

up, and there was still a fire burning in the grate.

"I saw a figure standing by the window with its back turned to me, which, as soon as I entered the sitting-room, turned round and walked toward me. It was about the middle height and loosely dressed, as I thought in gray. The face was a long, clean-shaven one, cadaverous, and at the same time pitiful in expression, and I am perfectly confident when I say that I could see right through the figure and distinctly saw the bars on the window through it.

"I was naturally excessively frightened, and for a second could do or say nothing. Then I turned and bolted into my bedroom and locked the door, and shortly afterward heard a shuffling noise as of some one leaving my room and passing along the passage. I then lit a candle and went into my sitting-room again, and saw nothing.

"I did not see anything more of it, though several other men in college had similar experiences of it until Michaelmas term, 1698. Then came my second experience. I had been working till eleven, and then went to bed. Sometimes in the night, I cannot say exactly when, I was awakened by a sound in my room. I lit a candle, and went into my sitting-room to see who was there. For some moments I saw nobody, and was going back to bed when I caught sight of a figure standing in a corner of my room. It was exactly similar to the one I had seen three terms previously; the face had the same pitiful and mournful-looking expression, and it advanced toward me, holding out its hands as if it wanted something.

"I remember no more. I was terribly frightened and fainted right away. I was found by my scout the next morning, when he came to call me, lying in front of my fireplace with the extinguished candle on the floor."

"The story is corroborated by a fellow-student, who further says, in his narrative, after recounting several apparitions of the ghost: "After this the same thing happened two or three times, and I was able to see that the figure appeared to be dressed in knee breeches and stockings of a dark texture, and each time all it did was to gaze sadly at me. I was never able to challenge it, I suppose on account of fright."

A GHOSTLY DUEL.

One night I was awakened, and, sitting up, thought I heard a slight noise in my sitting-room. I listened, and it seemed to continue, as though a scuffle was going on. I reached out of bed and pushed open the door, which I could reach from the bed, and looked into the other room.

"It was moonlight, and the light was coming in from the quadrangle, although the blind was drawn. The noise was still going on in a dark corner of the room, and, as I looked, two figures emerged from the dark into the patch of light which came through the window. They appeared to be fighting; I can only so describe it. It was just as though I was watching the enactment of a duel; for though I could see no weapons, yet the figures were apart, and one, for certain, had his hand toward the other. There was no imagination about this. I had to watch it in spite of myself. And one figure was, I feel sure, the figure of my previous visitant.

"I don't know how short or long the time was in which the scuffle lasted, but presently there was a slight thud, and then my sitting-room door shut audibly, as though some one had gone out. Then I jumped out of bed and, striking a match, inspected the room; but there was nothing to be seen. Naturally, I came to the conclusion that some of the men were playing a joke upon me, and in the morning I went to everyone in turn to know if they had been in my room, as I had enough of it. They all emphatically disclaimed having done so, and a meeting was convened to consider the matter. I am sure from that time that nobody had part in it, and it was then that I was told of the supposed ghost."

THE MALIGNANT HEAD.

One wonders what explanation could be offered for the apparent malignity behind this appearance? It was in the morning of a day, in the spring of 1875 that I saw the head, which was afterward seen by another member of our family. I had been sent out of the room for some one, and as I looked up to call them, I saw the most horrible head looking over the balusters of the

"It was the face of a man, but the hair was long, like a woman's. The parchment-like skin was drawn closely over the face and gave a skull-like look to it. The mouth, full of great teeth, was twisted in a horrid leer; but what frightened me most was the expression of the eyes; they were so light and full of the most wicked cruelty, as if they had existed for the sole purpose of trying to terrify a little child, such as I was then.

"I had a great feeling of indignation in my heart, as I stood, for what seemed ages to me, looking at it; for I could not draw my eyes away. Then I went quietly back to the room I had come from, and being proud and sensitive, never told any one a word about it for many years."

The mystery is only made the deeper by the corroborations of the girl's sister, who saw the strange portent five years later.

The ghost described was seen from time to time by members of the family, was the way she was dressed, a long figure, alluded to in the household as "the lady." Having related the experiences of other members of the family, the narrator continues:

"I saw the 'lady,' as we called her sometimes after this. I heard one of my sisters come up-stairs, and was just going up when I saw that Mary was not alone. Her companion was tall and had yellow hair; but what struck me most was the way she was dressed a long gown, the waist right under the arms, and covered with small flowers.

"Then for the first time it dashed across my mind that there was something strange about the person I had seen, and whom I had not lost sight of for a minute, until Mary had gone, when she had walked across the room beyond my view. I went in and looked, but could find nothing that would in any way account for it. The room was only about nine feet by five, had a large window facing the door, and was lined with shelves all round, with absolutely no where for anyone to hide. I told one of my sisters about it, and she asked me not to mention it to Mary, as she had been feeling rather nervous.

"The next time she was seen was when my father was dying. My eldest sister, who was sitting up with him, on January 21, 1900, came down-stairs for something, about half-past twelve a.m., and passed a figure in black on the front staircase. She was too much troubled to take much notice at the time, but thought again about it in the morning and told me of the occurrence. My father died at ten o'clock, which was about half an hour after she had told me what she had seen.

"Another strange thing happened the night after he died. My brother Fred and I were sitting in the drawing room, after all the others had gone to bed. We had been there for perhaps half an hour when the piano began to play of its own accord; it started at middle C and went down in minor thirds. I heard it first, but made no remark, having often heard it before, and so had other members of the family; but at the second or third note Fred jumped out of his chair, saying: "Whatever is the matter with that piano? He was as white as death.

"Don't touch it!" I said, and going across took out the knee and front boards, during all of which time it went on with its weird runs. When it was all exposed, we saw that the wires were all vibrating, but the hammers were not moving. I had thought it might possibly be a mouse or a rat; but, of course, when I had opened the piano I saw that was not the explanation. If still went on till we heard my brother Charles unbolting the door of the kitchen passage, and called for him to come into the drawing-room, when it stopped and did not make itself heard again. (In connection with this incident, it should be mentioned that the narrator is by occupation an organ-builder.)

"Nothing further was heard or seen till February 18, when I saw the apparition again. When I got to the top of the stairs I saw that the door of my father's room was open, the gas full up, and standing before the dressing-table, resting her hands on it and gazing into the mirror, was the apparition. I stood still for a second, then moved to try and see past the figure into the mirror in order to get a view of her face. The first part of this was easy, as the dressing-table was in the corner, diagonally to the door, so that by moving a little to one side I could see well into the glass, when what was my surprise to see that there was no

reflection. Just as I made this discovery she turned partly round, but not enough to enable me to see her face, and moved across the room beyond my vision. I rushed in; but there was nothing to be found."

SOME UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

What is to be thought of these records? They awaken many echoes in the memory. One recalls Aeneas attempting to clasp the form of Creusa and finding it slip from him—as "unsubstantial as the air." And one thinks of the strange Biblical vision that the Witch of Endor conjured up to face the frightened King of Judah. The explanation eludes our minds as the ghost eludes the grasp.

"Why," the reader will ask, "do apparitions so often appear at or near the time and place where death is coming? Do spirits revisit the scenes of their own most memorable experiences in the flesh? Are there malignant as well as

benevolent visitants from the other world? Does an unhappy or unhalloved end make a ghost walk?"

He who asks such questions must as yet go unanswered. They have baffled all inquirers. The stories here collected may throw some little light upon the matter; but like all other ghost stories, they throw us back upon Hamlet's reflection when he looked upon his father's spirit:

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"You say you left home on the 10th?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.
 "And came back on the 25th?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "What were you doing in the interim?"
 "Never was in such a place."

Northern Steamship Co., Ltd.

West Coast Service.

THE S.S. **BARAWA** runs regularly between **ONEHUNGA** and **NEW PLYMOUTH**, leaving Onehunga on **SUNDAY, TUESDAY, and THURSDAY**, and New Plymouth on **MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY**. The accommodation for passengers is of the highest class.

Northern Service.

THE S.S. **CLANSMAN** leaves **AUCKLAND** every **MONDAY** for **RUSSELL, WHANGAROA, and MANGONUI**, returning early on **FRIDAY** morning. This is a delightful coastal trip for those who have only a few days at their disposal. The steamer carries an oil launch, by means of which visitors can explore the beautiful harbours en route.

Whangarei Service.

THE S.S. **NGAPUHI** runs regularly between **AUCKLAND** and **WHANGAREI**. The **BODA SPRINGS** at Kamo, four miles from Whangarei, are attracting an increasing number of visitors every year.

CHARLES RANSON, MANAGER.

FOR SALE

I HAVE FOR SALE

- One 35 ft. x 7 ft. Launch, 8 h.p. Standard Engine
- " 30 ft. x 6 ft. 6 in. Launch, 8 h.p. Eagle Engine
- " 25 ft. x 6 ft. 0 in. "
- " 21 ft. x 5 ft. 6 in. "

Prices on application to

CHARLES BAILEY, Junr., Yacht and Boat Builder,
 CUSTOM STREET, AUCKLAND.

WINCHESTER

RIFLE AND PISTOL CARTRIDGES

Winchester Rifle and Pistol Cartridges of all calibers are loaded by machinery which sizes the shells, supplies the exact quantity of powder, and seats the bullets properly. By using first-class materials and this up-to-date system of loading, the reputation of Winchester Cartridges for accuracy, reliability and excellence is maintained. They cost no more than inferior makes. Ask for them, and insist upon getting them.



THEY SHOOT WHERE YOU HOLD