

VISITS FROM SPIRITLAND.

The Strange Sights Some People Have Seen.

THE DREAM OF AN ENGINEER.

He Wakes to Find Himself Strangling His Wife—The Headless Man—The Headless Woman—A Noisy Ghost.

A Headless Man.

About two years ago a colored man by the name of Lewis Bell was murdered in Columbus, O., says the State Journal, and the body placed on the track of the Cincinnati & Muskingum Valley railroad, evidently to have the impression go out that he had been run over by the cars. Diligent search was made by the detectives to discover the perpetrator of this horrible deed, but to no purpose. The murder has almost been forgotten but occasionally, in the silent hours of the night, there is a reminder of that occurrence. There are numerous persons, rumor has it, who have seen a headless man walking up and down the railroad track near the place where Bell was found. The crew on the night freight train on this road have often seen the specter, and have told the story over to be laughed at. But a night or two ago a most reliable citizen, chancing to be near the railroad about 4 o'clock in the morning, saw the headless man and followed it in its slow and measured journey on the railroad to the street crossing, thence up the street, through an alley, and finally to a place very near the city building, where it stood a few minutes and then disappeared. While slow to believe in the existence of such things, there are some of our citizens who are being convinced against their reason.

A Little Ghost Story from Boston.

A Boston letter to the Providence Journal says the following is one of the ghost stories which are floating about in the general revival of all things spooky which has been upon us for a couple of winters: The Essex are a family as well known as any going out of Boston to the North Shore, where they have a beautiful summer home. Some years ago Mrs. Ess, a charming and cultivated woman died at Hartford, where she had been staying for a short visit. On the day of her death her family physician chanced to call at the house at the seashore to ask for the health of the absent lady, as he had heard of her illness at Hartford. He was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, and he had a letter in his pocket which he had just received that morning pronounced her out of danger. As he was leaving the house he saw Mrs. Ess cross the lawn and enter the house by a side door. She passed within a score of feet from him, gave no sign of being aware of his presence. He returned hastily to the house but no one had heard any one enter by the side door, which indeed, proved upon examination to be locked on the inside. The telegraph soon brought news of the death of Mrs. Ess, and the doctor took place in Hartford. The story is not unlike many another one which has been told, but it derives weight and interest here from the standing of the family and the exactness with which the details are vouchsafed for.

The Spooks of Wilmington.

A special dispatch from Wilmington, Del., says recently: At 12:30 o'clock a. m. the fire alarm bell in the city hall tower sounded from box 12, in front of the hall. It struck twelve twice, and then struck all sorts of alarms. The fire department turned out, and after a vain search of half a hour went back to their houses. About fifteen minutes after the alarm was sounded many people on the streets were suddenly startled by a strange light which appeared in the sky on the line with Fifth street, and apparently on the river. The light was of a deep-red color, and radiating rays flashed several times against the horizon. The color was remarkable, and the unusual spectacle lasted three or four minutes. No one seemed able to account for the phenomenon, and with the mystery of the fire alarm, remained unsolved.

Mr. Volkavitch's Ghost.

A Wilkesbarre (Pa.) special to the Philadelphia Press, of a recent date says: The ghost of Volkavitch, who was executed April 3, seems to be wandering around the corridors of the jail to the great alarm of some of the more timid and superstitious inmates. About 10 o'clock last night, while Wainwright and Deputy Smith were sitting in the main office, they were suddenly surprised by loud cries from the corridor in which the long term prisoners are kept. Upon arriving in the corridor the discovery was made that a prisoner named John Jones was nearly crazy with fright over the alleged visitation of murderer Volkavitch's ghost at the door of his cell. Not long after, Watchman McDonald was again aroused by alarming cries proceeding from Jones's quarters. He went to him and found the cold beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead and his limbs quaking violently. He asserted that Volkavitch's ghost appeared to him. He was taken into another cell with his wife, who is confined in the jail. In the meantime his companion in the first cell called for McDonald, and with his face showing signs of alarm he said that he had been disturbed by mysterious noises and the ringing of bells in the cover of the little table in his quarters. Another man also testified to having seen the ghost. All the prisoners were more or less excited over the event, and but few of them slept after the disturbance occurred.

The Mystery of a Haunted House.

Some weeks ago the Rev. Dr. Haron S. Messing of the Congregation Beth Israel purchased the house 708 O'Farrell street, between Hyde and Larkin streets, at what he thought was a great bargain, says a recent issue of the San Francisco Examiner. Several days after the house was bought Dr. Messing and his family moved into it. The first night the household, and one member in particular, were kept awake nearly the whole time. The particular sufferer was Hermann Messing, the partner of Julius Gruhen of "Big Bertha" fame. He is about twenty-five years old. At the breakfast table the next morning Hermann related his night's experience. He said that he had been kept awake nearly all night by an unearthly groaning. The following night was passed with like experience. The young man made many fruitless endeavors to go to sleep. The groans were even louder than during the first night. He told his parents that he would not pass another night in the house, and that he firmly believed the place was haunted. Mrs. Messing remonstrated with her husband for having ever purchased the house. "No wonder you bought it so cheap," said she. "The place is haunted and the man you bought it from wanted to get rid of it." The voices continued for several nights. A number of theories had been advanced as to the cause of the groans.

Dr. Messing thought that a lathe was loose, and that the wind caused it to creak. A carpenter was sent for, and he tore down a part of the ceiling in Hermann's room. On poking his head through the hole, he saw the author of the groaning—it was the cat. Endeavors were then made to get pussy to come out, milk and meat were offered her, but she would not come. Once she came to the hole, but the carpenter tried to catch her, and she jumped back out of reach. A pole was poked at her, and more milk and meat brought. The carpenter went away and pussy came out. Some say that it ran around the room three times and fell dead upon the walk below. However, the cat died.

It appears that before moving into the house, Dr. Messing had some red paint made. A carpenter to fix a break in the wall, tore away some plastering. Before he had completed his work he went to lunch. It is probable that during his absence the cat crawled into the hole and was, of course, unable to get out when the carpenter repaired the wall.

A Headless Lady. While stopping one winter in a small village about fifty miles from Cincinnati, near the Little Miami river, we used to congregate in the corner store of evenings and talk over the exploits of the day and night time generally, said a citizen to a Cincinnati Enquirer reporter recently.

There was one of the number who was always on hand, who lived a mile and a half down the pike. He would come up early in the evening and stay till about 10 before starting for home. The pike ran through a deep hollow about a half mile from the village. I had often heard it told that a horrible murder had been committed near that place, and that people had seen strange sights and heard sounds that would make their hair stand on end. I paid no attention to such tales, as I don't believe in such things myself. Some of the villagers were, however, positive that they had seen and heard sufficient to satisfy them, and no money would induce them to go through that hollow after dark.

The murder that was said to have been committed was that of a woman having her head cut off. Uncle Jack, we called him, who lived down the pike, used to say he always whistled to keep his courage up. This evening Uncle Jack was more sober than usual. We often would ask him during the evening, "What is the matter? Have you seen the headless lady?" But he would only shake his head and say nothing. About 8 o'clock it commenced to snow, and by 10 it was about four inches deep. As it grew near time for Uncle Jack to start for home he would sigh and say he wished he was at home. "Come, boys, some of you go with him across the hollow. He is afraid of the headless lady." No one would go. "Come, Uncle Jack, I'll go; I am not afraid of ghosts." As we got close to the hollow I began to whistle. Of course I wasn't afraid, you know. Uncle Jack never said a word, but I could hear him sigh every few steps.

It was still snowing as we neared the hollow, which was lined on each side with tall trees. The snow hanging to the limbs made it look rather gloomy, without any ghosts added to it. As we began to descend the hollow I began to feel like I didn't weigh quite as much as I did on the hill. When we got about the middle of the hollow Uncle Jack, with a groan, sank down flat in the snow and said: "Look, there it is!" I turned, and, horror of horrors, there she stood, not more than three yards from me, and with a head, a head, a head streaming down her shoulders, her hands covered with blood. As I turned to see where Uncle Jack was, expecting every moment to feel the bloody hands on my arms, Uncle Jack raised up and said: "Where is it?" "There it is," I got out of this, and we did get, too. Of course, I wasn't scared nor afraid of ghosts, but I went four miles round to get home, you bet.

THE DANCER.

"I say, old man," said Harry Kimberly to his friend Jack Wainwright, "what a divinity she is, to be sure. Ye gods! Her face! Her form!" The curtain had just risen in a well-known New York theatre upon a ballet, and the "premiere danseuse," posing prominently in the foreground, had called forth this exclamation.

"I must meet her," replied his companion, who had been gazing rapidly at her, "by some means for I have dreamed of just such a face as that often and often, and I feel that she is my fate." "You're a little mad," said Jack, "but I'll try to help you. I'll see that you meet her, if you dare, then he said: "Oh, Wainwright! So you are caught in the toils of love at last! You, the bored, blasé, wearied man of the world, son of the proud Mme. Wainwright, who has just back to Chicago the first you in love with a ballet girl! By Jove it must go into the fashionable intelligence column of the Times!" and laughed again.

Then his friend broke out hotly: "You're a little mad, you are, or what she is! I love her, and meet her I must and shall. But let us drop the subject." "Willingly," answered Kimberly. "But first tell me, old man, if you should marry this pretty member of the corps de ballet what would Miss Raemy do when you were betrothed at her birth, say?"

"Miss Raemy I have never seen, and it is absurd to think of binding a fellow like that at the tender age of three years. And though my parents are dead, this connection I will marry none but her whom I have seen to-night."

Our English Language.

F. A. Marsh in June Forum says: A universal language must be a growth. Some nations, you see, are more advanced until it covers the whole world. Of late years the English language alone has been much spoken of as likely to grow so great. Hardly any philosophic linguist attempts to forecast the future without some discussion of the destiny of English; and De Candolle calculates that within a hundred years English will be spoken by 800,000,000 men, German by 124,000,000 and French by 96,000,000. At present the population of either Spanish or English speaking, or under the domination of English-speaking peoples number more than 318,208,000, or one-fourth of the population of the globe. The English-speaking races occupy one-fourth of the dry land of the earth, and own nearly two-thirds of the tonnage of the ships. All their lives in all regions; they handle all articles of trade; they preach to all nations; they command one-half of the world's gold and silver, and distribute more than two-thirds of the bible and testaments. More than one-half of the letters mailed and carried by the postal service of the world are written, mailed and read by the English-speaking populations. The expectation that English will come into universal use is not based upon anything in the nature of the language, but rather on the character and circumstances of the people. The English people have been the great colonizers of modern times. They have taken possession of a large area of the world, of South Africa, the regions

unravel the mystery. What could the premiere danseuse of the theatre be doing at Mr. Raemy's reception? It was too much for him and he gave it up. But that night dreams of fair-haired, blue-eyed ballet girls disturbed his rest and left him the next day longing for evening to come that he might go to the theatre and see his beautiful unknown again. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment, and it was the same every night that week. In place of his enslaver was a black-haired vivacious French woman who allowed about the stage with more facility, if less grace than her predecessor.

At last he resolved to end this suspense, and one night boldly sent in his card to mademoiselle's dressing-room. He received a courteous summons to enter, and was received in a friendly manner. He asked mademoiselle if she could give him any information as to the name and address of the young demoiselle who had taken her place one night.

Jack Wainwright, with his sunny hazel eyes, and close-cropped, yellow hair, tall and aristocratic, was very hard to resist, and certainly this little Frenchwoman could not long withstand the tender glances and delicate homage which he so well knew how to bestow, and under promise of strictest secrecy she revealed the whole.

She had been maid to her dear young lady some years ago, until she learned the fortune her feet might give her, and went on the stage. Even then she was a sort of companion to her former mistress, who looked upon her as a friend on account of her untiring devotion. Now her young lady had been away to school for some years, and when she got to the city was the very first day to see her. She found her almost prostrated with a severe attack of sick headache, but not daring to forfeit her engagement at the theatre, for she was so dependent upon the salary for the support of herself and little girl.

When her young lady saw her friend in such a condition she proposed a plan which at first quite stunned poor mademoiselle by its audacity. This was to go to the theatre in mademoiselle's place and put to some use the talent she had for dancing, which mademoiselle had cultivated thoroughly. She had even taught her, as luck would have it, the very dances which were used that night. After repeated entreaties, during which excitement mademoiselle's headache grew steadily worse, she at last yielded, and the rest we know.

Such was the story Jack Wainwright heard, and then he asked "her" name. "Was destiny, after all, at work, this?" The name he heard was "Pauline Raemy," that of the girl whom he had so distinctly said he would not marry. All that was changed now, however, and it was with a happy heart that he heard, when he reached home, that the dinner his mother would give that night to introduce her son to his affianced.

It seemed to him that she would not come. But at last Miss Raemy was announced, and she looked so beautiful, so fat than ever to the expectant lover, in a black-lace dinner dress, whose low neck and short sleeves showed the polished whiteness of her skin. To him was given the honor of taking her in, and oh, how the little French girl, to those delicious pates and trifles that would have delighted the souls of so many epicures.

After dinner was finished, leaving our friend Jack more in love than before, his mother, contented with her son, went to show Miss Raemy the conservatory. Seated in a remote corner, by a splashing fountain, Miss Raemy suddenly broke the silence that had fallen upon them.

"Mr. Wainwright," and her face was suffused with blushes, "I have not yet thanked you for your goodness in saving me from that horrible man, and afterward not mentioning the occurrence here to-night. And I cannot do so. I will speak of it. Pauline—may I call you that?" And then he could contain himself no longer, and he broke forth passionately, "Pauline, forgive me for speaking so soon, but I must tell you how I love you, how I love you, and oh! I beg that you will not quite refuse me hope, for you are the first woman for whom I have ever cared, and do not consider me presumptuous on our short acquaintance, for telling you I love you have taken my heart by storm."

He looked at her imploringly. She did not raise her eyes but said: "Oh, Mr. Wainwright, you do not know what you are saying, for the very night when you saved me I had something for which I shall always be ashamed, and if you knew you could never say—"

"That I love you. Ay, I could and do say it for I know to what you refer. Dearest, I love you from the moment I saw your sweet face at that concert, and you did not come after that, I at last sought out her whose place you had taken, and she told me all. Now, will you tell me if I may hope a little that some day you will like me enough to marry me?"

"Yes, Jack," she whispered, so low that he must needs bend his head to hear; and then she said shyly: "It will not be so very hard, for I think I love you already."

"Bless you, my darling, for those words! And, please God, you shall never repent them." And he gathered her close in his arms, and their lips met in a kiss that sealed their betrothal.

Three months after all fashionable New York went to the wedding. And as Mr. Harry Kimberly went up to congratulate the bride, he said: "But it is too bad that Jack should marry the premiere danseuse."

which are to be the seats of new empires, and they contend and assimilate and which grow up in them. Faults of digestion cause disorders of the liver, and the whole system becomes deranged. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier perfects the process of digestion and assimilation, and this makes pure blood.

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Notes to Bridge Contractors. Sealed bids will be received at the office of the County Clerk of Dodge County, Nebraska, until 12 o'clock m., of June 14th, 1888, for the rebuilding of the superstructure of two 50 foot spans 11 feet wide straining beam combination bridge to replace the two spans in the Platte river bridge near Fremont, Nebraska. Also for the rebuilding of the superstructure of seven 50 foot spans 16 feet wide straining beam combination bridge to replace seven spans in the Platte river bridge near Fremont, Nebraska. All bids to be accompanied with a deposit of fifty dollars, (\$50.00) and to be forfeited to the County, in case the bidder or bidders to whom the contract or contracts are awarded fails within five days to enter into contract and execute a good and sufficient bond for the faithful performance of said contract. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the Board of Supervisors, of Dodge County, Nebraska. O. H. P. SHIVELY, County Clerk.

Legal Notice. Proposals to reconstruct said bridge, for building a Court House at Ogallala, Nebraska. Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of the County Clerk at Ogallala, Neb., up to the hour of 12 m., on June 12, 1888, for the purpose of building a court house at Ogallala, Neb., and the Board of Supervisors of said county will be held for inspection at the office of the County Clerk, at Ogallala, Neb., on and after the 20th day of May. The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Dated May 9, 1888. J. M. SHERIDAN, Chm., HOIACKE COLLINS, W. O. JAMISON, Co. Com. Attest: FRANK P. DICKERSON, County Clerk. C.M. #7373-19-17.

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