

The Mysterious Touch.

[In my researches through some old manuscripts, I recently chanced upon the following story. As yet I cannot definitely fix the authorship, but my suspicions point all in one direction. Should they be realized after further investigation, I shall have no hesitancy in giving his name. Here is the story precisely as it appeared in the manuscript, which apparently has never before been seen the light:]

"It has long been a theory of mine that there is a natural explanation for every occurrence, however out of the course of nature it may seem to the casual observer. Acting upon this theory I have devoted years to the study of so-called supernaturalism. Little has been published upon the subject that I have not read. My library is filled with such works as Owens' Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, Bulwer's 'Strange Story,' Davis' 'Great Harmonia,' Edmonds' 'Spiritualism,' and the writings of Swedenborg. From the weird legends of the Hatz mountains to Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' there is little which I am not familiar. Anything hearing even indirectly upon supernaturalism or the spirit world is of interest to me.

"The story of myths, fables, ghosts and goblins is one of rare fascination. One enjoys a skillfully told ghost story, even while he laughs at the idea of a ghost. Who does not experience a thrill of interest upon reading Dickens' 'Thirteenth Juror,' 'The Signalman,' of Bulwer's 'The Haunted and the Haunted,' 'Human nature naturally inclines to the love of the marvelous and supernatural, and the rehearsal of such tales has made certain writers famous.

"I cannot say that my study of supernaturalism has led to any definite result. I have not made any remarkable discoveries, but have had some experiences that mystified me. Among them was one of apparently an inexplicable nature, which it is here my purpose to relate.

"I remember once, some year ago, while seated in my study, bending over a desk, a hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was my wife's custom (my late hours bothered Laura), to rouse me at times in this manner, and when I turned in answer to the summons, it was with the expectation of seeing her behind my chair. Turning slowly about I answered, 'Coming, Laura.' To my amazement the room was empty! I had heard no footfall, no voice, but had merely felt the touch of a hand upon my shoulder, gentle, it is true, light, as Laura's touch always is, but unmistakable; I had not been in a doze, it was not fancy; I had been touched by a hand.

"I confess that upon turning around and finding nothing, I was startled. I sat a moment in thought, seeking to bring the occurrence within the range of comprehension. My brain was clear, every faculty active. Going to the door, I open it and called up the hallway in a low voice:

"'Laura!'" "No answer."

"I called again, my voice echoing strangely. The hour was late. Laura was evidently asleep.

"I resumed my seat at the desk, but could not continue writing. My thoughts were vague and scattered. The mysterious touch upon the shoulder filled me with strange emotions. What explanation was there for it? No human hand, and touched me; had I felt the impress of a spirit hand? Ridiculous! I laughed outright at the idea. Mystified and dissatisfied, I closed the desk, put out the light and went up to my bedroom.

"Lighting a lamp that stood on the bureau, I looked at Laura. She lay in sound sleep, her calm sweet face partly averted. I gently roused her, had her sit up, assured myself that she was thoroughly awake and then asked:

"'Laura, have you been long asleep?'" "Fully an hour," she replied, looking at me wonderingly. "Has anything happened, George?'"

"'Are you sure there is nobody in the house but ourselves?'" I continued.

"'Who could there be, George? Tell me what has happened.'"

"'Seeing my puzzled expression, she smiled, looked at me quizzically and kissed me. I felt angry with myself for having waked her, yet glad to have her sweet companionship.

"'Laura,' I began, conscious that I was about to make a very foolish statement, 'I have just had an experience that I cannot explain. You know what my views are on the subject of supernaturalism.'"

"'She interrupted me with a laugh—a pleasant girlish laugh that did me good. Taking my hand in both her own, she said:

"'Oh, George, I really thought it was something serious. Was it only a ghost?'"

"'Pray be serious, Laura. While I sat at my desk a few moments ago, a hand touched me on the shoulder, just as you have done a hundred times. More than that, Laura, it was your touch.'"

"'You fancied it, George.'"

"I felt the touch, Laura, as surely as I feel the pressure of your hands at this moment. There was no deception; it was not a delusion; a hand touched me. Who was it? What was it?'"

"Laura glanced quickly over her shoulder, as nervous people are apt to do when alone in the house late at night.

"'I wonder if the house is hunted?'" she quipped, laughingly.

"'I went to bed, but not to sleep. The incident, trivial as it may seem, mystified and worried me. It called for an explanation, which I could not give. There was no superstitious fear to it, my reason rebelled at any but a natural solution of the mystery, and I exhausted my ingenuity in endeavoring to reach such a solution. I revived the occurrence over and over again. It is impossible to picture here my unspeakable amazement, when, touched upon the shoulder by a soft hand, I turned and found behind me—nothing! The mystery became a part of my dreams.

"'A few nights after this incident occurred I was again writing at my desk. A chilly air was blowing through the wire screen at my side. It had grown late, but not later than it was my custom to work. Without footfall, voice or warning, the touch came again upon the same shoulder and in the same manner. I felt it as plainly as I ever felt the touch of human hand. Quick as a flash I turned, rising to my feet to prevent any possibility of hiding or escape. The room was empty; the door remained closed as I had left it.

"'Did you ever turn fiercely to strike an enemy back of you, and find nothing? I was not frightened; anger was the predominant feeling. I was conscious of being the victim of a shrewd deception. I felt that this mysterious presence, this nameless and immaterial something, was inimical to me. I was eager to materialize it, corner it, understand it. It would have delighted me to learn that I was the victim of a practical joke, as that would have barred the supernatural.

"'Laura!' I cried, going to the door.

"'In a few moments I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairway.

"'What is it, George?'" she asked as she burst eagerly into the room.

"'Something has touched me on the shoulder again,' I replied. 'What can it be?'"

"'I wish I knew,' said Laura, drawing very near to me and looking about the room with a mystified and frightened expression. 'I'm sure I can't see anything.'"

"'Were you asleep when I called?'" "No I was reading."

"'Did you hear anything?'" "Not a sound. Sit down at your desk again, George, just as you sat when the hand touched you. I have an idea."

"'I did so, bending over as if in the act of writing.

"'Laura approached me softly. I could hear her footfalls very faintly, and laid her hand just where the mysterious touch had come, and even more gently.

"'Laura!' cried I, springing up, 'you did it! What a fool you have made of me!'"

"'George,' she exclaimed, her great dark eyes glistening with tears, 'I did not do it. I know nothing about it. How can you doubt me?'"

"'I don't doubt you little wife,' said I, reassuringly; 'but I began to doubt myself.'"

"'I put out the light and we went up stairs together, both in a rather somber mood. If, after all it was a spirit hand that touched me, what did it mean? Did it portend misfortune of some kind, death? Unconsciously I began to grow morbid upon the subject. With the slightest basis on which to begin an investigation I should not have despaired. But what was there to investigate? Without the aid of sight and hearing reason faltered; the simple act of feeling the touch availed me nothing. What conclusion could I arrive at but that the touch was supernatural!

"'Twice upon the street I was conscious of the same strange touch, in broad daylight, when no deception was possible. Unable to fathom the mystery, I waited cautiously, yet not without misgivings, to see what it portended.

"'One evening, while I was seated at my desk, Dr Earle called; an aged gentleman, in whose conversation I take great pleasure. Seating him comfortably in my easiest chair, I excused myself a moment while completing a letter begun before his arrival. I had called Laura, but she had not yet come down. Without the slightest warning which had always been the case, the same hand was placed upon my shoulder. No longer gentle, it gripped me firmly, as if a strong man had grasped the flesh and squeezed it. Fained, amazed, eager to see what this new phase of the mystery meant, I whirled about with arms extended. There was nothing behind me.

"'Dr Earle was quietly seated on the opposite side of the room, glancing over the daily paper.

"'Doctor,' said I, conscious that my face was red with shame, 'I suppose you think me crazy?'"

"'Crazy?' repeated the doctor, eyeing me curiously over his glasses.

"'What could I say? What explanation could I make? I determined to tell him the whole story, hoping to find some parallel for it in his long experience as a physician. Drawing my chair close to him, I recited every incident connected with the mysterious touch as clearly and connectedly as I could. He was interested from the beginning. When I had finished he looked carefully about the room, silently regarded me with an expression partly humorous, partly puzzled, and then observed:

"'Will you please take off your coat?'" "I did so.

"'Roll up your sleeves,' he continued. 'I did so, wondering at the meaning of so remarkable a procedure. Was it one of the old gentleman's conceits? He grasped my shoulder and squeezed it, drawing from me a cry of pain.

"'Night after night,' he sagely remarked, frowning, 'you have sat by this screen. Cool, moist air has blown on your shoulder for hours at a time. What other results could have been expected?'"

"'Pray, doctor, what is the result?'" I asked, eagerly.

"'Rheumatism,' was the sententious reply.

"'And the soft spirit like touch?'" "Was merely the twitching of a muscle. The soft, spirit like stare has passed, and the fire and gimlet stare comes next, unless you learn wisdom."

"'I could have embraced the old gentleman in my transports. With a gleeful hop, skip and jump I ran to the door.

"'Laura! Laura!' I called.

"'The poor creature came running down the stairs as if a fiend was after her.

"'What has happened?'" she gasped.

"'Dr Earle has found our ghost,' I cried.

"'Where is it?'" "In his arm," answered the doctor.

"'My dear madam, your husband is the first man I ever met that laughed when I told him that he had rheumatism. I hope may continue to laugh.

"'Better rheumatism than a ghost in the house, doctor,' I ventured to say.

"'Hum!' I don't know sir. Of the two, I believe ghosts are the easiest disposed of."

"'Our ghost is very effectively laid,' said Laura, helping me on with my coat and smiling at the doctor.

"'It only illustrates my theory,' said I. 'No so called supernatural occurrences will bear the light of investigation.'"

"'Not so with rheumatism,' observed the doctor, dryly. 'It will bear the light, and it thrives on night air. Anybody can take it; but few can get rid of it.'"

"'The old gentleman was right; I have it yet. My opinion has undergone a change. Give me my choice between rheumatism and a ghost in the house, I would gladly welcome the ghost.'—H. D. Mason in Pittsburg Bulletin.

"I have been a severe sufferer from Catarrh for the past fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. Gradually the disease worked down upon my lungs. About a year and a half ago I commenced using Ely's Cream Balm, with most gratifying results, and am to-day apparently cured.—Z. C. WARREN, Rutland, Vt.

"My daughter and myself, great sufferers from Catarrh, have been cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell restored and health greatly improved.—C. M. STANLEY, Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y.

Ivy and Dogwood Poisoning.

For ivy and dogwood poisoning boil wood ashes enough to make a strong lye; wash the poisoned parts with this, and let it remain a few minutes; then wash off in luke-warm water, and when dry anoint with grease. Two or three applications of this will generally effect a cure.—Boston Budget.

Asthma.

Persons who have suffered for years with Asthma will find a quick relief and cure in the double treatment of Southern Asthma Cure.

Show me the man, writes Sterne, who knows what life is and dreads death, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty.

Criticism.

A lady in Brockville states—I was induced to try Nasal Balm for a long standing cold in my head that was pronounced Catarrh. The Balm gave immediate relief and permanently cured me. It was so pleasant and agreeable to use that I at first thought it "too good." I now use it with my children for colds and stoppage of the nasal passages.

Those that place their hope in another world have in a great measure conquered dread of death and unreasonable love of life.

Without Equal.

Wilson Montrose, of Vienna, Ont., having used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in his family for numerous complaints, says, "I cannot speak too highly of it, for children as well as aged people troubled with diarrhoea it has no equal."

When a man hath forfeited the reputation of his own integrity, nothing will serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

A REWARD—Of one dozen "TEABERRY" to any one sending the best four lines on "TEABERRY," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Eat! Ask your druggist or address

Head-Enemies.

"Never be afraid of a good honest enemy says 'Amber' in the Chicago Journal. 'Cultivate one as old ladies cultivate catnip and thoroughwort. They may not be pleasant to have around, but if your moral and mental digestion get cloyed with the sweets of flattery, and you are in danger of falling into a fever from excess of injudicious adulation, a good thorough-spoken enemy will prove a very efficient equalizer and a wholesome tonic. People who don't amount to anything never have enemies, any more than trees that don't bear fruit are stoned for apples. You never find bees buzzing around blossoms stalk; it is only where the sweetest blossoms grow that they congregate with endless fret and flurry. The fact that you have an enemy proves that you are alive. Nobody ever yet took the trouble to ride a tit against the peaceful dreamers in a cemetery. Enemies are what hoar are to potato hills—they keep down the weeds. The cultivator, as it goes tearing between the corn-hillocks, bring all the useless weeds to grief, but it sets the tassel of the corn atilt like an emerald plume. Our friends sometimes, like the faithless Deliah, lull us into bad content, wherein we are despoiled of strength and of the qualities that go to make up true manhood or womanhood, bit, like the mosquito, our enemies are bound to keep us wide awake and active. Disease never came from a river that has a rocky channel and is forced to battle its way over discouraging and baffling stones, but rivers that have no obstructions are apt to go by the name of ponds, and the very serenity of their stagnation breeds unwelcome mosquitoes. Give a young man a hard row in life, with plenty of discouragements, and good wholesome criticism, and he will enter the port of middle age like a warship, staunch and full manned. Give him a luxurious career of petted idleness, with no enemy to keep the watch on the lookout and he will sail into port very likely from mid-sea a downward plunge to the bottom.

Our friends are apt to be blind to our faults; our enemies never are. Though the constant flattery of the former we grow in the wrong direction, as city aldermen do—about the girth. Under the sharp influence of honest criticism, we grow as pine trees do—straight toward heaven. Then let us cultivate, face to face, honest enemies, and beware of the Lias security of friendship. The one will make a hero of you; the other will turn you into the mold of pint cup, unable to hold the full measurement of character development.

A Cheap Outfit.

Demorest's Monthly gives a summer outfit for a lady with a slim pocketbook, which is so good that we copy it here. It is within the reach of almost every woman, city or country, and she who has the wardrobe mentioned will look neatly and tastefully dressed, though a millionaire's daughter be contrasted with her. The gowns should be carefully made and fit to perfection. The advice herein following is given to a teacher, but it will fit any other woman as well:

You do not require a very large number of dresses, but they should be carefully selected with regard to usefulness. Debeige, a most serviceable material, is revived this season, and this, or summer serge, would make you an excellent traveling suit, and be good for school wear on cool days. You should have an old dress for rain that will not be injured by weather. A checked gingham or striped seersucker, and a good washing cotton, not a cheap one, in two shades of blue, will suffice for school wear during the summer, with a black lace fichu for the neck, and (all black) straw hat. A black surah with black lace bonnet, and fichu, or large, fine jetted collar, will prove the best church dress, and you can lighten it by a group of pale pink or yellow flowers daisies or cowslips, and some loops of ribbon to match at the left side of the waist. You had better not buy kid gloves for summer wear. One pair of black lace mitts, one of ecru thread, would serve for church wear or calling, while good Lisle thread will be most convenient for school wear. A real ulster, and also a water-proof, will be indispensable, and you should have in addition to a pretty cotton wrapper for room wear, a cheap white dress of narrow striped or tacked muslin, for evenings; it need not cost you more than \$2 or \$3 if you make it yourself.

Trials wear us into a liking of what possibly in the first essay, displeased us.

For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the specific endorsed by eminent medical authorities.

College Men as Car-Cleaners.

"Most of the men who apply to me for work are from the east," said Master Car Repairer W. H. Ludlow at the railroad yards yesterday, "and it goes without saying that they are broke. I have had some very intelligent men at work in the yards cleaning cars—men who have been educated at Oxford, Cambridge, Yale and Harvard, and who have held high and responsible positions in banks and well known commercial houses. There was one time that I could have supplied a man for any profession or trade, from a minister of the Gospel to hod carrier. I had one graduate of a European university cleaning cars for a year. He afterward taught a country school, studied law and is now admitted to practice, with a good prospect of eminent success in his profession. Another car cleaner is a prominent lawyer in Oakland. He was a first-rate car cleaner. I had three ministers of the Gospel working for me at one time, and they are all doing well in their profession now."—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

Malarial poison can be entirely removed from the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which contains a sure specific, in the form of a vegetable product, used in no other remedy. Warranted.

It is understood that Hon. J. A. Chapin, during his stay in Paris, will complete all arrangements for the part Canada has to take in the World's Exposition, to be held there in 1889.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cooking, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents. Beware!

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures impure or impoverished blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc., soon disappear when treated by these excellent tonic medicines. For Sale by Godd, druggist, Albion block, Goderich, Ont. [d]

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