

were shining. When I had my horse hitched up I took a peep at the moon; that sly, old lady had her face puckered up in a most provoking smile, and seemed to be winking her other eye at me—poor, luckless fool.

That unearthly groaning wafted on the night air from the graveyard, made me feel creepy and ner-

vous. Alick innocently remarked: "Doctor, I must put a new clasp on that church gate to-morrow; the old one will not hold it shut, and the creaking of the rusty hinges make an awful racket when there is a wind blowing." So end all ghost stories.

PAUL JONES, '98.



THE BALLOT BOX.

A weapon that comes down as still
 As showflakes fall upon the sod;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God;
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.

