



## TRYING IT ON.

MISS NEWFOUNDLAND.—How should I look in Stars and Stripes!—From Judy.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.



LET me see. It must be fully—well, it was no matter how many years since—it was in the “rare old used-to-be,” that Riley sings so masterfully of. I was a mere boy, *at* fifteen, knee trousers, a shock of curly hair that served as a covering for more knowledge than I can ever forget, though I live to twice my present

age, or younger. Many were the little fishing, and swimming and berrying excursions formed and put into brilliant execution at the instigation of “that town squash,” as one misguided lad had observed, and which remark he bitterly regretted about three minutes afterwards. One Wednesday evening the whole party of us went to prayer-meeting in the quaint old meeting-house that stood just on the brow of the hill that led from the landing-place of the river steamers. After meeting we organized a game of “tag,” which we kept up until after dark. Tiring of this, the diversion was presently changed to “I-spy.” I ran away up the road and turned into the graveyard-gate and hid among the trees. Hearing nothing of the other boys, I ventured, at the end of fifteen minutes, to the fence and peeped through the gate, but could see no one, up or down the road. I sneaked back to my hiding-place again, and to kill time proceeded to cut a cedar switch, carefully trimming it of all twigs and bark. As the boys still kept away, I decided to skulk down the road again and investigate. The night was inky dark, and there was a strong south wind crooning mournfully through the trees. I stumbled along somehow or other until I felt the fence, which I followed to the gate. After passing out, I kept close to the fence, in the path that had been made by many feet, young and old, in the grass at the side of the road. I was sauntering along, wondering what the folks down home were doing, and trying to drive away the sad wailing of the night wind from my mind. The darkness was so deep that I could not at times see the fence, but stumbled along the uneven path as best I could. Presently I felt something grasp the cedar switch and jerk it instantly out of my hand! Well, yes, I really think the kinks in my hair did straighten themselves out, and I felt very, very “goose-pimpily.” I remember I said, “What’s that?”

and then simply sprinted for a short distance. Then I began to think. Suppose any of the boys should see me—what would they think? You see I had always posed before them as a supernaturally brave boy, not afraid of anything—no, not even *ghosts*! And then the idea occurred to me that perhaps the boys had put up a trick upon me to expose the wretched hollowness of my assumed courage. So, after pondering the matter over, and being firmly convinced that they were lying in wait, and would see, therefore, how quickly the truly brave recover themselves in times of sudden peril, I stumbled back along the path to the graveyard. Reaching the fence I looked over, but it was too dark to see whether anyone was lying there or not. As I moved cautiously along, something touched me on the knee! I reached down and made one wild grab, and—caught a cedar switch! It was the one that I had been carrying, and was firmly wedged in the fence. You see, the wind had loosened one of the boards at one end, and it swung back and forth in the breeze. As I was passing by, swinging my stick, it happened to strike into the crack of the board made when it tore itself from the nail-head holding it, and at that moment the wind had jerked the board around and from me. Well, when I thus saw that my companions were *not* lying in wait to witness my actions, I gathered myself together and, as I firmly believe to this day, smashed the amateur record all to pieces. Next day I learned that as I did not make my appearance within a reasonable time, the juvenile Trout Creekers had concluded that I was trying to be “funny,” and had gone to my uncle’s. Accordingly they dispersed, and if they are desirous of knowing just where I went that night, so long ago, they are hereby referred to this issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

age. The summer holidays had come at last, and I had carefully packed my lares and penates into a carpet valise and had taken passage on the good steamer “May Queen,” bound for Trout Creek. It was marked “Trout Creek” upon the county map, but among the river-folk the place was known as “Springerses.” (Mr. Springer was the postmaster, magistrate, store-keeper, undertaker, Sunday-school superintendent, and wharfinger of the little village of Trout Creek.) I had been but a week in the place before I was personally acquainted with all the youths of my