

The White Horse Ghost.

A strange-looking little Arizona newspaper, in a wayworn wrapper, came with my mail a few mornings ago, and when I opened it, wondering why it had been sent to me and by whom, my eye presently fell on a blue penciled paragraph:

Marshal Catlin and posse got back late last evening. They had a lively chase and there is one bad man the less. It won't cost this town anything to try him. Dive Tranchard needed a horse. He was too fond of horse flesh—other people's.

Probably Arizonians understood that paragraph perfectly at first sight, and it intimated even to a slow New Englander that "Dive Tranchard" had been sternly punished.

"Dive Tranchard!" Something in the name set the cords of memory vaguely vibrating all day, and when I waked next morning, the full, familiar name had come to me out of the past—Dives Tranchard! It must be he—the "queer boy" of the school where I first began as a teacher in Kennebec County, Maine, twenty years ago.

I was then only eighteen years old, and the school agent who hired me and the good minister-member of the school board who gave me my "certificate" said that I might "pull through" if I could manage Dives Tranchard.

In the schoolroom, Dives did not appear formidable at first view, but I was not long in discovering the fertility of his mischievous ingenuity. The wits of the average schoolmaster could not possibly keep pace with the swift trickiness in which he indulged himself.

He was a somewhat sedate and distinguished looking youngster, with a clear-cut, refined face, and the inconsistency between his countenance and his conduct was such that I never was able to feel, during the whole time he was my pupil, that I quite understood him.

Dives was an orphan, who, while still very young, had been adopted by the storekeeper of the place, Mr. Mulhall.

His father had been a very intemperate and blasphemous man, whose dearest delight had been to rail at the Scriptures. In profane bravado he had named his three sons Judas, Tophet and Dives. The two former had died of croup while very young and Dives, or "Dive," as he was generally called, was the sole survivor of the family.

Naturally, a teacher only eighteen years old could not hope to assume the role of moral adviser to a youth of seventeen with entire success.

When I attempted it with Dives, he grinned in my face, and the effort ended in a rough-and-tumble fight over the school-house floor. In this conflict I established a kind of doubtful suzerainty over him, and afterward maintained it with a bold front, but the issue was always in some little doubt.

What the outcome would have been is far from certain. I have a feeling that Dives would have been too much for me, in time, had our relations as pupil and pedagogue continued long. But they lasted only three weeks. On the first day of January he ran away, in consequence of a curious prank.

District Number Eleven was the only place where I ever saw what was believed to be a ghost. The people there were not superstitious, but I found that many of them had seen an apparition that they could not account for. It had been seen three times the previous winter, and once late in November, a few days before I arrived.

More than twenty persons admitted that they had seen it during snow-storms, but all made light of it; the people were not ignorant, and the apparition puzzled them much more than it frightened them.

The mysterious thing, whatever it was, had always been seen at night, and seemed to be a kind of phantom on horseback, an equestrian ghost, so to speak.

It had been discerned passing at great speed, but the hoofs made no noise, and it looked thin, or white, and was hardly distinguishable in outline amidst the falling snowflakes. That was about all I could learn regarding the phantom; and as the representative of education, I set myself to discountenance belief in the spectre. My theories were received with respect; the only difficulty in the way of their entire acceptance was that numbers of those who listened to me had really seen the ghost.

It was a place where the people retained many of the old customs of ancestral Puritan England, among others that of "watch night," or watching the old year out and the new year in, on the night of December 31st. It was announced at the meeting-house the previous Sunday that there would be a watch night meeting the following Saturday evening, to last until half past twelve, New Year's morning. There would be singing and prayers, but it was not to be an exclusively religious ceremony. Conversation and even story-telling would be allowed.

At the watch-night meeting there were thirty or thirty-five people, old and young, including the Methodist minister Mr. Reeves, who had been settled there but a few months, a very young man, with whom I had already become intimate.

He was companionable, robust and jolly, a youth who still enjoyed snowballing, for instance. After school, when I passed the house where he lived, he usually dashed out, fresh from his theological studies, and we would go at a brisk trot for a mile together along the road to the post-office and back.

The early hours of the watch-meeting passed agreeably. We had all gathered about the meeting-house stove, for the night was cloudy and bleak, and after the usual hymn and opening exercises, we amused ourselves by relating our "good resolves" for the New Year.

Many of these were admirable and some very humorous. Mr. Smith, the little shoemaker of the place, whose wife was very large and strong and active, rose to say with a twinkle in his eye, that he had sadly neglected his duty for the past twelve months, but had now firmly resolved to beat Mrs. Smith more frequently during the year to come, to which Mrs. Smith responded with a breezy laugh, "I'd like to see you begin!"

At about eleven o'clock one of the boys, who had been to the door, returned to say that it was snowing fast and thick, and indeed, we could faintly hear the icy flakes driving against the window-panes. One of the young ladies was playing on the organ the accompaniment to a hymn which many of the older people were singing.

Young Mr. Reeves sat near me, with a quiet smile on his face, pondering, as I fancied, something which he meant to say after the music. Suddenly I felt him start, and glanced at his face. His eyes were bent on some object, but he turned at once.

"Don't look!" he whispered to me. "I have seen that ghost. It is outside, looking in at the opposite window. Wait a bit, then cast your eye in that direction."

I did so, and saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything, a long, white, awful face looking in! Much to my consternation, it moved, and appeared to nod several times. "Don't seem to notice it!" Mr. Reeves whispered. "Sit quiet a moment. When the people move back from the organ, we will steal out and see what we can discover."

Recovering myself in a moment, I stepped quietly to the door, and a few moments later was joined by Mr. Reeves in the dark entry.

We took our hats, and without waiting to put on our overcoats, opened the door carefully. Snow was falling fast and drove in our faces; several inches had fallen; but we dashed out, doubled the corner of the house and hurried toward the window.

A great, dim, indistinct object was standing there, which appeared to melt away suddenly, with but the softest possible sound. It disappeared round the other corner of the house. Without speaking, we ran after it.

We could hardly see anything on account of the driving snow and darkness, yet we again discerned, dimly, the great, indistinct object moving toward the highway.

I confess I felt a shivery sensation, for the spectral appearance made hardly an audible sound; but I dashed on side by side with Mr. Reeves.

We were good runners, and made a dash to catch the thing. In the road a few hundred feet from the church, we came so near at one time that I reached out my hand in hope to lay hold of the apparition, but it glided away only the faster and I did not succeed.

And now we both heard a kind of regular muffled noise, as of great feet falling softly; and these audible evidences of physical substance stimulated us to continue the chase.

"Run it down!" Mr. Reeves said, in a low voice, and I settled myself to keep pace with him.

The snow hindered us little, but notwithstanding our efforts, the effigy drew away from us. We had lost sight of it when we ran past the house of Mr. Mulhall, the storekeeper, but in the very moment of passing, we heard the large door of his stable creaking. This, at that hour of the night, seemed so strange that we both stopped short and turned back.

Entering the yard, we approached the stable door, but found it closed. There were slight noises inside, however, and soon a match gleamed through the crack of the door, and a lantern was lighted.

To our astonishment, we now perceived that the person inside was Dives Tranchard, clad in a white garment and white cap, and that he was untying what looked like snowy bags from the feet of Mulhall's old white mare. Having taken off these mufflers, Dives next proceeded to withdraw a large, white, bonnet-like structure from the mare's head.

When these singular trappings were removed, he put the beast in her stall, striped off his own white garment and cap, and made the whole outfit into a bundle. Then he extinguished the lantern, left the stable by a side door, and went to the house, which he entered cautiously by a door in the rear.

My first impulse had been to seize him when he came out and compel him to confess to the prank; but as he emerged from the stable, Mr. Reeves whispered, "Wait! Don't say anything to him. Don't let him know yet we have caught him."

We therefore stood aside in the darkness and allowed him to go to the house unmolested, and then, basting back to the meeting-house, joined the people there. Our absence had been hardly noticed.

At eight o'clock the next morning, after Dives had gone to the schoolhouse, we called at Mulhall's store and told the astonished storekeeper what we had seen. He did not at first believe us, and was inclined to resent the charge against his foster son.

At last, when Mr. Reeves said that he might perhaps be convinced by being allowed to examine the room where Dives slept, Mulhall led the way up-stairs.

It was a large open room, with many old chests, boxes and trunks, and a very brief search disclosed the bundle which we had seen Dives bring from the stable the previous evening. It contained not only his white shirt and cap and the gunny-bags with which he muffled the mare's hoofs, but a curious padded contrivance of white cloth and wire to tie on her head.

The front of it was drawn to represent a human face, with holes for the horse's eyes. It was this nodding white face which we had seen at the window.

Farther search in the chamber revealed other things; plunder of many kinds; goods and trinkets from the store; not less than fifty letters, apparently stolen from the post-office; four bridles; fifteen silver spoons; a bunch of eighteen odd keys, and a great many other articles which Dives could not have come by honestly.

By this time Mulhall, a rather simple man, was abusing his foster-son vigorously as a thief, and wished to go at once with us to the school-house and denounce him.

Mr. Reeves persuaded him to say nothing till evening, and we arranged to call at the house that night and endeavor to get truth of the matter from Dives himself.

But before noon that day the youth had in some way, learned or guessed that his thefts were discovered. He did not return to the schoolhouse in the afternoon.

He had run away, and I never heard of him afterward until I saw his name in the Arizona newspaper.—Youth's Companion.

He Stood the Test.

That is a unique way in which Mr. Smith, a merchant of an Eastern city in want of a boy, is said to have tested the young applicants who came to him. He put a sign in his window: "Wanted, a boy; wages four dollars, six dollars to the right one."

As each applicant appeared, the merchant asked, "Can you read?" Then he took the boy into a quiet room, gave him an open book and bade him read without a break until told to stop.

When the reading had been going on for a few minutes Mr. Smith dropped a book to the floor, and then rose and moved certain articles about the room. This was sufficient to pique the curiosity of some of the candidates; they looked up, lost their place on the page, blundered, and the merchant said:

"You may stop. I shall not need you at present. I want a boy who is master of himself."

If the reader was undisturbed by Mr. Smith's movements, a lot of roguish puppies were tumbled out of a basket and encouraged to frolic about the floor. This proved too much for most of the boys; they looked, hesitated in their reading, and were dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment until over thirty had been tried, and had failed to control their curiosity. At length, one morning, a boy read steadily on without manifesting any desire to look at the puppies.

"Stop!" said the merchant, finally.

"Did you see those puppies?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "I could not see them and read, too."

"You knew they were there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you fond of dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I think you will suit me," said the merchant. "Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at four dollars; and if you prove master of yourself, as I think you will, you shall have six perhaps more."

It was not many weeks before the wages were six dollars, and promotions followed. Now the young man fills a high position in the store.

Turkey, Pepper and a Bear.

A writer in Fireside says that he and several friends went out one evening, some forty years ago, on a hunt for wild turkeys in a part of Texas where the birds were numerous. He had heard that powdered red pepper, set floating in a stiff breeze at night under the tree in which turkeys were at roost, would cause them to drop; sneezing, and leave them staggering at the hunter's feet.

The trees selected by the birds proved to be evergreen live-oaks. The foliage was thick, and it was thought best to wait until the moon rose. The writer selected a promising tree, and on going under it, saw three turkeys on one limb not more than ten feet from his head. There were others above.

As he must not shoot till the signal was given, it occurred to him that now was a favorable opportunity to try the red pepper. He unwrapped the box and went cautiously to the limb on which the three turkeys were sitting. Lifting the box, he gave it a shake to throw the pepper into the breeze, at the same time starting it upward by a vigorous puff. Then followed a surprise.

The hunter stepped hastily back a few feet to avoid a dose of his own medicine, and saw something approaching him in an upright posture. Supposing it to be one of his friends, he stood gazing at it until it was too near for him to retreat. Then he saw that it was a full-grown bear. It was at this juncture that the pepper proved its usefulness. Of its efficacy the writer says:

"As the bear was proceeding very affectionately to embrace his new acquaintance, snuffing as it delighted to meet me, with his mouth partly open and his tongue lolling from one side to the other, I emptied the contents of the box in his face. At the same moment I jumped back and made for my gun, about ten steps away."

"The moon had by this time risen, and I could plainly see the antics of the bear. The turkeys, too, had inhaled enough of the pepper to make them restless, and were coughing and sneezing incessantly."

"The scene was the most ludicrous I ever witnessed. I saw that I had the bear as good as chained, as he was almost rubbing his eyes out, and was so prostrated

from his exertions as to be beyond doing any mischief. The turkeys were by this time getting into an equally bad case, and in a few minutes nine of them had fallen out of the tree and were flopping on the ground."

"I raised my rifle and gave the bear a shot under the left shoulder, and he tumbled over on the grass without a groan. Then I called the boys and we soon caught the turkeys."

One Against the Other.

One of the duties of a private secretary is to protect his employer from people who would waste his time. Sometimes a doorkeeper serves this purpose. At the Republican national headquarters a valuable "fender," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, is the man at the door of Senator Hanna's room.

The officer has been guarding the doors at political headquarters for a long time, and is able to discriminate between those who should be let in and those who should be kept out. Last week one of the objectionable class arrived, and asked to see the senator.

"Busy now," said the doorkeeper. "Take a seat in the anteroom, please."

Presently another visitor arrived. He was a poet who had campaign verses to sell. The doorkeeper "sized him up" at once, and took him to the door of the anteroom. "See that gentleman sitting there?" he said, pointing to the first unwelcome visitor. "Well, just sit down and say your poetry to him."

In about five minutes the first visitor left the building. When the poet again asked for Mr. Hanna it was found that he had gone for the day.

BORN.

Parrsboro, Oct 12, to the wife of T C Choiznet, a son.
Truro, Oct 5, to the wife of Claude Eville, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct 18, to the wife of M Roche, a daughter.
Boston, Sept 21, to the wife of Thos Edwards, a son.
Shelburne, Sept 30, to the wife of John Wheeler, a son.
Dartmouth, Oct 20, to the wife of W T Crook, a son.
Clarence, Oct 16, to the wife of Everett Sprowl, a son.
Middleton, Oct 14, to the wife of Isaiah Pictou, a son.
California, Sept 29, to the wife of Sydney Walton, a son.
Liverpool, Oct 5, to the wife of Joseph Winters, a son.
North Sydney, Oct 15, to the wife of John McLeod, a son.
Centerville, Oct 10, to the wife of S A Spurr, a daughter.
Wolville, Oct 14, to the wife of Chas Paine, a daughter.
Sydney, Sept 25, to the wife of Capt A McPhail, a daughter.
Arcadia, Oct 4, to the wife of Israel G Pitman, a daughter.
Chelsea, Mass., Oct 2, to the wife of W A Cann, a daughter.
Hants, Oct 11, to the wife of E A O'Brien, a daughter.
West Head, Oct 13, to the wife of Enos Smith, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Oct 9, to the wife of Charles Wyle, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Oct 13, to the wife of Uriah Wile, a daughter.
Leahville, Oct 14, to the wife of P J Hartnett, a daughter.
Liverpool, Oct 5, to the wife of Robert Walters, a daughter.
Middle Miquedoboit, Oct 7, to the wife of W H Gladwin, a son.
Meagher's Grant, Oct 5, to the wife of Richard Mulbrack, a son.
Port Hawkesbury, Oct 16, to the wife of Capt John Embree, a daughter.
Brooklyn, Queens, Oct 9, to the wife of Linwood Strarratt, a daughter.
Clark's Harbor, Oct 5, to the wife of Freeman Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Annapolis, Oct 3, Wm Ord to Annie Warne.
Rosindale, Pierson Crane, to Katie McLean.
Colchester, Oct 15 Fred. Reop to Clara Soley.
Milton, Oct 9, Daniel Ford to Bernice Freeman.
Halifax, Oct 15, William Meyer to Mary Grier.
Pictou, Sept 7, J Richard Smith to Alice Dewar.
St Stephen, Oct 11 Walter Brown to Mary Trimble.
Eastville, Oct 8, Walter Fulton to Laura Crockett.
Boston, Oct 9, George Hayes to Maggie Rosewell.
Napan, Oct 17, William G Godfrey, to Janie Dickson.
Glace Bay, Oct 18, John E Keddy to Ella B Phillips.
Milton, Oct 10 John B Waterman, to Bessie F Morton.
North Sydney, Oct 12, John Payne to Harriet Billard.
Yarmouth, Oct 10, Max White Allan to Agnes M Jolly.
Colchester, Oct 17, James K Creelman to Jennie E Norris.
Halifax, Oct 15, Lewis E Thompson to Effie Barkhouse.
Newellton, Oct 16, Thomas Smith to Zipporah Neale.
West Pictou, Oct 16, Frank D Eon, to Ross D'Eaton.
Yarmouth, Oct 17, Lindsay C Gardies to Endora Munro.
Lawrenceton, Oct 16 Johnston Corbett to Mrs Jane Dalton.
Yarmouth, Oct 17, Richard B Harris, to Hatie Canning.
St Stephen, Oct 16, Thomas R Spinney to Annie Murphy.
Yarmouth, Oct 20, Ralph H Redding to Almira B Gentry.
Dorchester, Oct 10, Charles M Baird to Myrtle Dickie.
Bridgetown, Oct 13, Frank E Freeman to Eva Calder.
Dartmouth, Oct 10, Charles H Harney to Jessie E Duxan.
New Glasgow, Oct 10, James Robertson to Tillie Manning.
Trenton, Oct 9, Frederick S Strickland to Catherine Campbell.
Halifax, Oct 18, George P Webber to Regina C Faulkner.
Calais, Oct 1, Joseph M Walls to Margaret McLaughlin.
Black River, Oct 17, Donald McNaughton to Annie McMuray.
Campbellton, Oct 10, Frank L McCready to Mary Robertson.

Brook Village, Oct 9, Angus A McDougall to Maggie Gillis.
Upper Newport, Oct 10, B D Howard Creed, to Helen McKay.
Manchester, Oct 4, Edgar B. McAllister to Mrs Amy Odell Foss.
Loggieville, Oct 17, Peter L Manderson, Jr. to Nellie J Loggie.
Dorchester, Mass, Sept 27, George B Doane to Julien M Jones.
Upper Miquedoboit, Oct 17, William A Rhind to Amelia Stewart.

DIED.

Digby, Oct 12, Alice Ellis, 23.
Pictou, Oct 7, Chas Osborne, 67.
Calais, Oct 8, Dennis Conley, 22.
Milltown, N B, Jacob Haley, 74.
Annapolis, Oct 7, Chas Osborn, 67.
Halifax, Oct 22, Bernard Hunt, 4.
Truro, Oct 14, Nancy Faulkner, 98.
Truro, Oct 14, Nancy Faulkner, 97.
Halifax, Oct 22, George Hartlen, 45.
Moncton, Oct 20, E. hel Hayes, 11.
Moncton, Oct 21, Nellie Fogarty, 18.
Milltown, Mr, Oct 14, Geo Scott, 29.
Pictou, Sept 30, Robert Douglas, 86.
Yarmouth, Oct 13, Thos Perry, 77.
Yarmouth, Oct 13, John Pittman, 71.
North Sydney, Oct 12, Wm Jeans, 81.
Pictou, Sept 22, Mrs Geo McKay, 77.
New York, Oct 13, Catharine Munro.
Windsor, Oct 18, Frank Marsters, 82.
Pictou, Oct 5, Mrs Geo. McKenzie, 80.
Pictou, Oct 1, Margaret McLellan, 89.
Milltown, Me, Oct 10, Mary Hillz, 83.
Yarmouth, Oct 9, Marion Churchill, 14.
Sydney, Oct 12, John Livingstone, 46.
Halifax Co, Oct 5, Emma Murphy, 23.
Halifax, Oct 15, Mrs George Robinson.
Truro, Oct 12, Isabelle MacKinnon, 85.
Milltown, Me, Oct 6, Marjory Bellis, 1.
Halifax, Oct 19, Edward Dauphinee, 66.
Milltown, Me, Oct 11, Ellen Bailey, 69.
Yarmouth, Oct 14, Capt M D Peters, 76.
Yarmouth, Oct 13, Capt Thos Perry, 77.
Stellarton, Oct 20, Hector McKinnon, 51.
Bridgetown, Oct 11, Michael Martin, 60.
Cumberland, Oct 18, Rachel Atkinson 76.
Yarmouth, Oct 7, Adelbert Chetwynd, 4.
Lutz Mountain, Oct 22, Peter Wilson, 66.
Halifax, Oct 22, Marie M Cowan, 9 mas.
George River C B Oct 7, Thomas Young.
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Oct 11, Gilbert Fowler.
St Andrews, Oct 15, Mrs John Campbell, 85.
Westchester, Cumb, Oct 11, Robert MacDonald, 50.
Bay Side, Charlotte Co, Oct 14, Andrew McAdam, 60.
Pictou Oct 18, infant son of Mr and Mrs Daniel Sutherland.
Clark's Harbor, Sept 30, Emery, Sept 9, Bessie Nickerson, 5, 9.
Halifax, Oct 14, Eric infant of Mr and Mrs George Burgoyne, 11 wks.
South Boston, Oct 12, Herbert, infant of Mr and Mrs H Nickerson, 4 mos.

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Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.15
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....7.15
Pictou.....11.16
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....13.00
Express for Sussex.....16.45
Express for Hampton.....17.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....19.35
Express for Halifax and Sydney.....22.45

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Express from Sydney and Halifax.....6.00
Suburban from Hampton.....7.15
Express from Sussex.....8.35
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....11.50
Accommodation from Moncton.....14.15
Express from Halifax.....17.00
Express from Hampton.....21.50

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 15, 1900.
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7 King Street, St. John, N. B.