

Did the Doctor See Mother's Ghost?

NO. 11.

IN 1866, just after the close of the civil war, an old gray-haired gentleman was sitting on the south porch of his residence reading and pondering over a letter he had received from a long lost sister, it being the first word from her in 48 years. She was his oldest sister, and she had unfortunately wedded a man whom shortly afterward became very repugnant to her, so much so that she concluded to end their companionship by getting a legal separation from him, and endeavor to bring up their only child, a boy nearly one year old, away from his degrading influence. But before she had taken any steps toward this end the father kidnaped the little fellow and disappeared so suddenly and so completely leaving the distracted mother to provide for herself as best she could. Her humiliation was so great that she felt she could never meet her relatives again face to face, so she decided to hide herself away from them all and let them think what they might of her disappearance. She so successfully carried out this plan that none of her relatives or friends ever found the least trace of her in all these years, and it was not until she voluntarily disclosed her whereabouts by writing the letter that was giving her brother so much concern and exceeding joy that they realized she was living—for it seemed much like she had risen from the grave to come again to him. For had she not been as one dead?

As a matter of course, no time had been lost in answering this letter and requesting her to hasten to him with all possible speed that they might again be united and renew the great love for each other that had never been questioned and which was now increased one hundredfold.

While this letter was being read again and again, and all other subjects cast to one side, another letter came which greatly added to the excitement created by the first letter, for it was from his nephew—the kidnaped son, who had been hunting his mother ever since he was 16 years old, always believing that sometime he would find her. Now here is the peculiar part of this true story. In this second letter some scenes were recorded that placed them beyond disbelief in the minds of all who had the pleasure of witnessing the reuniting of brother and sister and mother and son a short time afterward. This lost son had studied medicine and was then a busy man as he had a large practice and was often kept out late at night. While returning home one night he was riding along the moonlit road when he fell to thinking of his mother, wondering if she was yet alive and would he ever get to see her. When he entered his home he was yet thinking of her and he threw himself in a chair without striking a light and while thus mentally occupied the objects in the room seemed to become more and more distinct as though the darkness of night was giving way to the coming day. Yet he knew this could not be, for it was only rounding the midnight hour. And the bell-like tones of the clock on the mantel confirmed him in this. So he sat and watched the darkness disappear and the light grow brighter until the room was filled with the mysterious rays which seemed to penetrate every corner of the room, when suddenly his mother came from he knew not where and stood calmly and silently before him. While he sat and gazed up into her eyes, waiting for her to explain her coming, or to deliver her spiritual message, for he believed she must be from the spirit land. While he was making a mental picture of her appearance, both in features and dress, she spoke to him in a natural voice calling him by name, saying: "William, write one more letter to your Uncle John and it will be all right," and instantly disappeared, leaving him in absolute darkness. William called his daughter and requested that she bring him a candle, which she did. He then wrote the letter that his uncle received while holding the one in his hand he had

They hadn't been there very long, walked in with locked arms had been locked and when he had been committed there, but he since changed her mind about

just received the previous day from his mother. The receipt of this letter was acknowledged at once and the joyous news of the finding of his mother sent post haste to the doctor that he might not be kept waiting and wondering if it was real or only a dream caused by his dwelling upon what had been foremost in his wishes at all times.

Arrangements were made for them to meet at the home of the brother and uncle's residence about 16 miles from Dayton soon after the receipt of the letters. Such a pathetic scene has never been duplicated or witnessed by the writer as this one proved to be. The mother meeting her son for the first time in 48 years could not be witnessed without a copious flow of tears for the pent up love for each other broke loose sweeping everything before it.

The mother's dress was of a peculiar pattern, made after the prevailing styles of those days, but not odd enough to attract particular attention. Yet the son seemed to be drawn toward it in such a way that his mother noticed it and asked him why he was looking at it so closely? His reply was: "Where is that other wrapper of yours?" Her answer was: "May be I have no other wrapper. Yes, you have mother and I can tell you just how it is made. Then he proceeded to describe it; telling the kind of goods; the peculiar figure or design and the kind of buttons on the dress. After this description she brought the garment from her room and spread it on the table before her. It would have required better descriptive powers than any of the rest of us possessed to have described it as well as he did even while looking directly at it. That is the dress you wore when you told me to write to my Uncle John, said the doctor, and I would have known you any where I might have met you even if you were not wearing this dress.

Did the doctor see his mother's ghost? A mysterious power is here made manifest, but what is it?

P. T. C.

Our Man in Boots

No. 12.

THIS story happened about the year 1870, thirty miles west of Dayton, Ohio, just across the border line of Ohio and Indiana on the Indiana side, or what was known then as the old Strawbridge place.

There lived my grand parents and their four children, two boys and two girls. Their home was one of the old-fashioned log houses sealed over and weather boarded, and was quite large, numbering about nine rooms. The upper floor had three bedrooms, an extra attic, large storeroom and a back attic, with the old-fashioned chimney running through. From the storeroom was the stairs that went direct to the kitchen on the first floor. Kitchens those days served as living rooms, too.

In the storeroom grandfather kept apples and pears and the children had stored their winter hickory, butter and walnuts, and after school and on Saturdays they would be found there at play, as they used it also for that purpose in the winter months.

This house was known to be haunted a long time before, for an old man was killed there years ago. But nothing had ever been seen, only the walking of heavy boots heard. Grandmother staid at the house all the time; she was not afraid. Every evening about 3 o'clock this noise of walking of boots would start from the attic, through storeroom, down stairs to kitchen door of stairway and there cease. At first the grandparents were nervous about it, but as nothing appeared beyond the door they soon became fearless.

Grandfather was a member of the Richmond Masonic lodge and at-