A HAUNTED SCHOONER

For some one the Alliance and she sailed from Gloucester, Mass. She was one of the prettiest and sweetest looking schooners that ever crossed Surface Ledge to the banks for fish or sailed westward a wintry sea. She had lines like a yacht, and many a time I have seen her and put a goody pleasure craft out over for admiration, as though she were sanctified. She had a sheer that was delightful to look upon and a sailing rate to see mists that gave her a competition sensation.

The history was remarkable. She had been found up deserted in the Scotch Seas by a Gloucester brig engaged in carrying salt fish to the West Indies. She was sailing in the trough of the sea with only the sliding of her keel upon her standing. The sides of the hatchways were all stove in, and the hatches were lashed down. The sides of the hatchways were all stove in, and the hatches were lashed down. The sides of the hatchways were all stove in, and the hatches were lashed down