

A bottle of "ruin" she held in each hand,
And she uttered a low, plaintive wail ;

" 'There is rest for the weary,' but no rest for me ;
I cannot find rest if I try,—

Three months and three days I have been on the spree ;
(Mr. Mueller, 'How's that for high?')

" I have mixed in the world, both with 'spirits' and men,—
Once more with the spirits I'll go."

She stopped, took a sniff of the "ruin," and then
She popped into a cellar below.

He could hear her again, crying out from her den—

" To-night you will see me no more ;
But I'll meet with you Saturday evening at ten,
By the fountain that stands in the Gore."

Some people that passed there this morning at two,
Found the "Peeler" still glued to his post ;
He told them this yarn I have been telling you —
And that's the last news from the Ghost !