

# AN ARIZONA GHOST STORY.

A strange-looking little Arizona newspaper, in a wayward wrapper, came with my mail a few mornings ago, and when I opened it, wondering why it had been sent to me and by whom, my eye presently fell on a blue-penciled paragraph:

"Marshal Catlip and posse got back late last evening. They had a lively chase—and there is one bad man the less. It won't cost this town anything to try him. Dive Tranchard needed a change. He was too fond of horse-flesh—other people's."

Probably Arizonians understood that paragraph perfectly at first sight, and it intimated even to a slow New Englander that "Dive Tranchard" had been sternly punished.

"Dive Tranchard!" Something in the name set the chords of memory vaguely vibrating all day, and when I waked next morning, the full, familiar name had come to me out of the past—Dives Tranchard! It must be he—the "queer boy" of the school where I first began as a teacher in Kennebec county, Maine, 20 years ago.

I was then only 18 years old, and the school agent who hired me and the good minister-member of the school board who gave me my "certificate" said that I might "pull through" if I could manage Dives Tranchard.

In the schoolroom, Dives did not appear formidable at first view, but I was not long in discovering the fertility of his mischievous ingenuity. The wits of the average schoolmaster could not possibly keep pace with the swift trickiness in which he indulged himself.

He was a somewhat sedate and distinguished looking youngster, with a clear-cut, refined face, and the inconsistency between his countenance and his conduct was such that I never was able to feel, during the whole time he was my pupil, that I quite understood him.

Dives was an orphan, who, while still very young, had been adopted by the storekeeper of the place, Mr. Mulhall.

His father had been a very intemperate and blasphemous man, whose dearest delight had been to rail at the Scriptures. In profane bravado he had named his three sons Judas, Tophet and Dives. The two former had died of croup while very young, and Dives, or "Dive," as he was generally called, was the sole survivor of the family.

Naturally, a teacher only 18 years old could not hope to assume the role of moral adviser to a youth of 17 with entire success.

When I attempted it, with Dives, he grinned in my face, and the effort ended in a rough-and-tumble fight over the schoolhouse floor. In this conflict I established a kind of doubtful suzerainty over him, and afterward maintained it with a bold front, but the issue was always in some little doubt.

What the outcome would have been is far from certain. I have a feeling that Dives would have been too much for me, in time, had our relations as pupil and pedagogue continued long. But they lasted only three weeks. On the first day of January he ran away, in consequence of a curious prank.

District Number Eleven was the only place where I ever saw what was believed to be a ghost. The people there were not superstitious, but I found that many of them had seen an apparition that they could not account for. It had been seen three times the previous winter and once late in November, a few days before I arrived.

More than 20 persons admitted that they had seen it during snow-storms, but all made light of it; the people were not ignorant, and the apparition puzzled them much more than it frightened them.

The mysterious thing, whatever it was, had always been seen at night, and seemed to be a kind of phantom on horseback, an equestrian ghost, so as to speak.

It had been discerned passing at great speed, but the hoofs made no noise, and it looked thin, or white, and was hardly distinguishable in outline amidst the falling snowflakes. That was about all I could learn regarding the phantom; and as the representative of education, I set myself to discountenance belief in the specter. My theories were received with respect the only difficulty in the way of their entire acceptance was that numbers of those who listened to me had really seen the ghost.

It was a place where the people retained many of the old customs of ancestral Puritan England, among others that of "watch-night," or watching the old year out and the new year in, on the night of December 31st. It was announced at the meeting-house the previous Sunday that there would be a watch-night the following Saturday evening, to last half past twelve, New Year's morning. There would be singing and prayers, but it was not to be an exclusively religious ceremony. Conversation and even story-telling would be allowed.

At the watch-night meeting there were 30 or 35 people, old and young, including the Methodist minister, Mr. Reeves, who had been settled there but a few months, a very young man, with whom I had already become intimate.

He was companionable, robust and jolly, a youth who still enjoyed snow-balling, for instance. After school, when I passed the house where he lived, he usually dashed out, fresh

from his theological studies, and we would go at a brisk trot for a mile together along the road to the post-office and back.

The early hours of the watch-meeting passed agreeably. We had all gathered about the meeting-house stove, for the night was cloudy and bleak, and after the usual hymn and opening exercises, we amused ourselves by relating our "good resolves" for the New Year. Many of these were admirable and some very humorous. Mr. Smith, the little shoemaker of the place, whose wife was very large and strong and active, rose to say, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had sadly neglected his duty for the past twelve months, but had now firmly resolved to beat Mrs. Smith more frequently during the year to come, to which Mrs. Smith responded with a breezy laugh, "I'd like to see you begin!"

At about 11 o'clock one of the boys, who had been to the outer door, returned to say that it was snowing fast and thick, and indeed, we could faintly hear the icy flakes driving against the window-panes. One of the young ladies was playing, on the organ, the accompaniment to a hymn which many of the older people were singing.

Young Mr. Reeves sat near me, with a quiet smile on his face, pondering, as I fancied, something which he meant to say after the music. Suddenly I felt him start, and glanced at his face. His eyes were bent on some object, but he turned at once.

"Don't look!" he whispered to me. "I have seen that ghost. It is outside, looking in at the opposite window. Wait a bit, then cast your eye in that direction."

I did so, and saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything, a long, white awful face looking in! Much to my consternation, it moved, and appeared to nod several times.

"Don't seem to notice it!" Mr. Reeves whispered. "Sit quiet a moment. When the people move back from the organ, we will steal out and see what we can discover."

Recovering myself in a moment, I stepped quietly to the door, and a few moments later was joined by Mr. Reeves in the dark entry.

We took our hats, and then, without waiting to put on our overcoats, opened the door carefully. Snow was falling fast and drove in our faces; several inches had fallen; but we dashed out, doubled the corner of the house and hurried toward the window.

A great, dim, indistinct object was standing there which appeared to melt away suddenly, with but the softest possible sound. It disappeared round the other corner of the house. Without speaking, we ran after it.

We could hardly see anything on account of the driving snow and darkness, yet we again discerned, dimly, the great, indistinct object moving toward the highway.

I confess I felt a shivery sensation, for the spectral appearance made hardly an audible sound; but I dashed on, side by side with Mr. Reeves.

We were good runners, and made a dash to catch the thing. In the road, a few hundred feet from the church, we came so near at one time that I reached out my hand in hope to lay hold of the apparition, but it glided away only the faster and I did not succeed.

And now we both heard a kind of regular muffled noise, as of great feet falling softly; and these audible evidences of physical substance stimulated us to continue the chase.

"Run it down!" Mr. Reeves said, in a low voice, and I settled myself to keep pace with him.

The snow hindered us little, but notwithstanding our efforts the entity drew away from us. We had lost sight of it when we ran past the house of Mr. Mulhall, the storekeeper, but in the very moment of passing, we heard the large door of the stable creaking.

This, at that hour of the night, seemed so strange that we both stopped short and turned back.

Entering the yard, we approached the stable door, but found it closed. There were slight noises inside, however, and soon a match gleamed through the crack of the door, and a lantern was lighted.

To our astonishment, we now perceived that the person inside was Dives Tranchard, clad in a white garment and white cap, and that he was untying what looked like snowy bags from the feet of Mulhall's old white mare. Having taken off these muffers, Dives next proceeded to withdraw a large, white, bonnet-like structure from the mare's head.

When these singular trappings were removed, he put the beast in her stall, stripped off his own white garment and cap, and made the whole outfit into a bundle. Then he extinguished the lantern, left the stable by a side door, and went to the house, which he entered cautiously by a door in the rear.

My first impulse had been to seize him when he came out and compel him to confess to the prank; but as he emerged from the stable, Mr. Reeves whispered, "Wait! Don't say anything to him. Don't let him know yet we have caught him."

We therefore stood aside in the darkness and allowed him to go to the house unmolested, and then, hastening back to the meeting-house, joined the people there. Our absence had been hardly noticed.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, after Dives had gone to the school-house, we called at Mulhall's store and told the astonished storekeeper what we had seen. He did not at first believe us, and was inclined to resent the charge against his foster-son.

At last, when Mr. Reeves said that he might perhaps be convinced by being allowed to examine the room where Dives slept, Mulhall led the way up-stairs.

It was a large, open room, with many old chests, boxes and cuddles, and a very brief search disclosed the bundle which we had seen Dives bring from the stable the previous evening. It contained not only his white shirt and cap and the gunny bags, with which he muffled the mare's hoofs, but a curious padded contrivance of white cloth and wire to tie on her head.

The front of it was drawn to represent a human face, with holes for the horse's eyes. It was this nodding white face which we had seen at the window.

Farther search in the chamber revealed other things; plunder of many kinds; goods and trinkets from the store; not less than 50 letters, apparently stolen from the post-office; four bridles; 15 silver spoons; a bunch of articles which Dives could not have come by honestly.

By this time Mulhall, a rather simple man, was abusing his foster-son vigorously as a thief and wished to go at once with us to the schoolhouse and denounce him.

Mr. Reeves persuaded him to say nothing till evening, and we arranged to call at the house that night and endeavor to get the truth of the matter from Dives himself.

But before noon that day the youth had, in some way, learned or guessed that his thefts were discovered. He did not return to the schoolhouse in the afternoon.

He had run away, and I never heard of him afterward until I saw his name in the Arizona newspapers.—Youth's Companion.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Chinese woman's shoe is often only three inches long. Naturally the Chinese lady does little walking, and when she does get about she leans constantly on her maid.

A marble statue of Apollo, with the head in a fine state of preservation, has recently been unearthed near Athens. Its workmanship shows that it belongs to the fifth century B. C.

When a rich Chinaman is so ill that he is likely to soon shuffle off this mortal coil, his thoughtful relatives hurry him off to an undertaker's, where he may rest his dying eyes on the coffin that is to contain his bones. This is to save time and trouble.

Numerous droves of cattle, each beast with smoke tinted spectacles fixed over its eyes, are in winter seen ranging the snow-covered plains of Russia. The glare of sunlight on the snow causes blindness, hence the resort to spectacles to protect the eyesight of the cattle as they pluck the grass which sprouts through the earth's white mantle.

What is the record price for a single flower? From Australia comes an answer to the query. A princess was president of a music exhibition on which a loss had been made. She accordingly organized a flower show, at which ladies of rank, including the princess, had stalls. One of her customers was the wealthy Baroness Reinelt of Trieste, who, in choosing a pink, asked: "How much may I pay for this flower?" "You, Baroness, may in your generosity fix the limit." "How much is wanted for the music exhibition?" "Forty thousand pounds." "I will give that for the pink," said the baroness.

A curious fight took place a short time ago on the south branch of the Potomac. John Fisher, of Romney, W. Va., caught a 40 pound turtle. Just as he landed it, the hook broke, and the turtle chased him all around the boat. The fight lasted 10 minutes. Fisher defending himself with a paddle, when the turtle at last turned tail and dopped into the water.

## A Paradise For Spinsters.

Queensland has been not inaptly described as a paradise for spinsters. The last census taken there showed 75,000 more single men than single women, and the efforts of the colonial government in the way of emigration are now chiefly devoted to making up the deficiency. Indeed, Sir Horace Tozer, the agent general for Queensland, may claim to be one of the busiest matrimonial agents in the world, for he is sending out large numbers of single women to that colony, and it is said that the objection entertained by the working-men of Australia to free or assisted emigration does not extend to the class exported by him, so long as he is careful to select them young and tolerably good looking. It is evident that the agent and his assistants must possess unusual powers of discrimination with regard to picking out attractive emigrants, for it appears that about 50 per cent. of the women marry within two years after their arrival in Queensland. When we are told that servants are always in demand in the Australian colonies, that wages average between \$100 and \$200 a year, and that in all probability within two years domestic service may be exchanged for matrimony. It is easy to understand why Queensland has been termed "a paradise for spinsters."

## DR. TALMAGES SERMON

### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Faith of Rahab—There is Mercy For All Sinners—Cheer For All Who Are Engaged in Life's Battles—Meaning of the Sun's Standing Still.

(Copyright 1904.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage follows Joshua on his triumphal march and speaks encouraging words to all who are engaged in the battles of this life; text, Joshua i, 5, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried; only one person at the funeral—the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until He has some one ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especially fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has passed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God, who gave him the promise at the start, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

God fulfilled this promise, although Joshua's first battle was with the spring freshet, the next with a stone wall, the next leading on a regiment of whipped cowards and the next battling against darkness, wheeling the sun and the moon into his battalion and the last against the king of terrors, death—five great victories.

As a rule, when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski or the assault on the citadel, or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank, and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they say: "Aha! They cannot disturb us until the freshets fall. It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What is the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among those troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than, by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the old oars and tamarisks and willows and pull themselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and, having gained the other bank, they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their strange anchorage. As the hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters—waters perhaps uplifted half a mile—they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say: "Aha! what a mistake! The ark of the covenant could not get those waters here staid parted, because, perhaps, we may want to go back? O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business! These Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are defeated?"

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city with arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey and once by Herod the Great and once again by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram; there shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The Lord will raise a king who was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these horns, rattle musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six days—once a day for six days—and then on the seventh day they were to go around blowing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horn on the seventh day the perforation of the whole sound was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and score a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loose rock, not so much as a piece of mortar loosed from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "did I not tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled. He is because he has overthrown and conquered the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Do you not see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It is not philosophic. There were many who were with you who stood with their brows knitted and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the argument there was plenty of caricature, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have received many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and again a failure. The third day, and a failure; the fourth day, and a failure; the fifth day, and a failure; the sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climactic day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about and looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all round the wall, not so much as a loose stone, not so much as a loose brick, not so much as a loose mortar. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelites utter straight-

ening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as never was heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout for the Lord hath given you the city!" All together the troops shout: "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls and temples, the towers, the palaces, the air blackened with dust.

The huzzas of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the walls, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great, kindly deeds? No. She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrated with all her ages that there is mercy for the chief of sinners.

The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the divine indication that they should not disturb the premises, making us think of the divine cord of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no damage shall befall you.

When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's deliverance.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow  
And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below,  
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile  
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile.

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You must stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at the army and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reed-stalks.

Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon, and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon, in the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of light or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian Scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What?" say you. "Not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live to see the setting of their day, and their sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

But Joshua was not quite through. The time for his funeral was before the sun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon preached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those five dead kings—king of Jerusalem, king of Hebron, king of Jar-much, king of Lachish, king of Eg-lon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

Before you fasten up the door I want five more kings beheaded and thrust in—King Aholah, King Zimri, King Zimri, King Superstition, King Infidelity. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then fasten up the door forever.

What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest battle now. After 110 years of life he is to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cemeteries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory, and it is full of reminiscence.

Young men tell what they are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather seated by the evening fire tell of Monmouth or Yorktown and then start with their staff as though it were a musket to fight and show how the old battles were won, so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I ask if God has kept His promise all the way through. As he lies there he tells the story one, two or three times— you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers, "I go the way of all the earth, and not one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed. And then he turns to his family, at a dying parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless of his children. Consent to part with them forever as the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua it shall not be. We will not part. These are Thy promises. It will be a God to thee and the seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently. That sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the buried granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the door of the tomb we cannot. By the cradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the bosom on which they first lay, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua it shall not be. We will not part. These are Thy promises. It will be a God to thee and the seed after thee."

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