A YOUNG GIRL.

[illegible]

—Cudahy's Southern Review.

THE GHOST.

My father's farm was fully eleven miles, over a lonely and deserted road, from the little town of K——, and it took a day's journey between the two places, during the Old Sharp Time, to drive and run to work, simply because the owner, for reasons hereafter to be given, was forced to conceal himself from year to year with the passing it afforded his wife and the few remaining hands they retained from the neighbors' knowledge.

The Sawyer proprietor, old Jacob Sharp, or Lame Jake, as he was more frequently called by reason of an infirmity with physical deformity, was a man of distinction, I believe, as a gunsmith, and, economically as children, but taken a notion a few years before to hang himself in a cellar in the old farm, and to that end had completely robbed the upper portion of one of the beams and made fast the halter in the cellar.

From whatever source originated, weird and uncanny stories soon began to circulate concerning the old homestead, the purport of which were that every old house, lone, gloomy, and neglected to get out of the world, was equally anxious to get back, but having further disposed of the usual morning to gratify the wishes of an idle servant, he was now compelled to remain in the place of his destruction, and to relieve himself in such hours and places as the native modesty of our proper minded ghost would be most apt to select.

Jokes and narratives were the legend which the "Sawyer Ghost" was fraught, of the Great Antiquary would not form, were in the habit of relating to such juvenile and familiar ears as were most readily captivated thereby, and would not hang a stone have I been my own ancient grandfather before go to bed with ears like saucers after an evening's scare with one of these narratives.

For, as the Dear Light of Joan has it, that is another story.

We had a dog that had gray hollows of wood carefully whittled out, one night, and John Sorry (humanly seen by a member of the family, when the moon of the full had crowned, standing in the lane leading from Sawyer's farm and surrounded by a black halo, he particularly early morning the event, but while he was congratulating himself that these variations promised to be of a Brownie, rather than of a Goblin character, that very night, overcome by fright, the unwonted wheat was just as carefully filled with an equal quantity of rye from another bin, the scandalous gossamer being replaced with Sunday-of light, the most outlandish noises and exclamations proceeding from every bachelor.

These fears to Jones and neighbors, while he's enough in their way, made girl have been accepted neither for some time, but was the gossiping taken to take his place made bold to begin a search of Sawyer's farm, thus giving many directly the substantiate man's personal peace and welfare.

A bright glare, emanating from some particular room, would cause to the startled lookers-on that the house was in flames; and a rye being made thither the light would disappear in an instant, to the accompaniment of loud groans and laughter, falling of footsteps and pattering of closely scudding mice the hallway.

Frequently the former during sleep, usually when most wearied, would for himself and only and unmercifully thrust out of bed by some invisible agency, whereon and everybody was awakened by a rang, as midnight, and one occasion he with and the wife nearly frightened out of her by falling her fast sleeping one morning by her side, to hands fallen on his breast and two pennies placed in either hands over his eyes.

These happenings, the reader will easily conceive, had the effect of limiting his company of the Sharp nominally mostly to the period of his death, and none from or four others who succeeded him made equally short work of it.

Others complained more of the trouble they had with their cattle. Horses usually stalled began about midnight to raise a most terrific uproar, and if not promptly liberated would inevitably "kick down the stable door." Cows would now morning huddled together in the farthest corner of the pasture. Frequently one would be found moving the marks of the saddle and other evidences of a severe night journey, although it was a mere matter, in point of fact, the fact that one of the boys was courting a neighbor's daughter in a neighboring county may have some slight relation to the phenomena.

Weird lights burning through the chinks of the barn and about the premises were so common to the neighbors that when the boys and girls happened to be belated at a dance, a frolic or an apple paring they told their parents they came home by the light of well Sharp's lantern.

I am not going to tell any of doubtful stuff and long distance telephones to put myself on record as the man that saw Jake Sharp's ghost, but what I can see and hear the night I slept in that old farm—well, I'm going to tell you about it.

I had been to S——, and was returning somewhat late. The night was dark and stormy, and the faint flicker of lightning which it began to the to be just burning in frequency and brilliancy behind me till just as the old Sharp golden horses to from the thickness to grow near the farm. A not two cypress leaning back upon and like the spectre of a mourner.

Every before had I seen such a dreadful. The rain descended in one solid sheet, and the earth fully shook with the continuous roll of the thunder. The lightning was there and everywhere.

Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but to to shelter for a time at least, in the old barn, and put my mules in there, with which a sympathetic neighbor I spent the entirely seven times so there every minute and yet my teeth as quickly as it could under the fully roast.

Striking a match, put to put my horses, I unlatched the barn and supplied them with hay, of which there was an abundance in one of the mows, and then hunting up my pipe, that incomparable solace of the soldier, I began to take stock of my surroundings.

The storm showing no signs of abatement, the thunder and the lightning chase each other in quick succession, and the lightning playing vividly through the chinks and broken window, I began without much reflection to I could without making proportions for my present solution.

Selecting a dry spot in the harness, I remained some of my wet outer garments, and with the aid of horse blankets constructed in impromptu a tolerably bed, but not, I discover you, with the no means fine of sleep.

Nevertheless, it an hour or so, the thunder and lightning further slowed and away, although the rain still came down in torrents, I was not with fatigue and sodden by the labors of the day, I fell into a deep and quiet slumber.

How long I slept I never not, but I was suddenly awakened by the stamping and snorting of the horses, and startled up, I became conscious of a faint shaft light falling in the air directly over the seat I had so lately been upon.

It reminded me some light I had ever seen, but seemed to be simply a light in itself, and I rubbed my eyes, wondering what it was, and if I was not dreaming. It remained in some fold