

East Oregon Herald.

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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

HAUNTED HOUSE.

Unearthly Noise and Awful Sounds Were the Rule.

The Family Could not Stand It Any Longer and were Obligated to Vacate—There is No Clue to the Affair.

From Evening Telegram.

PETERBOROUGH, Minn. March 3.

The people of this place are greatly disturbed over a haunted house which is said to be in the heart of the city. Some months ago a man named Howard rented a house on the principal street of the town for a dwelling. It was a small frame house, and had been built eight or ten years ago, and had been constantly occupied. Ever since going into the house they had been subjected to the most extraordinary experiences, and at last became so terrified at what they heard that they gave up the house. For some time they supposed they were the victims of practical jokers, but all attempts to catch them failed, and even the neighbors, who were called in to help discover the cause of the strange noises, were unable to find what was wrong. While the inmates were in bed an invisible hand would jerk the bed clothes from them, and then the doors would slam and heavy steps be heard going across the floor, but all efforts to find whence proceeded the noises were unavailing. On one occasion a door was broken while the whole family were sitting in the room. The most terrifying manifestations were the unearthly noises which accompanied them. These noises varied from the sound made by the crashing of a table full of dishes to that which would be made by a wall falling down in a room. Notwithstanding the noises, there was never anything disturbed in the house. The manifestations were almost invariably preceded by a loud humming sound which gradually became louder till it culminated in an awful crashing and rumbling, which made the hair of the listeners stand on end. Not less than fifteen people are ready to swear that they have heard all of these sounds, and that they are convinced that the place is haunted.

THE CARELESS CREATURES.

A Man Never Can Remember the things His Wife tells Him.

From the Detroit Free Press.

He came home last night a bit tired from a busy day's work and his wife waited until he had got off his overcoat and sat down.

"Did you get that piece of silk I asked you to bring up to night?"

she inquired, seeing that he had not laid it before her.

"Yes dear; I left it out there in the hall."

"Did you get the pins?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the ribbon?"

"Yes."

"And Bobbie's shoe?"

"Yes."

"And a wick for the kitchen lamp?"

"Yes."

"And some matches?"

"Yes; they are with the other bundles."

"And did you see the man about the coal?"

"Yes; it will be up Monday."

"And the man to fix the grate in the dining-room?"

"Yes; he's coming as soon as he can."

"Did you see Mrs. Smith about the Sewing Society meeting?"

"She said she'd come."

"And—and—oh, yes, did you get a new shovel for the kitchen stove?"

"N—n—no," he hesitated; "I forgot it."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What did you do that for? You know we needed that shovel and I told you about it the very first thing when you went down town this morning. I do think you men are the most forgetful and careless creatures that ever lived." And she flopped out to see about supper.

He Kissed Patti.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The newspaper of Kansas City have revived the story of the kiss that Patti gave ex-Governor Crittenden in this city, but in recounting it they make it a commonplace and unpoetic affair. They assert that the Governor "smacked" the singer and walked out of the room. There was no smack about it. The diva had scored a triumph before a brilliant audience, and the Governor was yet thrilling with the exquisite melody of "Home Sweet Home," which had rippled from her golden throat, when he met her at the hotel. Nicolini was down in the kitchen rowing with the chief over the oyster stew, and Mrs. Crittenden was taking off her wraps. The thrilled and the thriller came together, and the result was an electric contact, a soft, sweet, surging sound, like the suction of a steam pipe, followed by two sighs in unison. The Governor murmured: "This is sweeter than 'Home, Sweet Home,'" and broke away just in time. When Patti was asked afterward by a newspaper man to substantiate the details of the happy occurrence, she blushing replied: "I never submit to an interview, but you know the facts."

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BACK FROM HADES.

A PREACHER'S STARTLING STORY.

While He was at a Sick Man's Bedside the Patient Died, Descended Into Sheol and Returned to Tell of His Trip.

Rev. John T. Johnson, the celebrated mountain evangelist, who has been traveling in this state for nearly forty years, states that during a revival at Round Bottom, Monongalia county, a young man of that place, who had been ill with consumption for some time, died, descended into hell, returned to life in an hour, and after describing his trip, embraced religion and again died happily in the full belief of his future salvation.

After stating that the young man, who was one of the most intelligent in the county, was a skeptic, Mr. Johnson says:

"He was apparently lying at the point of death. Rev. Mr. O'Daniels and myself were called upon to endeavor to bring him to Christ. While Mr. O'Daniels was talking to him, holding him by the hand, he seemingly expired, and was pronounced dead by all in the room," says the Clarksburg (W. Va.) correspondent to the Baltimore Herald.

"He remained in this condition for some time, when he suddenly began breathing heavily and then struggling, as though with some mighty monster. He seemed endowed with supernatural strength and it required the utmost exertions of several powerful men to keep him on the bed.

HELD BY A THREAD.

"The struggle continued for an hour, when he calmed down, and, regaining his senses requested that we sing and pray with him. After these exercises he told us that when he became insensible to earth he found himself at the brink of a yawning black chasm; lurid fires seemed to be burning at a great distance down and shrieks of the most unearthly kind greeted his ears.

"After remaining quiet for a short time he felt a thread by his hand; he grasped it, and had hardly done so when a mighty wind struck his body, almost tearing his limbs from their sockets, and dashed him down into the mouth of the pit, where he swayed from side to side, clinging to the thread, which alone kept him from falling into the flames below. He knew that should the thread break, or he lose his grasp he was doomed forever, and he thought to himself: 'I have been a skeptic and God Almighty is showing me that there is a hell of darkness and fire to which unbelievers are exposed,' and he grasped the thread the tighter,

ARRANGED FOR HIS FUNERAL.

"After what seemed to him an interminable time, the wind ceased and he knew nothing until he requested the ministers to pray with him."

Shortly after his return to life, Mr. Johnson says, made his peace

with God, and after giving full directions regarding his burial, bidding his friends good-by and requesting Mr. O'Daniels when he officiated at his funeral to relate his remarkable experience for the benefit of others, died peacefully in his Savior's arms.

That Messrs. Johnson, O'Daniels and all the others who witnessed this strange affair believe in its supernaturalness is unquestioned. They are all persons whose veracity is beyond question, and even the physicians assert that the young man was actually dead. The relating of the story at the funeral caused considerable excitement, and people are flocking to the churches throughout this vicinity, meetings being held day and night since Thursday, the day upon which the young man was buried.

It is said that the final request of the youth was that a report of his experience be published broadcast, so that all men might know that there was a hell.

THE MAD KAISER.

How the German Emperor is Driving Out the Flower of His Army.

Marquise De Fontenay in New York Recorder.

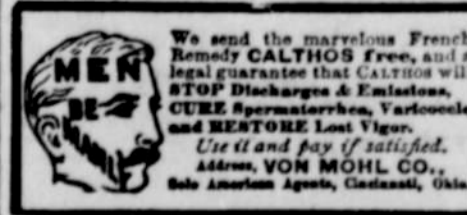
Emperor William is gradually driving young men of wealth, rank and family out of the army by his arbitrary conduct. At the present moment he is engaged in a crusade against extravagance on the part of the officers, although he himself is the most spendthrift monarch that has ever sat upon the throne of Prussia.

A young Count Gneisenau, the bearer of one of the most glorious and ancient names in German history, incurred his Majesty's displeasure the other day by presuming to keep, in addition to several ordinary horses, three American trotters, an American buggy and a sulky, as well as two or three carriages of European build.

The Emperor regarded this as the most reprehensible extravagance and commanded the young officer to sell both his trotters and his traps, at the same time transferring him from the crack cavalry regiment of the Guardes du Corps, permanently stationed at Berlin and Potsdam, to a lieutenantancy in an infantry regiment of the line, doing frontier duty along the French boundary in Alsace.

Count Gneisenau, however, refused to submit to such arbitrary interference in his personal affairs, and has preferred to leave the army rather than to obey its supreme head.

This is only one of many similar cases, and I could mention a score of other names equally famous which have likewise disappeared from the German Army list in consequence of the despotism of the young monarch.



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