



By E. J. Goodman.

11

Och! murder! you should have seen the folks when I walked through the village of Ballykillin the next morning. If I'd have been a ghost myself, they couldn't have looked more scared, and it was some time before they would come near me or touch me. But Biddy came running out, and threw her arms around me in the street before all the people.

"Och! Tim darlin', she says, 'and have you come back and left none of your wits behind you? Och, praise be to the saints for this mercy! But don't go near the bad place again; don't, Tim darlin'."

Then she went on to ask if I had seen the ghost, and so did all the neighbors and the colonel himself. But never a word would I tell them of what I had seen. I kept my mouth shut till the next night, and after that, too, and just an hour before midnight, started off for the castle again.

I made myself snug once more in that room with the sound window, and waited for the ghost. It struck midnight at last, and I listened for the groanings and the creakings, but never a sound could I hear.

"Well, I says to myself, 'the ghost's getting into bad habits. I shall have to tell him to keep better time.'"

One o'clock came, and still there wasn't the ghost of a ghost.

"What's up now, I wonder?" says I. "Sure he hasn't cleared out of this already. Perhaps he's gone to get some other ghost to come and help turn me out, and can't find one at liberty. Well, I'll give him to surprise, anyhow."

But the sun rose, and never a token of the ghost could I see or hear. So I just rolled myself up again on the window-seat and went to sleep.

It was the same again the third night, and, faith, I began to get uneasy.

"What's to become of him, I wonder?" thinks I. Then, when I had considered a bit over the matter, I says to myself, "Sure, he's hiding away somewhere. I must go and see what he's after, at all."

So I takes up my candle, and walks along the passage, and across the great hall till I got to the east wing of the castle. There I stood and listened a bit. Sure enough, I heard a groan, but a long way off.

So I shouted: "Hallo! ghost; where are you, at all?"

It was at the end of the long gallery in the east wing that I found my gentleman at last. There he was, looking out through the window, as though he was admiring the pretty country under the moonlight. But he didn't seem enjoying himself, poor creature, and kept on groaning worse than ever.

"What a chap you are for groaning!" says I, "as though that could do any good. If you're sorry for what you used to do when you were alive, why can't you think it over and keep quiet?"

As soon as the ghost heard me, he turned about and, if you'll believe me, he looked fairly startled.

"Why do you trouble me, man?" he says. "Begone and leave me in peace."

"Och!" thinks I, "is that your tune? It's a very different sort of note from what you sang the other night." So I says:

"Sure, I am waiting for some of those terrible things you threatened to do to me. When are you going to begin?"

"Base slave!" says the ghost, clapping his hand on the ghost of a sword.

"Worrastraw!" says I, "it's no use your doing that, anyway. Your sword can't do more harm than this pipe of mine; not so much; and you know it."

You should have seen the look of the ghost's face as I said these words. He seemed just bursting with passion; his eyes opened wide, but they couldn't flash, as all the fire had gone out of them long ago. Sure, no one ever saw a ghost in such a rage before.

Then he threw a look of contempt on me, and turned on his heel and made off. He didn't run exactly, for that would be genteel in a ghost, but he slipped away pretty quick, and I had a bit of trouble to keep up with him, with my game leg. But I followed him pretty close through one gallery after another, and at last he stopped short.

"Soldier," says he, more quiet and civil than ever he had been before, "I beg that you will leave me in peace. My doom is terrible, condemned as I am to walk the earth by night in expiation of my crimes. Why add to my awful punishment?"

"Why?" says I. "Sure, don't I want to get you out of this place, where, as I said before, you've got no business to be, and which belongs to my old colonel? If you must haunt something, go and haunt some ruins that nobody lives in, and not a decent castle like this, that only wants a bit of plumbing and carpentering to be made all snug and comfortable for living folks."

"I cannot leave it," says the ghost; "it is my home. It would increase my punishment tenfold were I doomed to haunt a strange abode."

"Faith!" says I, "I don't care a straw for that. But if you won't come out of this, sure I'll turn the tables on you and haunt you every night, whether you like it or not."

Och! the groan the ghost gave when I said this! It was the best I had heard yet. Then the creature was off again, and I followed him up till the sunrise, when he melted away like butter in the pan.

Well, I had rare sport with him. Night after night I hunted him up, and left him no peace at all. Sometimes I talked to him, and sometimes I didn't; but I was always at his heels, chasing

him round the castle and driving him fair crazy. It went some against the grain with me to worry the ghost of a gentleman-born in this way; but I thought of my dear old colonel, and I never let him be. Heaven forgive me for the hard words I gave to that poor ghost: the bad names I called him, insulting him worse and worse every night. Och! I led him a life.

At last one night he turned on me and says he, with pitiful tone which pretty nigh went to my heart:

"Will nothing make you cease this persecution?"

"Well," says I, "that depends. What have you to offer?"

"What can I offer?" says he.

"Why, now," says I, "look here, ghost. Couldn't you put me up to a good thing? Don't you know of a hidden treasure somewhere? I have heard that ghosts often do that."

"I know of none," says he, looking very sad and sorry.

"Well," says I, "I thought you could do nothing, and was only trying of you. I don't want any treasures. I only want you to get out of this place, and so, if need be, I mean to haunt you as long as I live."

"Ah," says the ghost, "there is some fort in that."



"A GOOD-NIGHT TO YOU, GHOST!"

"Is there, indeed?" says I. "How do you make that out?"

"You will continue to haunt me as long as you live," says he. "He it is! But do you forget? What is your miserable speck of life to mine? Have not lived in the spirit for nigh 20 years, and shall I not thus exist to all eternity? The little that is left of your base life is but a drop in the ocean of my own. For that short space I must be patient."

I could scarcely keep myself from laughing in his face, for I knew that was what he'd be coming to, and I was ready for him.

"Och!" says I, "that's how you look at it, is it? Sure, thin, ye make a big mistake entirely."

"What mean you?" says the ghost, and I could see that he was bothered all over.

"Sure, I'll show you what I mean to-morrow night," says I: "if I live, please God."

Well, he couldn't get a word more out of me, for I had got a scheme up my sleeve which I meant to keep to myself for the present.

Now, Biddy O'Rourke, my pretty sweetheart, bless her! had a bit of a younger brother, 14 years old or thereabouts, who was always getting into scrapes and mischief, breaking windows and chasing the pigs, and fighting the other boys as bold as a soldier.

So when I goes down to the village again, I gets Thady into a corner all quiet, and nobody by, and says I: "Whist! Thady, my boy; would you like to see the ghost?"

Thady, he turned pale a bit at first, and then those wicked young eyes of his lighted up, full of mischief, and he grinned.

"Sure, Tim," says he, "that would I. Is there a ghost, then, anyway?"

"Then I up and told him all about the 'bad baronet' and what a poor creature he was, with never a ha'porth of harm in him; and how I'd been chivving him all around the castle night after night, till I'd half worried the life out of him. And Thady laughed, and was just mad to go with me and see the ghost. By St. Patrick! that boy had no more fear in him than there is in an old wooden gate-post, and he never shook a limb when we got into the castle.

"Who is this urchin?" says Sir Roderick, fuming and glaring in the old way.

"Och!" says I, "shame on my bad manners for not introducing him. This is Thady O'Rourke, my brother-in-law that is to be, and he has come here to help me with this job."

"I do not understand you," says the ghost, looking more bothered than ever.

"Maybe you don't," says I, "but I'll soon make you. I have brought this boy with me to help me to haunt you, and he's just coming here with me night after night, to learn the business, so as he can take it up when I've done with it."

Never a word did the ghost say; but he started back a step or two and gave a groan.

"And," says I, "that won't be the end of it; for Thady when he grows up, and

I am under the turf, will just get another boy like himself—there's lashings of them about—to learn the business, and take his place after him, so it will go on if you stay here forever. Arrah! now, ghost, how do you like that look-out, anyway?"

Och! the poor ghost was a sight to be seen just then. He stamped, and he swore, and he fumed, and he scowled at Thady; but it was all of no use, for Thady, seeing he couldn't do any harm, laughed in his pasty face, and was mad to worry him.

Well, we led him a pretty dance that night and the night after, and Thady just enjoyed the fun, he did.

We hadn't been at it for more than a week or so, when one night we couldn't find the ghost anywhere. We tramped through all the galleries, upstairs and downstairs; but it was all quiet, and never a creaking, or a groaning, or a token of the ghost did we see.

"What's become of him, anyhow?" says Thady.

"Whist!" says I, "look yonder, Thady!"

And, och! it was a pretty sight we saw. Far down in the long walk, between the trees, what should we see but the old ghost, with his sword tucked under his arm, and his bundle on his shoulder, walking off as fast as he could tread, with his old wig trailing down his back behind and his spurs gleaming in the moonlight.

"By the powers, Thady!" says I, "we have made him clear out at last!"

And we both shouted out of the window together as loud as we could:

"A good-night to you, ghost, and a safe and pleasant journey!"

Well, if you believe me, Thady and I watched night after night up at the old castle, to see if the ghost was to change his mind and come back; but never a token of him did we discover.

He was gone for good and all; and then we let the secret out to the neighbors, and the colonel, and all the country round. At first they wouldn't believe it, but sure, they couldn't hold out long; for the colonel himself went up to the castle at night with us, and saw the ghost wasn't there at all, which showed it was true as a miracle.

And then what doings they had! Sir Peter, he brought down builders and carpenters and gardeners from Dublin, and had the old castle made as good as new, and all the ugly weeds pulled up out of the pretty walks and gardens. Then they furnished the place like any palace, and the family came down and lived in it, and gave a ball to all the quality for miles around.

And the colonel was as good as his word, and better; for when Biddy and me was married he gave us the 450 he promised, and situations at the castle, with nothing to do but to keep the old ghost out.

As for Thady, he had a job, too, of the demesne; and proud he was of the work he'd done, helping to make the eviction.

And I gathered a lot of other lads about me one day, and I says to them, says I:

"Look here, boys, don't you take heed of ghosts, or any suchlike. The world's just full of 'em, and there's not a ha'porth of harm in 'em if you pluck up and face 'em, and show 'em you ain't afraid. Half the troubles and botherations of life is nothing but ghosts, and if you let 'em haunt you they'll do it; but if you turn round and laugh at 'em, it won't be long before they take themselves off like the morning mist before the blessed sun."

The Kafirs are great swimmers. They can do things in the water which other boys would look upon with astonishment. For example, a Kafir boy can ford a stream, shoulder high, running as swiftly as if shot from a torrent. The way they accomplish the feat is this: Just before entering the water they grab a huge stone, sometimes as heavy as themselves, and with the help of a companion place it upon the head. A weight like this gives the boy balance, and he can keep his footing against the heaviest stream. If he were to drop the stone he would be so light the water would sweep him off his feet. And this is just one of the Kafir tricks to accomplish things against tide and flood.

Why Brick Carriers Founder.

Cargoes of brick have to be stowed in the most careful manner, says the Philadelphia Record, or else the vessels carrying them will founder in the mildest weather, owing to the strong tendency of the brick to absorb the water caused by the leakage which necessarily occurs on all wooden vessels. The brick will absorb the water as fast as it runs in from an ordinary leak, and the increased weight of the brick causes the vessel to settle until she makes the final plunge, and the crew are frequently at a loss to know the cause. To new shoals, defective work in the vessel's construction and other causes are attributed the disaster.

It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO.
DEALERS IN
Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week.
PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco

Sole agents for the following brands of Cigars:
Henry Clay, Londres, Normal, Indian Princess, Samson, Silver Ash
Bloomsburg Pa.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF
**CARPET, MATTING,
or OIL CLOTH,**
YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT
W. H. BROWER'S
2nd Door above Court House.
A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

BARGAINS!

In order to close out our stock of summer goods while our customers need them, we have made sweeping reductions in prices.

85c. Whip Cords and Henriettas are now 75c.

35c. Goods now 25c.
30c. " " 20c.
15c. and 18c. " " 10c.
10c. and 12c. " " 8c.
8c. Dress Gingham " " 5c.
7c. and 8c. Prints and Zephyrs 5c.

Come soon as these bargains will not last long.

W. H. MOORE.

TRADESMAN:
THIS NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATES IN THE HOMES
OF PEOPLE BUYING THE
KIND OF GOODS YOU MAY
HAVE TO SELL.
MORAL:
INVITE THEM TO YOUR STORE

Elys Cream Balm For
CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
Solely Brothers, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

MILK
AND CREAM can be kept perfectly fresh and sweet five to seven days WITHOUT USING ICE Simple, cheap, foolproof. Sample free. Write.
The Freservaline Mfg. Co.,
Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Brooklyn, New York. Sep. 16, 1 year.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,
Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Brooklyn, New York. Sep. 16, 1 year.

"It fits like the paper on the wall."

Of course it does if its the right kind, and it adds everything to the cheerfulness of the room.

Wall Paper gives your walls any effect and a touch of luxury that money could not otherwise supply.

To get the best, that is the question; but that is neither difficult or expensive if you go to the right place to buy it. Ours is the place, the variety is here, the prices are right.

If you want, we put it on your walls and guarantee the work. Workmen sent any where.

Window Curtains too, are here, prices right.

W. H. Brooke & Co.

THE MARKETS.

BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.
COLLECTED WEEKLY. RETAIL PRICES.

Butter per lb.	22
Eggs per dozen	16
Lard per lb.	16
Ham per pound	16
Pork, whole, per pound	16
Beef, quarter, per pound	16
Wheat per bushel	85
Oats " " "	50
Rye " " "	30
Buckwheat flour per 100	240
Wheat flour per bbl.	425
Hay per ton	1200
Potatoes per bushel	75
Turnips " " "	25
Onions " " "	100
Sweet potatoes per peck	35
Cranberries per qt.	12
Tallow per lb.	10
Shoulder " " "	14
Side meat " " "	14
Vinegar, per qt.	16
Dried apples per lb.	10
Dried cherries, pitted	18
Raspberries	18
Cow Hides per lb.	10
Steer " " "	10
Calf Skin " " "	10
Sheep pelts	10
Shelled corn per bus.	65
Corn meal, cwt.	200
Bran " " "	125
Chop " " "	125
Middlings " " "	125
Chickens per lb.	12
Turkeys " " "	14
Geese " " "	10
Ducks " " "	10

COAL

No. 6, delivered	250
" 4 and 5 "	350
" 6 at yard	225
" 4 and 5 at yard	325

Improve your stock by getting a setting of Barred or White Plymouth Rocks. Eggs from fine birds at \$1.50 per 13, or \$2.50 per 26.

Address, W. B. German, Millville, : : Penna.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. It prevents the hair from falling out. It restores Gray Hair to its natural color. It cures scalp disease and hair falling. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Hair Balm. It restores the hair, and gives the system a new lease of life. It is the best remedy for all the ailments of the hair. It is the best remedy for all the ailments of the hair. It is the best remedy for all the ailments of the hair.

WE TELL YOU

nothing new when we state that it pays to engage in a permanent, most healthy and pleasant business, that returns a profit for every day's work. Such is the business we offer the working class. We teach them how to make money rapidly, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of \$300.00 a month.

Every one who takes hold now and works will surely and speedily increase their earnings; there can be no question about it; others now at work are doing it, and you, reader, can do what work will directly find yourself in a most prosperous business, at which you can surely make and save large sums of money. The results of only a few hours' work will often equal a week's wages. Whether you are old or young, man or woman, it makes no difference,—do as we tell you, and success will meet you at the very start. Nothing expensive or capital necessary. Those who work for us are rewarded. Why not write to-day for full particulars, free? E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box No. 370, Augusta, Me.