

# THROTTLED BY A GHOST

Remarkable Experience Of a New Jersey Farmer

THERE lives in the town of Peapack, N. J., a man of sound mind who has seen and felt a tangible ghost. In fact, the specter throttled him. The man is Elmer Hill, a thrifty young farmer of Peapack, whose remarkable experience has startled the entire community. In a straightforward, intelligent way Elmer Hill related the other day all that happened. He does not attempt to explain the cause of the strange proceedings, but he presents any insinuation that things were not as uncanny as he describes.



THE AWFUL OBJECT SEIZED HILL BY THE ARM.

"I think I am a man of some sense, ordinary nerve and not a bit of hyster-

there. My wife and I left the house in the middle of the night. First would come a loud thump right under our feet, then our heads, then a sound like someone breathing very hard. That would come from a corner of the room, the chimney; then a strange sound like a groan, way down in the cellar; then the thump, thump again. Two or three times loud thumps came on the head of the bed. There would be a little lull, and then tramp, tramp, as if someone was walking over our heads. We took a lantern and ran down to the barn, and from there we could hear the noises quite plainly.

"The next day we left the house and went to the village to stay with my sister's husband. They laughed at us, and so the next night William Ludlow, my brother-in-law, his wife and Walter Ludlow all went up to the house to stay. They can tell you what happened.

"The noises began again that night, and a little after midnight our old cat, which has been in the family for years, came tearing down the stairs screaming and with his fur all sticking the wrong way and his tail about twice its natural size. He went right through the window, and we haven't seen him since.

"Well, you can imagine that was a little too much. We men armed ourselves with sticks and searched the house from top to bottom, but not a thing did we find, but the noises kept up till daylight. When we were eating breakfast the groans and noises began again, and all of us just sat and stared at one another. My brother-in-law began to curse, and just then I saw the same horrible thing I had seen before standing in a dark corner near the chimney. I can't tell you how I felt, but it had such an effect on me that I fell to the floor in a faint."

None of the witnesses to the strange doings would admit that it was possible for any person to have been about the house engineering a ghost farce. They all searched the house and were confident no one was inside or near the house. Hill had all his chattels moved out of the place and cannot be induced to go near it again.

"About a month ago," said Hill, "Cook, my hired man, began to talk about the strange noises. He finally refused to sleep again in one of the rooms upstairs, because, he said, someone walked about his bed nights, and he was frequently awakened by a sudden shake of the bed, as if someone were trying to waken him. I paid little attention to this, but my wife and I heard the noises and could not sleep well.

"One morning something happened that seems almost too absurd to tell, but if you had passed through it you would not laugh. I was going to get up early and had my wife set the alarm clock for 3 o'clock. She went down into the kitchen, and I turned over to take another nap. But before I fell asleep I heard some one coming toward the bed and thought it was my wife coming with a cup of water to throw in my face as a joke. I looked up, and there, coming from the corner of the room, was the most horrible looking object I ever saw. At first it was very dim. Then suddenly it seemed to spring to the side of the bed and grab me by the left arm. I sprang back, and the object disappeared absolutely, but there was a fearful pain in my arm. In an instant the object was there again. It was as large as two men and had a thin, bony face. It had the strangest looking covering over it I ever dreamed of. Again it disappeared, and I sank back into the bed dazed. When I went downstairs, my wife asked me if I had heard the noises again. But I did not tell her then what had happened.

**Left Eyed People.**  
The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left eyed passengers in one car.

"What do you mean by left eyed passengers?" asked his companion.  
"People who use their left eye more than their right," was the reply. "The species is not common, and of course none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left handed person advertises his peculiarity at once, but so the left eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eye has been used most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer."

"Left eyed people are made, not born. Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike when reading or writing causes us to exercise one eye more than the other, and the first thing we know we are right or left eyed. This is a one sidedness that should always be taken into consideration when buying glasses."—New York Times.

**A Collector's Prayer.**  
So deeply passionate is Mr. Hodgkin's love for the rare and the curious that one thinks of the Thomas H. Arne mentioned by him, who in all simplicity of heart thanked God for his success in collecting.  
"O most gracious and merciful Lord God," writes this devotee of old books, "wonderful in thy providence, I return humble thanks to thee for the care thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of thy providence, and one act of yesterday, when I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts, for which in a particular manner I return my thanks, beseeching thee to continue the same protection to me a poor, helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his sake."

The prayer is extant and may be read at the Bodleian, where Harne was assistant librarian.—London Chronicle.

**Balzac's Passwords.**  
It was not easy to make one's way into Balzac's house at Chaillet. Rue des Battoles, for it was guarded like the garden of the Hesperides. Two or three passwords were necessary, which were changed frequently for fear they should become known. I remember a few. To the porter we said, "The plum season has come," on which he allowed us to cross the threshold. To the servant who rushed to the staircase when the bell rang it was necessary to murmur, "I bring some brussels lace," and if you assured him that "Mme. Bertrand was quite well" you were admitted forthwith. This nonsense amused Balzac immensely, and it was perhaps necessary to keep out bores and other visitors still more disagreeable.—Miss Wormley's "Memoir of Balzac."

**A Story of Bishop Williams.**  
It is told of Bishop Williams of Connecticut, for many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in America, who lived all his life a bachelor, that he was talking one day with a young man from the west about a tax a western state was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent for every ten years of bachelorhood.  
"Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year."  
"Well," said the bishop quietly and in his old time vernacular, "it's worth it."

**His Part.**  
Little Jack—What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?  
Ma—Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is the head of the house.  
Little Jack—Then, if pa is the captain, what are you?  
Ma—Well, I suppose I am the pilot.  
Little Jack—Oh, yes, and then I must be the compass?  
Ma—The compass! Why the compass?  
Little Jack—Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know.

**Needed Them All.**  
A well known authoress was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit.  
"It is time now," he said pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course; beauty, grace."  
"Yes," said his fair listener sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."

**Prophetic.**  
Henry W. Grady less than a month before his death at the early age of thirty-nine remarked to a friend: "Imagine me as an old man! Picture me baldheaded, half blind, toothless, and leaning on a cane! It can never be. It is too ridiculous. A man with my riotous blood, tremendous energy and restless activity must die young!"

**Shirt Sleeves to Shirt Sleeves.**  
Oliver Wendell Holmes counted only three generations between shirt sleeves and shirt sleeves. A daughter of Tolstoi in an interview with Henry Norman expressed the same idea in these words: "No Russian ever founds a family," as you say, a man makes his fortune; his son inherits it; his son disperses it."

**JINGLES AND JESTS.**  
**Saddening.**  
I'll never forget the funny tales my grandma used to tell me; I laughed at them, for they were good; I chuckled then delightedly. I can't forget them now, because most any day some good friend nails me and proceeds to tell, as new, some of the old familiar tales.  
—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**A Study of a Rich Man.**  
"I wonder how a rich man feels?"  
"Well, I'll tell you. He feels disaway: Now dat he got it he can't keep it; en ef he do keep it somebody else will sho' git it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**His Only Refuge.**  
The Parson—Your wife, sir, is trying to run my church.  
Witberly—If that is really the case, the only thing for you to do is to join my poker club.—Harper's Bazar.

**Prefer to Remain.**  
Though oft we complain that this life is unkind,  
That too much of its hardship we get,  
After all, there are very few anxious to find  
The easiest way out of it yet.  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**No Comparison.**  
First Boy—My mamma belongs to one of the first families.  
Second Boy—Pooh! That's nothing. Mine belongs to one of the last families.—New York Life.

**Scheme No Good.**  
Noggs—And a cure for insomnia is—  
Physician (facetiously)—An old fashioned way is to count 500—  
Noggs—Very good, but our baby can't count.—Town Topics.

**Comparatively Poor.**  
The poor old man of the future sighed, and his sigh was a sigh of despair.  
"Though I've pinched and hoarded for years," he cried,  
"I'm only a millionaire!"  
—San Francisco Examiner.

**Changed Conditions.**  
First Politician—Of course, you consider yourself master of the situation?  
Second Politician—Guess you haven't heard of my marriage.—Boston Evening Transcript.

**Two Opinions.**  
"Oh, I'm sure she isn't as old as she looks."  
"Perhaps not, but I'm sure she's older than she thinks she looks."—Philadelphia Press.

**Age's Retrospect.**  
"When I was a boy," young men begin in speaking of youthful joys, but old men, spinning their yarns, start in,  
"When I was one of the boys."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Not at All Likely.**  
"She's been trying to make a fool of me."  
"Oh, no. She's too ambitious to attempt any such easy task as that."—Chicago Post.

**On the Way.**  
Still on the way, dear,  
We sing down the sorrow;  
Joy for today, dear,  
Is light for tomorrow!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

# SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry. Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful looking ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and indolent, sickly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry.

Ordinary sores are liable to become chronic when the blood is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer.

S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germladen, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places. S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore, when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time.

If you have a slow healing, stubborn sore, write us about it, and our Physicians will advise you without charge. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**Underlaker and Embalmer.**  
Will give competent service to all as unfortunate as to need such service. Just simply give me notice and all details will be attended to.  
Caskets of all qualities carried in stock and by patronizing my establishment you will get competent services at below prices as from anyone.  
I respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of the people in this section. Very truly,  
GEO. B. WEBB,  
KINSTON, N. C.

**S. H. ISLER, JR.,**  
PHONE No. 132,  
107 East Gordon St.  
Heating and Cook Stoves Repaired Pumps Driven, Pipe and Repairs Tin, Slate and Iron Roofers.

Does your roof need painting I can save you money.  
Hot Air and Water Heating Plumbing, Tobacco Flues and Stove Pipe, Cornice, Skylights, Final Ventilators and Ridge Roll.

**WE SELL**  
**COOKING and HEATING STOVES**  
Cheaper than any one else in town.  
Roofing, Guttering and Plumbing work done on short notice. It will pay you to give us a trial.

**MOORE & PARROTT.**  
**Everything**  
that the appetite calls for in the way of reasonable **Table Dedicacies** at our place. A stock of **Fancy Groceries** that is complete in every detail. Call or 'phone for anything you want to eat and it will be quickly delivered, for **"PROMPTNESS" IS OUR MOTTO.**  
**FRENCH & SUGG**

**W. T. PARROTT, Ph. G. M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
KINSTON, N. C.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 10 a. m. and 5 to 9 p. m.  
Telephone calls: House 24, Office 78.

**NOTICE**  
Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the General Assembly, of North Carolina, at the session of 1903, for changes in the Charter of the Town of Kinston, N. C.  
By order of the Board of Aldermen.  
Dec. 16th, 1902.  
GEO. B. WEBB, Mayor,  
L. J. NEWBORNE, Clerk.

**WANTED**  
You to write us for prices on Fire proof Safes, Burglar Proof Safes Time Locks, Vault Doors, Deposit Boxes, etc. We will save you money.  
**O. B. Barnes Safe Co.,**  
Box 22, Greensboro, N. C.

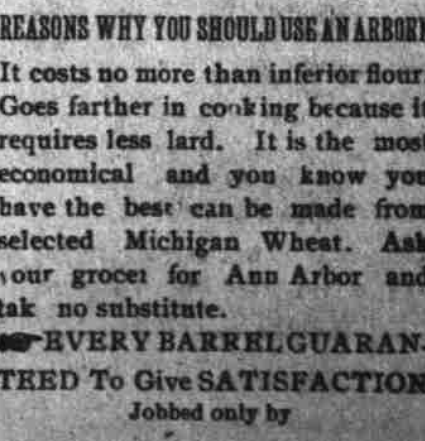
**PAY YOUR TOWN TAX**  
before January 1st, 1903, and Save the Costs!

**Pay Your Taxes.**  
Your Taxes are due and it will be better to settle up quick.  
Respectfully,  
**DAL F. WOOTEN,**  
Sheriff

**We Have Just Received**  
A Nice Lot of **NEW WHEELS.**  
It would surprise you to know how low we are selling them—come and examine them and get our prices. It will surprise you that such a Bicycle could be bought at such a low price, and while you are here examine our stock of Guns. We have a complete line and we do all kind of Gun and Pistol repairs at short notice.

**KINSTON CYCLE CO.**  
C. B. SPEAR, Manager.

**World's Best Flour**



**BREAD IS THE STAFF OF LIFE** and judgment should be used in buying the flour to make the bread. What is more pleasant to life than wholesome biscuit?  
**REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD USE AN ARBOR**  
It costs no more than inferior flour. Goes farther in cooking because it requires less lard. It is the most economical and you know you have the best can be made from selected Michigan Wheat. Ask your grocer for Ann Arbor and take no substitute.  
**EVERY BARREL GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION**  
Jobbed only by  
**SUMRELL & McCOY,**  
Wholesale Grocers, KINSTON, N. C.  
Gordon Street, Next to LaRoque's  
Livery Stable