

A TRUE GHOST STORY

THE OLD WOMAN IN THE QUEER DRESS UNDER AN OAK TREE.

She Always Appeared to Announce an Approaching Death in the Family—She Was Probably a Servant Who Had Been Faultily Dealt With in Ancient Days.

"Everybody laughs in these days at the old story of the Irish banshee," said a gentleman of national reputation lately as he chatted with a friend or two in the office of the Continental, "and I am not saying but that it was but a superstition after all, though there is a little thing connected with my family that is a strange coincidence, to call it even that.

"Once, when I was a boy, I woke up during the night weeping bitterly, and when my mother came to my bedside I told her that I had dreamed that a queerly dressed old woman had come to me under a large oak tree and had warned me that my brother Leonard, who was my senior by several years, was going to die very soon. I noticed then that instead of calming my fears my mother listened to me without saying a word, and presently I saw that she, too, was crying as hard as I was. I asked what was the matter, and though she put me off I did not forget the strange effect on her that my dream had produced.

"It could not have been a week after that that my brother came in one afternoon from school and said he was going to join a party of young people on a sleighing excursion to the next town. My mother was very unwilling for him to go and confessed to all sorts of nervous fears, very unlike her usual calm and self-reliant self, but my brother insisted and at last went off, followed by my mother's anxious eyes. Within three hours we received a telegram saying that he had been killed by the horses attached to the sleigh becoming frightened, and, running away near a railroad track had thrown my poor brother under the wheels of a train.

"When his mangled body came home, my mother met it, saying to her sister, who was visiting at our house for the day: 'I knew it, Fanny. H. here saw her the other night, and for a long time I wondered who the 'her' referred to could be. I was nearly grown when I again saw the old woman of my boyhood dream. I was about to graduate at our home university and was studying hard for the final examinations and was sitting up late one night reading over some questions in mental philosophy when I dropped off to sleep in my chair.

"Then I dreamed of standing once more under a large oak tree, which was particularly marked about the bark by a ring about three feet above the ground. Here I was, facing an old woman in a servant's dress of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, I should judge, and this old woman was telling me that I would see my father no more in life. I was a good deal worried over this dream, remembering my former one and its tragic sequence, but had ceased to think of it in the hurry and anxiety of the examinations, when one day old Professor B. called to me as I was passing from one classroom to another and asked, 'H. isn't your father in Switzerland?'

"I replied that he was, for his health had failed so alarmingly for months past that he had been ordered abroad and had been rapidly getting well in the mountains of Switzerland. He had recently joined the English party in an expedition to Mont Blanc and had written in fine spirits regarding the trip. Professor B. said no more, but I came across in a few minutes a newspaper containing an account of an American who had been killed by falling down a crevasse in the Swiss Alps.

"No particulars were known or given by the paper, but I knew—oh, yes, I knew—that the American was my father, and so it proved. I told my widowed mother of the strange coincidence of my second dream, and she replied that the warning would never fail; that it had gone with her through her life, and that her mother had told her that this strange phantom had also given her warning of every disaster she had experienced. The old woman, whoever she was, was always accompanied in her missions of woe by the oak tree marked as I have said. The whole thing is a mystery to us, but it is true, every word of it.

"If the thing is something supernatural, none of us has any idea who the woman could have been or why she came like a bird of ill omen to prophesy evil to a plain American family, sans castle, sans legends, sans romance. And I, for one, am particularly interested in why the oak tree should have come down to us in connection with the ghost. I would somehow hate to think that some doughty ancestor of mine had, after the playful little manner of the good old times, put some faithful servant to death in a way in which an oak tree took a prominent part, but I should not be surprised if he did; indeed I have a sneaking belief that that is the true explanation of the whole thing, though I am sorry that some servant is so unforgetting as to take it out on me by bringing me bad news, which, if she'd only wait long enough, would reach me with proverbial rapidity."—Philadelphia Times.

Entertained.

Aurelia (anxiously)—Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call.

Papa—Yes, he did call, and I entertained him for an hour before you came down stairs.

Aurelia—You entertained him, papa?

Papa—Yes; I gave him a list of all the new dresses you had last year and the cost of each. I never saw a man more interested, yet he left very hurriedly.—London Tit-Bits.

Happy Good-bye.

Little Johnny (looking up from his book)—Pa, what is the reason of destruction?

Pa (who is adjusting a collar)—A machine 'they use in laundries, Johnny.—Boston Transcript.

SMART GUMDROP PEDDLERS.

They Play a Trick on People in the Horrors of Sleeplessness.

A gentleman living in a metropolitan suburb was strolling down one of its streets when he came by chance across a couple—a man and a woman—who he immediately recognized as having been his fellow passengers in a steamer crossing the channel. His reminiscences were not of a particularly agreeable nature, for he lost no time in getting them arrested. The tale which he unfolded to the police commissary was as follows:

The steamer had hardly left the English port en route to the shores of France when he and about 50 other companions in misery were seized with all the symptoms of mal de mer. The only traveler who seemed exempt from suffering was the man who had been arrested. He paced the deck with the utmost complacency, now and then taking from a bonbon box a lozenge, which he swallowed with apparent satisfaction. The woman in whose company he was met in Paris acted on the steamer as if she was a perfect stranger to him, and she seemed indeed to be the greatest victim of them all. So intense was her suffering that the man walked up to her and offered her one of the lozenges, declaring that they were a sovereign remedy against seasickness. She took one, and in the course of a few minutes said that she was completely cured, and soon her fellow passengers beheld her discussing with considerable relish a plate of sandwiches, washed down by a bottle of stout.

One after the other they begged the possessor of the marvelous lozenges to favor them with one. "It so happens that I am the inventor," he replied, "and as I have a few boxes with me I shall be most happy to oblige you with them at the rate of 20 francs each." The unlucky passengers, whose misery had in the meantime rather increased than otherwise, enthusiastically welcomed the offer, and soon all the boxes were sold, the gentleman from the suburbs being the purchaser of one.

But somehow the lozenges had no effect. Not one of the buyers was to be seen calling for stout and sandwiches, and the whole party did not get to the end of their troubles until they were once more safely on terra firma. The suburban gentleman had the lozenges analyzed, and they were found to be ordinary jujubes. Chance had thrown the couple in his way, and he told the police commissary that he was quite sure that they had acted this comedy for the purpose of getting money out of their fellow passengers. The man and the woman both declared at first that the suburban one must have mistaken them for another couple, but afterward they made a full confession. Oddly enough they had gone to the suburb to inspect a house which they had thought of buying with the proceeds of the sale of many boxes of jujube lozenges in numerous passages across the silver streak when the stormy winds did blow.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Four Years in a Barber Shop.

"It is rather a curious fact," said a prominent local railroad man who sports a luxurious beard, "that one of the few occasions of my going to church in recent years is responsible for my growing this beard. The minister happened in the course of his sermon to say that a man spent a third of his time in sleep, and that one living to the age of three-score and ten would pass 23 years in slumber. As the sermon was not a particularly interesting one, my mind wandered away from it, and I began calculating how much of one's life would be spent in a barber's shop. Allowing a reasonable time for waits and for the actual process of shaving daily, I soon discovered that in the years left to me, if I should attain the patriarchal age of 70, I would spend at least four in a barber's shop. Think of it! Condemned to four years in a barber's shop! That settled it, and although that was 10 years ago I have never been shaved since."—Philadelphia Record.

Keep Accounts.

Keeping household accounts is an affair, if not of necessity, still of the greatest wisdom. In comparison with the small amount of time and labor which the doing so employs, the satisfaction of knowing, at the end of each year, how the family funds have gone is the amplest compensation. One special satisfaction gained from the keeping of household accounts is the ability, when or if the necessity arises, to reduce expenditures on the outlay for luxuries and unnecessary. The money spent for food, for medicines or for fuel is capable of far less reduction than that used for amusements, for wages or for clothing, and a system of accounts which will show at once where expenses can be lessened is entitled to respectful consideration.—Philadelphia Times.

To Clean Furniture.

Cherry and mahogany furniture can be cleaned in the following way to look almost like new: Dissolve a small lump of common washing soda in some very hot water. Wash only a small portion of the wood at a time with a bit of flannel dipped in the soda water and dry it immediately with another piece of flannel, rubbing until it is highly polished.—New York World.

A Fellow Feeling.

"D'Arber made quite a hit with his new picture, 'Sympathy.'"

"Did he see it. What was the idea?"

"Simply a blind man making his way through a crowded street."

"Humph! How did that typify sympathy?"

"Why a fellow feeling, you know."—Buffalo Courier.

A New Way.

He—I wish I had the key to your secret.

She—Indeed! What would you do with it?

He—Insert it in wedlock, give one turn and throw it away forever.—Kate Field's Washington.

MY QUEER OLD WIFE.

A queer old lady is the wife I chose to travel with through life, and that I long have seen. So many little faults she has, I tell her of them constantly, but it does no good, I ween.

Sometimes she's nice as nice can be and she's quite willing to agree that my way is quite right. And then again she will dissent, which calls for an argument—she quite ignores my light.

She has the queerest notions—why, she thinks she knows as much as I and tells me so quite plain. Of course no one could fail to see that I am smarter far than she, but women are so vain!

—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Molecules in Matter.

It seems a difficult undertaking to accept the theory that granite, glass and precious stones, not excepting diamonds, are composed of independent particles that are continually in exceedingly rapid motion. These active molecules are said to rotate and swing around a central point with such force and rapidity that they constitute, to all intents and purposes, a solid mass. Upon being divided they whirl around a new center as rapidly as before, the molecules passing a given point some millions of times in a second of time. This theory would at first glance seem incompatible with the well understood belief in the hardness and impenetrability of the diamond, but this is easily explained. The almost incalculable rate of speed drives the atoms against the drill or cutting edge that seeks to penetrate it and dulls it without permitting it to make the slightest impression. On this theory it appears that glass cutting is merely the bringing together of two bodies consisting of molecules moving at different velocities. As a matter of course, the most powerful atoms break up the softer ones, and so this operation is merely a war of particles, in which the superior force is triumphant.—New York Ledger.

Sleepless and Voracious Larvae.

Professor Lintner, New York's state entomologist, is of the opinion that the larvae stage of many species of insects is one of sleepless activity, the grub feeding incessantly from the "moment of its birth." He says that it is doubtful if some species ever sleep or take a moment's rest. The voraciousness and rapid growth of these creatures may be better understood by making a statement of two facts: A certain flesh feeding larva—which simply means the infant state of a carrion beetle, whose scientific name would be of no particular interest to readers of The Republic—will consume in 24 hours 200 times his own weight, a parallel to which in the human race would be an infant consuming 1,500 pounds of nutriment on the first day of its existence! There are vegetable feeders—caterpillars—which, during their progress to maturity, increase in size 10,000 times during the first 30 days of their lives. To equal this remarkable growth a mature man would weigh scarcely less than 50 tons!—St. Louis Republic.

The Dutch System.

Professor Peabody, who gives in The Forum some facts concerning the Dutch system, says there are no great porches and few alleys in the Netherlands. There is a tract of public land containing 5,000 acres. It is divided into six model farms, and to one of these is sent the poor person applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves till he learns agriculture, he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself and be what is called a free farmer. Every paper who is thus reclaimed to honest, regular industry is so much gain to the state. There is also a forced labor colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work, whether they want to or not.

Editorial Remarks.

"To make a long story short," observed the blue pencil, "the way to succeed!"

"Is to do the work you are out cut for," suggested the scissors.

"And stick at it," added the paste pot.

And then silence reigned in the sanctum.—New York World.

Alters the Case.

"Do you know that young Molard has run off with 30,000 francs of his employer's money?"

"Lucky dog!"

"Besides he has taken your umbrella."

"Ah! The villain!"—Courier de Fiers.

Virginia raises 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts and \$4,000,000 worth of fruit and vegetables. The iron product is 200,000 tons, and over \$2,000,000 of gold has been sent to the United States mint. This state has the largest lead mines in the south and the greatest manganese mines in the world.

Old Hurd church was built near Harrodsburg, Ky., in 1797, and it is said that weekly meetings have been held there ever since without a single exception. Harrodsburg is said to be the oldest town in that state.

By Faith and Prayer.

A special from Eureka Springs, Ark., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: Miss Alta Smeizer, Baptist missionary, was brought home about a year ago from Mexico almost helpless. For the last seven months she has been confined to her bed utterly unable to help herself. Recently she and some of her friends had been praying that she might have faith to trust God for a cure.

This morning while the family were at breakfast she opened her Bible and read, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole," and with the prayer, "Oh, God, I look to thee for strength, rose, immediately felt renewed strength, rose, dressed herself and walked to the breakfast table, to the utter amazement of the family. Today she has opened the door and greeted 14 of her friends, taking them by surprise.

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ANNAPOLIS, O., July 21, 1891.
MRS. LIPPMAN BROS., SAVANNAH, GA.: DEAR SIR—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and have done me more good than three months' treatment at the Hot Springs. Send three bottles G. O. D. Respectfully yours,
J. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Iowa County, O.
Capt. J. B. Johnston.

To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for the cure of the skin diseases, for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy so in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSON,
Savannah, Ga.

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To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for the cure of the skin diseases, for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy so in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSON,
Savannah, Ga.

Testimony from the Mayor of Seaside, Ore., Sept. 11, 1890.
MRS. LIPPMAN BROS., SAVANNAH, GA.: Gentlemen—I have tried your P. P. P. for a skin disease, namely, itching and a skin cancer of thirty years' standing, and found great relief. It purified the blood and removed all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevented any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel that anything I have ever taken can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above disease.
MRS. M. Y. YALBY,
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Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleaning properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

Springfield, Mo., Aug. 14th, 1890.—I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was afflicted with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for six years. I was treated by the best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, but was never known to be without suffering. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say that I feel like a new man. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above disease.
MRS. M. Y. YALBY,
Springfield, Green County, Mo.

A LARGE SKIN GRAFTING.

Three Men Give Up Healthy Cuticle to Save the Life of Another.

Two heroes in humble life Friday evening bared their bodies to the surgeon's knife at the Samaritan hospital and allowed Dr. Little to take as much skin as he needed to save the life of Henry Millman, 44 years. The names of the two men are Joseph Connell, 28 years, and William Fricke, 28 years. This was the second skin grafting on Millman.

Eight weeks ago Henry Millman was seriously burned by falling on a stove in a shanty at Eighth street and Allegheny avenue. For a time his life was despaired of. He partially recovered, but a surface of about 140 square inches on his body was almost burned to a crisp. As the ulcers did not heal, the doctors decided to graft new skin over this large surface of Millman's body.

The sufferer's younger brother, John Millman, 28 years, volunteered to have as much skin taken from his thigh as was needed to cover the sore on his brother's side and breast. About 60 square inches were required, and a week ago the skin from John Millman's thigh was grafted on his brother's side.

Speaking of the skin grafting, Dr. Lester said that it was the biggest thing of the kind ever done in the hospital, and as the injured man's side was healing there was ground for believing that the second grafting would be a success.

Friday evening 30 square inches of skin were taken from the left thigh of Connell and Fricke, 14 inches being cut from Fricke and 6 from Connell. The skin was transferred from the blade of a carver by which it was removed direct to Millman's body, on which is an exposed place of about 70 square inches. Connell and Fricke seemed quite cheerful while their skin was being removed.

Both said that they were ready to submit to a further skinning whenever Dr. Little chose to complete the operation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Knife With 1,800 Blades.

Probably the most remarkable knife in the world is that in the curiosity room of the factory of Joseph Rodgers & Sons in Sheffield, England. It has 1,800 blades, and 10 blades are added every 10 years. Another curiosity is three pairs of scissors, all of which can be covered by a thimble.—New York Tribune.

Peach Fever.

Many women are employed in the fruit packing and canning establishments of Delaware and Maryland, and almost all of them have to pass through a period of inoculation, as it were, involving more or less suffering from what is known as "peach fever." This singular disease takes two forms. The psychical or mental variety produces mental exaltation and absurdly unwarranted attacks of imagination and generally attacks persons of naturally imaginative temperaments. The other and commoner variety is simply an irritation, sometimes amounting to inflammation, of the skin and mucous membranes. It shows itself externally, chiefly on the forehead, neck and arms. This skinned young women of nervous temperament suffer most from it, men and older women seeming less susceptible.—Philadelphia Press.

Imitating the Imitator.

It is astonishing what a rage there is for imitations. Great men have long been so slavishly imitated by their inferiors that the copyists begin to fancy they are better than the originals. There is nothing new, but the cultivation of the mimetic power has recently almost developed into a fine art. We have all enjoyed the cleverness, the grace and the exactness with which Miss Clay Loftus impersonates her brethren and sisters of the profession. But now we read that Miss Letty Lind gave an imitation of Miss Clay Loftus giving an imitation of Miss Letty Lind giving an imitation of Miss Clay Loftus imitating Miss Letty Lind. It is difficult to say when this kind of thing will stop.—London Graphic.

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