

## A STRANGE STORY.

### Olive Harper's Experience in a New York Hotel.

In the latter part of April, 1873, I went to the Metropolitan hotel in New York, which is situated at the corner of Broadway and Prince streets, and was assigned to room "242." This room fronted on Prince street and was about 10 feet wide by 15 long, with an alcove for the bed adjoining the main hall, while a narrow hall led from the main hall to the room by the side of the alcove. I am thus particular in describing the room because it has a direct bearing upon the story I shall relate.

The room has but one window and bedside table is the fireplace, and both together take up the entire wall space. An old-fashioned bureau stood by the window on the left hand entering the room. A stationary wash-stand, with a movable gas burner above, was placed between the bureau and the door leading into the little hall. A rather faded Brussels carpet covered the floor, and a small oval marble-topped table stood in the center of the room. A couple of easy-chairs and two plain chairs also stood about. On the right-hand side of the room was a wardrobe near the foot of the bed, just outside the alcove, and between that and the fireplace was a lounge. This completed the furnishing of the room.

I had arrived from a railroad journey and was very tired, but in superb health. I never was one likely to indulge in vision; and wish it distinctly understood that I am not a spiritualist, and do not believe in spiritual manifestations in any way. I relate what I have to say just as it happened, leaving the explanation to any one who can explain it.

I arrived, as I say, and was given this room. I had my dinner served in the room, and sat there until midnight writing letters, and then calling the bell boy and giving him the letters. I closed and locked the outer hall door, and then the inner one, and after looking at several photographs of friends, I left them and my writing material on the table, and went to bed, assuring myself that there was no possibility of any one entering the room by the window. There were no transoms, only a sort of window blind slatwork over the head of the bed for air. I left the gas turned up slightly, and the little table by the side of the stationary wash-stand, where I had drawn it for the sake of the light, there being no other burner in the room.

Being very healthy, tired, and not troubled by a bad conscience or digestion, I went to sleep almost as soon as I was comfortably settled in bed, and I do not know how long I slept. Suddenly I awoke and sat bolt upright in bed, and saw two men in the room. The light was bright, and they were seated at the right-hand side of the room at the foot of my bed. One was on the sofa and the other on a chair, and the little marble-topped table was between them, and on this table they were playing cards. I heard no words, but knew it was cards, because I understood that some fairly well myself.

He who was sitting, or rather reclining on the sofa was a delicate-looking man, like one in poor health, and he was dressed in a light-colored suit. He had thin, reddish hair and straggling beard. His forehead was unusually broad and high, and the rest of his face was peculiar. His hands were long and thin, and his left wrist was misshapen, as if it had once been broken and badly set.

The other man was stout, dark, with piercing black eyes, and eyebrows which seemed to stand out straight. His hair was straight and thick, and very black and shining. His moustache was thick and drooping. At one corner of the mouth—a little scar like the letter V in shape, and his face and chin had that peculiar blue tinge that some dark men have when newly shaved. He was handsome, without being dressed in dark clothing. They played one hand and had played one trick on the next, when I noticed they seemed angry and quarreling, though I heard no sound, and in an instant the dark man quickly drew a knife and stabbed the other in the left breast. The knife penetrated to the very hilt. He shivered a little, his eyes closed, and he was dead. Then the other one rose and lifted up the inert right arm and drew it forward, and clasp'd the hand around the handle of the knife, and pushed the table closer until it held the elbow of the dead man in such a position as would keep the arm from falling again. Then he gathered up the cards, put them into his pocket, took up his hat, and in an instant the whole scene had disappeared, and I fell back in the bed and knew no more until morning.

I might give a long description of my terrors and work up a thrilling tale, but as I am simply narrating facts I must say that I was not frightened. I was more surprised than anything else, and the whole took place so suddenly that I had not time to get frightened until it was all over, and when I awoke in the morning it had almost passed from my mind, as I thought it but a dream. But when I rose and went into the room I saw that the table stood by the side of the lounge and all my photographs and papers were on the bureau. Still I did not attach great importance to that event, as I walked in my sleep some when I was young, and in the press of business the next day it went entirely out of my mind.

That night I was roused in precisely the same manner as before, and I saw the same things precisely. In the morning the table stood by the side again, and all the things that had been on it were on the bureau. This surprised me a good deal, and I must confess to feeling a little "crazy" about it; still much occupation during the day almost effaced the impression before night. The third evening I spent with some friends, and returned at about 11 o'clock, and almost

immediately retired, to go through exactly the same experience, and that in reality I began to feel uncomfortable and not to care about going to bed. I determined to fix things so that nobody could move that table. I did not believe in supernatural agency, and I took a rope that had been around my trunk and I tied that table fast to the leg of the bureau, and tied more knots than I could have untied in half an hour, piled some things on the top and went to bed leaving the gas fully turned on. I awoke next morning after having been the unwilling witness of it all again and the rope lay on the floor and all the things with it.

I declared to myself that I would not sleep in that room another night, though I did not think spirits had anything to do with it. I called a chambermaid and asked her if she could not sleep in the room with me. She said that was against the rules, but that she would speak to the housekeeper. So early did, and the housekeeper came down. I had a conversation with her and asked her if any one had ever complained in any way of that room. She hesitated, and finally said that a sick lady once had insisted on being carried to another room, but did not offer any explanation, some said either, but decided not to give up without one more trial, and this night I determined not to fall asleep at all, and so I sat up reading, or rather trying to read, until nearly twelve, and then I did not feel quite as though I wanted to remain in the same room, and I desired as much protection as I could get. The room would give, though there were but curtains to separate the rooms.

So I sat up in bed there for half an hour. All in an instant the whole thing was before me again, and I did feel somewhat queer and chilly, but I felt the progress of the whole thing again, and as I decided, for the last time.

As soon as was feasible in the morning I sent for Mr. Adams, the clerk to come up, and I asked him if he would tell me whether any murder had ever been committed in that room, and he declared there had not; but when I insisted on finding out whether a tragedy of any kind had been enacted there, he admitted that once a man had committed suicide in that room. He had been sick and was despondent, and so had taken his life.

I felt sure, then, and told him so, that that man had been murdered, and under just such circumstances as I had described. Mr. Adams could not give the details of the position of the body of the supposed suicide.

I was then assigned to another room, and as long as I remained I saw more of my ghostly vision. I promised Mr. Adams to say nothing about it, not that we believed in ghosts, either of us, but for the hotel's sake; and I went my way to Europe after a few days, and remained there some years. On my return I simply passed through New York, and had almost forgotten the whole affair. After several years' residence in America again, and after travelling the whole length and breadth of our country twice, it is quite natural to suppose that I should have forgotten all about it. One day I was writing a very lively, sprightly letter, when all at once I pushed aside that letter, and drawing other paper toward me wrote out a simple history of that affair, just as it was, and mailed it to the New York Sun.

They took only time to verify what they could of the story and published it. It made considerable stir, and reporters visited the room and interviewed Mr. Adams, who admitted all that is here told; and also added that he felt positive that I was perfectly sincere and honest, and a particularly level-headed person, and one not given to any of the fallacies of spiritualism, and that he did not doubt I saw everything as I said. He had had one or two persons who desired to leave that room, but he did not know why. He would not be afraid to sleep there, but never had done so. Then several persons who had occupied that room began to be heard from, all relating different experiences, though none had seen what I had.

A Catholic priest published an article relating to it, and accounting for it as saying that he believed that the man had been murdered, and that, as a punishment for his crime, he was obliged to enact it every night in spirit while asleep, and that it was a well-known fact that one mind had influence over another to a greater or less extent, and that his mind during its free moments had forced mine to behold the tragedy.

Some of the newspapers suggested that it was the ghost of Tammany; others declared it Bill Tweed, and some ridiculed the whole affair.

An English sea captain also published his experience while occupying that room. He had been playing cards with a friend, and while at the little table there came an invisible shower of apparently heavy articles down on the table, scattering the cards right and left. Another man had had peculiar, but not startling, experiences there.

Several years have passed since that time, and I had almost forgotten that I had ever written or seen anything when about two months since the whole was brought to my mind by a strange and shocking incident.

I was walking along one of the busiest streets in New York, and it was very hot and I did not wish to get unnecessarily heated, when I became aware of an uncomfortable sensation, as if a cold hand was touching me and leading me toward a lady of graceful figure and figure, who was standing by the side of a gentleman whose face and figure seemed strangely familiar to me. I caught his look, which was fixed upon me, and he drew his lips back in an attempt to smile, which was so ghastly a sight that all who saw it shuddered, and then he fell to the ground dead.

Of course everything was done that could be done to restore him, but needless, and the doctor said he died in a fit. I was the only other woman present, and, as such, I felt it a duty to stay by the woman, who seemed to be stricken with a pallor of death, though she did not faint or cry when she made her last gasp. I took her hand and, and almost as she was able to give orders, and

asked what could be done for her. She replied weakly, but simply, "nothing." She would have the body taken to an undertaker and buried there and then she would go home.

I turned to go and gave her my card, saying that I should be but too happy to be of service, and started out; but as my eyes fell on the face of the dead man I saw, with a shock that I fear I shall never forget, that it was the murderer of my vision, without any shadow of doubt.

The next day brought me a package by post, in which was a pack of cards and a slip of paper, on which was written: "It is not over now and the punishment is yet forced to witness. Has wrought its result. The man you saw die yesterday slew his half-brother for a fancied wrong, the pretext of a quarrel at cards being a subterfuge. As soon as my husband knew that his brother had been supplanted in his father's affections he became the victim of a plot as terrible as imagination could paint. His father became almost a maniac when he heard of his younger son's supposed suicide, and as my husband dared not own himself a murderer to that poor old father he suffered such tortures as you can imagine. He was a true and a faithful will and could control himself while awake, but as soon as he would sleep it seemed to fly through space, and no matter where we were—and we traveled everywhere he would return in spirit to that fatal room. He told me you were in it, and I loved enough to love him still and to pity him infinitely, and of all he ever saw, you and one other woman were all to whom he could ever show the tragedy plainly. He has told me that sometimes in his baffled rage he would long to be there in order to be able to kill the sleeper. This other woman died, and at last you made public what convinced the father that his beloved son had not been guilty of self-destruction, but he never dreamed of suspecting his elder son, so that he died content. We were on our way to Savannah, where we both were born. I send you this to thank you and to ask you to publish it, as a true story which may work among passionate ones who let unreasoning anger and suspicion have their way. You will not see me again. Before you receive this I shall have joined my dear husband. Perhaps God will be merciful to him in pity for his suffering. Good-by."

That was all. No address; no name. The papers next day recorded the death of an unknown woman at a lodging-house. She was buried from the money found on her person. At the same time the corpse of the strange man was buried by the undertaker. It was a sad and satisfactory ending to this singular mystery, in which I was unwillingly made an actor.

If any one can explain how such a thing could be I should be glad to know it. In the meantime I assure such persons as may read this that every word written in this story is actually true, as far as I am concerned, and as for the rest, I believe it though I cannot understand it.

### Brother Gardner on the Workingman.

"How does your club stand on de workingman question?"

Brother Gardner read these lines from a letter on his desk, and, after looking around upon his audience, replied:

"Who am de workingman? He am a machinist, carpenter, painter, glazier, car-builder, moulder, wood-sawyer, or white-washer. He works for wages. De amount of wages am determined by de need of his services, by de price of what he helps to make, by de demand for it, and by de profits his employer makes. A contractor kin no mo' pay a carpenter \$4 a day dan de carpenter kin pay 75 cents a pound for butter. De law of supply an' demand don't fix de rate of wages altogether. A man kin be wuth only a sartin sum in any craft. Workingmen realize dis as well as philosophers. De workingman has just as far a show as de merchant. Supply an' demand regulate prices, an goods are wuth only as much as any consumer is wuth 'em."

"I has no tears to shed over what am termed de consubstition of de laborin' class. De boy who sets out to larn a trade betters himself instead of sacrificin' anything. De man who am earnin' \$2 a day ought to lib in a \$2 a day style. If he kin earn mo' let him spend mo'. If he kin't let him be satisfied. De average workin' men lib in a comfortable cottage and has it comfortably furnished. His condition, as dey call it, am robust health, sound sleep, plenty to eat, a good fire, children in school, an' a pipe an' newspaper arter supper. De workin' man has no business buyin' what he cannot afford."

"And what has popped up in de last score o' yars to make de laborin' man discontented? I tell ye, my frens, it am de spirit o' false pride dat am playin' de ole boy wid de man who has to work fur his money. He wants to appear better dan he really is. He wants a house better dan he kin afford. He wants to furnish it better dan he kin afford. His daughter mus' have an organ or pianner, his son w'ar fine clothes, an' his wife walk out in garments nebber intended fur her. It takes mo' dan gold wages to keep up dis false show. De average dar an one workin' man in fifty who am satisfied to live wid his income. If de man was satisfied his wife wouldn't be. It has got so dat de daughter of a laborin' man am ashamed of de fact. It has got so dat gals consider it a disgrace to go housework. It has got so dat sons of laborin' men want to spend money fast an' an' an' an' kin't do it. Widespread de daughter of a whitewasher an' de wife of a wordsawyer mus' have fur-lined cloaks de condition of de laborin' class am sunthin, dat no one man kin tackle. Let us proceed to proceedin'."

Several members of the club whose wives have appeared in \$5 boots and red velvet jackets, seemed to be rendered uneasy by the president's remarks, and as Sir Isaac Walpole arose to pass the bean-bow it was evident that his thoughts had something to do with his trading off a horse to get his wife a seal skin.—Detroit Free Press.

Ten cotton factories and nine gold mines are in operation within a radius of thirty miles of Charlotte, N. C. The cotton factories yield the most gold.

## HOUSE AND FARM.

### Hints to the Cook.

An entree specially designed to accompany roast pork is made in this way: Peel as many potatoes as will cover the bottom of a deep pig dish. Sprinkle a half a teaspoonful of dried sage over them. Cut a small onion in thin slices, and spread them over this. Add salt and pepper, and little lumps of butter according to your taste. Cover the bottom of the dish with water, and bake in a moderate oven.

An appetizing entree is made by taking cold boiled cabbage; chop it fine; for a medium-sized padding dish full add two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, with a dozen small and medium sized potatoes, put the padding dish, with the cabbage in and bake until brown. This may be served cold, but it is much better if served hot. It is especially good with roast pork, or pork chops.

A delicious chicken soup is made by cutting up one chicken and putting it in your kettle with nearly two quarts of water, a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. When about half done add two teaspoonfuls of barley or of rice. When this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces, and add to the soup the rest of the chicken. The rest of the chicken may be reserved for salad, or for chicken croquettes.

A delicate entree is made by scraping ten small table carrots and putting them in a saucepan with three ounces of butter. Let them simmer gently; when you judge that they have cooked for fifteen minutes, add some salt, pepper, a very small onion chopped fine, and a little, say a teaspoonful—of chopped parsley. When the carrots are tender, drain the butter from them and serve hot. This is a nice dish with roast beef.

Potato pancakes make a most excellent dish for supper. Serve with the same embellishments in the way of pickles, sauces as you would do were the potatoes were offering fried oysters. Grate a dozen medium sized potatoes, after peeling them and washing thoroughly. Add the yolks of three eggs, a heaping table spoonful of flour, and if they seem dry, a little milk will do to thin them, with a large teaspoonful of salt, and lastly the whites of the three eggs beaten stiff, and thoroughly beaten in with the potatoes. Beat your griddle and put butter and lard in equal proportions on it, and fry the cakes in it until they are brown. Make them a third larger than the ordinary size of the pancake.

One way to economize and to produce excellent results in cooking is to use suet in place of butter or lard. For many purposes it is better than either of these. Some people who object decidedly to cakes fried in lard relish them when made in suet. Beef balls are very nice fried in suet. The same suet can be used for these. Chop the meat fine, season well with pepper and salt and any herb you may choose, shape them like fat balls with your hands, dip in egg and fine cracker or bread crumbs, and fry in the hot suet.

### Current Cuttings.

An experienced gardener of Indiana, according to the Farmer's Advocate, is of opinion that very few persons who plant current cuttings do it at the right season of the year. It is usually done in the spring, when in fact it should be done in the fall. I have had a good deal of experience in propagating cuttings. I always plant my current cuttings in the fall as soon as the leaves fall off. They will make durable roots two or four inches long the same fall, while the buds remain dormant. They will make double the growth the next season if set in the fall, than they will if set in the spring. They should be set in ground that will not leave them out by the effects of frost, and should be covered just before winter sets in with straw, or leaves, or the covering early in the spring, and examine the cuttings to see if any of them have heaved, and if so, press them down again. If should they heave up an inch or more, if well pressed down, they will start and make a better growth than cutting in the spring. In either case however, the cuttings should always be made in the fall.

### Happy-Go-Luck Farming.

The Western Rural in commenting upon the happy-go-luck style of farming which our improved machinery makes possible, says, "it is not a question with us how much an acre will produce, or can be made to produce? An acre? What is an acre? If one acre does not produce as much as we want we plant better, or more, or more, and riding cultivators, and reaping machines, make distance and area of very little importance. In fact we spread out our operations too wide and too thin, simply because our modern improvements enable us to do so. We waste land and we waste interest on capital invested in land; and we will be compelled to do differently in this country. We shall have to contract our operations, and quit cultivating an entire township in one farm simply because inventive genius enables us to get over it easily. Unless, for instance, we can increase the yield of wheat per acre in this country, there is danger of being driven out of the business of wheat growing. As the country becomes settled up and land increases in price, we shall not be able to devote land to raising fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre, and that is above the average. We must make one acre do at least what two are now doing and we shall do it. No doubt of it at all. Farming is not always going to be what it now is in the United States. It cannot always be so; and the question with every farmer ought to be not how much acreage can I get over, with our marvelously perfect machinery, but what is the limit I can compel every acre under cultivation, to do in production?"

### Warmth and Pure Air for Stock.

The recent cold weather gives stock excellent appetite and shows conclusive-

ly the importance of providing for the comfortable winter quarters. The loss from unnecessary exposure of stock in Western latitudes amounts to millions of dollars in this country every winter, and the importance of the question of shelter for stock needs to be advocated. There is usually much less exposure of cattle, and the former are better enabled to bear the inclemency of weather accustomed to it. Cattle are natural sensitive to cold, and will with abundance of hearty food be able to endure the weather, yet economy requires due attention be given to the shelter and suitable means for shelter and comfort provided. Many farmers allow their stock to be unnecessarily exposed in winter, from mere carelessness and ignorance of the laws pertaining to the health and comfort of all animals. The need to be reminded that the best in warm-blooded animals requires to be kept at nearly the same temperature as that when the weather becomes cold and stormy; as in winter, some provisions must be made to keep up the animals to nearly its normal degree. This may usually be accomplished by feeding the animals heavily of strong concentrated food, but it can be done much cheaper by providing suitable protection against the cutting winds and pelting storms.

Fresh air is the vital element of health and on the hills of our dairy counties the supply from November to May is ordinarily ample for all demands; it is, to the present writing, not controlled by any combinations, or likely to be locked up by a ring, but in many and many a stable (and house as well) it is as carefully economized as if there was a risk of using it all up with no chance of getting any more. A cow cannot give whole milk without pure air as well as pure water, but thousands get little either on farms where free winds blow and bright springs bubble, simply because no thought is given to ventilation, and it is easier to let the herd drink from a yard pool than to conduct water to them.—Country Gentleman.

### Shelter for Stock.

One of the great leaks on a farm occurs during the winter from lack of adequate shelter for stock. The farmer must not be content that stock manages to live through the winter; for profit they must make constant gain. The present is an opportune time for closing the cracks in the stables, patching up the roofs of all the farm buildings, attending to stable floors and seeing that all planks are sufficiently strong to withstand the protracted weight of the animals.

When the farm possesses only a meagre supply of barns and other permanent buildings for stock, autumn is the season for constructing cheaper shelters under which cattle, sheep and swine may be protected. In sections where timber is plenty, sheds and pens can be built at small cost. When building material is scarce it becomes a more difficult matter to provide shelter for stock. In sections where the ground is dry and protection is required from frost and wind more than from rain and snow, straw and prairie hay make excellent substitutes for weather boards and shingles. It is no unusual thing to find sheds for both sheep and cattle of straw and hay with the assistance of a few forks and poles. These sheds, if best located where the opening faces the south, and if constructed on a slope, dry beds will be secured.

The poultry of the farm is liable to be neglected for what are considered objects of more importance. In point of fact these minor appendages, when provided with warm, dry shelter and proper food, are a source of considerable revenue to their owners. By all means provide shelter for the fowls. Feed them judiciously through the winter, and eggs in January, February and March, with early broods of spring chickens, will repay with good interest for the care and the money expended.

### Flaxseed as a Medicine.

From the San Francisco Scientific Press.

No household in the country should ever be without a supply of flaxseed, both whole and ground; for there is scarcely anything which can be used with greater success by the amateur physician. At least half of the ailments of little children may be traced to cold, or to some disturbance of the digestive organs; and in either of these cases a flaxseed poultice is a sovereign remedy. Pour boiling water on the ground flaxseed, stirring briskly at the same time, till it is the consistency of mush; then put it into a flannel bag previously prepared, apply it as hot as it can be borne, and cover with several folds of flannel. Let it remain until it begins to cool, when it may be replaced by another. In cases of cold on the chest, hoarseness and cough, it often acts like a charm, and also in attacks of diarrhoea, and pain in the bowels. I have seen a little child screaming in agony, relieved in a few moments by this safe household remedy, falling into a quiet sleep, and awakening the next morning quite well. Its great recommendation is, that it can do no harm, even if it should fail to do good, which is more than can be said of many nostrums confidently prescribed for family use.

Flaxseed tea, if properly made is excellent for colds and coughs, and is pleasant enough to necessitate no coaxing of the little ones. Put two or three spoonfuls of the seed into a quart of cold water, set it over the fire, and when it begins to boil, allow it two minutes by the clock. Then strain, add the juice of a lemon, and white sugar to taste. Keep it on the back of the stove warm, and it will be warm, and give a wine-glassful at short intervals.

Henry Ward Beecher thinks there are other causes for divorce than the scriptural one of adultery, but he adds that the sanctity of the family is the hope of the world, and divorces should not be facile.

Among the relics destroyed at the burning of the Pittsburg exposition building was the sword of General Anthony Wayne.