DANCE OF THE GHOSTS.

NO SILENT, GLIDING SPOOK, BUT A MOB OF NOISY GOBLINS.

Story of Spirits Which Hanged Furniture and Seemed to Create Worse Generally—Revived by a Modern Seance for Its Severity and Brevity.

Dr. Weiss, who lived in Sycamore county, this state, was a man of high and unimpeachable character as well as of brain and fourteen teeth. No one ever doubted his veracity or accused him of being superstitious. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, belonging to the famous "Bloody Regiment" of South Carolina, and building the rank of first lieutenant. And he had in his possession until his death a beautiful silver medal presented to him by the citizens of Edgefield county for his bravery at Chapultepec, Buena Vista and many other hard fought fields of Mexico.

He was a very interesting and entertaining talker, and when in a conversation mood he was a most delightful companion. He was known in war and of many hairbreadth escapes in the imminent deadly march.

But the most exciting story I ever heard from the doctor's lips he told me one night when we were spending the evening over at his hospital house, and the second and impressive way in which he related it made a very deep impression on my mind into the dark corners of the room, and seemed to a certain extent the power of my cool reason.

When he was a young man, the doctor said, he was charge of one of his father's plantations in California. There was no other white man on the place, and the negro overseer was about half a mile away from the old, two story dwelling, in which the overseer had been murdered by a band of Indians and been scalped. The house was a lonely place, and many were the stories told in those who had seen, supposedly disturbed in the night, of the average supernatural noises being heard around