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Poole the famous Comedian was a intellectual looking man who could twist his long skinny neck almost as easily as an ostrich. He could stretch, puff, pucker, and pinch up his face as you would an india rubber doll. All ringland laughed at his grimaces.

In his day Bath was to London what Brighton now is. With three friends, nearly as droll as himself he took coach to Bath. Do you remember the head waiter at the White Horse Inn at Bath? asked Poole of Major Tarn, whose right coat sleeve was empty, for the old soldier had lost an arm in action. Indeed I do know the gorged rascal, and should like to order him fifty lashes.

Captain Budge R.N. thereupon nearly drove his wooden leg through the floor of the coach. Like the others he could boast of no great wealth, and the head waiter had scant attention for small purses. I would turn the fat hulk into a jelly fish if I had him for a cruise, was the Captain's verdict.

Poole then whispered with his friends a few minutes. Bravo! Capital! So roared out the third friend. He was a civil engineer with a black patch on his cheek just under green spectacles that covered the fixed stare of an artificial eye. A conspiracy was laid. On arriving at the Inn Poole with a grand swagger said to the porter. Show us to a private room and send up the head waiter. Big wigs, thought the fellow as he heard the order, and full of his importance entered the room.

He was surprised to find the guests seated one in each corner of the apartment. Poole was nearest the door. The Major had fixed his artificial foot hand, neatly gloved, and the Capt.n had drawn a long boot over his undrapped wooden leg. The Engineer had managed to fasten his glass eye to his green spectacles. Poole kept his hat on. Waiter! Yes'r! "Take off my spectacles" Your spectacles Sir! replied the indignant waiter. Yes, my spectacles, and while you are about it you may as well take out my eyes. Your eyes Sir!! Yes my eyes. Out with them. With faltering touch he removed the spectacles and in doing so drew out the eye, and stood face to face with the imply socket. Waiter! Yes'r. Take off my glove said the Major gruffly. Your glove Sir! Yes, my glove, and while you are about it take off my arm. Your arm Sir! asked the head waiter. Yes, my arm, and be smart! Before he had quite unbuttoned the glove, the hand and arm gave way, and so frightened him, that he dropped it on the floor, and stood aghast at the imply coat sleeve.

Before he could recover, the Capt.n called him. Waiter! He could not answer for fright. Waiter, Come here! and the Capt.n stuck out his leg - adding Take off my boot. As the waiter stooped to obey he was amazed at the further order "and while you are about it take off my leg" Your leg Sir! Yes, dont you understand plain English? Off with it!

Applying much less than usual force in removing boots, the wretched man soon found himself flat on his back with the wooden leg across his chest. Picking himself up he turned to walk out of the room, but was terrified to see Poole with his neck so twisted, that though he sat with his back to the wall, he also faced the wall. The sight

dazed him, but the awful voice completed his terror. As if from a grave within the wall the order came forth - Take off my hat - - - and - when you are about it - take off my head! Frantic with fear the ghastly waiter rushed from the room leaped at a bound from the top to the bottom of the stairs capsizing guests, waiters, and scattering the contents of the heavyladen trays to the damage of the enraged landlord. The hall resounded with the cries of Thieves! Fire Murder! That evening the conspirators drank to the reformation of the headwaiter.

A girl's ghost story

It was about the time old aunt Dorothy was very ill. Cousin Amy and I, who were greatest friends, were invited by our cousin Tom to spend Christmas at his much admired old manor house. On arrival we met many other cousins and acquaintances. It was delightful.

What a rattle of gossip! Such ringing laughter was a treat.

Amy and I were to sleep in Queen Anne's bedchamber. It was a large wainscotted room with the door on the great landing halfway from the bottom. So wide were the stairs and so easy that a coach might be driven up. Each baluster was a statuette in oak black with age and bright with polish. Amy and I were proud of Queen Anne's room and of calling it ours for the holiday. It added to our selfimportance. She had slept there and sat here by the transomed window. She had admired the old fashioned flowers and the splendid elms. They must have been young then i.e. fortress. But there must have been noble trees in front then but they have been made into tables and carts and coffins. How dreadful to think of! I wish ghosts could be buried. I would spare the tallest tree on the estate for coffins then. The old room was not haunted in Queen Anne's time I hope. The servants now say it is. The excitement of first meeting friends lasted until after we were in bed.

As we became composed we heard the gale sweeping over the trees and the rain rudely splashing against the window. But we were tired, snug and nearly overcome by drowsiness; so our gossip nearly ceased. What's that!? Snatching the bedclothes over my head I became terribly alarmed. Tick-Tick, tick-tick! Amy do you hear? Yes. What can it be? Suddenly the fact seemed plain. I whispered as well as my chokiness enabled me. I know Amy what it is. It is the death watch and dear Aunt Dorothy is dead. We shook with fear. What a dreadful night that was! Long after the storm had spent its fury the death watch kept us in unutterable terror. How we wished we had never vexed her. But repentance came too late! Tears came at last and gave us some relief. We shall have to go into mourning, sulked out Amy and I do detest dingy black. We must go home and so spoil our holiday. I wish she hadn't died at Christmas. Daylight revealed swollen eyes and pale faces and as soon as we entered the breakfast room Tom asked in anxious tones. Why what is the matter? We stammered out our woe. Like light Tom rushed up stairs and in a short time returned overflowing with glee. He had laid the ghost. Near the head of the bed, he discovered a great stain on the ceiling, and on the floor beneath the wet boards on which the drops had fallen during the storm which had found out a leak in the old roof. It cured us of faith in ghost stories. At the same time I cannot explain the following

Story of a Ghost at sea

A young lady of a good German family was placed under my charge by her father during a voyage to India. She was merry, sensible, and good, and deserved to be, as she was the pet of the Ships Company. One morning she came to the table much dejected, and confided to me that she had heard knockings during the night which told of a death in the family. I tried to turn her thought from it. But she became so emphatic that the Captain said. What's that? Tell the Captain I said, which she did reluctantly. Oh Said he there are always strange noises on board ship. Not such as I heard was the reply. Knockings were heard the next night but at breakfast she said it was no use to try to deceive her. A midshipman confessed to the second knocking. By degrees the gloom was displaced by her wonted bright expression.

On our arrival an elderly gentleman came to receive her and in a moment I saw a change come over her. The gentleman she had come to be married to had died on the night of the first knocking.

The pleasant evening on Thursday last was the most successful of the series.

The same evening a magic lantern exhibition was much enjoyed. The Schoolhouse was crowded.

The distribution of prizes will take place this evening. The Christmas tree will be richly laden and decorated.

A subject for a debate will be chosen for next Thursday evening.

In minerals Liberia is said to be the richest country in the world!