

SIGHTS OF HORROR

Some Dreadful Apparitions Many Times Seen.

THE EVIL GENIUS OF BRUTUS.

Many Highly Intelligent Men Believe in Ghosts—Many Testify Clearly to Having Seen Them—The "Singing Woman"—The "Banisher"—The "White Lady of the Hohenzollerns."

Ghosts are coming into fashion again. No, that isn't just the right way to put it, for ghosts never can be really fashionable—if they became common they would cease to be



THE SINGING GHOST IN WEST VIRGINIA. dreadful. The fact to be noted, however, is that a great many people of some standing in the intellectual world have lately availed themselves of the belief in ghosts, and, as a natural consequence, many other people have acquired the courage to relate their personal experience with apparitions.

It is matter of sincere mutual congratulation that ghosts are far better manners than formerly. They no longer scare people or conduct themselves otherwise in a reprehensible manner. Few of the old style ghosts linger with us, but the best authenticated perhaps is that of the "Singing Woman," in Kanawha county, W. Va. She is a very objectionable ghost indeed, and has a wild country to operate in.

In the rear of Cannelton mountain is a wild, wooded and hilly tract, inhabited by the most primitive people in the United States, familiarly known as the "Seng People," because one of their industries is digging ginseng. Deacon Edom Smith was a preacher to these people many years ago, and lived in a secluded forest glen. He was pale, lank and solemn. His wife was of the gypsy type—dark, of stormy mien, alert and active. That she ruled the deacon with no gentle rod no one had reason to doubt. She held herself aloof from "his people," though taking part in the night services. He never preached save at night, and then only in the light of the moon. For this he gave reasons founded on Bible teaching, satisfactory to the flock.

The dark woman was held in veneration by the "seng diggers," for she sang as none others could, and gave them healing potions and charms against the power of the evil one. Once, it is said, when Edom Smith spoke of death and the grave in his discourse, she shrieked aloud and rebuked her husband with angry words. It was known that her terror of death amounted to madness, and she had extorted an oath from him never to consign her body to the ground, but to inclose it in an oak box, to be deposited on a specified stump near the house.

She died, and Deacon Smith disposed of her corpse as requested. The people often saw her spirit near the unburied remains and learned to avoid the spot. The deacon married again, and his young wife compelled the burial of the gruesome thing—then trouble began. The deacon had deposited the coffin in an almost inaccessible cave on the mountain side above the road, and every night the pester heard there the strange wailing songs that Olga Smith used to sing. In Deacon Smith's cabin there was no peace. The Bible had fresh bloody finger marks on it every morning, and he and his young wife at last abandoned the place and left the state. A fire consumed the hut. The daring few who climbed to the cave saw the moldering coffin and its contents, but the wild nocturnal songs went on. Even now the songs may still be heard occasionally at twilight, and fearful shrieks just at midnight.

Who can doubt the reality of the Irish ban shee when so many reputable witnesses have testified to it?

The Rev. Charles Dunworth, rector of Bullivant, in county Cork, was lying ill when one evening a servant named Kavanagh came in apparently in great grief and wringing his hands. "What is it you mean, Kavanagh?" inquired Miss Dunworth.

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"Is it me?" said Kavanagh; "the ban shee has come for him, miss, and 'tis not I alone who have heard her."

as plain as I ever heard it. When I came to the old abbey she parted from me there and turned into the pigeon field next the burying ground, and, folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by lightning and began keening so bitterly that it went through one's heart to hear it. The rector declined rapidly, though no one told him of the ban shee, who soon appeared to others. At length she appeared in the shrubbery one night, and circled the house, wailing in a low tone and clapping her hands. That night the rector died. Equally well authenticated is the case of "The McCarthy," who died and was laid out for several hours when he came back to life and insisted that he had been before the judgment seat, but had been permitted to come back with the understanding that three years more of life were granted him in which he might become a better man.

He had been very wild and dissipated, but reformed at once and lived as a man naturally who knew that the day of his death was fixed. As the time drew near McCarthy's mother sent for her sister to be with them at the eventful time. On the way the ban shee appeared, giving a succession of screams and making a loud clapping of the hands. Then they saw the figure of a tall, thin woman, with uncovered head and hair that floated round her shoulders, attired in something which might be a loose white cloak or a sheet. She stood in the way as if to stop them and motioned to go another way, which they finally went. When they got there they found that McCarthy had been slightly wounded by a pistol shot, a wound that was thought of no importance, but from which he died the very day that the three years was up.

The "White Lady of the Hohenzollerns" has been seen so often that she is quite a historical character. She was an ancestress of the reigning family of Prussia, now the imperial family of Germany, and first appeared in 1598, to announce the death of the elector John George. She continued to appear with considerable regularity till the time of Frederick, father of Frederick the Great. That old tyrant was lying on his bed in a weak, exhausted condition, with a valet asleep on a mattress near by. Suddenly he heard the hangings divide, and saw a white lady with outstretched arms and flowing hair, inclining her head toward the bed, and turning from right to left, as though she sought something under the hangings. At last she discovered the king, and her steady eyes looked at him in long silence. The king raised himself and made a movement; hereupon she followed him; she was unmoved. At that moment the clock on a pier table near the bed rang the hour and stopped. The lady disappeared. At the same moment a violent noise was heard in the room adjoining where were, and now are, placed on etagères, the plates and dishes used in the fetes of the Prussian king. They all fell with a crash to the floor.

The valet awoke; the king cried in accents of terror: "There, there! She went out there!" And with bewildered look, his hand extended, he pointed to the door of the private room. "Who?" asked the valet, half asleep. "The White Lady, I tell you! Go and see which way she went." The valet searched all the place and found no specter.

Who would wish to shop in that store? "How much?" asks the customer, taking a handkerchief. The girl behind the counter sizes it convulsively and applies it to her nasal organ.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but do you know the lady on whom you forced your attention this evening?" "Why—I know her. I saw her to-night for the first time. I saw her to-night for the first time."

"Well, sir, your impudence is amazing," cried the officer, "and may be excused only on the score of your age. That lady is under my care, sir."

"Indeed; permit me to thank you for your kindness. The lady is my wife."

The respect I have for the army is my reason for withholding the officer's name.—Red Monte Waver.

There is a good story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in the east part of town that is a good lesson for those recklessly extravagant persons who are not possessed of the true spirit of economy. On a certain night one of these gentlemen called on the other to transact a little business at the former's residence. The host lighted a candle, which he might examine the papers, but immediately blew it out again when they were through, leaving them both sitting in the dark.

"What made you blow out the candle?" inquired the caller. "Oh, we can talk in the dark as well as in the light, and it saves the candle," was the reply.

They continued their conversation for a short time, when the host heard some mysterious sounds coming from the direction of the caller's chair and inquired what his friend was doing.

"Why," was the reply, "it's dark in here and no one can see me, so I thought I would take off my pants to save the wear on them." —St. Joseph News.

Next. If tongues were all attached to brains, How thankful we should be; If "hogs" were barred from railway trains, How thankful we should be; If facts and fables were tabaccoed, If gum were not by ladies chewed, If death would kindly steal the shade, How thankful we should be.

Next. If cats would only sleep at night, How thankful we should be; If money would not get so tight, How thankful we should be; If women would not talk, forsooth, If ladies hats were less uncouth, If weather clerks would tell the truth, How thankful we should be.

SHE SEKS A DIVORCE.

The Interesting Story of Grace Pedley and Her Marital Woes.

Grace Pedley, a member of the London Gaiety company, which recently began an engagement in New York, was not originally booked to visit this continent at this time, but was moved to come principally by a desire to "even up" with her husband, who, she alleges, is Edward J. Henley, now playing in "Hands Across Sea" in California.

Miss Pedley tells this story: "It is true that I am the wife of Mr. Henley. We were married at St. George's, Bloomsbury, London, on April 14, 1884, as this certificate will show."

Here Miss Pedley produced a paper which proved to be the wedding certificate of Edward John Henley, aged 24, and Kate Grace Pedley, aged 21 years.

"It was an easy, pleasant, and a romantic one, too. Mr. Henley's father, who is editor of The Edinburgh Scotsman, and my husband's brother, William Henley, one of the foremost sculptors and poets in England, assisted us. My parents were opposed to the marriage on account of my youth. You see, I was only 19 years of age, and didn't have my own way. So we made my age 21 years on the certificate.

"We first met at the Gaiety theatre, London, where we were both playing in 'Bluebeard and Ariel,' in which my husband played a great success in his imitations of Irving. I played a singing fairy, and we fell in love with each other. We lived happily together for six or eight months, when we came to America.

"My husband accepted a position with the 'Deacon Brodie' company. He refused to permit me to act, and I was idle for a long time. However, I was happy enough until we reached Washington, when various disagreements arose, the result of Mr. Henley's dissipated habits. When things became unbearable I returned to England.

"My husband remained in America, playing various engagements. He returned to England after a short time, and was engaged by the Kendalls to play the heavy part in 'The Ironmaster.' There was no reconciliation then and Mr. Henley went back to America without having seen me."

Miss Pedley will sue for divorce, she says. Henley is alleged to have married Miss Hampton in Chicago last summer, when they were playing in "The Spider's Web."

A KNOCK DOWN FOR THE OFFICER.

He was an army officer, with headquarters in the Phelan building; she is the wife of a prominent business man in the east; the other he is the business man who just arrived from the east. The officer saw her in the elevator, and, veteran as he is, surrendered at a single glance. When he reached the dining room she was seated, and he took a seat at the same table; for a display of kindly attention he received a smile, but his efforts at conversation were not encouraged.

One evening he was late; the seats at the table were all occupied, and he noticed with dismay that in his chair was a stout old gentleman, who was paying a fatherly attention to the lady, who did not seem to accept his kindness in the spirit in which it was offered. After dinner the warrior strode into the parlor. The old gentleman was there, and the officer accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but do you know the lady on whom you forced your attention this evening?" "Why—I know her. I saw her to-night for the first time. I saw her to-night for the first time."

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Coming Down to a Fine Point.

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A DREAD DISEASE.

The Epidemic of Influenza That Recently Swept Europe.

WHOLE CITIES SNEEZE AT ONCE.

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia Opened the Ball, and from Russia, Germany and France Took It—Previous Similar Visitation.



spell. Some time ago there came reports that the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia had sneezed. This would not have been very startling if he had only sneezed once; but he sneezed and sneezed without cessation. Then others of the royal blood began to sneeze, and the courtiers, and the army, and the people all were sneezing and running at the eyes and the nose, now hot with fever and now cold with chills, the epidemic spreading all the while till all Russia had the "Russian influenza."

That was not all. The Germans took up the matter and sneezed, too. All over Germany people were going about like the horses, some years ago, with the epizootic. Then the army took the disease, and regiment after regiment, brigade, division, army corps, army, soldiers who had faced French bullets in 1870, generals who had led them, all gave way before "la grippe."

What an opportunity this would have been for France to step in and get back Alsace and Lorraine! But there was not time enough. La grippe, like the Prussians in 1870, crossed the Rhine and was soon marching, like Moltke, on Paris. The French people squeaked like the Russians and the Germans. On the streets, in the cafes, in the stores, people were stricken by the unpleasant disease. In one shop alone in Paris there were six hundred employees down with la grippe.

Who would wish to shop in that store? "How much?" asks the customer, taking a handkerchief. The girl behind the counter sizes it convulsively and applies it to her nasal organ.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but do you know the lady on whom you forced your attention this evening?" "Why—I know her. I saw her to-night for the first time. I saw her to-night for the first time."

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Why She Was Anxious.

"What did you want?" queried the sergeant at police headquarters yesterday as a colored woman came in. "Heard from my ole man yet?" she asked. "Let's see, who was he?" "Name'd Haygood, an' he run'd off las' summer."

"Oh, I remember. No, we haven't heard anything of him yet."

"You are very anxious, I presume?" "Yes, sah, I was afraid you had found him."

"And you don't want him found?" "Not 'zactly right away, sah. I was dun ma'd again two days ago. So you'd jist better keep quiet an' let ole man stay losted." —Exchange.

The Deception of the World.

A country chap who recently visited San Francisco for the first time gives his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhars in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along Montgomery street there's allers a woman, I s'pose, but how much of a holler is filled with meat and how much is gammon the more spectator dummy. A fellow marries a s'ide and finds when he comes to the p'int that he has nothing in his arms but a regular anatomy. Ef men is gay deceiver, wot's to be said of the female that dresses for a 150 weight, but ham't reely so much fat on her as would grease a griddle, all the apparent plumpness consistin' of cotton and whalebone!" —Exchange.

The Faithful Spouse.

Whenever Boggs came home at night appearing worse for wear, He told his wife that he got tight Because it banded care. He said: "My darling Miss Ann, It makes me quite another man."

One night the duke was slightly locked, And though he rained a din, As loud he called and louder knocked, She would not let him in. "A faithful wife," said Miss Ann, "Dugout admit another man." —Washington Capital.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

How a Tramp Got Square with a Railway Manager.

Paul Morton, the general freight agent of the Burlington road, tells a very good story of the late H. M. Hoxie, who was manager of Jay Gould's Southwestern system during the great strikes. One afternoon a rather tough looking young man walked into Mr. Hoxie's private office unannounced. He neglected to remove his plug, but as he entered and he coughed it further over his right eye and took two or three vigorous pulls at the "cannon" he was smoking before he said: "Is your name Hoxie?" Mr. Hoxie said that such was the fact. "Well," said the fresh young fellow as he hit the bull's eye in the neighboring cuspidor, "I want a job. Anything from general passenger agent up will do me."

Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows indicated mild surprise. "Young man," he said gently, "that is no way to approach an official for a position. Just take a seat there and watch me." The young fellow sat down and Mr. Hoxie called his private secretary to the seat at his desk and then walked out.

A moment later he rapped at the office door and his private secretary bade him enter. The fresh young applicant looked on with wondering eyes. "Is the general manager in, sir?" asked Mr. Hoxie, bowing politely, but in hand, to his private secretary. "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?" inquired the secretary. "Well, sir," said Mr. Hoxie, deferentially, "I am seeking a position on your road and I wish to place my application before you. What position is it I do not care; I simply want a start. Can you do anything for me?" The secretary said he would take his name and call him in mind.

"You might call on again in a week or so, and I may have something for you." "All right, sir," said Mr. Hoxie, "I thank you." Then he bowed again and walked out, but in hand. In a moment he re-entered and the secretary walked back to his own desk. "That," said Mr. Hoxie, "is the proper way to apply for a position. Now see if you can't do as well," he added, addressing the fresh young man.

The latter went out and Mr. Hoxie resumed his seat. There was a rap at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Hoxie. The tough young man entered, but in hand, and bowed low. "Is the general manager in?" he asked, politely. "Yes, sir; I am the general manager. What can I do for you?" The young man looked at him sharply and blurted out: "You can go to—!" Then he jammed his plug hat on his head, rushed out and took up his still smoking "cannon," which had burned a hole in the waistcoat where he had laid it. Mr. Hoxie's eyebrows expressed a surprise which was by no means mild, while his private secretary at the typewriter spelt tariff with four f's.—Chicago Herald.

MURDERED HIS FATHER.

The Awful Deed to Which 16-Year-Old Emile Guenther Was Driven.

St. Louis has recently been stirred up by a most sensational killing, in which a father was the victim and his 16-year-old son the murderer. George A. Guenther, 70 years old, seems to have been a tyrant in his family. He drove his son Emile, aged 16, from home, the boy going to the house of his sister, Mrs. Steinkamp. There he remained, trying to keep out of sight of his father, of whom he evidently stood in great awe. Mrs. Steinkamp finally went out and the old man, learning of his son's place of refuge, followed him while Mrs. Steinkamp was away.

An encounter took place, after which the boy left the house, leaving his father in a sinking condition from wounds inflicted on the head by some heavy instrument. Emile went to the house of another sister, Mrs. Weiss, and rushing in excitedly told her what he had done.

Guenther was left by his son at half-past 9 o'clock in the morning, and died at noon. Soon after his death Emile walked into a police office with his brother and gave himself up. He refused to answer questions, and acted like an imbecile. It is supposed by some that his father's cruelties have driven him insane. Indeed, Charles Guenther, his brother, declares that his father treated him (Charles) in such a horrible manner that five years ago he left him.

He declares that on one occasion the old man took him upstairs to a room in the back part of the house, and locked the door. Then he brought out some claims, and the boy resisted, having a fight with the old man; but the latter was too strong for him and chained him. After leaving the boy for a while the old man returned, unchained him, compelled him to strip and thrashed him, pouring whisky into the gashes in his flesh.

The case promises to reveal one of those cases of cruelty usually only found in a low grade of fiction, but not supposed to have any foundation in fact.

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HYDE KILLED HIMSELF.

But Not Until He Had Done His Best to Murder His Landlady.

A love affair in Kansas City recently led to an attempted murder and a successful suicide. About a year ago Mr. Frank B. Hyde, possessed of a living wife, met Mrs. E. B. Euler, also possessed of a living spouse. Hyde fell in love with her and wished her to run away with him. She resisted, but finally separated from her husband, the wife opening a house in which she rented furnished rooms.



MRS. E. B. EULER. FRANK B. HYDE.

Lately Hyde went to Kansas City and asked Mrs. Euler for a room. Not having one vacant she let him have her own. Meanwhile one Kennedy fell in love with the charming landlady. Hyde became jealous and got drunk to drown his grief. Mrs. Euler, thinking that he was sleeping off the effect of the liquor in his room, went there to get an article of clothing. He was not asleep, and told her that he had failed in business and that he was going to Australia. He asked her if she would go with him. She declined. Then he asked her if she would go to the theatre with him. This she also declined. Then he rushed upon her and cut her throat. She struggled with him for a time and then sank on the floor. Hyde, realizing what he had done, drew a knife across his throat and fell across the bed. Whether the man has ever been a Dr. Jekyll is not stated. He surely became a veritable Mr. Hyde.

In the Swim, but Not of It.

A charming young woman from a western town, on a visit to some friends in the Quaker City swell set, has learned a thing or two. Her breezy sociality has been a revelation to the frozen and dour dames in the City of Penn. She was at a grand reception the other night where all the swell world and his wife were present. Next morning, as she was sitting at late breakfast, she suddenly broke out with: "What a lovely thing that was last night!" "Charming indeed," returned her hostess, nibbling a bit of toast. "And the men how agreeable!" "Very."

"I was, I will confess to you, much pleased with a rather tall, slender gentleman. We became acquainted somehow or other by accident, though we conversed for a good ten minutes. I saw him afterward several times in the throng, but he was a stranger, I fancy, for no one seemed to know him and nobody spoke to him. Wasn't it singular that he was not introduced around? So agreeable, too!"

"Oh, everybody knew him." "Indeed; then he is not fond of society?" "Fond enough."

"Then he doesn't care for people; takes no notice of them."

"On the contrary, he notices everybody. That is part of his business."

"What is his business?" "He is a detective."

Consolation, of course, and then the breezy young lady from the west received a gentle warning that her socialities to sociability must be curbed.—Chicago Tribune.

When Winter Is Here.

Though the weather is cold we enjoy Christmas cheer When the autumn is over and winter is here. We take Tom and Jerry and give up lager beer When the autumn is over and winter is here. On a sleigh ride to Brighton we take Kitty dear When the autumn is over and winter is here. The flies and mosquitoes no longer we fear When the autumn is over and winter is here. No longer the words "Ain't it hot?" strike the ear When the autumn is over and winter is here. No trips to the beaches make funds disappear When the autumn is over and winter is here.

She Was Too Wide.

One woman undertook to pass through the gate in the Union station today with a sled in one hand and a rocking horse in the other. She wanted to go on a Bolt Line train, and started ahead of the others. The sled first caught in the railing, and in whirling around to loosen it the head of the rocking horse caught on the other side, and the passage-way was blocked. She then began to find fault because the gate was not wider. After considerable talk a gentleman aided her by volunteering to carry the sled.—Albany Times.

She Wants a Reform.

Aunt Miranda—Wall, I never. These modern ways be too much for me. It dew seem that there is no liberty in this world arter all. Mollie—What is it now, auntie? Aunt Miranda—I was just a-reading, child, that five American girls, all as handsome as pictures, were presented to the king of Sweden.—Kearney Enterprise.

Hated Him Anyway.

A prejudice is a queer thing all around, and no mistake. "Don't like that fellow," said Blinks. "Wrote him a letter, to which he made no reply." "But, Charles," said Mrs. Blinks, "you never mailed your letter. How could he reply to it?" "Can't help it. Took a dislike to him before I found it out, and have hated him ever since."—Trouton Times.

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