

"But it might scare some of you fellows. It's a ghost story," persisted Tony.

"A ghost story ! ha, ha," laughed everybody. "Just bring your ghost out of the closet, and we'll put him through until he'll be the one that's afraid."

"All right then, here goes," answered Tony. "As I said before it's a ghost story,—but it is a real personal one, mind you, and I'll swear it's true."

"I started over towards the Barrens one afternoon for a walk, taking a gun along, of course, for company and incidentally to shoot squirrels with if the opportunity came. Well, I wandered around for a long time, killing a little game and a good deal of powder, and finally realized that I had come a good ways and it was about time to 'light out for home.' So I took my bearings and sailed away like 'Parker's House Boat on the Rail.' But it was up hill and down hill, and it wasn't long before I was puffing worse than Parker's 'Mule,' and wishing for a rest. I was, therefore, mighty glad when I came out into a clearing a moment later and saw a house. As I approached, I saw a farmer fixing the fence around the house, as I thought; but coming a little nearer I saw he was nailing the gate fast. This seemed rather strange, since the house was a fairly good one for the place, except that it looked as if it had been vacant for three or four years. So I stopped to talk to the farmer a little while, and casually asked him about it. He looked sort of surprised a moment, and then replied, 'Wal, now, I'll tell ye that them folks what lives here don't never come back no more. They stay until arter the furst Holloween, and then they jist git out as fast as they ken' 'But what about Halloween?' I asked. 'Do the students bother them?' 'Stoodents ! Lord no, not stoodents, but ghosts !' exclaimed the old chap. 'Why they tell me it's chock full of ghosts 'n speerets, 'n divils of all sorts 'n sizes 'n shapes !' No sir'e I wouldn't stay in that house fur a forchin !' Well, I jollied the Rubenstein up a while and then came on home."

"But somehow I couldn't get the absurd notion out of my head. I never did believe in ghosts, and this seemed particularly ludicrous. But, you see, I didn't know then what I do now."

"Well, I kept thinking it over, and asked a few other farmers about it a day or two later, and they told me the same thing. Ghosts ! Why there never was such a thing. Halloween ! Why