bravely to the old Thome mansion. The door creaked forebodingly on its rusty hinges as he opened it, and his heart sank as he entered the damp, musty hall. But he thought of his wife and child, for whom he was seeking a home, and he put his trust in God.

It was a warm night in August, and not a breath of air was stirring. All was quiet in the house. Michael lit the lamp, put his holy water and candle and revolver on the table, and, taking out his prayer-book, read prayers until he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific crash of thunder, and his eyes were instantly dazed by the white flash of lightning that lit up the room. It was a weird night to spend in a haunted house, but Michael was brave. He blessed himself, and lit the blessed candle. The wind was howling outside, and the rain falling on the tin roof of an outhouse made, as Michael afterwards explained, 'a devil of a racket.'

But above the din of thunder, and above the roar of the wind, he heard a weird moaning. His blood ran cold. It was the ghost, of whose existence Michael had been, until this minute, a little sceptical. He knew that there were ghosts in Ireland, but he was doubtful about seeing any in America.

His first impulse was to flee the house,—but there was the little wife waiting for him to get work, and there was the baby to be provided for, both of them waiting at a lodging house in Boston until he got a 'place.' And here, dropped from heaven, was this fine home where they could live. What good was the holy water and the blessed candle and the prayerbook if they could not lay a Yankee ghost.

Nevertheless perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he was deathly pale as he listened to the moans which succeeded each other at regular intervals. He shook the holy water around, but it had no effect whatever, and then and there Michael made up his mind that there wasn't any ghost at all, in spite of the weird moans he heard. All the real ghosts of which he had ever heard, at least those from below, fled from the sign of the Cross and the holy water. (If they came from heaven, what matter? They would do no harm.) He had sprinkled the holy water, and since the noise persisted; he was sure that it was from no ghost, weird as the groans were. A real ghost would respect the holy water.

He was wide awake now, and he opened his book and read the prayers until the storm passed. The wind was still blowing, and the weird moaning continued. Michael had gradually lost his fear since he had persuaded himself that it was no ghost after all, and the thought occurred to him that perhaps some tramp had found the house a convenient place in which to live and frightened other inhabitants away by making the weird noises. Or perhaps someone who had designs on the place and wished to buy it cheap was taking this means to render it uninhabitable.

Fortified by these speculations, Michael, with the candle in one hand and the revolver in the other, started an inspection of the premises. The face of his wife, patiently waiting in Boston, was haunting him even more than the ghost. He was determined to find a home for her, and here was the place where they would live, ghost or no ghost.

He went from the parlor, where he had been sitting, into the dining-room. The groans still continued, and seemed a little louder. He thought they came from the pantry, and he opened the door courageously, but discovered nothing. Next he tried the door leading to the cellar from the kitchen. The groans became distinctly louder when he opened the door, and he made up his mind then and there that they were proceeding from the cellar.

Down the stairs he stepped cautiously, the candle flickering in his hand. He looked around. It was a large cellar, and there was no place for anyone to hide, save in the corner where there was a large collection of boxes and furniture stored. He listened intently, and soon was persuaded that the groaning came from this corner.

'Come out of that or I'll fire,' he cried.

Nothing stirred, but again he heard the groan.

'Come out of that or I'll fire,' he shouted again. Still no one appeared. He waited a few seconds, and then said solemnly.

'I'll give you till I count three. When I count three, I'll fire if you don't speak.'

Now Michael explained afterwards that he didn't have the least intention of firing, but somehow, when he counted three the revolver went off. He listened a while, trembling, lest he had really shot someone, but there was not a sound or a stir, save that of a rat that scudded out of the furniture across the floor. The groaning had ceased.

He went upstairs and listened the rest of the night, and not another sound did he hear.

Next day he went to Mr. Thome and related his experience.

'I want to clean out that rubbish in the cellar,' he told Mr. Thome. 'I'm sure that I heard the noise there.'

Mr. Thome was quite willing,—in fact, he went back with Michael to the house. They pulled away boxes and chests and beds, and finally they came upon an old organ. Michael looked at the last article critically, and he saw that one of its pipes was shattered. In the wall beyond he found the bullet imbedded. It had passed through the organ pipe.

Back of the organ was a window with a broken pane.

A smile lit up Michael's face. He gave the organ a kick.

'Here's your ghost, Mr. Thome,' he laughed with relief. 'The old organ was backed up against that broken window, and whenever there was a good breeze, it just whistled up that pipe and made the moans you heard. My shot last last night broke the pipe and laid the ghost forever.'

'By gum, Michael,' said Mr. Thome thoughtfully, 'I believe you're right.'

Right or wrong, the ghost never moaned again. Michael and his wife and children are still living in the old Thome mansion, no longer as caretakers, but now as owners, for Mr. Thome, in consideration of long and faithful service, willed the farm to them when he died.

You may think, dear reader, that this story is somewhat improbable. It is for fiction, but as a matter of fact, it happens to be true.—*Boston Pilot.*

AUNT MARTHA'S DRIVING HORSE

For weeks now the house had been strewn with automobile catalogues, and the principal topic of conversation had been carburettors, starting and lighting systems, cylinders, tires, and gasoline. Then one day Hiram Brown went to town and came back with a big red motor car. The agent came out with him and stayed two days. At the end of that time he declared that Hiram was fully proficient in the art of driving the car, and went back to town, taking a cheque with him that reduced Hiram's bank account by three hundred pounds.

Everyone in the family except Aunt Martha, Hiram Brown's sister, was delighted with the new car. Mrs. Brown neglected her housework to go 'auto-riding,' and, in order to have more time to take her, Hiram hired a boy to do the chores. Mary, their eighteen-year-old daughter, soon learned to run the automobile as well as her father could, and before long the boys, fourteen and ten years old respectively, knew the car from radiator to rear axle.

Such joys were not for Aunt Martha. She regarded the shining automobile with suspicion; and as for riding in it, she would as soon have thought of flying over the church in a hand basket. Aunt Martha had a driving horse of her own, Old Dick by name. He was a long-legged, loose-jointed animal, but he covered the ground fast enough for Aunt Martha, and he had no carburettor to get out of order. Old Dick had made a three-minute record once, but that was long