

Cahm's

I WANT TO GET RID OF MY CLOTHING!

As I Intend to Retire from that Branch of My Business.

There is no Need for Me to Quote Prices as the Goods I Carry Speak for Themselves, and the Prices I Will Make from this On, Will Insure a Speedy Sale.

I HAVE A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF NEW GOODS IN Spring Overcoats. Frock Suits. Sack Suits. Prince Alberts.

Cahm's

I HAVE A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF NEW GOODS IN Boys' Suits. Children's Suits. Children's Extra Pants. Pants.

In Fact Everything Pertaining to a First Class Clothing Store

I MUST GET RID OF THESE GOODS.

ALBERT CAHM,

1313 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA.

Cahm's

SPOOKS AND HOBGOBLINS.

The Ghosts of the Dead and Their Wanderings.

LIME KILNS THEIR RESORTS.

A Spectre in Every Kiln—Warnings of Death By Apparitions—Haunted Houses—Spirits By the Score.

The Ghost of the Lime Kilns.

A fully authenticated ghost story—time, place, witnesses, details, everything duly attested—comes to the Chicago Herald, from the region around Rhode Island avenue and Lincoln street, where a few lime kilns dot the broad expanse of prairie. It has been a wonder why these particular lime kilns were without a ghost, that necessary appendage to every other known lime kiln in the country. The rector, James King, gives his address in a Blue Island avenue saloon, but as he also mentions a number of other witnesses of the apparition, policemen included, it can hardly be said that Black rock benzine is alone responsible for the weird specter of the lime kiln. The story may as well be told in Mr. King's own style except such alterations in the way of spelling reform as will make the narrative intelligible for the Herald readers. Mr. King says:

"Having read your ghost story of the water tower at Pullman with a great deal of interest, I should like to tell you of a ghost at the lime-kiln of Lincoln street. It is the strangest spook of all I ever heard of. I have seen it at least ten times, but last Saturday (March 24) I got near enough for the first time to give a description of it. A friend of mine named Cassidy and I returned from a wedding about half an hour before midnight. In passing the lime-kilns we saw the ghost, but we walked on until we reached Twenty-first street, where we met Officer Moore of the Hinman street station, Officer Lavin, of the Hyde Park force, and Owen Sheridan, ex-sergeant of the Hyde Park police. We went back with him, and on our way we met Mike Lavin, Monahan, Flannigan, Hanley, Hooley and Bob Hanke, who also went along.

"Near the lime kiln is a long shed, upon the roof of which we all saw the form of a woman with long, flowing white hair. Her garments were also white and fluttering in the breeze. We could see this very plainly because the reflex from the rolling mill furnaces lit up the sky. Officer Lavin went up to within three feet of the apparition, when it began to move backward, beckoning the officer to follow. This he did and we fell in with him. Over rock piles and trestlework went the march, from one kiln to another, the apparition slowly retreating, but all the while seemingly pointing out something for the officer to find under the rocks. The officer would get so near sometimes that it looked as if they could have caught her, but the specter always moved back until it hovered over an old well, where it finally disappeared. Officer Lavin says that he once placed his hand upon the apparition, but all he caught was air.

rolling mill just about the time when we saw the ghost. There had been much quarrelling between the woman and her husband, and he was suspected for a time, but no proof could be found against him. Ever since this ghost has been seen by a good many people."

A Spirit Materialized.

A lady will, we are told, soon appear in London who is an apparition at first, afterwards a solid, palpable, and even a somewhat fat lady; she retires from her fat and her solidity and dissolves into airy nothingness, says the Court Journal. In the center of the exhibition room a globe will appear without, apparently, anything suspending it; from that globe, after the mystic words have been spoken, to the accompaniment of weird music, a female form will be seen to emerge (draped), but hardly recognizable, so vapory will she be.

Warnings of Death.

The story of "The White Bird of Oxenham" reminds me of a like experience, says a writer in the London Light. "Only last winter I called on some friends, and was met at the door of the house by the words, 'Our little niece is dead, but we do not wish Mrs. to be told till to-morrow.' I promised to say nothing, and went upstairs to where the old lady was sitting near a window. Before I could make a remark she exclaimed, 'One of us is gone; I have just had the family warning.' She then told me that the sign of a death in her family was a little bird, which flew against the window and then fell dead. This had just occurred. I have since heard of another case where a small white cat is seen rapidly to cross the room. In connection with this are the banshees of the Highlands and of Ireland, and the phantom coaches heard to drive up to the door of the house. A friend told me she had been in the house on one occasion when this occurred, and saw her host turn pale as death as the gates were thrown open, and there was nothing to be seen. A kin with this also are the ghouls that wall around Highland houses, and a family in England hears lovely music within the house itself.

Instances might be multiplied ad libitum. The question is not whether those warnings are given, but, whence do they come? What laws give rise to them? Are they from the physical, astral, for dreams and visions, apparently of the astral body, just before or after the death of the individual, sometimes answer the same purpose. The second sight of the Keltic races may probably have the same origin. A lady well known to possess it, on going to the station abroad, to meet her box containing her wedding trousseau, was seen to shrink from it and turn pale. Afterward she told her version. "It was a coffin," she said, "the men carried out. I could not go near it." Next day came the quite unexpected news of the death of a near relation. Another perplexing question is, whence comes the power to bless and to curse, undoubtedly possessed by certain individuals from all time? The instances of this power throughout the bible are legion. Wizards, witches and gypsies have been supposed to possess it, and also the evil eye. Generally, it is accompanied with a certain knowledge of the future. A man unjustly condemned to be executed many years ago for stealing protested his innocence to the last, and said that no grass would grow upon

his grave, as its outer sign. A friend assures me that she herself recently saw the grave, and in spite of all efforts to cover it, the grave remains bare. Again, a lady died protesting against the resurrection, meaning, probably, that of the body. She ordered the stone above her vault to be an extra thickness, and said that if there were such a thing, then trees would grow up through the stones. A friend declares that she has seen them herself, and she bases thereon her belief in the full and perfect resurrection of the flesh.

I should be gratified for any light thrown on these and similar experiences.

The Haunted Houses of To-day.

A house in Tolono, Ill., which had the reputation of being haunted, because uncanny sounds were heard in it, and was, therefore, frequently for rent, was finally tenanted by its owner, who resolved to "take the bull by the horns" and solve the mystery. After a careful investigation one night he discovered that some mischievous persons stationed in an unused paragon opposite a very detached a brickbat to one end of a string which was dropped through a hole in the porch floor of the "haunted" house, so that when the "ghosts" pulled the other end of the line the brick would fall and strike the porch ceiling. The angry owner besieged the paragon with revolver in hand, but the fugitives escaped from the building.

Spirits by the Score.

Mrs. M. F. Williams, the materializing medium of Forty-sixth street, invaded Brooklyn with her band of spirits last Wednesday evening, says the New York Mercury, and received a very flattering welcome. It was the first public séance that had ever been given in the sister city beyond the big bridge, and the cozy theater of the Columbia conservatory of music, at Bedford and Fulton avenues, was packed with a very intelligent, refined and well-dressed audience. Mrs. Williams seemed in excellent spirits herself, and so far as the building up and turning out of spirits from the laboratory of Spirit Chemist Arthur Morrice went, the experiment was successful. Prof. Jenner acted as master of ceremonies. Mrs. Williams was dressed in black silk and had a bunch of big nodding red roses pinned on her bosom. She made a short speech, giving the benighted Brooklynites an idea of the philosophy of spiritualism and spirit phenomena and manifestation.

The spirits that generally attend Mrs. Williams' cabinet were all there, including Dr. Holland, the joyous little Bright Eyes, Frank Cushman, Lucille the Beautiful, Chemist Morrice, E. V. Wilson, Lucille Western, Alice Cary, etc. The séance was marked by a large number of spirits who took on tangible form and came out to perform the social politeness of making calls on their friends still detained in the cumbersome flesh. It was a most sociable, harmonious, lively and agreeable reception, or love and conversation between the mortal and immortal. The largeness of the audience was surprising. When every seat on the floor was filled the late-comers had to seek the galleries. Two and three spirits came out at a time, and quite a number of them not only dematerialized out on the open stage, but rematerialized, as if coming up through the floor, in open view of the audience. Among the spirits who came out to friends were Montague Berg, Thomas Combs, Amanda Bowman, Lillie Reed, George Harrison, Carrie Miller, Annie Maguire, Tillie Roberts, Alice Cunningham, Miss Floyd, Dr. Stearns, Mr. Nichols, Francis Hazard and a friend, Mrs. Charlie Fox, Mr. Ostrander and several young ladies with their escorts or com-

pany. Brother Tico, of Brooklyn, was present to see that all things were right. A committee that volunteered from the audience examined the cabinet and declared that there was nothing that could contribute to the practice of deception.

Lord Castlereagh's Ghost.

Lord Castlereagh, when commanding in early life a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large, desolate country house, and his bed was at one end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers of the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from among them upon the floor. The figure advanced slowly towards Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance. It retreated before him, diminishing in size as it withdrew in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded. He followed it, pace by pace, until the original child-like form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed and was disturbed no more. This story Lord Castlereagh told with perfect gravity at one of his wife's supper parties in Paris in 1815, when Scott was among the hearers.

Revealed in a Dream.

A special to the New York Star says: A. F. McNeal, a well-known citizen of Rutson, Allen county, O., died on the 28th ult. after a short illness. A strange story connected with this fact is as well authenticated as his death. On the night of the 28th of January last he dreamed that he had died and gone to heaven. In the dream the date of his death, March 29, was firmly fixed upon his mind. In the golden city of his dream, Mr. McNeal met Malion Povenmire, of Ada, an old acquaintance and friend, and asked when he had left the earth. Povenmire replied that he had come to the eternal world a week before. There were other circumstances in the dream equally as strange, which so impressed McNeal that the next morning when he awoke in his usual good health he reduced the details to writing and put the manuscript away in his desk, where his wife found it and read it with fear and trembling, but said nothing, although it made an impression on her mind which she could not efface. On Monday, March 29, McNeal died exactly as indicated, while Povenmire had dashed to the land of the unknown just a week before. Mrs. McNeal is in possession of the manuscript, dated January 29, and containing the substance of her husband's dream as above recited.

A Queer Superstition.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette: On Tuesday night Officer Mercer, of Allegheny, noticed a woman go into the middle of Main street and dig a hole with a hatchet. She placed an object in the hole and carefully covered it up. The officer unearthed the object and found a small mirror with writing on it which he handed to a woman in the middle of the woman's house, she explained that the writing on the glass was "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and that it was a charm to drive away an ailment in her head. It was a Swiss custom and she wanted to keep it

buried for three days. She was allowed to reinter the glass.

Lost Keys Found by Spirits.

Mrs. G. A. Woodruff, of Troy, N. Y., writes to the Religio-Philosophical Journal: "We used to be just as skeptical as skeptics could be—three of us, self, husband and daughter. The keys to our poultry house and yard were lost. They had been looked for diligently by every member of the family for more than a week, but as no one could find them they were given up. We had a little music stand that used to do queer things sometimes, and often spelled out messages that proved to be true. We three sat with our hands upon it, as we had often done before; it seemed to be unusually vigorous and active, jumping around at a great rate, so much that we were quite nonplused, and couldn't think of anything proper to say, although we knew it was waiting to be interrogated. Presently I thought of our lost keys, and asked if the controlling influences could tell us where to find them. While one of us said the alphabet in the usual way they spelled: 'Will try.' They in a moment said: 'Found.' 'Where?' 'In cow shed, on window stool.' 'It was dark, the lantern was lighted, the search was made and the lost keys were found just as they had said.'"

Was It the Ghost of His Dead Friend?

The St. Louis Globe writes: Mr. J. D. K., a resident of West Carthage, a carpenter by trade, experienced a few nights since, the following novel adventure, which he firmly believes was with some one from the spirit world: It was about 11 o'clock, while he was on his way home from a call on a friend, who was seriously sick. Mr. D. lives in the outskirts of the city, and when passing through a hollow, near his home, he was startled to hear his name called quite distinctly in a queer, ghostly voice. He stopped and looked about him, but, though the night was quite moonlight, he could see no one. Just then a something struck near by him, as if thrown by some one. He stopped to see what it was, when he received a blow on the back, as if from the snap of a person's hand, and at the same time his own name was spoken three times in rapid succession in a voice unmistakably his. Seriously alarmed and mystified, he traced his steps as rapidly as possible toward home, but without further adventure. When he stepped in the house he looked at the clock, which stopped ticking as he did so, the hands indicating 11:10. By this time Mr. D. was in such a nervous state of mind that he did not care to retire, but sat down in an arm-chair in the dining room without rousing any of the sleeping family. How long he sat there he does not know, but he unconsciously fell asleep, and was awakened by footsteps on the stairs. Thinking it some of the family he started with the light to the staircase, plainly hearing the footsteps all the while, but when the light dashed up the stairway no one had dashed to the land of the unknown just a week before. Mrs. McNeal is in possession of the manuscript, dated January 29, and containing the substance of her husband's dream as above recited.

night lest his unpleasant experience be repeated.

WHY SHE DIDN'T HOLLER.

Was a Fair Ho'd Stop and She Sued Him for Breach of Promise.

A young woman from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive inquiries. "You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, with a hectic flush. "How close?" "Close enough so's one cheer was all the settin' room we needed." "And you say he put his arm around you?" "No, I didn't." "What did you say, then?" "I said he put both arms around me." "Then what?" "He hugged me." "Very hard?" "Yes he did. So darn hard that I come near hollerin' right out." "Why didn't you holler?" "Cause." "That's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because why?" "Cause I was afeared he'd stop." "The court fell off the bench, and had to be carried out and put under a hydrant for the purpose of resuscitation."

A Historic Mansion.

The Villa Palmierie, where the queen is residing during her stay at Florence, has been described by one able to speak with authority on the subject as "the fairest spot on the Tuscan mount," says the London World. The villa stands on the Bologna road, about two miles from the Porto San Gallo, within a short distance of Fiesole. It belonged for many centuries to the Palmieri family, who were of great note in Florence, and it originally bore the name of Schifanoia, but it subsequently became royal property, and the Grand Duchess of Tuscany sold it to the late Lord Crawford, who expended at least £12,000 on improvements and additions, and it is now the residence of his widow, who has placed it at the disposal of her majesty. The villa is a very large house, built in two stories entirely in the old Italian style, with loggia-covered balconies, but it is a thoroughly English residence in its comfort and luxury. The interior is beautifully decorated, and the hall, gallery and sitting rooms are full of pictures and objects of art, and there is a fine library. There are magnificent views of Florence and the surrounding country from the windows of the principal rooms and from the terrace below, which is a sunk garden, as at Windsor castle. The grounds are extensive, shady and admirably arranged. One portion, including a long terrace from which there is a very grand view, is separated from the home gardens by the road, across which is a private bridge. The villa was the constant resort of the great artists of the sixteenth century, and within the grounds is a private chapel, which is undoubtedly the original of the one represented in Raphael's celebrated Sposalizio, in the Brera gallery at Milan. Altogether the queen may be congratulated on her good fortune in obtaining the loan of a residence so delightful and so interesting.

An Absolute Cure.

A TALE OF TWO LOVERS.

Awkward Predicament of Two Young People Who Were Very Near-Sighted.

In a cozy flat on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, says the New York Graphic, lives a plump and rosy young woman, who, like most young women of her age, has a cavalier who calls upon her at regular intervals during the week. The young man is honest, industrious, and is a trusted clerk in a large store on White street. He is about twenty-five years of age, has red hair, and is so near-sighted that without spectacles he would be unable to tell the difference between an elephant and a barn door at a distance of ten feet. He wears a pair of strong convex glasses, which are thicker than a pane of French plate-glass, and as long as the specs are astride of his nose he is perfectly content—without them he is a helpless, dependent child. "Strangely enough the plump and rosy young woman in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street is near-sighted, too. She has an astigmatism which obliges her to wear a pair of glasses of peculiar construction, and which are suited to no other eyes but hers. The father of this damsel is a very stern and peculiar man and he possesses an intense dislike for the young clerk, because he says, when his daughter gets on the street with her lover they look like two walking advertisements for an optician. The young man has been forbidden to enter the house, but his love is strong and he makes clandestine visits despite the parental warning. Anybody who has had any experience knows that it is impossible to read the soul in the eyes with a pair of thick goggles in the way, and these young lovers know it well. It is their custom therefore, to remove the glasses when enjoying each other's society, and to put them on again when good night is kissed at the door. The billing and cooing was proceeding, as usual last night without the specs when a heavy, and unexpected shower fell like two walking advertisements for an optician. 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