# A TRUE GHOST STORY.

## A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

**The Quiet Guest at the Country House and the Singular and Important Disclosure the Ghost Was Allowed to Do Sitting. The Estate Changed Owners.**

The following remarkable incident in the life of the late Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford and afterward of Winchester, is related as absolutely authentic, and the good bishop himself is said to have many times rehearsed the story to his friends. Bishop Wilberforce was most prominent among his contemporaries of the English clergy, and was even a leader of the high church party. He, however, frequently found time to devote to the social side of life and was sometimes styled the "bishop of society."

On a certain occasion the worthy bishop had accepted an invitation to stay at a country house not far from London. Entering the drawing room previous to dinner on the evening of his arrival, he noticed a priest—evidently of the Roman communion—sitting by the open fire and taking no part in the general conversation. The bishop was somewhat surprised at not being presented to the priest, and his astonishment was great when, a few moments later, dinner being announced, the priest retired, leaving his place at the fire. The hostess having assigned Bishop Wilberforce the seat of honor at her right hand, as soon as an opportunity offered he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but may I inquire who was the priest we left sitting apart in the drawing room?"

"Ah, you have seen him, then!" replied the lady. "It is not every one who has that privilege. I cannot tell you who he is or whence he comes. For many years this spectre has haunted the house and grounds—it has, in fact, been a tradition in the family. He seems to do no harm, and although he appears only occasionally we have become quite accustomed to our friendly ghost."

"How very singular!" remarked his lordship. "But have you never addressed your priestly spectre?"

"Indeed, I have had no opportunity, nor the desire, for that matter," responded the hostess, growing pale.

"May I take the liberty now?" inquired the dignitary.

"With all my heart, your lordship," replied the lady. The bishop arose, and returning to the drawing room found the priest where he had left him a few minutes before. Having no fear, the bishop said kindly:

"Who are you, my friend, and why are you here?"

The spectre turned to sigh deeply and say, as though to itself, "At last!"

Then, in a hollow voice, addressing the bishop, it continued: "I am the spirit of a priest who left this world some 80 years ago, and I am here to impart to any one who will receive it a secret which died with me. I could not rest in my grave while a great wrong was being done which it was in my power to right. I have been returning all these years in the hopes one one would address me, for it was not given to me to be the first to speak. All men have shunned me until now, and it is your mission to do my bidding. I was a priest of the church of Rome and was called to this house 60 years ago to receive the confession of a dying man. He was the sole possessor of a secret, the knowledge of which would alter materially the entail of this vast estate, and in his death this man wished to repair the terrible wrong he had brought upon his kin.

"At his request I wrote down the confession word for word, as he gave it to me, and when he finished had barely time to administer the final sacrament of the church before he expired in my arms. It was very important that I should return to London that night, and in passing through the library to leave the house I concluded it would be safer not to carry the paper on which was writing the confession away with me, but to place it in some secure, unseen spot, where I could obtain it the following day and deliver the document to the person for whom it was intended. Mounting the steps to the book shelves, I took out a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which was the first book upon the uppermost shelf nearest the last window, and inserting the paper carefully between its leaves I replaced the book and departed. A horse was awaiting me at the door, but ere we reached the entrance of the grounds he took fright. I was thrown and instantly killed. Thus died the secret of my confessor with me. No one has disturbed that book in all these years, and no one has had the courage to address this messenger from the unknown. The paper will be found as I have stated, and now remains for you to correct the injustice which has so long been upon this noble family. My mission is over, and I can rest in peace."

At the close of this remarkable speech the specter faded gradually from sight, and the bishop was left gazing into space. Recovering from his astonishment, Bishop Wilberforce went at once to the library and found the book exactly as indicated by the specter. In its secluded corner, upon the top shelf, thick with the dust of ages, evidently the book had remained undisturbed many years. The leaves the document just as described, but now faded and yellow. The secret of the confession never became known to the world. The good bishop regarded it as a sacrilege from the spiritual world and always sealed the story with the assurance that the priestly specter was never again seen. It is a fact, however, that about the time of this extraordinary occurrence the magnificent estate in question passed into possession of a remote member of the family, who until then had lived in obscurity.—New York Times.

### CHINESE MOCK MONEY.

**Made by the Faithfully to Defraud Their Departed Ancestors.**

A correspondent of The North China Herald, writing from the interior of Kiangsu province, reveals the fact that the industries there in the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. Formerly the Chinese buried silver paper money, but in these days of enlightenment and foreign intercourse the silver of commerce, dollars and other paper, have come to be used in the place of the old paper money. In a small village there is a family who earn a living by making paper money and selling it to their friends who have lost their dear ones. Upon the occasion of a funeral, relatives and friends with family affairs. These are only held for a few days and dollars, but they appear to be the best money to deal with in the dead. But there is a charging for the living. Besides the amount one has supposed to have the disappear, for many of them cannot tell his fellow citizen from one to another in China. A hundred and one dollars dollars goes up in holes, are sold for 64 cash.

The operation of making this money is interesting. Piles of all denominations blocks of six which are sulfed down and then passed between boards filled with Chinese paper, and when the paper board is passed over on the board a thickness of six results. This is next set up lengthwise, a inches long, one wide and an eighth of an inch thick. Some of the thick strips are placed vertically upon the top of the other, and one cut is told between the fingers, which the workman presents to hammer them out till he has beaten them to the size they are now. It first long and is first broad and at the