

WITH THE STORY TELLERS

But ere you to him these words say,
Bring us two sheets without delay;
Also to heighten his alarm,
The fog-horn bring 'twill do no harm,
But bring them to us here:
Within the barn we'll take our posts,
And Bill will think we're real ghosts,
And almost die of fear.

All they desired they got from Phil,
Who then returned to speak to Bill;
He, not suspecting brother's yarn,
A lantern took out to the barn;
But scarcely had he touched the tow,
Than with a scream he let it go.
Behind it leaning 'gainst a post,
A tall and lank, and frightful ghost,
Was making faces at Manogue,
Who asked him in a trembling brogue:
"For mercy, sir; what would you do?
I never did a thing to you."
Naught spake the ghost, but snatched the light
Which added greatly to Bill's fright
For instntly he put it out,
Causing Manogue to scream and shout.

Bill was no coward, but you know,
He would not face a ghostly foe.
Thinks he, my only show is flight,
I know the door is to my right;
But then appeared with looks forlorn,
The other ghost with the fog horn;
Who blew a blast the roof might rend,
Which caused Bill's hair to stand on end;
Then threw at him a score or more
Of turnips he found on the floor;
So fast the blows, so sharp they stung,
His fears were by his pains o'ercome.