

ing it; showing
ical inspiration

give us some-

rhyming, but
thinking a few

dow hill.
ppoorwill;
rnie tree,
to the bounding

ere isn't much

should like to
the same way.
ood, that's got

t, and called
ould do better
down into the
e singing their
out:—

le fish:
uddling-dish.
ay long,
bra-song."

verdict of the

"is that all
all it the best
er, you were
t; now let us
that will begin

said Lem.
you the other
rhymes on a
nine. So fire

to speak in

I cried.

aky at first,
as he recited

K.

ag.

song:
lock!

ast.

ed,
at,
st,
his throat.

Bull Pad-dock! Bull Pad-dock!
Chock, chuck, chock!
See what a coat!—not wrinkled a bit,—
Did you ever see a finer fit?
Chug, chug, chug!

Bull of Pad-dock has got a wife,
Living below with her kindred folks:
She sometimes peeps at outdoor life,
While he his song in the sunshine croaks.
Bull Pad-dock! Bull Pad-dock!
Chock, chuck, chock!
But he greets her coming with surly tone,
And says he had rather be left alone.
Chug, chug, chug!

Her froglings crowd the lily-pads,
Neatly clad in their coats of green,—
The frogling lasses and frogling lads,
With snow-white aprons neat and clean.
Bull Pad-dock! Bull Pad-dock!
Chock, chuck, chock!
She from her young ones seldom goes out,
For she knows the pickerel fish are about.
Chug, chug, chug!

Bull of Pad-dock don't care a snap,
Like many a human we have seen:
No family cares disturb his nap
When he pillows his head on the cresses green.
Bull Pad-dock! Bull Pad-dock!
Chock, chuck, chock!
Oh, an easy life lives the meadow frog,
While his wife takes care of the babes in the
bog!

Chug, chug, chug!

The boys told him that they liked it very
well, and wished it were longer and better;
and Lem was proud of his performance. All
claimed that their own rhymes were the best,
and that some other time they would try
again.

It sometimes happened that they told such
terrible stories about giants, ghosts, and hob-
goblins, that some of them were afraid to go
home alone; and one night there had been
a run of such stories that made the hair of
the timid stand up so as almost to push their
hats off. They were very glad to have Cap-
tain Bob come and sit down with them, as it
relieved them of a great deal of their fear.
They all felt, that, if the biggest ghost that
ever was known were to come, the captain
would be more than a match for it.

"Captain, do you believe in ghosts?" ques-
tioned Ike.

"Not much," replied Captain Bob; "but
did any of ye ever hear of the haunted house
that they had in Rivertown a good many
years ago?"

They told him they had not.

"Well," he continued, "that was a pretty
lively sort of a ghost, I tell you. The old
Dunkle House, after the death of 'Uncle
Dunkle,' as all used to call him, was shut up
as tight as a bottle, and nobody wanted to
live there. The longer it was empty, the
more folks didn't want to occupy it; and so
at last it kinder got the name of being haunt-

ed. As soon as this got round, almost every-
body believed it; and many had stories to
tell of lights seen there, and poundings heard,
and white shapes at the windows; and folks
hurried by the house after dark for fear.
Then the people really began to hear sounds,
like heavy blows, in different rooms at night,
and sometimes they would hear 'em
even in daylight. Early one evening
old Mr. Styles the blacksmith, whose
shop was right opposite the house, heard the
pounding, and saw the people running by,
half scared out of their wits. He didn't be-
lieve in ghosts, nor in much of anything
else; and so, after listening a few minutes,
he took a big blacksmith's hammer, and went
over to interview the ghost. He tried the
door, which was fast, and heard some loud
pounding inside that jarred the house.
Then he gave the door a blow with his
hammer, which forced it open, and in he
went. He heard the knocking overhead, and
a deep groan. Up he went, and then he
heard the sounds in another room. He
followed from room to room, until he heard
the sounds down cellar. He followed down,
and then all was still. The cellar was not
so dark that he couldn't see, but there was
no sign of the ghost there. He was on the
point of leaving, when he saw a barrel in the
deeper shadows of the cellar. It was a
common flour barrel, with the head whole;
and, lifting his hammer, he broke the head
in with a crash, at the same time nearly
breaking in the head of little Johnny Purs-
laine, the tailor, that popped up out of the
barrel, beneath which he had been hid. The
blacksmith led him out by the ear, and told
the ones who had gathered round that he
had caught the ghost. They were going to
mob Johnny; but Styles told 'em, that, if
Johnny was a rogue, they were cowards,
which he thought was worse, and so they
let him go. The house was let the next day,
and not a ghost was seen or heard in it after-
wards."

"'Twas mean to be afraid," said Andy
Cate.

"I'd ha' gone right in," echoed Ike. "I
wouldn't ha' been afraid."

"You wouldn't, hey?" replied the cap-
tain. "Praps, my young friend, if you
had a chance to try your courage you would
come out of it as bad as I did once."

"Were you ever scared?" asked the
boys.

Captain Bob laughed. "Well, you may
judge yourselves," said he. "About a hun-
dred years ago a man named Clough was
hanged, up here a bit, for killing another
man; and he was buried at the foot of the
gallows where two roads cross. When I