

MYSTIC APPARITIONS,

The Weird and Puzzling Enigma of Ghostly Visions.

MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

The "Ghost" That Appears to Warn a Living Person of Impending Misfortune—The Strange Case of a Boston Man and His Deceased Sister.

In the "Riddle of Personality" the author, H. Addington Bruce, discussing the proposition that human personality persists beyond the grave, cites a number of instances of apparitions that were closely investigated by the Society For Psychical Research and says:

In order to appreciate the nature of the evidence accumulated, let us glance at a few typical instances, each drawn from the society's records and thus sufficiently authenticated to merit serious consideration. We may begin with an old fashioned "ghost" story of the simpler sort. In this instance the percipient, a Mr. J., was a personal acquaintance of F. W. H. Myers, who obtained a first hand account of the experience. In 1880 it appears Mr. Q., the librarian of X. library, died, and Mr. J. was appointed his successor. Mr. J. had not known Mr. Q., nor had he to his knowledge seen any portrait of him when in 1884, or four years after his death, he made the old librarian's acquaintance under these circumstances:

"I was sitting alone in the library one evening late in March, 1884, finishing some work after hours, when it suddenly occurred to me that I should miss the last train to H., where I was then living, if I did not make haste. I gathered up some books in one hand, took the lamp in the other and prepared to leave the librarian's room, which communicated by a passage with the main room of the library. As my lamp illumined the passage I saw apparently at the end of it a man's face. I instantly thought a thief had got into the library. I turned back into my room, put down the books and took a revolver from the safe, and, holding the lamp cautiously behind me, I made my way along the passage into the main room. Here I saw no one, but the room was large and incumbered with bookcases.

"I called out loudly to the intruder to show himself several times more with the hope of attracting a passing policeman than of drawing the intruder. Then I saw a face looking round one of the bookcases. I say round, but it had an odd appearance, as if the body were in the bookcase, as the face came so closely to the edge and I could see no body. The face was pallid and hairless, and the orbits of the eyes were very deep. I advanced toward it, and as I did so I saw an old man with high shoulders seem to rotate out of the end of the bookcase and with his back toward me and with a shuffling gait walk rather quickly from the bookcase to the door of a small lavatory which opened from the library and had no other access. I heard no noise. I followed the man at once into the lavatory and to my extreme surprise found no one there.

Completely mystified, I even looked into the little cupboard under the fixed basin. There was nowhere hiding for a child, and I confess I began to experience for the first time what novelists describe as an 'eerie' feeling. I left the library and found I had missed my train.

"Next morning I mentioned what I had seen to a local clergyman, who on hearing my description said, 'Why, that's old Q.' Soon after I saw a photograph (from a drawing) of Q., and the resemblance was certainly striking. Q. had lost all his hair, eyebrows and all from, I believe, a gunpowder accident. His walk was a peculiar rapid, high shouldered shuffle. Later inquiry proved he had died at about the time of year at which I saw the figure."

This is a capital illustration of the revenant type of apparition, the "ghost" that visits a locality with which it was familiar in life.

Then there is the "ghost" that appears to warn a living person of impending misfortune. Take the strange case of Mr. F. G. of Boston, who writes:

"In 1867 my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera in St. Louis. My attachment for her was very strong and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death the writer became a commercial traveler, and it was in 1876, while on one of my western trips, that the event occurred.

"I had 'drummed' the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar and writing out my orders I suddenly became conscious that some one was sitting on my left, with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister and for a brief second or so looked her squarely in the face, and so sure was I that it was she that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and as I did so the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally I was startled and dumfounded, almost doubting my senses; but, the cigar in my mouth and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself I had not been dreaming and was wide awake.

"Now comes the most remarkable confirmation of my statement, which

cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually occurred. This visitation or whatever you may call it so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents and others I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I stated. But he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or scratch on the right hand side of my sister's face which I distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this, my mother rose, trembling, to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self possession, with tears streaming down her face, she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of that scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think she should have unintentionally marred the features of her dead daughter and that unknown to all how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof neither my father nor any of our family had detected it and positively were unaware of the incident, yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made."

Whatever the explanation of the apparition, it was the means of bringing the son home to take a long, last farewell of his mother, for she died within a fortnight of his return, "happy in her belief she would rejoin her favorite daughter in another world."

And now to turn to psychical phenomena of another type, the auditory hallucinations by which knowledge seems to be conveyed of deaths occurring far outside the normal ken of the percipient. The experience of a Mr. Wamby is typical. Once when planning a congratulatory letter to a friend the words: "What! Write to a dead man? Write to a dead man?" rang in his ears, and he later found that his friend had been dead for some days. Far more bizarre was an incident related to Mr. Myers by a Mrs. Davies. An acquaintance of hers had changed her abode unexpectedly, and it was arranged that Mrs. Davies should receive her mail until she could communicate her new address to her friends and particularly to her husband, who was in India. One evening a letter arrived bearing the India postmark, and Mrs. Davies placed it on the chimney piece, intending to ask her brother to hand it next day to the addressee. Suddenly she became aware of a strange ticking sound that seemed to proceed from the letter itself. Her brother, too, heard it, and, yielding to superstition, they imagined that the sound meant: "Important! To be delivered at once!" The brother thereupon put on his hat and carried the letter to their friend, who found it to be a communication from an unknown correspondent, some servant or companion, notifying her of her husband's death.

Taken singly, such incidents as the above are not without impressiveness. Considered in the aggregate and as massed by the thousand with corroborative data carefully preserved in the society's archives, they may well give one pause.

Custer and Ramseur.

In General Morris Schaff's reminiscences, "The Spirit of Old West Point," there is an incident that goes to show that not even the first bitterness of the struggle between the north and the south could put altogether the fires of friendship. It was the fate of Stephen D. Ramseur of North Carolina to fall in the Confederate service. His last hours had a close connection with West Point, where he had been enrolled as a cadet. When in the darkness after the battle of Cedar Creek the Union cavalry charged the broken and fleeing remnants of a division of Early's corps, Custer, who was in the midst, heard one of his troopers who had seized the horses ask the driver whom he had in his ambulance.

"Do not tell him," commanded a weak, husky voice.

Whereupon Custer, who recognized the voice as one he had so often heard at West Point, exclaimed:

"Is that you, Ramseur?" Custer had him taken to Sheridan's headquarters, where his old friends, Merritt, Custer and the gallant Pennington, gathered around him and showed him every tenderness to the last. He died about 10 o'clock the next day.

Bunsen's Pocketful of Orders.

Professor Bunsen thought more highly of his scientific discoveries than he did of the many orders and other tokens of honor that were showered on him during his long life. He was apt to forget to put on his crosses and ribbons when invited to official ceremonies, and his housekeeper tried to remind him of his duty by putting his various orders in the pocket of his dress suit trousers. On one occasion he was invited with the other Heidelberg professors to dine with a Baden prince. He entered the room late, after the guests had assembled, and one of his colleagues turned to him and said:

"Excuse me, Herr Geheimrath, but what have you done with your orders?"

Bunsen was taken aback. He thought for a moment, and then plunging his far a moment, and then plunging his hand out a fist full of stars and crosses. As soon as they recovered from their astonishment every one began to laugh, but Bunsen said good naturedly, "Oh, I have a lot more," and pulled another handful out of the right hand pocket of his trousers.

A PRONOUN WE LACK

One of the Grammatical Difficulties of Our Language.

A RATHER PRETTY PROBLEM.

And One, by the Way, Whose Satisfactory Solution Probably Never Will Be Found—Phrases That Illustrate the Difficult Point at Issue.

We have a number of words and phrases in our tongue which require the employment of a pronoun that does not exist. As representatives of this class can be taken each and every, with the combination into which they enter. The peculiarity about them is that as regards form they are singular, as regards meaning they are plural. Consequently the construction, according to sense, is always coming into conflict with the construction according to strict grammar. One of these expressions—everybody, for instance—may be used to bring out the point distinctly. It is desired, for example, to make a statement to the effect that at some specific gathering all persons present had seen those whom they knew well. With the employment of the word just selected grammatical difficulties at once arise and the troubles of the writer begin.

Three ways are open to him in which he can overcome them after a fashion. But not one of them answers fully all the conditions existing. In the first the masculine form can be made to represent both itself and the feminine. Consequently such a sentence as the following could be framed: There everybody met his friends. Women as well as men would be included under his. Though never really satisfactory, this was once the preferred usage.

For a time it served the purpose fairly well, and it still does so occasionally and perhaps frequently. But there has been for a good while past a distinct dislike to this construction. One result of the increasingly important part that the female sex plays in life and literature is the growth of repugnance on the part of the feminine element to have its identity merged in the masculine. Subconsciousness of the injustice of it has now passed over into full consciousness that under this form of expression its claims are not really recognized; hence, while women may use it, they do not like it, and men have come to share largely in the same feeling.

Another way out of the difficulty was devised. To satisfy the claims of both sexes resort was had to two representative pronouns. The sentence previously given would accordingly appear in the following shape: There everybody met his or her friends. But such a form of expression pleased no one. It was felt to be formal, to suffer from that stiffness which is always sure to manifest itself when naturalness of expression is sacrificed to mere precision of statement. Besides being objectionable on the score of clumsiness it was subject to exception on other grounds. In words with feminine terminations, like heiress or heroine, the fact of sex is indicated, indeed, but it is not made obtrusive. When, however, we have distinct contrasted forms, as in "his or her," it is lifted into an undue and almost aggressive prominence, where there is neither desire nor occasion to make it prominent; hence this particular usage, while serviceable in certain documents and acceptable always to the devotees of strict grammar, is usually detested by everybody else.

A third way out of the difficulty there is, and it was long ago taken by the bolder spirits. This was the construction according to the sense. The plural pronominal forms were used to correspond to the idea of plurality existing in the singular subject; hence men said in the sentence quoted: There everybody met their friends. Examples of this usage can be found abundantly in works of high reputation, but those given here for the purpose of illustrating it will be taken from a single one. This writer is Jane Austen. She is chosen not for her eminence, but for her sex, for as a general rule highly cultivated women speak and write the language not only with more naturalness, but with greater scrupulousness and purity, than the corresponding class of men. Examples from their works are in consequence more convincing. Here are two or three taken out of many. "It is very unfair," says Miss Austen in "Emma," "to judge of anybody's conduct without an intimate knowledge of their character."

Again in the same work the remark is made that "they say everybody is in love once in their lives." In "Mansfield Park" she observes that "nobody could command attention when they spoke." These examples, which might be multiplied from numerous other authors, are sufficient to indicate the attitude of those who adopt the third course. Every one can see that the problem is a very pretty one as it stands and that the interest in it will never die because no satisfactory solution of it will ever be found.—Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English, Yale University, in Harper's Magazine.

Difficult Things.

- To supply clean aprons for the lapse of time.
- To pick the teeth of the wind.
- To cure blisters on the heels of misfortune.
- To wipe the mouth of a tunnel.
- To pull the leg of a yachting course.
- To break an arm of the sea.
- To comb the head of a river.
- To feed the hounds of a wagon.
- To fit braces on the shoulder of a mountain.—Chicago News.

To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a rem-

edy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will?

Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure. Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you; "We know this is all right. Take it home and use-it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is



There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. We know what it is made of. Not only do we know, but we will give you a copy of the formula.

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