51

it is only when you have tried stopping in an uninhabited house on a stormy night like that, that you can believe what strange sounds there

"But I was not very 'skeary,' and, setting all these noises down to the wind, get on pretty comfortably till near twolve o'dlock, when I was well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I well on, I remember, in my fourth tumbler. I had just book looking at my watch and was congratulating myself that half the night was gone when I heard a sound quite different from all the rest. It was as if a door in a distant part of the house was slammed to with such violence as to shake overy wall of the erary building and ring through every part of it. At the same time my own door was blown open to the very buck, while a low mean of pain seemed to be uttered close to my ear. I started up and looked round, while my little Bkye terrier, which had been quiet enough hitherto, also jumped up and, stretching out its neck towards the open and stretching out its neck towards the open deor, gave a long and extraordinary how, keep-ing its tall between its legs; then it rushed into a dark corner behind the barrels and lay there trembling.

"The ghost is coming now and no mistake,"
I said to myself; "but I'll soo what he's like,"

I said to myself; 'but I'll see wint he's like,' to snatching up the candle and a thick knobstick, which was the only weapon I had, I went out of the room in the direction of the sound. I will not say that I was not considerably 'creepy,' but the whiskey helped to keep up my courage, I called to Dicky to follow me, but for once Dicky was deaf and stopped behind his barrels. "I saw nothing till I got nearly to the top of the stairs leading to the ground floor; then in the opposite passage, which was very wide and dark, I saw something looking like a dirty-white cloud that half flied the passage. It did not look like substance, yet it was something, and that something plaguily like a man, only, where the head should have been, there was an awful round bit of what looked like solid midnight. night.

"I was struck still, I can toll you; for I saw the thing was floating gontly forward towards the top of the stairs where I was standing, yet I could not bear the slightest sound of a stop. My hair stood on end with fright, and my can lie seemed to burn blue, as the ghost came gradually out of the darkness. The strange thing was that, however much I looked, I could not make out any definite form or features, but yet that the whole was so much like a man. It dl not seem to notice me, and apparently would have turned down the front stairs quietly. But I was determined to know what it was, and "I was struck still. I can tell you; for I saw it. The stick went right through, just as it would have gone through mist, but the ghost took no notice still and disappeared down the stairs, leaving me in a nice state of fright, as you may think—being quite certain now that it

ghost.
think I should have bolted out of the house
think I should have bolted out of the house "I think I should have bolted out of the house then and there, only unluckily the way out was just the way the ghost had gone; so I rushed back into my room and latched the door again, there being no lock. There I sat, finishing my gone, and cursing my stars for having thrust me on such a business. I could not but hope however that, if I kept quiet, the ghost would not come to see me, and I had had quite enough of going to see the ghost.

"But the ghost, it seemed, had no intention of letting me get off so, and by and by I heard another door bang, and then a sound as if some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden

other door bang, and then a sound as it some one were coming upstairs with a pair of wooden legs—pit, pat—only gentler. I hoped, with my her t in my mouth, that the thing would go back to its own quarters like a decent ghost, and I listened hard which way it turned when it got to the stairs-head. But, not pit pat—louder and louder—it was coming straight towards my room, and prozently my door seemed to fly nop-n of itself, and in his lordship staiked, coming forward, pit pat, within a few yards of my chair, and then, standing right opposite, looking at me, and I looking at him, with my hair on end,

"This ghost wat quite different from the other; for though it was dressed, as it wore, in a whitish cloud, I could plainly see a skeleton with the ribs, arms, and long thigh-bones below, while on the top was a ghastly skull, with its white teeth grinning borribly, and plich darkness in its eyeballs, though every new and then there was a glisk of something in them, as if there was a black diamond glittering at the bottom of the pits. Well, there he stood and I sat, quite still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other. ch other.

Work is in und no mistake."

"Marrier, this is awful," I said to myself, "Minder, this is awful," I said to myself,
'sitting hoo-nob with a ghost in this way. And
then I womered how he knew my name; but
as he eemed disposed to be friendly, I thought
it best to try and keep in with him; so after a
bit I said to him, 'Won't your honor come a bit
nearer the fire? It's a mortal cold night."
"Faix, an' that I won't,' says he crossly;
'an' I don't call it could at all — just pleasant.'
And this when there was an inch of ice on the
pends in the moving, all during the night I
"Woll, we sat silent a while after this, and I

while we sat allout a while after this, and I drank and drank away to keep my courage up. I saw, however, that he watched the glass every time it went to my lips, and by and by he began edging his barrel a bit nearer the table, thinking I did not notice him. So a fellow-feeling began to make me guess what he would like.

like.

"'Come, come, sir,' said I, 'you'd better have a drop of something comfortable, as you are here. It isn't bad whiskey, and I'vo get another glass in case of accidents; here you are,' pushing the empty glass and the bettle towards

him.
"Well, an'yo might have invited me to that "'Well, an'yo might have invited me to that same before, Johnny Crabtree, if ye hadn't been an inhospitable fellow, he answere', more good-naturedly, while the black diamonds at the bottom of his eyes seemed to twinkle. 'Yo should always, when a gintleman comes to see you, offer him a drink first thing — it's only polite. And it does smell good, as you say. But it's forbidden—we are all toetotallers, down there.' And I caught a sound like the ghost of a sigh coming from him, while he edged his chair quite up to the table this time, and put his long, bony, hand on it near the glass, as if by accident.

"Who's to te'l?' said i, boldly, seeing lee only wanted pressing. 'Testotaliers': Faith, if that's the game, I'd rather not go there."

"No, it's dail, there's no denying,' says he; then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well Johnny, I' yo're quite sure now, yo won't tell—

"No, its dail, there's no denying, any ac, then, after a pause, he went on, 'Well Johnny, if yo're quite sure now, ye wen't tell——'
"Tell I Henor of a gentleman," said I.
"Well, then, I'll just take the weest drop in life with ye, Johnny, just that ye may say ye've

had the honor of drinking a glass with Patrick O'Shammahoy.

O'Shammahoy.'

"That's right, Mr. O'Shammahoy; and now wo'll be comfertable. Het or cold?'

"Och, could for me, Johnny—well, after all, ye are a better fellow than I took ye for. Oh, thank ye, I'll mix for myself;' and I felt chilly again, as I watched his bony fingers clasp the bottle and lift it up. A pretty stiff giass he mixed himself, I can tell you; then he ufted the glass to his lips, and I heard it cintter against his white teath. He took as little are first, and ginss to his hips, and a heard it cinter against his white teeth. He took a little sip first, and apparently liked it, for his eyes twinkled again, and he seemed as if he were trying to smack his dies, only he had none to smack. However, without putting the glass quite down, he lifted it again and pottomer it at a gulp.

"Dad," says he, as he pushed the empty glass along the table, that it's swate after niver tasting a blessed drop these twelve years." "Dear me, now, is it as long as that?" said

"'Ar, that it is, Johnny,' says he, mixing himself another glass, without my asking him, this time. Och, but it was a dirty trick that Jimmy Carruthers played me, to run a knife into me—and we so thick before I Won't I reast

him for it, when he comes ?'

"Serve him right, too, Mr. O'Shammahoy.
Then, if I may take the liberty of asking, you are the pedlar that was murdered here some years ago for his pack ?'

years ago for his pack ?'

"Mr. Crabtree, do yo mean to insult mo?' he said, in a hun. 'Because ye'd botter not, as yo know. I am the gintleman, sir, that was compelled by circumstances over which he had no control, to work for his living for a time; but my family, sir—bedad, pedian! However, it is aisy to see, Johnny Crabtree, years of no particular family yerself—only one of the commonalty, as we say; so I excuse ye, as not understanding sich delicate questions. Yis, I excuse you, sir—on that account alone,' pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

you, sir—on that account alone, pouring some more whiskey into his glass.

"I begged his parter, assuring him I had meant no offence, and congratulating myselfon my forethought in bringing two bottles instead

of one.

"Mighty cold walking it must be for you

"Mighty cold walking it must be for you, Mr. O'Shammahoy, in a sheet, and a night like this,' I said, by way of changing the subject.
"Why, as to being could that's just the beauty of it, Johnny,' he answered. 'If yo saw the fires we keep below, yo'd wonder—ten million flarrow furnaces all rearing at once are nothing to 'cm. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress in our thinnest suit too-in fact some of reast, quito still for at least ten minutes, staring at each other.

At last, beginning to think this very funny, as 'ie never tried to meddle with me, I reached out my hand to the glass and took as rathing great swife. Then, a little emboliened, after clearing out my threat, which was a bit husky, as you may suppore, I said to him, 'Won't you sit wows, air? It's as cheap sitting asstanding,' and I pointed to one of the barrels.

"Shure, an' ye might hat a asked me before, ye'd wonder—ten million to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always chose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to get cool again.'

"But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundred Carruthers.'

"Ay, he's a dirty villain if yo like; but yo which the matter intirely, Johunny — as, indeed, it is likely yo would, being ignorant of the whole thing. It isn't a punishment to walk; is a privitee—and the only one we poor guests get, though I say it that sughn't to say it.'

"But you ought not to have the punishment of walking,' I said; 'it ought to be that scoundred can be fore, and one's legs get tired enough standing all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the heat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all, just to 'em. And it's very exhausting being all day in the beat; so when we get out we always choose the coolest place we can find and dress come out with nothing on at all, at all

table, so that he still faced me; 'Lord, now, dirty tumble-down place like this—you that are and what's the spit?'

"Don't you be ever-carious, now, Johnny down there,' said I, beginning to think that, as Crabtree,' says he. 'But the spit's what we he seemed so civil, I might persuade him to reast and baste the poor bad divis on — hot leave Grimstead.

but ye see it's the ould place, and one must have a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more instead of water, and he never noticed the difference, it haven't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bloss ye, and by and by rolled off his barrel on the floor, the miner for face the childer. a house somewhere, Johnny; not but what it is more fun out of doors, because one has more society and isn't so lonely, like. Barrin' yerself, Mr. Crabtree, I havon't had a bit of talk with anybody here these four years; but in the cross roads and near the churchyards, bloss ye, them's the places for fun I To see the childer and out the reason and a barble as soon are and ould women run away, howling as soon as they catch sight of a bit of one's skirt behind a tree, and then to follow 'em invisible and hear what tales they tell about one, oh, it's prime, Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more

Johnny, it is, indeed! You have a deal more courage than most folk to be sitting here and talking, my boy."

"Why, it's your affability, Mr. O'Shammahoy, that puts one so at one's case,' said I, edging in a bit of soft sawder, and passing the bottle. But that's always the case with you real gentlemen. However, I wonder, now, you don't stok to the reals, as you find them so much pleasanter than indoors?"
""What, yo want to keep me out of my own

iteasanter than indoors?

"'What, yo want to keep me out of my own house, do yo?' he asked, suspiciously; 'but ye won't do it, Johnny Crabtree.'

"'Well, come now,' I said, boldly. 'I've treated you well, Mr. O'Shammahoy, and one good turn deserves another. Promise me, now, there's a good fellow, that you won't walk again just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

just here in the house. I want to take the farm.'

"Oth, an' it's mighty little thanks ye give me, it seems to me, Mr. Crabtree, for the honor I do ye in coming to see you,' he cried in a passion. 'Do ye know, sir, I'm descended from the ould kings of Tipperary? We are all down yonder, and there I wouldn't be seen taking to an ill-bred calf like yerself for something.'

"Oh, for myself, Mr. O'Shammahoy, I assure you I should always be delighted to see you here, and proud I should be of the honor,' I answered; 'but you see, it's my wife and the children. I dare sny you'd scarcely think so, but your appearance, you know—.'

"And who says anything against my appearance, ch? I'm. shought a very handsome ghost by better judges than you, Johnny,' and two vain Patrick actually took up the candle and went to a bit of leoking-gisss which was still hanging against the wail, where he stood all miring and primming himself up for a bit—tapping straight one or two of his teeth and adjusting a rib which was a little anry, till I could have laughed outright, only I durst not. 'I can see nothing much amiss, and I think ye have no taste, Johnny,' he continued, bringing the candle back and scating himself ag. in.

"What can your honor expect, I said, 'from a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that is a lit.

a poor farmer lad? Still, I didn't mean to say your form isn't perfect, but just to hint, if I could do it without offence—that—that is a little bit out of the common—unusual, and might disturb people, such as my children, that were not accustomed to it; and I'm sure your political to the country of the people of the peopl ness, and you a born gentleman, wouldn't let you do that."

you do that."

"They disturb me,' he said suikily, 'and it's no good yer asking such a thing, Johnny — I wonder at your presumption asking a giutieman te give up his own house, and I wilin't do it'.

"You Irish bone-bag! then I'll make you do it, or my braius are sheep suet,' I muttered between my teeth, seeing he was so stiff. Besides, hearing him talk so like a valu fool, I begun to be loss afraid of him; but I thought I must first to understand all shout him before I could do got to understand all about him before I could do anything: so I began metaland got to understand an about that celebra louid do anything: so I began praising him up, very humbly you know, and getting him to brag about his exploits as a ghost, at which I laughed; and at last he told me bow it was he had come

"It was my night out, ye see, Johnny,' he said; 'so thinks I, I'll just take my poor ould bones out for an airing, and I was going for them when you ranagainst me at the stairs-head, you

big spulpoen.'
"Dear me, now,' sa'd I, 'then you don't siways walk about as—as you are now.'
"Bless you, no: when one feels lively and wants to have a bit of a spree or to travel fast, one despit encumber eneself, ye know; but if one prefers a surt of—alam i—stately promenade, racily majestic, why then one takes one's bones with one.'

"'But are they your real bones, Mr. O'Sham-mahoy ?' I asked him.

annoy? I asked him.
"Bhure, an' why not?—and a pretty to-do
here would be if any of'em were mussing when
took 'em back. He's plaguy particular, is ould
fulloth—that's him that attends to the bone Hulloth.

department.

"What, are they loose ? said I.

"Loose! Kaix, an' i should think so;—it requires a dale of skill to walk in 'om without tumbing to pluces intirely, and I may say not tumbing to places intirely, and I may say not many ghosts can walk in their bones as illigant, by as Patrick O'Shammahoy. Here now, just feel for yerself, Johnny,' and he made me put out my hand and touch them. It was for all the world, sir, like passing one's fingers through cold fog—that was the white part of him — but the bones were hard, just like any others, only fearfully cold, slimy, and black with mould; and then I know that the pit-pat I had heard coming up-stairs was from his hard heels on the wood.

"Well, after this we tapped the second bottle and a roaring night we made of it. We became as joily together as sand-boys, and I got him on as joily together as sand-boys, and I got him on singing—not very spiritual songs, either — and then I sang, and we made a famous row, sir. flet for all that I did not forget my purpose of getting quit of him for over if I could, and so I drank as little as possible, myself, passing the bottle whenever he did not see me, which was ave Grimstoad.

""Well; there's something in what ye say, often; for from never having tasted the creature

where he lay just like any body else that had got a drop too much.

"When I saw this I kneit down and slip slipped off his legs at the knee-joint, and then his right arm at the shoulder, for I thought he might be dangerous if I left that. I found them come off quite easily, ar, as he said, they were all loose—only the masty mouldy things made me shudder as I handled them. Then after thinking a minute how to stow them where he would not be likely to find them, I hid them all under one of the barrels.

" After he had sain about half an hour or so. I

"After he had iain about half an hour or so, I sitting watching him, a bit frightened as to what he would do when he awoke—all at once I heard a cock crow outside, and I saw him start off as if in a scare.

"'Och, murther,' he cried, 'there's the cock, and I shall be late again! Well, Johnny, I must be off in a harry, but the best of friends must part, and when ye git settled here I hope to Live the pleasure of seeing you often' (he grinned with all his white teeth): 'we've had a joily night, havon't we? Blood and all the powers now, an' what's this?' (raising himself to a sitting posture) in y legs have dropped off, somehow—then he seemed to be looking about on the ground for them—och, the binzes, and on the ground for them-och, the bluzes, and my arm too. Now, Johnny, help me to find 'em, there's a good fellow—I shall cutch it if I'm not back in a july.'

"I help you, Paddy ! Not if I know it,' said

the mission of them, have yo? Yo'd better give them up instantly, and he looked decading ferce, and tried to raise himself. I was a sit frightened when he got up on his stumps, but as soon as I saw he tumbled over again I began

as soon as I gaw he tumbled over again I begin laughing.

"And so a Tipperary bog-trotter, like you, thought you would be a match for a Yorkshire-man, did you, Paddy?" said I, coolly sitting still and blowing out a long whiff.

"The cock crew again, and after trying once more to get up, he began whining: 'Och, Johany, for the love of heaven—my lave'll be stopned for a year. Johany' (sulemnly), 'where are my bones ?'

··· You must first swear you'll never enter this

house again, bones or no bones, said I, smoking on undisturbed.

""O ye heartiess viliain !-- It a'd be the death of me, Johnny, to leave the ould place, (whinning): * how can ye ask such a thing of a pour

ghost?"

"'No bones till you swear, Paddy."

"'Well, thin—I'm all on a brown sweat with fright—O Johnny, have pity. Well thin, I swear."

"So I made him swear by all the Jowers I could think of; then I got him his bones, which he clapped on in a great hurry and rushed out of the door, not forgetting, h. wever, as he sped past the table, to seize hold of the whiskey-buttle and thus it at my hand as by varished." and thing it at my head as he vanished.

"I dodged the bottle and escaped, but some-how in backing to avoid it, I stumbled over the chair and hit my head against the floor, stun-ning myself, I think. At all events there I lay for hours, and when I woke up, it was broad

"I was very cold, for the fire was burnt out.
For a few minutes I couldn't recollect where I
was or what had happened, and only felt that
I had a cracking headache; but the sight of the
broken bottle on the floor brought the whose

while back to me.

"Well, sir, I trusted to Paddy's eath, and went and took the form that day," continued the Yorkshireman with another of those humorthe Yorkshireman with another of those humorous finshes of his eyes; "and I've lived in tup house ever since, nor have we ever seen Mr. O'Shammahoy again or any of his great relatives. In fact, some of my acepical frience, when I tell them the story, will have it that I never saw him at all, but got drank with the whitekey, tumbleddown, and draumed the whose thing. But then, sir, I ask them how they get over the headache and the broken pottic. These were facts and so, sir, I have ven to form your were facts and so, sir, I leave you to form your own judgment; but if you like to turn aside for a day or two with me, I can promise you some good rabbit-shooting, and the chance of seeing Patrick U'Shammahoy for yourself."

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Dr X—had a feast, and smoor other things, and very unprofessional, seeing it is made of enlarged and diseased livers, a pdid de foiegrat. A day or two after, when he wished to enfer something for lunch, the cook mildly suggested, "Yes, Sir, there is almost the whole of that raddy's photograph that you used the other day."