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### GHOSTS OF THE SEA.

**SAILORS DREAD TO SEE THE SHIPS THAT NEVER SAILED.**

An Old Salt Tells of His First Experience With a Phantom Ship—While a Terrible Hurricane Howls It Rides Easily With All Sails Set.

"These tales of the ships that never came back are sad enough, but it's the ship that never went out, the ghost of the sea, that gives the sailor man a creepy feeling when he meets them out where the waves are rolling high and the gulls are singing funeral songs."

The speaker was Mate Bob Ailing, who has followed the sea as boy and man for nearly 50 years. Surrounded by a group of interested listeners in the public room of the Sailors' Happy home in South street, Mate Bob, as all the sailors call him, was telling stories of strange sights that he has witnessed at sea.

Ailing is now mate of a coastwise fishing schooner, but in the old days he sailed in some of the largest trading ships and the strongest whalers that ever sailed out of an American port flying the stars and stripes.

"As I said, boys," the old man went on, "it's the ship that never went out, the ship that never comes back when you see one of them. We may remember the ships that went out and never came back for a time if we had a shipmate aboard, but we can forget. But there's no forgetting a ghost of the sea."

"It was back in the early fifties that I saw my first sea ghost, and today I can shut my eyes and see it just as plain as I could see it then. I was a sailor on a fishing schooner, and we were catching cod off the coast of Newfoundland. We had been out ten days and were almost ready to start for home with a full cargo when a nasty off-shore breeze came on late one evening. We stood out to sea, for there was a heavy fog along with the wind. It was a stiff and steady blow, so we rode the waves under bare poles during the night, waiting for daylight and the fog to lift before shaping our course for home.

"All through the night we sent up rockets at intervals and kept the ship's bell going, because we could not see ten feet ahead at times on account of the fog. But it was nearly morning before we heard or saw an answering signal to warn us that another vessel was near."

"I was on the early morning watch, and about half an hour before daylight I made out a signal light a short distance ahead on our port bow. It was a strange light, a pale blue in color, and it flashed up and down at irregular intervals. The fog was still thick, and it was impossible to tell how near we were to the vessel."

"I called the mate on deck and pointed to the strange signal light. He looked at it a long time, and, with a shake of his head, said he could not make it out at all. The lights showed that the vessel could not be far away, so we changed our course a little, and then fired a gun. There was no answer, and we fired again and again with the same result."

"By and by I saw that the mate was very grave and queer looking. He was pacing back and forth on the deck, not minding the cold, misty rain that was falling, and all the time he kept his eyes fixed on that queer looking bluish light that flashed up out of the fog and darkness ahead. At last I made so bold as to ask the mate what he thought of it."

"It's a ghost!" he said, looking at me with a pitying look.

"A ghost?" says I.

"Yes, a ghost of the sea. Wait till the fog lifts. You may see it then."

"The fog lifted a bit when daylight came, and then I saw the ghost, as the mate said it was."

"Biting grin and white out of the fog and waves that were rolling high, I saw a full rigged ship of queer design. The wind was blowing half a gale, but not a mast or pole of the ghost ship bent an inch, and not one of the broad white sails seemed to strain at the ropes."

"The phantom was close on our port bow, and as the fog cleared away we had a splendid view from her water line to the top of her masts. With the waves pitching and rolling mountain high, and the wind howling around our poles, the ghost ship was riding out the storm as steady as a painted ship on a painted canvas ocean."

"Every man on board crowded on deck, and while they had to hold on to the railing to keep from being washed overboard ship as long as it was in sight. Some of them that were a bit religious-like made the sign of the cross, and others tried to say a bit of a prayer. The fact is that every man on board thought the phantom ship a warning of death."

"The captain went below and drank hot grog till he was that reckless no ghost had any terrors for him. Then, as the wind went down a bit, he ordered us to make sail and bear down on the phantom ship."

"Up went our sail in a jiffy, and we drew along before the wind, but we could get no nearer the phantom ship. Suddenly we saw the white ghost ship lurch forward, her sails trembled for an instant, and then she seemed to sink straight down into the sea. Ten seconds from the time we saw the first quiver of her sails the ship had vanished, and we never saw her again."

"During the day the storm went down, and putting about we made port in safety. But when that schooner sailed for the fishing banks again it was with an entirely new crew from the captain to cabin boy. Not a man who saw the ghost ship from her deck would sail on that schooner again."

"Such is the old sailor belief in the ghosts of the sea as warnings of danger. The men who see one of them will never sail again on the same ship if they live to see port."—New York Dispatch.

### Is This Why Dr. Graves Killed Himself?

James McFarland, assistant general superintendent of the western division of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency and superintendent of the Denver office, said:

"There are some developments in the famous Graves murder case that never have been published before that I think would prove interesting for your readers. I refer to the causes that led Graves to commit suicide."

"Pending the second trial I received a note from a young man in Boston stating that he thought he could furnish important evidence in the case. Accordingly Prosecuting Attorney Stevens went to see him. The young man's story was that one night last April he had been visiting friends in the neighborhood of Boston and had gone to the station to board the train. While waiting by himself he was approached by a fine looking man, who asked if he could write. Upon this the man said, 'I want to fool a friend and want you to write what I tell you.' Upon his stating that he had no pen the man produced a stylographic pen and a piece of paper and told him to write the identical words inscribed on the bottle received by Mrs. Barnaby. When he had finished, the man took the paper, gave the boy a \$5 bill and laughingly said, 'I'll have a good joke out of this.'"

"The boy was pleased at making \$5 so easily and went back to his uncle and told him of it. Some months later, when the papers were full of the Graves trial, one of the Boston journals published a cut of the doctor. The uncle showed this to the boy, who immediately said, 'Why, that is the man who gave me that \$5.' Mr. Stevens obtained these facts and started for home, the boy agreeing to come to Denver and give his testimony."

"By some means Dr. Graves heard of this. That same night he committed suicide."—San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

**Largest Family on Record.**

In the Harlein manuscript, Nos. 78 and 980, in the library of the British museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of 63 children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known), for the record mentions the fact that 46 of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grownup women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1830, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certain gentleman of large estates" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.

—St. Louis Republic.

**A Mare's Suicide.**

"I owned a mare once that committed suicide," said A. R. Homer. "She had a colt of which she was more than usually fond. One day the colt fell into a ditch and broke its leg. The animal had to be killed, and its mother was inconsolable. She would whimper and call for the colt, and when it failed to come nothing would induce her to eat. For several days all efforts to induce her to partake of food were in vain, and I was afraid that she would starve. One morning I saw her standing by a barrel of water from which she was in the habit of drinking. Her attitude struck me as singular, and going to her I found that she was dead, with her head stuck into the water as far as she could reach. There was no other conclusion possible than that she had deliberately drowned herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**N Society**

women often feel the effect of too much gayety—balls, theatres, and teas—in rapid succession find them worn out, or "run down," by the end of the season. They suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness and irregularities. The smile and good spirits take flight. It is time to accept the help offered in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine which was discovered and used by a prominent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaint" and the nervous disorders which arise from it. The "Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic and purgative, especially adapted to women's delicate wants for it regulates and promotes all the natural functions, builds up, invigorates and cures.

Many women suffer from nervous prostration, or exhaustion, owing to congestion or to disorder of the special functions. The waste products should be quickly got rid of, the local source of irritation relieved and the system invigorated with the "Prescription." Do not take the so-called celery compounds, and services which only put the nerves to sleep, but get a lasting cure with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

**"FEMALE WEAKNESS."**

Mrs. WILLIAM HOOVER, of Belleville, Richmond Co., Ohio, writes: "I had been a great sufferer from 'female weakness.' I tried three doctors; they did me no good. I thought I was an invalid for ever. But I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and then I wrote to him and he told me just how to take it. I took eight bottles. I now feel entirely well. I could stand on my feet only a short time, and now I do all my work for my family of five."

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