A Capitol Ghost Story.

A Night in the Crypt Turns a Bride Into a Raving Maniac.

From the Kansas City Times.

"For several years I was an official guide at the Capitol in Washington," said Col. Brent Stacy, of Springfield, Ohio, at the Coates, yesterday, "and during that time I saw some queer things about the building. But I was always most interested in the wandering ghost in the crypt. Report has it that a soldier was left in the crypt one night and was never heard of afterward, but his spirit is supposed to be cavorting around there yet looking for a way out. This ghost story has crept into print many times, but that crypt did come very nearly causing a tragedy once. Late one afternoon a young lady, married to a new Congressman but a short time, on her first visit to Washington was shown through the crypt with some friends. Somehow the bride became separated from her friends and couldn’t find her way out. The Congressman looked for her everywhere, and everybody joined in the search. No trace of her could be found, so they went home thinking she might have gone out ahead of them. But she was not there, either. Another search was made next morning, and at last they found her, way down in one of the darkest passages of the crypt, where she had been all night with the rats and bugs. They picked her up, but when she got home she was a raving maniac. The terrors of the night had been too much for her. The Congressman took her to their Illinois home and I never heard of her afterward until a recent visit to Jacksonville, Ill. The superintendent of the State Insane Asylum is a personal friend of mine, and I called on him. He conducted me through the institution, and while I was passing out of one of the ‘violent’ wards for women, I heard a shriek come from a woman. It startled me, and when I turned, my eyes fell upon a wild-looking creature, whose hair was snow white, but who was apparently a young woman. Her figure and features, although the latter had lost their intelligence, bore evidence of great beauty once. ‘Who is that woman?’ I asked. ‘She is the wife of Congressman F——,’ he replied. I asked him no more about her, because I knew only too well the story of her misfortune, and was only too glad to dismiss the horrible details of her mental dethronement and confinement from my mind."

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