

A GHOSTLY LETTER

From London's Foggy Town by "Flying Trip."

T. P. O'CONNOR'S WRAITH.

Living Wraiths and Dead Ghosts Haunting the House of Parliament, but Although They Scare People They Are Not as Dangerous as the Lobbyists in the Halls of Congress at Washington.

Special correspondence Sunday Globe.

London, Aug 9, 1901.

Ghostly walk in the British Parliament. There seems to be no doubt of it. The fact is confirmed by the testimony of many witnesses. Not only ghosts of dead persons, but wraiths of living personages of various ranks are seen in Parliament when their bodies are known to be far away. It is no new thing for ghosts to haunt Parliament. They have done it since when first there was a Parliament. Some of them have histories connected with royalty, and the appearance of some of them foretold a death in the reigning family. What in Ireland would be called the royal banshee appeared in or near Parliament not long before the Duke of Edinburgh died, and again shortly before Queen Victoria passed away. The Houses of Parliament have a highly respectable set of ghosts, and there are plenty of honorable members who can tell you all about them, and give you chapter, date, and evidence, too, of their appearances, their peculiarities, habits, and customs, such as would make the flesh of the young and superstitious creep uncomfortably.

The queerest part of it is that there are two good cases on record of the ghosts of living persons having appeared in the House of Commons, and one of them was that of a sitting member, a no less distinguished and well-known Englishman than the Hon. Mr. O'Connor. An account of this strange appearance says:

"There is any amount of evidence to substantiate the appearance of T. P.'s ghost in the spring of 1897. Why it should choose to appear whilst the honorable member still resides in the country, I can only surmise. It is possible for all but the ghost itself, though those learned in the habits of the spook do say that when the persons they represent are suffering mental uneasiness their phantoms are sometimes seen. On this ground there was ample excuse for the intrusion of the T. P. wraith in the House, for it actually entered the hallowed precincts and sat itself down on the third bench on the opposition side below the gangway, where Mr. O'Connor usually sits. A telegram had previously called the Hon. Member to himself to Ireland to the bedside of his dying father. A friend of his, Mr. J. G. Swift, Mr. McNeill, M. P., was not aware of this fact, and was as positive as he could be that he saw him sitting in his usual place. Others who know 'T. P.' well were equally certain.

The other ghost of a living person is that of the wife of one of the officials of the House of Commons, and this particular wraith made its appearance even more recently. Many of his friends and acquaintances declare most positively that they saw it. The lady resided within the precincts of the House, and one night the handle of her bedroom door was quietly turned and the door was thrown ajar. That of itself seemed nothing, and the lady simply closed the door again; but a few minutes later it was opened in the same way. The door was ajar, and a little puzzled, she rang the bell for the butler. When this latter individual saw her he had a fright, for he declared emphatically that he had passed the lady herself in the corridor just before answering the summons. He had no doubt of it, and others who had seen the lady where she certainly was not. There was the mystery and there the ghost.

Some people fancy this was not a new wraith at all, but was a revival of the 'White Lady' ghost, which haunted the House of Commons for a period of 50 or 60 years ago. This was the figure of a lady clad in robes of white, and it trailed along the corridors in different parts of the House night after night, and was seen by scores of people.

Another female Parliamentary ghost is the 'Terrace Ghost,' which has not been seen for 20 years or more, but which used to be a fairly constant visitor to the terrace on nasty, foggy nights. It had a distinct preference for bad weather, and such was its reality that it almost frightened out of its life almost any member of the House who was on the terrace, and it was its habit to walk slowly along the whole length of the terrace, and then at the end to gaze up at the clock tower at the big building. Then it gave vent to a terrifying scream and forthwith cast itself into the river and was lost to view. This is a ghost story which suggests a roman à la mode with some M. P. implicated.

There is also a Parliamentary ghost which apparently resides in the river, and this is the Big Ben ghost, which is a spectral gentleman of very bad omen. Almost a score of persons are ready to swear they have seen it, and that not very long ago. Where the omen comes from is that when it appears a member of the royal family has invariably died on the following day. The Big Ben ghost made its unwelcome visit to Westminster on December 13, 1861, December 13, 1878, and January 15, 1892—please note the days of the month, and on the following days respectively the country mourned the death of the Prince Consort, Princess Alice and the Duke of Clarence. The last appearance was on the day before Queen Victoria's death.

This ghost is an old man, for it comes as a bent old man in a rotten old skirt, which glides along from the Surrey side of the river a little below Westminster bridge, shoots the hind arch and then dashes into the terrace wall of the House at the instant that Big Ben, the Parliament clock bell, clangs the first of his midnight strokes. Nothing more is seen of it. The last time it accomplished this performance a river police boat saw it, challenged it, and, getting no response, gave chase; but the ghost's vanishing trick was too much for the officers, who nearly upset their boat through going headlong into the terrace themselves. What is one to think when it is gravely stated that a constable who was on duty on the terrace at the time saw the whole thing and reported it to Scotland Yard detective headquarters?

There is also a 'Radiant Boy'

ghost in the House of Commons, who is a very unhappy sort of creature, wandering about from room to room in a most melancholy manner and moaning pitifully all the time. Its eyes are of remarkable brightness, but it never looks up at before it, knowing its case is riveted upon the floor. Its face is a deathly white, and a silver flame shines like a halo round its head as it pursues its mournful course, with the palms of its hands extended and parallel with the ground. So at all events say they who claim to have seen the specter.

Even a prime minister, the second Earl Grey, declared that he saw a ghost in Parliament, and he was without doubt terribly upset at the apparition. The Earl was by no means a superstitious man, but he delivered his great speech on the introduction of a death's head appear right in front of him. It came for a few seconds, and he distinctly and then faded away into nothingness. What renders the story still more remarkable is the fact that the Earl's daughter, Lady Georgina, herself declared that she saw the same thing, and she told her story to her father before she was aware of his own.

Another authenticated story is of a ghost which was acquainted with the Parliamentary procedure as to be able to vote in the Division lobby. An important measure was before the House, and five whips were sent out imploring members to be in their places and take part in the critical vote. One M. P. who was abroad and very unwell at the time, replied by telegram that he certainly would be present. A little after midnight the division was duly taken, and the tellers at the door of the lobby declared emphatically that they saw the gentleman, and that they therefore counted his vote. It was discovered, however, the next day that the number of votes recorded by the clerks was one fewer than those recorded by the tellers, and this one was that of particular M. P. And hence was the ghostly vote that when the vote was taken he was lying dead.

The ghost of Mr. Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated in the House by the madman Bellingham, when he was chancellor of the exchequer, is said occasionally to haunt the House, and the story of his appearance is written by his grandson, there is a most circumstantial account of a dream dreamt by Mr. John Williams of Cornwall a few nights before the tragedy, wherein he three times, with waking intervals, saw the murdered man just as it eventually did. Mr. Williams was so much alarmed and impressed that it was with difficulty that he was persuaded not to go up to London and tell Mr. Perceval the story, as he wished to do. About the authenticity of the story, it is said that there is absolutely no doubt whatever.

Surely if any ghost has a right to a place in Parliament it is that of old Guy Fawkes, and he has duly attended there, though lately he appears to have become scarce of the proceedings, for it was on November 4, 1852, that he last tarried there. That when the Commons first took possession of their new House.

We want every Union man to try Caro in Brights.

A COLORED HAREM.

Forty Girls Share the Joys and Sorrows of Senor Juan Dios Montez.

Near Walsenburg, Col., there lives a rich Mexican with a little kingdom of his own. The name of this emulador is the Sultan of Turkey is Senor Juan Dios Montez. Within his household he has 40 beautiful Mexican girls, all his slaves.

Mr. J. R. Kilian, a lawyer of Walsenburg, has made complaint to the governor, and says the laws of Colorado are being violated by Montez and his people. In addition to having more wives than the law allows Montez is head of a strange religious sect.

Mr. Kilian, during his visit to the Montez premises, saw many huge crosses which were borne up the mountainside some 200 yards and return. This work was done as penance, and every member of Montez's belief is supposed at some time during every month to carry this huge cross up the mountain and return. The Montez family is apparently dependent upon him. It is said a formal complaint will soon be made against him and his 'harem' investigated.

When do you expect to try Carolina Brights?

UP-TO-DATE CONDUCTOR

Who Was Determined to Make His Tallies Agree.

A good story is going the rounds of the officials of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company concerning the wonderful presence of mind displayed recently by a new conductor on one of the company's trolley cars. This particular car was bowling up the Avenue recently when it was halted and boarded by a company inspector.

The official hurriedly counted the passengers in the car and found that there were nine. Then he cast his eye up to the register, which, in these cars, is fastened to the woodwork above the door, and found that there had been only eight fares rung up. He disclosed his identity to the new conductor and called attention to the discrepancy.

Slowly and painfully the new hand counted over his passengers and then scanned his register.

"Desgora, am you're right, sir," he said, and promptly stopped the car.

"Soy," he demanded, addressing the passengers in an authoritative manner, "wan o' youse fellows'll have to get off the car."

If you're looking for the best, take Carolina Brights.

A FAIRY TALE

We Have Read Somewhere in the Dim Past

OF HOW TRAINED GRASSHOPPERS

Robbed the Cash Boxes of the Old Bob-Tailed Street Cars—The Man Who Trained Them for the Business Made a Snug Income Until the Boxes Were Changed An Old Conductor's Story.

"Did you ever hear of a grasshopper helping a man to steal?" said an old street railway conductor to The Globe. "Well, I remember in Denver, Col., several years ago there was a street car driven by a man who was a trick and a cheat, and he was always trying to pull a con job with wire and other things but with little success. One day he was coming with a grasshopper and noticed the fierce clutch of its front feet when he tried to lift it by his hind legs. The thought struck him that he would use the insect as a cash box of his car, and he tried it.

"In those days bobtail cars were used, in which every passenger deposited his own fare in a cash box at the front. This driver, or conductor, in trying to pull a con job with wire and other things but with little success. One day he was coming with a grasshopper and noticed the fierce clutch of its front feet when he tried to lift it by his hind legs. The thought struck him that he would use the insect as a cash box of his car, and he tried it.

"This conductor works, his money box so hard with grasshoppers that he was cautioned about the small receipts of his car. Then he decided that his opportunities as a driver were too limited, and he resigned. He caught a lot of the biggest hoppers, and even trained them to pick up dimes and quarters made the bugs much more intelligent, and they worked faster. After getting in a supply of thoroughly well-posted hoppers, he interviewed the street car drivers all over the city and offered to provide them with a supply of grasshoppers, warranted to pull a coin at every attempt, for a certain amount daily. In a few weeks the receipts of the Denver railroads fell off about thirty per cent, and the officials were nearly crazy, as they could discover nothing in the traffic conditions to justify such a state of affairs.

"In the meantime the inventor of the grasshopper scheme was rolling in luxury. He had nearly a dozen clients of whom he paid from 50 cents to a dollar a day. He got so much wrapped in his scheme that he claimed he could pick out big grasshoppers with large, intelligent heads and protruding eyes and bulgy teeth, and after a course of several days educate them to a height of efficiency which made them pick up quarters instead of nickels or dimes. He charged extra for the post-graduate bugs, and the conductors told me that they really would grab the biggest coin in the bottom of the box and leave the nickels until the quarters were gone.

"They would begin on the nickels next, however, and leave the dimes until the last, because in spite of their university education they could not tell that the smaller dime was worth more than the larger nickel.

"The great pet of the grasshopper trainer was one big bug which could 'spit tobacco' like a canal boat captain, and he had nearly a dozen clients of whom he paid from 50 cents to a dollar a day. He got so much wrapped in his scheme that he claimed he could pick out big grasshoppers with large, intelligent heads and protruding eyes and bulgy teeth, and after a course of several days educate them to a height of efficiency which made them pick up quarters instead of nickels or dimes. He charged extra for the post-graduate bugs, and the conductors told me that they really would grab the biggest coin in the bottom of the box and leave the nickels until the quarters were gone.

"When he got the bug and the three dimes out of the box and put them down on the table, the old man said, the grasshopper dropped the coins and then hopped around in a glad, proud way that brought tears to his eyes.

"It sure was a great scheme, but it was too good to last. As the spots on the company put on could not discover how the robberies were committed, it did look pretty bad to see drivers beginning to wear silk hats, red neckties and buttonhole bouquets while on their cars, but there was nothing more criminal in that. The most serious part to hiring hostlers to do the stable part of the work, and they all got into such luxurious habits generally that several had to retire on rather modest fortunes because their health suffered from an exposure to the weather. It was plain to be seen that the deficit in receipts was due to robbery on the cars, and after a long palaver the directors decided that it would be best to employ the smartest detective they could get, and to send East for one who was way up on the street railway stealing, and they got the best. That fellow was a wonder. He took hold as soon as he lit in town, and the first thing he did was to have the cash box taken off the first car that turned up. The detective carried it away and examined it carefully, every part of it. He tried all sorts of ways to get the two nickels that were left after a trip through the business section of the city and a transaction in the suburbs by the driver and his bug, but could not get anything in the slot that would take out the coins.

"Then he opened the thing and closely inspected the inside. In a minute he saw a dark stain and the conductor, who looked closer, and saw that it was apparently tobacco juice. He could not imagine how a man could spit tobacco into the box, even if he wanted to, and this detective, being, as I said, right smart, concluded that the stains

were not from tobacco. He took the box to a chemist, and after an investigation of several days the chemist reported that the stains were made by the spittle of a grasshopper.

"Then the detective went and got a grasshopper, and he did not go out in the fields, either. He figured that it was no country bred hopper that had been spitting in a cash box. He loafed around the car stables until he saw a great big hopper that seemed mighty tame jump out of a car and light on a load of green grass that was standing in the yard. The detective caught the hopper, which did not seem the least afraid, and took it to his room. That he put some corn in the cash box and pushed the hopper head foremost in through the slot. Now by a mighty bad stroke of luck, the detective had got hold of the pet hopper of the old man who discovered the scheme, and that bug was a wise one. It thought it was being taken out for an extra training stand, and it made it mad to be torn away from that fresh, sweet grass. It determined to show that fellow just what he was fooling with, and when it got the coins it just reached round and pulled in everything in sight. Its fore feet had lengthened out some by constant practice and it was growing at the time, anyhow, so when it scooped up everything in the box, about \$1.50, it just had an armful.

"Then it pulled one of its legs to let that rake, which is on the side of the hind leg of every grasshopper, scratch the man's hand as a signal for it to be pulled out. That was another trick it had pulled up itself.

"Well, when the detective pulled out that big hopper and saw it hugging an armful of coins he nearly fainted. He put the bug down, and the hopper opened its arms and laid the money on the table. Then it lit out through the window for the grass again. Well, it was all up then. The detective thought he had made the greatest case of his life. He went to the officials and explained to them how they were being robbed. But he did not make any hit at all. Three of them called him a liar right off the reel, and the whole mob jumped and denounced him as a fraud. He stuck to his story, and then they paid him off right there, and told him if he was in town by sunrise they would have put him in an insane asylum. So he jumped for the East.

"He did not get into any more trouble, after they ran the detective out of town they got to thinking over the matter, and one of 'em says: 'That sounder was certainly trying to swindle us with his lies, but if the drivers are stealing from those cash boxes I think we had better get some new ones that'll be sure to hold on.' They sent away and got some of the kind of boxes where a coin runs down one way and then the other way, and then across again, and last closed up the grasshopper business.

"If you're looking for the best, take Carolina Brights. He had nearly a dozen clients of whom he paid from 50 cents to a dollar a day. He got so much wrapped in his scheme that he claimed he could pick out big grasshoppers with large, intelligent heads and protruding eyes and bulgy teeth, and after a course of several days educate them to a height of efficiency which made them pick up quarters instead of nickels or dimes. He charged extra for the post-graduate bugs, and the conductors told me that they really would grab the biggest coin in the bottom of the box and leave the nickels until the quarters were gone.

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Can't Add Anything to This. Editor Globe: I wish you'd write an article in regard to Dr. Stafford, acting pastor of St. Patrick's Church, dismissing Mrs. Blanche Mattingly Rogers from the choir without any cause whatever, except that he wished to make room for a church 'pet' of his. Mrs. Rogers is the wife of a prominent lawyer of Maryland, and has, with one exception (Mrs. Noyes), the loveliest voice in the city. She is also a woman of the most charming personality and a favorite with rich, poor, high and low. Dr. Stafford is only acting pastor, and his authority to dismiss Mrs. Rogers is questioned. Please write it up in your usual fluent way, and you will be doing the public at large a benefit. Please don't furnish my name.

Mrs. M.

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