

Eastern Clackamas News

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All Hallowe'en

Tomorrow will be the eve of All Hallow's or All Saints Day. It is the time when witches and sprites are supposed to roam around and leave vestiges of their visits behind them. We would suggest to them, for they of course read this paper, or else they would not know enough to be witches, that harmless fun is the order of the night, but damage to property and ill natured pranks are out of order. The grown ups to whom such diversions no longer appeal, should remember they were once young and endure with a good natured grin, any little inconvenience which may ensue. In connection with the occasion as being suitable, we publish a ghost story, from the land of Tam o' Shanter, who has done more than any other individual to immortalize All Hallowe'en.

The threatened strike of the soft coal miners, in spite of the reasons they give, looks to the public as a hold up, which promises if successful, to double the price of coal. It is to be hoped that the government will act firmly and expeditiously in the matter, redressing any legitimate grievance of the miners and saving the public from the suffering which such a strike would entail this winter.

THE SPECTRAL PIPER.

The following story was told by a elderlyman at a Hallowe'n party:

"I had once an old parishioner, a Scotch woman, who was primed full of legends ghostly and otherwise, of her native land. The Scotch have a decided superstitious streak in them. It is the Scotch who enjoy second sight, and behold the wraths of their friends. An old Scotch family is sure to possess an apparition, who warns them of impending death. Many an hour did I spend, listening to this auld wife's tales about Glamis Castle with its mysterious room, the location of which and its secret are known only to three persons, the earl, his heir on attaining his majority and the steward of the estate; also of Roslyn Chapel, of Edinburgh Castle and Holy Rood.

"But one which she called the Spectral Piper, she knew for a fact, because she had both seen and heard him. When she was a girl of eighteen, she visited some friends in the north of Scotland not far from Balmoral. This family traced their lineage far back, and I believe claimed as a forebear, Scott's outlaw chieftain Roderick Dhu. Their house was large and was built on a terrace fac-

ing the gardens, beyond which extended an expanse of greensward to the river, which flowed through the grounds.

"At the time of her visit, the Crimean war was in progress and the head of the house absent at the front with his regiment. Matters were being very badly muddled, as is customary with the British. One day at dusk, she was returning to the house from the village, and as she walked through the gardens, she noticed a Highland piper, preparing to blow his pipes, standing beneath the laird's bedroom window. She was much surprised and a little startled, as there was something uncanny about the man. However, as she neared the terrace steps, he turned and disappeared. She intended to ask about him, but as she was late, she had to hurry to dress for dinner, during which the matter momentarily slipped her mind, as the conversation was about war. Nor did she refer to it that evening. She said afterwards, that whenever she was about to do so, something checked her. Her bedroom faced the terrace, and was situated in the same corridor as the laird's.

"She soon fell asleep, after getting into bed, from which she was awakened by hearing the skirl of a bagpipe. Jumping up, she looked out of the window, on the terrace. The night, was cloudy, so she could not see distinctly, but presently the moon broke through a cloud. The sound of a bagpipe continued, drew nearer and seemed to be coming from around the corner. Pretty soon she distinguished a figure approaching, which she recognized as that of the man she had noticed on her return late in the afternoon. He continued to advance, playing a sort of a dirge, until he arrived underneath the laird's room, where he halted. Just then, the moon disappeared, and she could no longer make out his figure, but the sound of the dirge continued a few minutes longer.

"When morning came and she went down to breakfast, the family seemed to be disturbed and the servants looked somewhat awed. The hostess was not present, her oldest daughter explaining that her mother was suffering from a severe headache, and had not slept that night. She then asked, 'I wonder if your mother was kept awake by the piper, who woke me up about two in the morning?' These words caused consternation, the daughter bursting into tears, and hurriedly left the room, followed soon after by her younger sister. Amazed, she questioned the governess as to what was the matter, who replied that according to the family legend, the appearance of the piper betokened the death of, or imminent danger to the head of the house. 'Last night Lady M——was terribly upset by hearing the sound of pipes, but we hoped it was imagination, but if you who did not know the legend, heard and saw the piper, I am afraid—the laird is badly wounded, if not worse.'

"In those days, news took time to travel, but at last the intelligence arrived, that the laird had fallen at the head of his regiment, in the battle of Inkerman, and that he had died from his wounds at the very time the girl saw and heard the piper underneath his bedroom window.

"I have repeated the tale as she told it to me, and I can vouch for her veracity. It is strange, but truth often is more so, than fiction."

Election on Road Bond Proposal

Monday, November 24, has been set as the date for the special election in Clackamas county to vote upon the proposition to bond the county in the sum of \$1,700,000 for the purpose of hardsurfacing nearly 150 miles of main roads and including \$105,000 to be used toward the cost of constructing a new bridge across the Willamette river at Oregon City.

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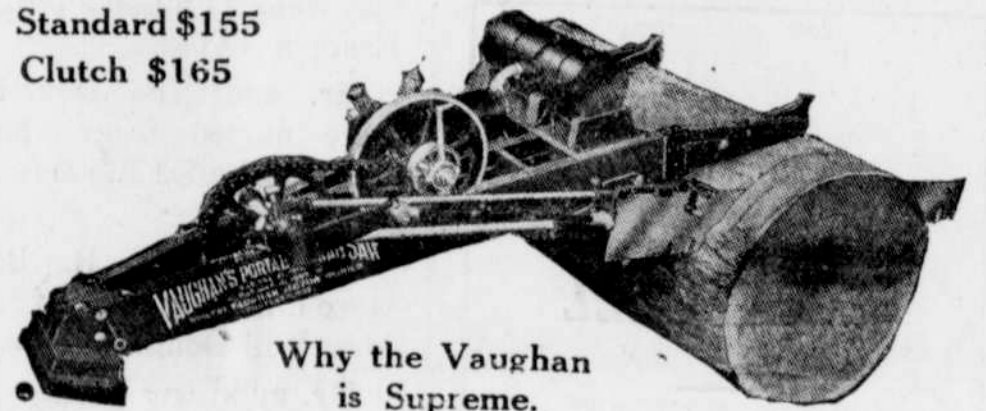
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