Strange Stories Of Spirits' Work.

Four Well-Attested Incidents That Point To Laws Far Beyond Our Present Ken.

J. H. C., in New York Sun

In 1863 Tom Swift came over here from Ireland. He was a musician of extraordinary ability, and was en-dowed with a genial, kindly disposition that won for him the affection of all who knew him well, but unfortunately he was dissipated. Love of liquor had brought him down to the gutter in Dublin, where he had been one of the leading teachers of music, and when he came to this country it was with the hope of entire reformation. The hope was futile. His habit was too firmly rooted. He found many friends here. the principal one among them being Mary Shelley, a gifted musician, and established teacher of notice in New York, who had known Swift in Treland. Indeed, friendship had long existed between her family and his, and he segmed to regard her as a mother, confiding to her his bopes and troubles. For a short time, until he obtained a place as organist in a church and got a few pupils. Swift kept sober, but as soon as his fortunes gave that much promise of brightening, his old vice reasserted itself and conquered his good resolutions. As an almost im-mediate consequence, he lost his place

as comanist, his pupils were not suf-ficiently numerous for his support, want threatened, and deep despondency . Shelley was at that time suffering from an filment that kept her in bed several months, and her daughter Marg pying an adjoining and connecting room, one night, when Mary was about to go to bed, her mother called to her in an imperative tone; "Mary! so her in an imperative tone; "Mary! Jome here at once! Tom Swift is

findeed, I will not," replied Mary It was that Tom Swift should then be er mother's room, which he could have entered without passing

through herapariment.
"But you must; i want you," rejoined her mother, a fiding a moment later:
"You can come now; he has gone."

"You can come now; he has gone."
Many harriedly threw on a wrapper,
stepped into her mother's room and,
looked around. Certaility the young
man was not these; then
"he is gone," repeated Mrs. Shelley,
"but he was hers a moment ago, sitting
on the side of my bed, and said to me.
"Mother, I couldn't stand it any longer
and have killed arcself. I am dead now
If Fred our of Mrs. Shelley a sonso will
go around to my bearting house he will
find in the drawer of the table in my
room a black poskelbook, containing
money chough to pay the handlady what
I owe her, and a letter to Mr. M—
who will see to the hursal of my body."
Then he went on to give a lot of direc-Then he went on to give a lot of directions about his papers and what he wanted done with his things and who should be neithed in Ireland, and so on.

remote possibility of his suicide. But the older hidy insisted that she had en wide awake, in full possession of cr senses, and that Tom Swift had really come to her, as she had told, and

nade those communications. In the morning, when her son, Fred. was told of the supposed visitation, he remarked: "Well Fil settle that easy enough, I shall stop it and see Tom.

It will be right on my way."
He saw Tom, but Tom was dead, and had been for a number of hours. Since the ghost's word was good for so tigation of its credibility. The black peckethook was found with the money in it, exactly as Tom's ghost said it would be; and the letter also. Among the boarders gathered in the suicide's room, shocked and curious, was one

I don't know anything about it." corner in the Bowery, and put it up."
"Who told you?" stammered the man.

"He said so," answered Fred, pointing at the dead man. The thief turned with trembling flagers fished the pawn ticket out of his pocket, gave it and fied. In every minute partleu-the statements made to Mrs. Shelley by Tom's wraith concerning his papers and effects were fully verified.
So far the story of Tem Swift's ghost Is equalled by many other well attested ones, and, though interesting as adding to the weight of testimony confirming the reality of such appearances, is not really extraordinary. But

from this point it is truly marvelous, The Shelleys knew all about Tom's engagements with pupils, and when the sad fact of his death was made known to them by Fred's corroboration of the ghost's word, they thought it would be a proper thing to fill out whatever unexpired terms of tuition he had left, just as if he had made that arrangement in order to keep faith with his pupils. It was a kindly care for the poor fellow's reputation, and Miss Mary Shelley, who was a fine musician and excellent teacher, willingly assumed the duty, setting forth upon it at once. The coroner by that time had taken charge

of Tom's body.

At the first pupil's house where Miss At the first pupil's house where aims Shelley presented herself, the pupil's mother answered her ring at the door, and, when she said "I have called to give Mr. Swit's lesson in his stead," replied with considerable accritiv:

"Mr. Swift was here and gave the lesson an hour ago. And I told him he need not come any more. He acted so strangely that he frightened my daughter already to death."

evening before, but immediately upon landing had accidentally met Tom Swift and gone on an all-night spree with him. They had all got drunkthey did not know exactly when, or where, or how-he had disappeared without his address or making any appointment to meet them again. That did not trouble them, however, as they knew the Shelley boys, Fred and John, could give his address, and they meant

o bunt him up at once.
When told that he was dead, that he had committed suicide and was buried while they were on the ocean, they would not believe it, and could not be convinced until they saw the newspaper reports of his death and the in-

hody had been hild to rest in a suicide's grave he was met occasionally in the streets and was recognized by persons who had known him well, and always most clearly, it was observed, by those who had not been aware of his death.

In 1843 the bark Thames, E. Wilson, master, from Sag Harbor, bound for the North Pacific on a whalling expedition, at a point in the South Pacific, about four degrees below the equator (the exact latitude and longitude not now remembered by his son, who supplies and youches for the facts), fell in with a monster sperm whale and lowered boats for its capture. Cuptain with a monager sporth which and correct beauts for its capture. Captain Wilson succeeded in making fast to the whale, which Marted off at a terrific rate of speed, towing the heavy boat, with him and four sailors, and swam so fast and far that the mate. channes from that the mate, themas frown, left in course of the ark, entirely loss sight of the chase. Finally the creature, in a fit of definitive rare, charged the boat and lossel its penderous laws upon it. There of the four men at the oars dispersed at once and the boat was dured to solinters. Coursely Wilson appeared at the alist the boat was reduced to splinters. Capitain Wilson and the survicing sailor, a Portuguese, clume to and supported themselves by the deating tub in which the harpson line had been coiled. The whole, hav-ing thus effectually disposed of his tor-

ing thus effectually disposed of his tor-mentors, swam away. That catastrophe happened about well. The Portuguese sailor held on to his side of the tub about four hours. Then exhaustion overcame bint he let pe and sank. After he was gone Cap-tain Wilson found didiculty in keeping the tub from tipping and filling, and cas compelled to climb upon it and balance himself across it. The post-tion was far from comfortable and of loubtful safety, but, in narrating the chromostaness afterward, he always cumstances afterward, he always or the tub, so long as he remained con-It seemed to him that he was ety. It seemed to him that he was imply waiting for certain rescue, and the less of the men and the beat troubled him more than any fears for his own fate. Night fell; the long leours of darkness passed; day dawned;

according to the programme by which he left home, six months before, he he left home, six months before, he ought to be somewhere in the Pacific occan catching whales, and not due to return for thirty months more. She sprang up, calling him by name and asking excitedly: "What is the matter? Where did you come from? Is your vessel in again? What has happened?" Of course, she imagined that the bark had come into Gardiner's Bay, and that he had come across the neck and that he had come across the neck of land to Sag Harbor, but his untimely

seturn could mean nothing class than desister of some sert. He held up his hand as if to colm her excitement and replied pleasantly: "No. R isn't that, Nim. I only want you to know that if you hear that any accident room, shocked and curious, was one proom, shocked and curious, was one proom shocked and curious, was one proon whose appearance tailled perfectly. I'm coming home with "Why, you are home! It is all right, "who is ghost as a thief, and Fred, who breakfast." Saying this she jumped out of led, and, throwing on a wrap-buryled past him toward the harried past him toward the know that if you hear that any accident has happened to me it is all right and i'm coming home with my ship."

"Why, you are home! It is all right."

the reloined; "and you haven't had any breakfast." Saying this she jumned light, holding a telegraphic dispatch in aight to him and demanded the per, hurried past him toward the ich.
What watch? replied the fellow, mother, who slept in an adjacent room: "Ed has come home, mother! The ship is in. Get up." He called after her as if to detain her: "Oh, no; my ship has "Yea, you do. You came in here, not come. I have come to tell you this, found him lying dead, took his watch, so that you will not be worried." But carried it to the pawn shop around the light and prepared to start a fire, when her mother, who had looked into the room she had just left, called to her: pen the shutters to let in the early

beforem and looked about, but her husband was no longer to be seen. Her mother, having found the door looked and boiled on the inside, and the shutters and windows fastened, flatly denied that the captain had been there. nied that the captain had been there, and declared that her daughter had and declared that her daughter had dreamed it all, but the wife stortly maintained that she was wide awake, had seen him as plainly as ever in her life, and that he himself had been there and told her things she believed and would continue to believe, even if she could not explain how he had got in or

his boat went away in the wake of the big whale, did his best to follow them with the bark, but the wind failed and before it served they were far out of sight, the mischlef had been done, and he would have needed to call close to em to see what was left of the objects of his pursuit-merely a floating tub, with two men's heads near it, nothing more than a speck on the waste of waters. For three days he cruised about and then sadly abandoned the about and then sadly abandoned the search as hopeless. Shortly afterward, encountering a whaler homeward bound to Sag Harbor, he sent a letter to Mrs. Wilson asnouncing the loss of her husband and the boat's crew. That letter reached its destination in six or eight months and with it went of the Thames, and the reports of the men on the whaler that brought those

three months, as she was out for busiets and doing rather well among the whales of the South Pacine, until unaiy she ran up hear Honolulu and put in there. The Thames, under diatosrown's direction, was also doing quite well, taking a considerable part of ner-cargo of oil long before nearing the field to which she was destined, but when nearing the Sandwich Islands the mate thought it would be a good idea to stop here for fresh provisions and, if poss ble, to get men to replace those who had been lost. So it came, to the unspeakable amazement of the mate and afs crew, that as they passed the quar-ter of the French vessel, running into the Honomiu barbor, they were hailed by Captain Wilson, who, standing on the taffrail, shouted to them to "Send a boat!" The Thames went on up the Alcutian Islands, filled up with off in extraordinary quick time, and made altogether one of the shortest whaling voyages to the North Pacific, her ab-sence from port being only two years

and three mouths.
Incoming vessels were then signalled from Cedar Island to Sag Harbor, and when the Thames was anounced as in munity went down to the wharf.
Among them was the woman who was
booked upon as the heartless widow, and the disfavor with which she was regarded deepened when it was seen that she was dressed in white, with bright ribbons flying, and had a happy look of glad expectancy in her face. A few pitted her for the grievous shock he was about to receive. But when he vessel approached the wharf, to he dumb astonishment of everybody except her, Captain Wilson stood upon the taffenil stiently watching the mate 'bring her in," and he was the first man who leaped ashore. Then the cheers of his own townsmen burst forth, and, while he embraced his wife, they surwhile he embraced his wise, they are rounded him and overwhelmed him with compratulations. The reception quite dazed him. He could not account for it until they told him that he had

"that I knew you were all right," in-terposed his wife, "because you told "On! I did, ch?" he replied, looking

questioningly at her, in most similar cases of apparent manifestation of the usural double, the person unconsciously projecting it has subsequently been aware of having had an intense desire to make the com-munication, but has been without conlousness generally of having done so. Saptain Wilson, however, had no recollection of having even thought of souding any message to his wife, or When he came to figure upon the time allowance between Sag Harbor and the where he was picked up, he found that his double had appeared to his wife after his last conscious thought wife after his last conscious thought walle he was addift and before he was rescued by the French vessel.

In December, 1864, the One Handred and Ninth United States Colored Troops, in the force investing Richmond, day before Fort Harrison, about a rate from the James river. Licutenant Colonel Bartholomew was then in command. Its bandmaster, an excel-lent musician, brother of the lieutenant colonel, was a reserved and taci-turn man, who messed by himself, avoided acquaintanceships, and pever voluntarily spoke to anybody, except as about to be fold. Some kindness or it was all from in my mind, so that you would help me to remember. Nothing should be forgotten: All those details she carefully recounted and Mary made mental mate of them. Finally she said: "Oh! one thing more. He said that one of the boarders in the house was he lived, whom he described, and whose name he gave, entered his room when his sold watch from his body, and has pawned it at a pawasnop around the san pawned it at a pawasnop around the pawned it at a pawasnop around the sample was dead, found his sold watch from his body, and has pawned it at a pawasnop around the sample when the first he was along the sun." The strain of his live about the for Frown to be in the flowery."

Mary placed no credence in all this. She shapeded that her mather was a first light has so anxious about her that her hather was a first light had been placed or had been dreaming and was so anxious about her that she hestored little thought upon Tom Swift, or what she regarded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the older lady insisted that she had been dreaming the sound of the bed, when the called he beganded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the older lady insisted that she had been dreaming the sound of the bed, when the called he beganded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the older lady insisted that she had been dreaming the sound of the bed, when the called he beganded had been decaded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the older lady insisted that she had been dreaming the sound of the bed, when the called he beganded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the front of the bed, when the called he beganded his piece and the strain of his had a word, and went away saying simply remote possibility of his suicide. But the form of the long the form of the lady dawned that the land mand the lady dawned the strain of his had the lady dawned the strain of his had the strain of his had the st That was all. In that strange about. way sprang up quite friendly rela-tions between the two men, who seemed pened. tions between the two men, who seemed to develop a mutual liking and were often together, but never wasted words in conversation. From this point on "You asked me about the boat. Nothing happened to the boat."

"You asked me about the boat. Nothing happened to the boat."

"Told anything else, of a noteworthy sandy beard, and who were a Prince." in conversation, From this point on the story should be told in Licatemant

Wilson's own words:
"One Tuesday evening, when I went to the tent of my friend, the bandmaster, I was very much worried. The last news I had from home, my favorite sister Ida was dangerously Ill, and ten days had clapsed since. I had had any news. But, of course, I said nothing about that to him. I simply sat down, lighted a cigar and smoked in silence Presently there was a scratching on the canvas of the tent at the door. He said: 'Come in.' An orderly poked his his hand; the orderly who had brought it over was prezent, his horse panted

'How's this, Wilson,' the colonel demanded, as I entered the tent. Have you been applying for a leave of ab-

sence?"

9 No. sir,' I replied, in surprise.

"Very strange! Somebody has. An order granting you ten days' leave of absence has been telegraphed from the Fortress Monroe, and thence up to war department at Washington to General Ord's headquarters, and sent over here by courier.

family, no doubt. Some one has got it for you. You can ride over to Varina landing and take the boat at 4 o'clock.' And as he turned away I heard him muttering something about 'must have a devil of a lot of influence to get a leave sent that way."

"I caught the boat. She had a num-"I caught the boat. She had a num-ber of invalided officers and men and some discharged men aboard, but I was the only well officer. A quantity of baled cotton was piled on her for-ward deck. On the way down to Fortress Monroe we had two incidents. A discharged soldier stabbed a sergeant. I found an assistant surgeon aboard. going home on sick leave, who looked after the wounded man, and at the first landing I put in charge of the local Provost marshal the man who did the stabbing and two witnesses, In the course of the afternoon the cotton took fire, some of the men having emptied their pipes on it, and twelve or fifteen burning bales had to be thrown overboard.

other letters from the surviving crew strangely that he frightened my daughter almost to death."

"But," gasped Miss Shelley, "Mr. Swift is dead. He committed suicide last night."

The woman slammed the door in her face without a word of reply, as if too much scared to know what she was doning. At the next place Miss Shelley, rounding, and went away nearly an hour ago. As it was the last of the quarter for which he was pald, he will not come again."

Miss Shelley gave up the idea of filling Tom Swift's engagements, which he seemed capable of filling, allve or dead, and went home.

Nearly a fortnight later four young men arrived in New York from Dublin who were common friends of the Shelleys and of Tom Swift. Two of them were midahipmen in the English nave, on leave, and said they had sot in the standard the French whaler some last the reports of the throught those missives, so that nothing seemed to be lived a latter dark on the wharf for a guarter to pilot me there. At the hote! I encountered a list ledarky on the wharf for a guarter to pilot me there. At the hote! I leave a list dark on the wharf for a guarter to pilot me there. At the note! I encountered a big irish porter, a witty, lively fellow, who amused and the witty, lively fellow, who amused and the particular to a lively fellow, who amused and witty, lively fellow, who amused and the particular to a lively fellow, who amused and the men on the whisher subject to the content of the report, as feath at sea, But the darky on the wharf to be death at sea, But the darky on the wharf to a little darky on the wharf of a lather on the missives, so that nothing seemed to be lather than to be particular to a lather dark of the fact o

sewing, and they were talking about family affairs. Nobady seemed to take the sightest notice of me. I sat down n a corner, staring at them and list-ening. From their conversation I partiered that two of my courins, Will

Lyon and Mary Squires, had married against the will of their mothers—who nated each other dearly—that my mother had helped the young couple to marry and was now aiding them in starting housekeeping. She had four patierus of dress goods for Mary to select from, and I noticed the designs and colors of them. Finally, I went to and colors of them. Praints about her and kissed her, but she did not seem to be aware of the fact. Then I turned to my father, determined to claim his attention, and put my hand on his shoulder to shake him, but found that nothing I could do would make any progression upon him. The strangeimpression upon him. The strange-uess of the situation exclied me a great deal. I spoke to them and was unheard, put myself before them and

unheard, put myself before them and was unseen, touched them and was unsered, yet was fully conscious of every thing about me and heard every word of their paid, contented habbis. My feelings to overpowered me that I felt on the verge of barsting into tears, when suddenly I found myself sitting when suddenly I found myself sitting in the bandmaster's tent in the same attitude I held when the orderly came to the door, with my clear yet between my fingers and still alight. Hardly more than a minute or two could have elapsed.

"Are you satisfied now that your sister is all right?" maked the bandmaster calmly. I replied that I was. 'You were getting so excited I had to bring you back,' he said.

"Not another word was uttered by either of us on the subject. In a few

either of us on the subject. In a few minutes I got up, said good night, and started for my tent. As I passed Col. Bartholomenw's quarters, he happened to come to the door, greeted me, and in-vited me to enter and see something quite care in our camp-remething in a bottle. I went in saw the something rare, and even fasted it. Then we chatted, and I teld him of my strange experience. It interested him intensely. Tattoe sounded and I would have re-

thred, but he would not let me go.

"'No," he said, 'Never mind about that. You set to work at once and write a letter home detailing everything you can remember seeing and hearing there, things that in the order of time allowed for your travel should happen on Thursday evening, two nights now. The letter may get there before then, but even if it does not reach them by that time it will at all events be in New York and delivered much before any such report could be even teleany such report could be even tele-graphed here and repeated back by let-

letter, for it was a very long one, full of detail, and it went as agreed. My mother did not receive it until Friday morning. Before she had read it half through she flung it from her, threw up her hands in horror, and cried out that it was the work of the devil. By return mail I had from her a letter of excited pleading with me to pray for deliver-ance from the power of the cyll one. But from my father I learned that my forecast had been absolutely accurate down to even the smallest details, concerning everything occurring there that evening. A couple of weeks later I chanced to ride with Col. Bartholomew over to Gen. Hunter's hendquarters, and we called together upon Adjutant General Seeley, who happened to be an old friend of my father. In the course of conversation the colonel asked: "Did anything happen to the boat

that went down to Fortress Monroe on supposed nightnare. Wednesday?'

"'No,' replied the general, 'not that to call' my brother-in-law; then back a likew of. Oh! By the way,' he con-

tial, with the witnesses. He may as being,

trip on that day it was fourth that some cotton bales abound had set aftire by the carelessness of the soldiers with their pipes, and it had been necessary to pipes, and it had been necessary to countryman, 45 or 50 years old, a soher countryman, 45 or 50 years old, a soher soldier.

sergeant and the burning of the cotion stitions, and no more imagination than it will be recalled occurred on Wednes- a clam, used to retiring at 9 o'clock

way of Baltimore. My experience was generally known and had been much talked over among the officers of the josth, so, as we neared Baltimore, my companions banteringly challenged me to lead them to the United States hotel for breakfast, following the route I had hour after going up to bed the first gone under the little darky's guidance. night, she came down stairs, and said unhesitatingly averred my ability to to Mrs. Wilson: wharf the place was quite strange to body is looking at me all the time. I me, but an idea came to me. The mate was near us, and turning to him I asked: "Did you, in December last, posai, and the next day she satisfied land where you do now?" 'No,' he re-plied. 'We landed then away down yonwhere you see them three spiles. nized the place. From that starting point I went directly, even by the dar-been concealed anywhere ky's chort cuts, through a rather tangled part of the town to the hotel. But, "It was just silliness an on arriving there, we found no such big, witty Irish porter as I had described. The porter was a large, fat, solmen negro. Again my friends began to laugh, but my confidence was by that time strong. I said. Wait; let us see but then, although a strong light cam the clerk,' and, going to that official, I up the garret stairs from the ball below asked, 'Where is Mike?' using the name I remembered having heard him called, 'Mike,' the clerk replied, 'left us in January. He is at the Monument house now.' My triumph was complete. "In New York I went to the stables

of the Eighth street line of ounibuses to find if possible the driver with whom I rode on the box that night, and the other drivers readily identified him from my description, but unfortunately he had gone away, they didn't know

In 1880 Mr. Wilson, then as now on the editorial staff of a New York daily newspaper, leased, at Fairmount, a house belonging to Mr. Schumann, the secretary of the Germania Fire Insur-ance company. It was a commodious, handsome, and finely-finished residence, handsome, and finely-inished residence, erected by the owner for his own use, and, for a time after its completion, occupied by himself and family. The complete the fight, as Mr. Slagle had, on the dining room lounge or in a hammock under the complete the lawn. In no case did the to him, and he moved away. Then the house was leased for three years by Mr. Sontag, a clerk in the Germania Fire Insurance company's service, who eventually gave it up and moved out as

Mr. Wilson moved in.

The incoming tenant bought a considerable part of the furniture belonging to the outgoing one; among the rest all that was in an exceedingly pretty room, which was one of two par-titioned off in a very large and high garret. In explanation of the apparent newness of everything in this tapartment Mrs. Sontag said:
"I fitted this room up for my sister, but the first night she was in it I

frightened her for fun, and after that prevalent in the neighborhood, at one she never would occupy it." she never would occupy it."

A few days after the Wilsons were in possession Mr. Wilson's young prother-in-law, Samuel Barnes, paid them a visit, and as he purposed reor boarder living with them who was too much of an invalid to leave his

maining over night, the pretty garret room was assigned to him. He was tired, and went up to bed at about 9 o'clock. An hour later, Mr. Wilson had just got into bed, when a great racket and sound of shouting burst forth in Sam's room overhead and Mrs. Wilson on the foot of the game on the foot of the game of them. Mrs. Wilson had barely time to ex-ciaim: "Sam is calling you," when the young man came bounding down-stairs from the garret with a red quilt thrown around him yelling: "Come up stairs, Tom, I've got a burglar." Then he dashed back again up the stairs, rollowed immediately by Mr. Wilson, who had merely stopped long enough to snatch up a club and call his two dogs, one of them a rather savage brute. When he reached the scene of action Sam, who was holding the room door shul, exclaimed: "He's inside."
"All right," responded Mr. Wilson, swinging his club, "throw it open. We can handle him."

Sam flung the door open and they jumped through it. There was nobody visible. Evidently Sam had, as he visible. Evidently Sam had, as he averred, had a hard light. The hed was tumbled as if combatants had struggled all over it, and three of its slats were broken, a number of objects about the room were overturned, and some were broken, but though they scarcined everywhere, nobody could be found. Mr. Wilson called his dogs, but they would not leave the stairway, and, though ordinarily courageous animals, rather fond of a fight, they were evidently afraid of something and carer to retrent down-stairs. The "burglar" could not have escaped down the stairs, the wire nettings on the windows had not been disturbed, and he was not in the adjoining room. There was no other hidding place, and the only way of exit open was a very small stovepine hole in the chimney, hardly big enough for a man's arm to be put through. But he was go

"I think, Sam," said Mr. Wilson meditatively, "we will have to put this down as a clear case of jinijams."
"Jinijams be blanked?" exclaimed
Sam botly. "I was wide awake, saw exclaimed him plainly as I see you now, and had to light for my life." Then he went on to relate his experience, which he, this day, insists was the follow-"I had been sound asleen, and was

half aroused by somebody crawling over the footboard toward me. I had merely a sort of vague, dim idea that it was Webber, my roommate at home, graphed here and repeated back by letter after their occurrence. If you have actually seen into the future, that will prove the astounding fact. Write your letter and I will have my orderly take it to the boat, with a letter from me to the captain that will insure its being forwarded in the most expeditious way.'

"Isatup until I.30 o'clock writing that letter for it was a very long one full seed to a vague realization, again stirred to a vague realization. again stirred to a vague realization, as before, of the fact that a man was coming over the footboard, and that time I had the iden that I was having a nightmare. I fancied that I saw his face in the clear moonlight, a thin, malignant face, with a long, pointed sandy heard, but sleeplly ascribing it to a nightmare, fixed myself more comfortably and once more slept soundly. The third time I aweke fully with him on me, his strong bony finwith him on me, his strong bony fin-gers clutching my throat. He was do gers clutching my throat. He was doing his best to strangle me and I had to fight for my life. I managed to heave him off my chest, but he retained his grlp on my widewipe. We ralled over and over on the bed and then to the floor, I hammering bim as well as I could, and finally I broke here. For the moment I seemed to lose. For the moment I seemed to have stunned him, and he lay on the floor. In the moonlight I saw his face, and it was the same I had seen in my quilt to cover me, I dashed down I know of, oh! By the way, he continued, turning to a cirk. 'Send down an order to have that man who stabbed the sergeant sent up here for court mar-

with the witheses, fre may as being."

Sam, as well as the room, showed the "'When and where was the sergeant marks of a violent conflict. He finstabled? asked the colonel. | Ished the night on a lounge down "On the boat; on that trip you asked stairs.

Mr. Wilson wrote to Mr. Sontag, the "I thought you said nothing hap-ened," while you ever have as visitor lived here did you ever have as visitor character, happen aboard the boat on that trip? I have a particular reason for asking and would like to know, If permissible."

"Gen. Seeley did not remember that the permissible of th anything else had occurred, but upon any ghosts." Mr. Wilson had not writhouting up the official report of her ten a word about ghosts, or given the trip on that day it was found that some slightest hint that anything of the

day and were fully known to me, and and sleeping soundly until 5. He went were narrated to Col. Bartholomew sixto that prefty room and at about midteen hours before. teen hours before.

"In June, after the capituation, when my regiment was ordered down to Texas, I resigned from the service and in company with three brother officers who had also regigned came home by the company with the com

"I cannot undress up there; some posal, and the next day she satisfied herself that by no possibility—except by fleating in a balloon-could any-body have peered in at the window of the apartment first given to her, and that it was impossible for a spy to have been concealed anywhere in that part

"it was just silliness and nerves on my part, and I will conquer it. To-night I shall take possession of my own nice room."
She made a second trial and succeed ed in getting herself partly undressed but then, although a strong light came and her own lamp burned outside her open door and she was certain that no

human being but herself was on that floor, she was completely over-whelmed by the consciousness of another presence that she darted down stairs and never thereafter would renew her attempt to occupy that apart The station master at the depot said to Mr. Wilson a few days after: "That new servant of yours seems to stay! It has been the custom when girls came up to Sontag's for them to come piking back here about the middle of the first night and sit on their luggage until the

first train came along to take them to It could not be learned that any of them had any fault to find with the Sontags, or averred having seen any ghosts, but something scared them bad-ly in every instance. Several men vis-iting the Wilsons were sent to that trees on the lawn. In no case did the Wilsons ever mention any suspicion that they kept a haunted chamber, and

they carefully refrained from asking questions.

The children of the family, too young to know anything about the mystery in the house, on several occasions, when playing on the lawn, in daytime, saw looking out of that garret room win-dow a man who perfectly corresponded with the description given by Sam Barnes, and reported to their mother that be come come up the come was taken that the come was taken that Neighbors also saw dow—saw him so

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wilson ever saw the denizen of the garret, but Sam Barnes had two more experiences with ond floor, near the foot of the garret stairs, and Mrs. Wilson stood near, with her back toward him, looking out of a window, when site suddenly ex-perienced the sensation of a damp and very cold wind rushing by her. At the same instant Sam surang my with a year same instant Sam sprang up with a yell of "There he goes!" and dashed up the stairs to the garret. Having whipped the ghost once, he was not averse to trying conclusions with him again, but though he swears yet he saw the man pass between him and Mrs. Wilson and go up the stairs as plainly as he ever saw any material object in his life, he scarched the garret for him in vain. On a subsequent occasion, when he was in the garret on his knees gathering up litter from the floor, Sam heard and felt something pass by his head. It conveyed the substantial of a cannon ball rushing by him. It was too much for his nerve. Its war willing to the hard. its nerves. He was willing to fight anything he could see and feel, but an invisible something capable of effecting such a demonstration of force was more than he was disposed to encounter, and he fied.

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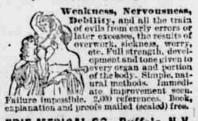
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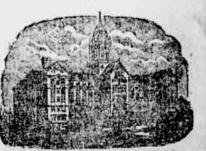
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