SOME STRANGE STORIES.

EXPERIENCE WITH SPIRITS.

Mary Rondel and Her Determination to be Heard-The Part She Played in the His-Ghost Story Should be Told.



periencing. It has that part of the house failed to make a

good showing. Whether this was because my material was worse than the average, I know not; but I incline to think it was Often, in the dark of the night, I have by, to pacify her and so get rid of her. This ritual goes on until the body is thormore because I handled it badly. I am no hand to give viva voce narratives. My object is to reach the point of the story by floors. I used to suppose it was my mother. the shortest route, and so have done with and it was not until some years later that it. This is contrary to wise principle, I discovered that it was either my imaginaespecially in the case of ghost stories.

issue. The experience is a subjective one; ened by injudicious means. it is a matter of nerves and obscure sensations—a state of feeling, not a fact of knowledge. You must put your auditors with long, slender fingers, and a turquoise ring on one finger. I must not make a in a ghostly frame of mind; their magic or mystery of this. It was the hand of a fair intelligence is the last thing to appeal to. They must be brought to the condition of Long Island sound, and so vanished from On the fly-leaves were the autographs of a its bed. This cavern is then lined with the person described by Coleridge, who this world. But at the time I write of, she "turns no more his head, because he knows was a woman of happy disposition and a frightful fiend dots close behind his singular intelligence, and was a graduate tread." This state is to be enchanted by intonations of the voice, by a stern horror and grapes were to me. Either her eduof the eye, and by ineffable pauses, judiciously administered. By and by there begins a trickling of cold electricity down the nerves of the spine, a perception that the hair has roots, an oppression of the it) that still unexplained power or suscep- book, I came upon the love sonnets and before the huge grave is closed in. Finally, lungs, a thumping of the heart, a parting tibility that we have agreed to call medi-stanzas in the latter part of the volume; forty or fifty slaves are killed, and their of the lips, and a dilation of the eyes-all on the part of your audience, and having Home. Spiritualism has not lost its nov- margin as "Pray, mistris, read this;" or course. It is said that as many as a achieved this, the thing is done, whatever elty. Science has delivered no verdict, and "Read this as if I myself spake it." Some hundred women have been buried with one the particular composition of the story nobody knows whether to believe or not. of these writings were in the chirography of great chief, though smaller men have been may be. Whether it is that the long, indistinct object dangling from the hook in the wall, where nothing was before, slowly yet unmistakably takes the outlines of a human figure, with head awkwardly bent to one side, and a distortion of the countenance, or whether, as you stand outside the door of a certain room that has been locked up for years, you hear on the other side the light patter of naked feet, and a stealthy breathing, followed by terrible screams and silence; or whether, awakening in a strange bedroom in the night, you are nervous of a queer light, which focuses on the wall, revealing the face of a portrait hanging there, which you had not noticed when you went to bed; or whether it be us, whose poetry was read by all England simply the impression of a presence squatting in the corner and raying out influences fatal to life . . . such details as medium!—" Whereupon, this American those, I say, are unimportant. You have girl-graduate that I speak of, out of the got your nerves where they will be scared by anything.

talk. But ghost-stories can be conveyed dence in the supernatural origin of the by writing, after a fashion, and, inferior | phenomena. though it may be, it is better than my fashion of talking. Accordingly, not to seem eyed woman of genius, who was a lyric in disobliging, I am here going to recount my herself?—our medium consented to an expersonal experiences in the supernatural by means of pen and ink. Should the result prove unsatisfactory, it must be laid to the entire and unexaggerated truth of the stories. They are more or less shapeless and anomalous events that have come under my observation. No doubt, any one can cap them with as good and better yarns of his own. I need hardly add, too, that I could greatly increase the impressiveness of my little assortment by occasional in-



dulgence in fiction; but that I shall religiously refrain fom doing. These things happened precisely thus:

Put the shade over the lamp.—When I was a boy of twelve or thirteen, I used to sit and watch a hand, holding a pencil, moving to and fro over a sheet of paper. The place was suitable for ghosts and all who were familiar with it declared it to be or castle, perched on a hill of the town Apennines, overlooking a wide valley with a historic river winding through it. There misery, while still a young woman. Her was a tower at one end of it, in which a po- troubles had their source in a certain memlitical captive had been imprisoned more than two hundred years before. An owl now occupies the gloomy chamber in which he used to languish; but after sunset it would flap noiselessly round the battlements of the tower, emitting its soft, long-drawn cry. Bats there were also in abundance. Rondel was bitterly in earnest; she would

arched across the horizon of the valley, I JULIAN HAWTHORNE TELLS OF HIS have heard my name called in the air, just over the parapet. There was a clean drop

there of seventy feet to the ground. In the body of the edifice there was a tory of the Hawthorne's - The Way a sort of cell, or oratory, massively constructed of stone, with grained ceiling. T often happens This was the special abiding place of the to people of my ghost. One night my sister, having occaprofession to be sion to go there, set the candle on the asked to tell a mantel-piece. As she was stooping over a story - a ghost chest in the corner she noticed her shadow story by prefer- glide along the wall. Turning, she saw ence-and, if pos- that the candle had been placed on the sible, a ghost story table, several yards from its former posiof their own ex- tion. But no one except herself was in

An immense place it was, with upwards I have uniformly of five or six apartments. My bedroom was at the end of the west wing-five rooms, opening into one another, intervened between that one and a huge reception hall in the centre of the building. waked up and heard some one pacing to long skirt sweeping on the bare wooden tion-or something else. As to that, I can only say that none of us children had the The effectiveness of a good ghost story least fear of ghosts, or knew that anybody Mary, so far as we were concerned. lies always in the handling, never in the feared them. We had never been fright-

However, to go back to that hand. It was a white, well-shaped woman's hand, venerable maiden cousins of ours sent us, these particulars, describes the burial of a young American lady who, years afterwards leaped or fell from a steamboat in of a famous western college. Greek, and the Calculus, was as familiar to her as figs cation, or a natural bias of mind, once "Mary Rondel." It is before me as I write, feet. The earth is then shovelled in rendered her rather skeptical in her views; an ill-formed name, but showing character. over living and dead alike, all nowadays, she might have been called an (though she herself despised and ridiculed umistic. She was a "writing medium."



and America, who was a believer, and often discoursed with earnestness on the subject kindness of her heart, but with some reluctance intimated that she believed she had some little faculty in that way . . . but that Now, to write is another thing than to she could not, herself, place the least cre-

To make a long story short-for who could resist the urging of the little brownperiment; and for a couple of weeks thereafter, while seven or eight of us sat round the table in the great Italian hall, the pencil in her white hand would be driven impulse. now under another, she regarding it with a look half apprehensive, half incredulous; but all of us hugely interested. Our deceased friends and relatives an- work. nounced themselves, one after another, and expressed sentiments of unimpeachable morality and virtuous exhortationjust what anyone would have expected of such good and respectable persons; and the thing was becoming a trifle monotonous, and the medium was writing that more useful ways of employing one's leisure might be found: when, all of a sudden . .

Draw up closer, the story begins here. Her hand which had been moving methodically along under the direction of the spirit of my maternal grandfather and had just written the words, "we study causes," was suddenly and violently seized upon, as it were, by a new and turbulent influence almost knocking the pencil out of her fingers and hurrying it onward in a quite original handwriting, uncouth and heedless, and moreover incorrect in orthography The medium started and looked troubled: a wave of interest ran round the circle; she bent forward and spoke out the words, "I must speak with Mr. Hawthorne, I want

My father laughed. He had deprecated and made fun of the whole business from the beginning. But with the courtesy of a man of the world, and an ex-Consul of the United States, he consented to listen to a communication which seemed to convey such urgency. Who was the vehement

She was born in Boston a hundred years before. She had died there, in pain and ber of our own family, with whom she had been intimately acquainted. She was not happy even yet, and Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy she must and would have.

But how shall I indicate the wierd, curious and yet pathetic impression that was produced, not more by the matter than by the manner of her communications? Mary And several times as I lay on the tiled roof | be heard; she upset the propriety of all our | street.

up aloft, watching the great comet that other spiritual friends; it was in vain that they attempted to assure us that she was a bad, improper, untruthful, ill-conditioned The Savage Ceremonies that Attend the Increature. In the midst of their pious homilies she would swoop down, snatch the pencil, and send it staggering in violent evo- their common aprons, are interred either lutions along the page; her language was anything but conventional; nay, it somea kind of coffin made from a hollow tree. Occasionally our refined little medium is not thrown on the corpse, which is would protest and remove her hand from placed in a niche in the side of the grave. the table. But no sooner did she resume, Like the Bongo, the Niam-Niam bury their then Mary was at it again. She would not dead with a scrupulous regard to the points be denied. She was a temperament, a will, of the compass; but commonly enough a person. Of all our long procession of they reverse the rule which prevails in the communicants, she alone showed an un- former tribe, the men being placed with mistakable and vivid individuality. We their faces towards the east, the women towould have known her had we met her on wards the west. After the grave has been the street. She had been waiting in the well stamped down, a hut is erected over dark void of the unseen world, for the bet- it, though, owing to its fragile character, it ter part of a century, for an opportunity to rarely long survives the weather or the speak and declare herself, and she was not annual burning of the steppe pasture. A going to let it go unimproved. And yet Wagogo chief, on dying, is washed-perof 40 large rooms. As there were only the poor creature knew not what to say- haps one of the few times in the course of at any rate; and five of us in the family, we each had a suite only that she admired Mr. Hawthorne's his existence that such a treat is vouchsafed sympathy. But what good was it to do his body-and his corpse placed in an upher, or by what right she demanded it, we right position in a hollow tree, to which

were not informed and tro in these rooms, and the rustle of a Having at length found a sympathizer, she a platform and exposed to the effects of the

the more interested I became. At last I pointing heavenwards, just level with the wrote a letter to those old maiden cousins, | top of the mound over his grave. Travelling and, without saying anything about the spiritual experience in the Italian villa, I enquired whether they were cognizant of graves with crockery, gin and beer bottles, any family traditions connected with a per- and, as we have seen it practised by other son called Mary Rondel. Here is their tribes, suspending in the branches of the

uncles, Daniel Hawthorne, about 1775. The story will not interest you; it is not creditable to either party. It ended unfortunately; there had been some talk of a marriage, but their relations were broken off, and I am unable to say what became of the young woman. Your uncle afterwards fitted out a privateer," etc., etc.

No; I don't pretend to explain it. I simply give you the facts. Take off the shade from the lamp. That is enough for

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

HIS NERVE GIVING WAY.

A Locomotive Record-Breaking Engineer Wants a Slow Train.

William Aten, who is known to every railroad man in New Jersey as plain Bill trains. For years he has been running the fast early morning trains from Philadelphia costing six to eight shillings a hundred. on the New Jersey Central. A few days ago he went to the road officials at Jersey along the paper, now under one unseen City and asked to be put on a slow train. Three years ago he made a similar request, but he was induced by a very material increase in his salary to stick to his line of

This time he persisted in his request to be relieved, and he was assigned to engine No. 95, which carries out only local trains. Aten gave as his reason for wishing to be changed that he could no longer stand the strain of fast running. He said his nerves were begining to break up, he was growing | spring," and "gentle spring," and while, apprehensive of danger, and he thought he | no doubt, every one is glad to see winter should be relieved before any accident of a release its icy grasp, "beautiful spring" is, serious nature should be attributed to him after all, one of the most deadly seasons

years. He is a sturdy-looking fellow, with chilling winds; from dry to sloppy, a keen, gray eye. His hair is of grislyiron-gray, and there is always the cheeriest | the season a most trying one, even to the sort of a smile on his face. He has run the hardiest constitution, while to those with fastest trains on the New Jersey Central end of the Philadelphia & Reading and Baltimore & Ohio service for years with en- danger at this season of the year is from gine No. 169, in the cab of which he sat for | cold in the head, which very few escape,

distances ever made in this country or probably in the world. With four loaded passener cars the miles between Plainfield and Elizabeth have been reeled off many and many a time at 52, 50, 47 and 45 seconds to household should be without a bottle of the mile, and Aten himself said he made the Nasal Balm. In cases of cold in the head mile though cramped once on a dead level it gives almost instant relief and effects a track in forty-two seconds.

believe this to be true, for Aten has the has already secured a hold it is equally reputation for exact truthfulness as well as efficacious, and with persistent use wil In the course of the next half hour we for wonderful nerve. The great speed of cure the worst case. From the outset it haunted. It was an ancient Italian villa, had as much of her history as she ever constation or through a town that waving hats

and handkerchiefs did not greet him. hand was on the throttle, no matter what catarrh when the directions are faithfully Bill's train was making up lost time one day, who replied to her: "We are going fast, to be sure, but Bill Aten's in the cab; it's all right."-N. Y. Journal.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union

BURIAL CUSTOMS IN AFRICA.

terment of Great Men.

Men of rank, after being attired with

imes became indiscreet, it not scandalous. As already noticed in other tribes, the earth the people come daily to mourn and pour He assured her that he would not and beer and ashes on the corpse, indulging did not sympathize with her, hoping, there- themselves meanwhile in a kind of wake. But no-she clung to us all the tighter. oughly decomposed, when it is placed on would henceforth cleave to him. It soon weather, which speedily reduces it to a heap became impossible to get communications of bones. These are then duly buried. from anybody except Mary Rondel; and, At one time slaves were sacrificed to since the atmosphere she brought with her heighten the dignity of such occasions; but was clearly unheavenly, the seances were in marked contrast with the elaborate rites finally abandoned; and that was the end of attending a great man's sepulture, the bodies of commoners are thrown into the Now the sequel was strange, we returned nearest jungle to be devoured by beasts of to America two or three years later and the field and fowls of the air. Comfour years after that my father died. Some mander Cameron, from whom we glean some months subsequently, a box of old chief in Urua as accompanied with pracbooks and papers that had belonged to tices almost unequalled in the annals of our family in the last century. Among the savagery. The first step taken when such books was a dilapidated copy of Sir Philip a dignitary expires is to divert the course Sydney's "Arcadia," bearing date of 1586. of a stream, and to dig an enormous pit in number of our ancestors, from the first living women. At one end a woman is emigrant down to Daniel Hawthorne, who, placed on her hands and knees, and upon history says, commanded a privateer during her back the corpse of the dead chief, covthe Revolution. And on the broad margin | ered with beads and other ornaments, is at the bottom of the tenth page was inscrib- seated, supported on each side by one of ed, in faded brown ink, a woman's name, his wives, while his second wife sits at his After some reflection, I remembered the the women being buried alive exagnostic. Nevertheless she possessed circumstances under which I had seen that cept the second wife, who is graciously pername before. Searching further into the mitted the privilege of being slaughtered but several of these had been marked round blood poured over the sepulture, after It was the era of the Fox Sisters, and of with a pen, and such glosses written in the which the river is allowed to resume its But there was an English lady living near Daniel Hawthorne; others, in another sent to their long homes with only two or hand. I surmised that the book had once three, and their graves drenched with the been read, jointly, by two lovers, who had blood of as many slaves, while the vulgar taken this indirect means of intimating herd have to be content with solitary sepulture, the corpse being placed in a The longer I meditated upon the matter, sitting posture, with the right forefinger a little out of the Lakes basin, we find the Mbinda of the Congo county covering their neighboring trees the articles which were "Dear Cousin . . . A Miss Mary used by the deceased during life. -- The Rondel, of Boston, knew one of your great Peoples of the World.

English Women Who Smoke.

Inquiry at a few of the principal tobacco stores of London, says the Pall Mall Budget, has revealed the fact that smoking is very fashionable among women, especially among those of the upper ten. "We are used to being asked for ladies cigarettes here," said a salesman at one of the big stores. "We serve ladies with cigarettes in as matter of fact a way as we do gentlemen. Not only do ladies smoke cigarettes," he went on; "some of them smoke cigars. One lady comes in frequently for a box of cigars. She smokes almost the costliest brand we keep " Some of the most expensive brands of ladies' cigarettes, he said, were artificially scented. The manager said that the ladies whom they supplied were chiefly ladies of rank Aten, has given up running fast express and fashion-duchesses, countesses, etc.

They're so Loud, You Know.

Dude-Will you tell me how it is you can discern the approach of certain persons although you are perfectly blind? Mendicaut-Yes; I can always tell the approach of a dude by his trousers .-

Binghamton Republican. Death in March Winds.

Poets and novelists go into ecstacies over what they romantically call "beautiful of the year. Sudden transitions from He has been on the Central for twenty warmth to extreme cold, with piercing, "muggy" wealher, all combine to make weak constitutions the season is one of positive danger. Undoubtedly the greatest and which if not promptly and thoroughly He has made the fastest time for short disagreeable and loathsome effects. Catarrh, neglected almost as certainly developes into consumption, annually destroying thousands of lives. At this trying season no speedy cure, thus preventing the develop-Everyone on the line of the Central ment of catarrh. Where the latter disease those dull headaches that afflict the sufferen from catarrh. Nasal Balm is not advertised Passengers along the road always seemed | as a cure-all-it is an honest remedy which to have a feeling of security when "Bill's" never fails to cure cold in the head or the speed might be. A nervous old woman | followed, and thousands throughout the once appealed to a veteran commuter when | country have reason to bless its discovery. Nasal Balm may be had from all dealers or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents, small, or \$1, large size bottle) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

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We have just received from the French and English Markets the finest lines in the following goods, we have had the pleasure of submitting to the Ladies of this city and neighborhood:

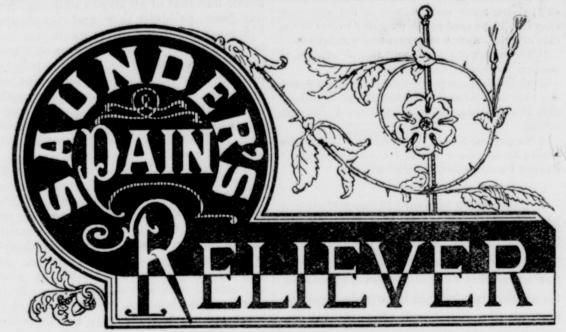
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THIS little no-I velty is indispensable to every man who has once usedone. Theadvantage is that voucanneverlose your keys, never misplace them, never leave them at home or in the post office box; can mever lose them through a hole in your pocket, or

lose them in any way. It is neat, O looks well, being 6 nickle-plated. DIRECTIONS

FOR USE. Put the small 9

ringoverthe front © button of the pantsandthekeys 9 on the ring of the other 6 end, drop the key into the back pocket.

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LOVE THEIR CHILDREN

to look nice. Post yourself in regard to the painting, and see A. G. STAPLES.

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with a method; attend to it as you would to your banking, if you want it to pay. Be careful as to the medium, then get the right style; be persistent and you are sure to succeed. Do this

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and success is sure. Have you used Cuts to illustrate your Advertisement? Perhaps it's just what is needed in your business. Our Engraving Bureau originates designs for newsfided to us. Her name was Mary Rondel. all along the road, and he never passed a droppings into the throat and lungs, dispels paper ads., and very attractive ones, too. It is a certainty that

YOUR SUCCESS IS SURE

if you spend an ordinary amount of time on your ads., if you haven't the time let us do it for you. We make suggestions. and carry them out.

"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.