Eleven o'clock—midnight. Ten minutes later the mysterious light shone suddenly out, clear and steady; but this time I was not more than twenty yards away, and in a direct line with it. My theory was verified. The light proceeded from a small circular grated opening in the outer wall of the abbey about a couple of feet above the level of the ground outside. The aperture in question was an air-hole, or it might even be called an ungrated window, to the family vault of the Deromes of Standish, one of our great county families. This vault, like three or four others pertaining to families of distinction, had originally been formed by enclosing a portion of the crypt, which at one time had extended under nearly the whole of the abbey. Access could be had from the churchyard to any of these vaults by means of a low-browed, iron-studded door, below the level, and reached by a descent of three or four steps. But whenever a funeral took place, a portion of the flooring of the abbey immediately over the required vault was removed, and the body lowered to its last resting-place below.

I now found the value of my opera-glass. By its aid, a certain section of the interior of the vault was clearly visible to me. On a ledge behind the grating a lamp was burning. Close by stood a man with one of the most unprepossessing and evil-looking faces I have ever been my lot to behold. He was close-shaven, and his short black hair came down to a point in the middle of his forehead. When he lifted his head for a moment as if to observe the flame of the lamp, I was able to see that he had a cast in his right eye, and the healed scar of some old wound or gash in his upper lip. He wore a sort of loose pea-jacket, which just now was unbuttoned, exposing a portion of his chest, which was thickly matted with long brown, coarse hair, as if it might be the chest of some wild animal. A thrill ran through me from head to foot. I could no longer doubt that I was on the track of the mystery which had baffled all Westerfield for three months past. What ought I to do? What step ought I to take next? If I could but be the means of bringing this scoundrel to justice! If I could but succeed in securing the reward!

In my excitement I had risen to my knees, and was still gazing with the glass to my eyes, when a shrill cry rent the air close beside me. I was on my feet in an instant. I had heard no one approach, but not more than a yard or two away stood a woman; evidently the long grass had deadened the sound of her footsteps. I was nearly as much startled as she was, but there was no time for thinking or wondering. Scarcely had her cry shattered the silence, before the light in the vault disappeared, and scarcely was I on my feet before the woman had screamed out: "But, we are before you now!" Then was I aware of a second figure springing towards me over the grass, which I knew could be none other than the man I had seen in the vault, and I felt that I was on the point of being attacked; but my cudgel was on the ground, and I was entangled in the long cloak, and before I had time to do more than fling up one arm instinctively, there came a crashing blow on my head, which fell me like a senseless log.

When I came to myself I was in darkness. My head, ached as it had never ached before, and my dazed senses refused for some time to tell me more than that I was alive and in great pain. Little by little, however, the evening's incidents began to recall themselves brokenly to my memory, so that, after a time, I was able to piece them into a consecutive whole up to the point of my having been struck on the head and rendered unconscious. But what had become of me after that? Where was I now? By-and-by I contrived to sit up and stare around. Everywhere darkness the most profound. I was chilled to the marrow and ached in every limb. The atmosphere I breathed was cold, but not with the fresh frosty coldness of the open air; it was the coldness of a place long shut up, which no sunlight ever penetrated; there was about it, too, a damp earthy flavor which could almost be tasted. Then all at once it flashed across me that the place in which I was could be none other than the vault of the Deromes. Scarcely had this conclusion forced itself on me when the abbey clock struck three, the sound reaching me with a sort of muffled clang from somewhere overhead. I had lain there unconscious since a little after midnight.

Presently I contrived to get upon my feet, although my head felt strangely dizzy, and I seemed to have no power control over my limbs. Once before, when a schoolboy, I had been in the Derome vault with my father, and I had a clear recollection of what it was like; for it was part of my father's duties to visit each of the vaults, as a matter of form, two or three times a year. I knew that, ranged around me on their black marble slabs lay some score or more of dead and gone Deromes in their leaden coffins lined with oak. But it was a thought that had no terrors for me. All my life I had been too familiar with death and the grave to feel myself thrilled by any touch of the supernatural or any ghostly fears, even now when I knew in what place I was at that hour and alone.

With groping outstretched arms I went forward slowly, step by step, till presently my fingers, encountered a cold smooth substance, which I at once guessed to be one of the slabs already mentioned. All I had to do now in order to find the door was to keep on feeling my way forward, slab by slab, till I should reach it. My only fear was that I should find it locked, in which case I should be a prisoner, at the very least, for several hours to come. Happily, I found it merely shut to, and was able to open it without difficulty. Never in my life had I felt more thankful than when I stumbled out of the last home of the defunct Deromes and found myself once more under the free sweet air of heaven.

To be Continued.

### HEALTH SHOWN BY YOUR WALK.

Dr. Bradford, of Boston, Has Studied the Human Gait.

Dr. E. H. Bradford, of Boston, has discovered that a sick man can always be told by his walk. He thinks that it is as necessary to observe a patient's gait as it is to feel his pulse or take his temperature.

Briefly, Dr. Bradford says that a person in good health walks with his feet nearly straight. As he leaves health behind him he begins to turn out his toes and to bend at the knees. Dr. Bradford says that the best and easiest gait is that in which the pedestrian's toes point straight to the front.

In an article which he has written for the Medical Record, Dr. Bradford makes an exhaustive study of the human gait.

It seems that the erect gait is an acquired and not a natural walk. It is found at its best only in cities and is the result, Dr. Bradford says, of smooth pavements and the wearing of shoes.

Barefooted people walk in an entirely different way to those who go shod. A shoe-wearing individual brings his heel down first, and pulls himself along with the muscles of the hip, aided by a push from the rear foot. A barefooted person, on the contrary, leans forward as he walks, and uses the weight of the falling body as a means of propulsion. In this style of walking the body is inclined forward and would fall were it not checked by the forward leg, thrust out to prevent it.

On soft ground barefooted and moccasined people are accustomed to pull themselves along by the pressure of the toes. The heel is hardly used at all, and, as a result, the feet of such people show a muscular development altogether lacking in the soles of their shoe-wearing brethren.

Another peculiarity detected by Dr. Bradford is that barefooted people do not swing their feet sideways in walking as shoe-wearing people do. The tracks of a white man in the snow are in a different position from those made by an Indian in moccasins. The shoe-wearer's tracks will show footprints regularly arranged to the right and left of a straight line. Those made by a man barefooted or in moccasins will almost form one line. In sitting and vigorous walking, Dr. Bradford says, the feet are brought forward in a straight direction and without any outward swing.

One of the strongest points in Dr. Bradford's article is the reproduction of a photograph showing a crowd of Spanish prisoners embarking at Santiago. The picture is an instantaneous one, and it happens that the camera caught one of our soldiers as well. Dr. Bradford points out the gait of the utterly exhausted men, and contrasts it with the leisurely gait of strength, as exemplified by the American soldier.

### EAT MORE SUGAR.

Strength Producing Food That is Usually Underated.

According to Dr. Gall, every one is constituted so that he cannot assimilate more than a certain quantity of sugar without the sugar remaining in the blood. Beef gives muscle, but sugar and other hydrocarbons give strength. Sugar is good to take when one has to make an effort for a long time. Alcohol is a hydrocarbon, but it depresses after elevating, and it destroys resistance to disease. Sugar does not depress, and is a food. If workmen took more sugar they could do with less beer. Horses are now fed on sugar in Paris. A ration of nearly two and one half pounds a day with corn, straw, or hay is found good by a corn company of that city. Horses thus fed drink less. France, following Germany, is adopting sugar as a ration for soldiers. Workmen of all kinds, cyclists and others ought to take more sugar.

## Nervous Dyspepsia.

### A YOUNG LADY IN TRENTON RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

She Suffered Untold Agony From Stomach Trouble and Sick Headaches—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.  
Some years ago we reported the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been cured of locomotor ataxia. He was not able to move and was confined to his bed for weeks. Upon advice he tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and immediately obtained relief. He is still free from the terrible excruciating affection, and enjoys active, robust health. We have just learned of another positive cure through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the case of Miss Cassie Way, who has been an acute sufferer from that common foe of humanity and the foundation for many other ills, dyspepsia. For nearly eight years Miss Way suffered untold agonies with sick headache and pains in the stomach. She tried several doctors without any material benefit. A year ago she came to live with a friend in Trenton, Mrs. W. L. Derbyshire, and was so reduced that she could not sit upon a chair. She feared her trouble would drive her crazy. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She replied that she had used a box before, and they had done her no good. It was urged that she could not hope for relief from one box and she commenced them again. She continued using the Pills throughout the year with the result that she has completely recovered her health. Her appetite is good she has gained flesh rapidly, and is able to attend to all her household duties. She voluntarily offers this testimony as a tribute of gratitude for the benefit she has derived with the hope that others suffering as she has, may be induced to try this health restoring remedy. Mrs. Derbyshire adds her testimony to the correctness of the statement of Miss Way.

Allow me to add that for four or five years the editor of this paper has suffered from an itching rash that attacked all his joints and all the continent within reach failed to banish it. He took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last year and is nearly well.

Dyspepsia, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, kidney trouble and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

### SPORTS OF INDIA.

Fierce Elephant Fights, Amusements of Indian Potentates, Described by an Explorer.

About five tons is the average weight of a full-grown Indian elephant.

When two of them meet in combat the most magnificent fight on earth is the result. Nearly ten tons, nearly 20,000 pounds of animal crash together.

In India elephant fights are as common a sport as prize-fights are in our more "civilized" countries.

A French explorer made the photograph while he was travelling in India. He describes the contest as the most majestic fight man ever witnessed. In many parts of the interior of India, he says, the native potentates not only keep tame elephants as beasts of burden, but they train a considerable number of the beasts to be fighters, just as in other countries sportsmen train fighting cocks.

Nearly every village has two or more fighting elephants and their combats are the sport royal of the community. The elephants selected are those with the most savage tempers. They are dangerous even to their keepers.

When an elephant fight occurs the day is made a public holiday and the entire population witnesses the struggle. It is more of a public affair than THE BULL FIGHT IN SPAIN.

Naturally, two elephants fight in much the same manner as pigs, bunting each other on their sides, always looking for an opportunity to land a knockout blow on the ribs.

Occasionally the Indian elephants are allowed to fight in that manner, but generally they are too savage to permit of it. One would soon kill the other, or cripple him for life. It has become the custom to keep the fighters chained on either side of a strong stone wall about half their height, thus compelling them to fight solely with their big heads and powerful trunks.

But what fighting machines these trunks are! In them are over 40,000 muscles, each trained perfectly by nature. No other being on earth is provided with such a powerful hitting member. One good blow with it will fell most any living thing, excepting an elephant.

Over this low wall the fighting elephants link, twist their trunks together and dig into each others' heads with their sharp tusks. They roar furiously while they are fighting and become frantic in their efforts to scale the wall and get at their opponent in this way nature prompts them to fight. Often their front legs are seriously injured in the attempts to get over the obstruction.