HOW HE WON A GHOST.

"It was suicide."

"It was murder."

"It was a natural death."

The three speakers [illegible] three diverse opinions [illegible] around a dreary fire of [illegible] grocery store of a Philadelphia [illegible] The time was over 20 [illegible] the night a [illegible] chills, in November. [illegible] old Africans. [illegible] long, but somebody who [illegible] changes the mood.

"Very well [illegible] hee hee hee! [illegible] street, that [illegible]—"

"Of course, Carson, of course, do eat home in a deferential," interrupted the Deacon.

"D-d-didn't go too fast" said Carson, stuttering with wrath at being interrupted. "I ain't got through. Her hands were bloody, an' there was a cut in her neck. Ah! How's that?"

"Fell down and hurt herself. That was proven. You know that was the coroner's verdict," [illegible] the Deacon, turning fire to Carson and the [illegible] Grandolfo, [illegible] for [illegible].

"Ho! I don't know nothing about that Coroner. [illegible] Bateman [illegible] knows I did. [illegible] suicide. [illegible] contradicts [illegible] opinion to any [illegible] contrary.

"It was suicide, [illegible] why she death [illegible] Mr. Carson, [illegible] voice. "She's the ghost of a [illegible] street."

"Fudge!" cried the Deacon. "There's no such things as ghosts."

"Haf you seen 'im, old woman?" cried Grandolfo.

"It's the talk of the [illegible]" says Carson.

"But you!" exclaimed the companions at once.

"Yes, I saw her last night," replied Carson, hitching his chair closer to the two, and dropping his voice almost to a whisper. [illegible] young fellow, came driving to the grocery store. "It went by me slowly, right across the way from Elliott's, where the body was found. It just floated along down the street, and, [illegible] it put its hands together [illegible] The [illegible] looked just as natural as [illegible] to laugh and talk with us. [illegible] the second, and shut [illegible] opened them again, [illegible] there was nobody around."

"I'd like to see that ghost or any ghost," remarked young Mercer. "People have been talking about this thing for a fortnight. It may scare an old woman and children, but [illegible] ought to be afraid."

"Don's er," said Grandolfo, [illegible] ingly. "Then, she [illegible] good [illegible] sheeps in a pesty grafe, if she [illegible]."

"Suicide," said Carson.

"Natural death," remarked the Deacon. "They all left their chairs.

"What do you think?" suggested Mercer, with a laugh. "Go for it, [illegible] the ghost I'm after."

For the next [illegible] this idea was agitated by [illegible] of this spirit of Ellen Bateman. [illegible] person. If you believed they saw it. One night it would glide down Chestnut street in a form of light; and another time it rested on Dr. Tunnell's front steps, an image, it seemed to be staring itself in the little panes on the river side, always appearing in white garments like those in which she had been buried. In life the girl had been a pretty, well-behaved lass, believed by all who knew her, her death being caused by exposure, she having escaped from her house during a delirium, and wandered around in the rain for the greater part of the night. It was enough to kill a strong person, let alone a poor girl weakened by a month's illness. When her body was found, after hours of search, she was breathing her last. Out of this fate was born the story of her ghost.

John Mercer was in earnest when he said he would like to meet that ghost. He did not believe in the supernatural. He had known Miss Bateman, and if her white shadow was floating up and down the street he would like to encounter it. Therefore he made it a matter of curiosity to search for the apparition; to be out at all times of the night and to visit all points where it was likely to present itself. His efforts were useless. Other people might see the specter, but his search had been in vain, and he finally came to consider the story a fabrication by people who were influenced by their fears of the supernatural.

In the end, however, his efforts resulted in the capture of a ghost. He and his friend, Jerry Dennison, having passed the evening with an acquaintance, were returning home. There was a thick mist and the night was dark, the street lamps looking like candles. A portion of their journey was along that portion of the street which had come to be known as the "Ghost's Walk." They were laughing and conversing about the phantom, ridiculing the idea of such a thing as a spectre, when ahead of and approaching them was seen a figure all in white. Mercer put his hand on his companion's arm.

"Now we have it, Jerry," he whispered. "There is the spirit, what will you do?"

"Stick by you Jack," answered Jerry. [illegible] the most made its rise almost gigantic, and its motions imperceptible. As it continued to advance the young men felt their hair rise and their knees weaken. They would have [illegible] not been [illegible] the sight of mere [illegible].

"[illegible]?" [illegible]

"[illegible]," [illegible]

[illegible] folks,' say [illegible]

[illegible] left. When [illegible] up to [illegible] at them. [illegible] instantaneous, the [illegible] the humiliation of the American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck, it was impossible to mistake; and yet, there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici—in fact, got up in tights and fleshings and labeled "Mazeppa." She rubbed her eyes she clasped her forehead, thinking her vision was failing her or her mind going; yet there could be no mistake. Scare as she would, she not still the knowledge that her own bewitching loveliness was there denoted.

"What can this mean?" she cried to the elderly lady, her lips blanched with shame and terror.

"I really cannot tell you," replied Lady Disdain, with a hard eye and icy voice. "You perhaps can tell us whether on any occasion, in America, you were in the habit of appearing in this dress?"

"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate?" uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever stood as Mazeppa? Oh, how cruel of you to think so."

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and noticing the likeness, were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course it cannot be meant for me.

"You had better take a cab and go home, and tell your father about it," said the lady, still with frigid manner. "My daughter and I have some calls to make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young Philadelphian drove home and told her father what had happened. To get back to that shop, to have that photograph out of the window, to demand an explanation of the stationer, was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father.

But though it was easy enough to demand an explanation, it was not so easy to get one. The photograph bore no imprint whatever, and the stationer could only refer to the person who had sold it to him—a dealer in photographs by wholesale, not a photographer himself. And so inquiry went on and nobody could discover who made the photograph. Those who sold them were quite innocent, and really supposed it to be a picture of some actress playing "Mazeppa." Of course it is a cooked picture; only the head and neck of the American lady's photograph, the rest that of some [illegible], and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women it is possible to conceive. Dozens upon dozens were [illegible] ready for sale, and dealers frankly stated that the place had sold enormously of them.

The London firm, who took the picture which furnished the head were visited and charged with selling the picture, but they were indignant at the insinuation to the people of their respectability and standing, and talked of suing for libel.

Suspicion now falls upon the servants in the house, one of whom might easily abstracted a photo out of the package of them which has been kept hitherto in an unlocked drawer of the young lady's writing desk. Of course all proved innocent, and are ready to take their oath upon their sacred words of honor; but the father [illegible] command oaths enough of [illegible] about the business, and as for the sacredness of oaths, sacred or profane, he don't take much stock in them. A good deal of interest clusters about the matter in regard to the attitude—the party of the other party. He called immediately, and aided the father in making inquiries, but papa says the little matter shall not go a step farther until the mother and sister make a formal apology for the rudeness to his daughter at the time the discovery was made.

A Valuable Soporific.

A Paris physician has discovered a soporific which he declares to be innocuous, and which has the virtue of being limitable in the duration of its effects at one's pleasure. The time which a given dose will operate can be calculated to within ten minutes of the actual figure. Thus a traveler with two hours and a half journey before him might feel perfectly safe in taking a two hours dose, or even a two hours and twenty minutes, though the last might be a little dangerous. The inventor, who throughout his expirments had railway traveling in his mind, arranges the doses in miles, or rather kilometers. Of course its composition is a secret. It has already been tried by a number of the physician's patients, who allowed themselves to be expirimented on. They pronounce it agreeable to the taste, having something of the flavor of chartreuse.

About the least satisfactory wedding ring a woman can receive is to have her [illegible] your hot ears.

Swimming the Horse.

The following hints as to the manner in which a horse should be taken through a stream may be found valuable: "It is astonishing how frequently most men are in venturing into deep water on horseback. Many a man has been years in the city without having had occasion to ever put swimming a horse, but hearing it spoken of as a trifling matter, he finches it comes so naturally to a horse to swim with a man on his back as to walk or gallop. On the contrary, not one of two or three horses in a hundred can carry a man safely over a river or stream of any width, and very few men have the nerve, coolness and presence of mind to swim a horse alone and let him swim. A horse with a man's weight on his back naturally sinks very deep in the water, and many horses, before they attempt swimming, keep feeling for bottom with their hind legs. Unless a man is accustomed to swimming a horse, he gets nervous, begins pulling at the reins, and then it is all up with him. The horse gets frightened, rolls over on his side, or comes right over backwards, and probably gives his rider a kick that puts an end to all his chances of getting ashore. In my opinion no man should go into deep water of any width who cannot swim, and a swimmer should take off his clothes, put them in front of the saddle, unbuckle his reins, then he is ready for any emergency. The neglect of this latter precaution generally drowns the horse, as he gets his foot caught in the bridle. I have, however, seen a man could not swim get safely across a river by driving his horse and catching hold of his tail.

In a Sea of Ice.—It is stated by captains of whalers now in port, that prior to their departure from the Arctic regions in the latter part of October, they were told by some natives that a Russian man-of-war was blocked in in the bight above East Cape. Having lately been informed that no war vessel of that nation was in that region, they have concluded the ship in question to be the larger of the Swedish polar expedition. The report at a settlement on September 23d, of the Lena, the smaller vessel, that her companion ship had proceeded eastward tends to strengthen the above conclusion.—San Francisco [illegible]

An American Girl's Shame.

Correspondence San Francisco Call.

London, October 12.—A most extraordinary sensation has occurred in the American colony of London this week. A young lady from Philadelphia, who [illegible] with the [illegible] young gentleman [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] in [illegible] at [illegible] the [illegible] American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck, it was impossible to mistake; and yet, there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici—in fact, got up in tights and fleshings and labeled "Mazeppa." She rubbed her eyes she clasped her forehead, thinking her vision was failing her or her mind going; yet there could be no mistake. Scare as she would, she not still the knowledge that her own bewitching loveliness was there denoted.

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About the least satisfactory wedding ring a woman can receive is to have her [illegible] your hot ears.

The London Liquor Traffic.

It is estimated that were all the gin palaces and other drinking places in the metropolis put side by side, they would extend 100 miles. A "public house" stands at every street corner [illegible] impossible to walk three minutes [illegible] any direction [illegible] a tavern [illegible] or inn. Place shops. Their goods signs and glaring gas [illegible] the inexperienced [illegible] "Wine licensed to be drunk on the premises." [illegible] "Brandies, rum and [illegible] Port, sherries, etc." [illegible] great [illegible] "Very old port." A stand alone [illegible] drink, [illegible] The poorest man must have his beer to his dinner and supper in some of the agricultural counties they take beer to breakfast. The worst feature of the liquor traffic in this country is its relation to the family. Search England through and I will guarantee that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred you will find it a regular custom to keep wine or beer in larger or smaller quantities. It is taken to dinner, to luncheon and supper, equally in the lowest as in the highest circles. To ask a man to your house and not offer him drink in some form, is to be considered at once as most inhospitable. Alcohol is the balm of Gilead used to soothe the [illegible] fled spirits of enemies, the sanction of friendships, the seal upon bargains, the form of guaranty to validity, who drives your Honor, or the man who delivers your coal, and the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Some years ago, in the belief that it would lessen the enormous amount of public drinking, an act was passed authorizing grocers to sell beer, wines and spirits in quantities not less than a whole bottle, on condition that the liquor was not drunk on the premises. This may have lessened the quantity drunk in public, but it is complained that it has given an opportunity to women and others, for private tippling, who would otherwise be free from the temptation. Efforts have also been made to reduce the evil by contracting the hours wherein drink might be legally sold. A growing party, represented in Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, are in favor of passing a local permissive bill; but such legislation is regarded with great jealousy as an infringement of the liberty of the subject, and it is very unlikely to become a law so long as a government with such strong "imperial" instincts as Lord Beaconsfield's is in office.

Hindoo Marriages.

A number of Hindoo youths have lately united in an expression of opinion which young Americans might adopt with great benefit to themselves and the race. These boys, all students at Calcutta, having noted the effects of marriage at the very early age at which it is allowed in India, have publicly declared their intention to defer the contracting of matrimonial relations until maturity. If the young men of America were to make a similar declaration the question would hang upon whatever constitutes maturity, and on this subject there is room for considerable change in the accepted standard. Maturity certainly implies the possession of common sense; but how much sense is there in the habit, peculiar to the young people in America more than anywhere else, of marrying without any provision for the future? Fifty ninetenths our new-married couples are dependent upon salaried positions which may be lost at any moment or upon trades which any year may become as languid as many others are at the present time. As for savings, accumulations of present earnings, upon which to live in case of loss of employment or of sickness, our young people know scarcely anything about them. Love in a cottage is doubtless very delightful but starving in a garret unpaid for is not, and this latter is what a great many loving but rashly married couples are doing at present, according to the visitors of the poor, and, worse still, their lot is being shared by some helpless little beings who have no part in the original blunder. Such ill-considered unions are "child marriages" in the worst sense of the term, for years and stature are not the true standards of maturity. Because the law, despairing generally of regulating the relations of the sexes, imposes no material restrictions upon marriage of adult age it does not follow that the contracting parties have a right to cast prudence to the winds and make mere inclination the excuse for bringing wretchedness upon themselves and their offspring, and imposing paupers, vulgar or genteel, upon society.

Politeness All Round.—"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday afternoon?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry goods stores. "I am the sales-lady who served you, madam," responded the reduced empress in banged hair, long watch chain and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well, said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and as I wish to give them to my washer-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage around the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now, for the cart of the ash-gentleman."

"What's the matter with your eye Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through an operation at the hands of an knockulist; that's all.

Milk Diet—wife Fattening in Africa.

Speke remained in Karawe for a month, but Grant was detained there by serious illness until the Spring of 1863, when he rejoined his comrade at Uganda. During their stay at Uganda neither of the explorers saw fit to change the first opinion they had formed of that cheerful person, chiefly because the more intimate acquaintance with him showed that he had no [illegible] and superstitious beliefs, and is urged in practice the tenets of religion. One of the latter, which seems to have struck Speke most unpleasantly, was the fattening of the women at the court to such an extent that they could not stand upright. Scarcely able to credit the reports he heard of this peculiarity in the royal females, the English leader obtained an interview with the King's eldest brother and his wife. On entering the hut, he found the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments. The wife could not rise, and so large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung down like large loose stuffed puddings. The result, the husband triumphantly informed his guests, had been obtained by milk, and milk alone. "From early youth upwards," he said, pointing to two rows of milk bowls on the ground, "we keep these pots to our women's mouths.—Heroes of South African Discovery.

Kleptomaniac Brains.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: Since it has been discovered that Dion Boucicault borrowed his version of "Clarissa Harlowe" from a play produced in London in 1846 a perfect avalanche of criticism and blame has descended upon the prolific author of "400 plays." It is just now discovered that 392 of these plays are "out and out" plagiarisms. If he had only gathered up old iron from the roadside and converted it into useful and beautiful articles, no one would have made an outcry, but to scrub up already "beautiful and useful articles," slightly discolored by time, and palm them off for his own invention, is a little too much. Many of Shakespeare's plays are founded upon an English monk's rendition of the French monk's rendition of the "Gesta Romanorum," an assortment of Oriental and German tales, come down from, heaven only knows where. The fact is, authors copy each other fifteen or twenty deep, until there is no tracing the idea to its far away, original fountain head. Charles Reade was accused by Mrs. Southworth of copying her plot in "Foul Play." A story of Thomas Hood's called the "Sicilian Lovers" includes the whole plot from which it is likely both of these writers obtained the framework of their stories.

The Origin of Josh Billings.

About 1858 Mr Shaw, having two daughters to educate, went to Poughkeepsie, New York, for that purpose, where he engaged in the auction business. At this period of his life he was forty-five years old, and he states that he had written nothing that had appeared in print. But a friend of his connected with a newspaper, divining the stuff that was in him, encouraged him to write short pieces for the press. The first thing he wrote was an account of the mule, in which that highly respectable party was caricatured and his merits set forth in a few original dashes of the pen. The description was caught up and went the rounds. It came back, and being somewhat revised and elongated, it was set up and went the rounds in its new dress. Some four or five years after his first venture, Mr. Shaw had got so deep in his work that he was stimulated to keep on, and, finding it necessary to adopt a fictitious character, selected Josh Billings as his nom de plume, and ever since then the mule story has gone under the sanction of the well known signature.

President Hayes' Indian Medal.

In accordance with a custom which every President has observed, of presenting the friendly Indian chiefs with a "peace medal," President Hayes has caused to be designed such a medal by Dr. Linderman, Director of the Mint. It is to be of bronze, the major axis of diameter to be about four inches and the minor about two and a half. On the obverse side will be a medallion head of the President, around which will run the words "Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States." On the other side the words "Peace" and date "1877" will be above a cut of civilization. To the left of the cut will be a frontiersman's cottage and a man plowing; to the right a farmer will extend to an Indian in war feathers an invitation to come and plant, too. Below the cut will be emblems of peace—a crossed pipe and tomahawk.

Of Course He'll Come.

We are requested by a pale, sad-spirited father to insert the following:—"Johnny P——. All is forgiven. Come home. Father is recovering from the explosion and bought a new pipe. The minister has forgiven you for placing that bucket of water over the door. Your sister Annie longs to see you, and says you may keep the gold pen if you will restore her teeth. The dog is still living, but its hair is all singed off; the cat is getting along nicely, and the cook is convinced you meant no harm when you put pepper on the stove." Johnny, you had better come home; the country can't spare any of its energetic and promising boys.—Keokuk Constitution.

A hot-house is a paneful sight.

The American Flag.

The history, or rather the origin of our flag, must be of interest to the youth of our land. We have collated from original sources the following facts: A resolution was introduced in the American Congress, June 13, 1777, "That the Flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." There is a striking coincidence between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. It is thought by some that the flag was derived from this heraldic design.

History informs us that several flags were used by the Yankees before the present national one was adopted. In March, 1775, a Union flag, with a red field, was hoisted in New York, bearing the inscription on one side of "George Rex and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse, "No Popery." Gen. Israel Putnam raised on Prospect Hill, July 18, 1775, a flag bearing on one side the motto of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and on the other, "An appeal to Heaven." In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston bore a flag with the latter motto, with the Massachusetts emblem. Some of the colonies used in 1775 a flag with a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." On January 18, 1776, the grand Union flag of stars and stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, and it is said that some of the regulars made the great mistake of supposing that it was a token of submission to the king, whose speech had just been sent to the Americans. The British Register of 1776 says, "they (the rebels) burnt the king's speech and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston, published in the Pennsylvania Gazette, in 1776, says, "the Union flag was raised on the 2d, a compliment to the United Colonies."

These various flags, the Pine-Tree, the Rattlesnake and the Stripes were used according to the tastes of the patriots until July, 1777, when the blue union of the stars was added for each new State, but the flag became too large and Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and now the stars are made to correspond in number with the States. No one who lives under the protection of the Stars and Stripes will deny that "the American flag is the most beautiful that floats upon any land or sea." Its proportions are perfect when it is properly made—one-half as broad as it is long. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and these colors alternate, making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz., four red and three white. The colors of the American flag are in beautiful relief, and it is altogether a splendid national emblem. Long may it wave untarnished!

Home Dress

Some persons take especial care to appear well dressed everywhere but at home. This is a great mistake. The home should be a pleasant place, and its attractions should not be marred by a want of politeness in manners or by slovenliness in dress. Our garments should be always suited to our work, but when our employments do not require it, we should lay aside the homely and rough clothing, and assume that which carries with it more pleasing impressions. Respect for our own influence among the members of our own family, requires neatness and tidiness at home as well as abroad. When the young ladies of a household appear habitually in the presence of father and brothers in dirty and unbecoming attire, with unbrushed hair, unhooked dress or unlaced shoes, they need not complain of the coarse manners and uncivil address of the male members of the family. To be polite only in presence of visitors, is a poor compliment to those whom we should respect and gratify at home. It is not difficult nor does it take long for one to wash, comb and dress fit to appear before the household guests or to go to work. A calico dress, properly made, and neatly fitted collar and cuffs, and a white apron, make a nice suit; and of course a woman feels more like she was fit to do something; her house will be always clean and neat and everything in its place.

Woman's Love for Man.

Mrs. Roberts, in the Washington Capital, very truthfully remarks: "Marrying a man to reform him is like being measured for an umbrella. It may or may not be satisfactory; but you might as well try to make a politician honest as to talk to a woman who loves a man. No matter how worthless he may be, she will brave everything for him; and I wouldn't give a snap for her if she didn't. Recently, on the avenue, I saw a man, respectable looking, in a helpless state of intoxication, and a policeman on each side of him leading him to the station house; behind him was his wife, a young, nice-looking, well-dressed woman. She paid no attention to the rabble following, or the wondering looks of the passers-by, but stuck by him, trying to pacify and quiet him. I could not help thinking how little a man would stand by a woman. Man is of the 'nobler' sex and a superior being, but he will get a woman in trouble and than leave her to get out as best she can."

The only unfavorable report about Grandfather's Clock is that it went 90 years on tick.