A Story from Maine.

At Cobbsville, a little town where we touched on our cruise along the Maine coast, we found that our appetites had run ahead of the estimates, and our provisions were nearing an end. In order to make them last if possible until we reached Mt. Desert, we went ashore to see if the town could fit us out with a square meal. We found no hotel, but as Mr. Jabez Allen, to whom we were directed on inquiry, was wont to give a meal of victuals to anyone who didn't happen to have folks down that way, and thought he could accommodate us, we followed him to his home in a thankful and anticipative procession. We were well entertained by Mr. Allen while we waited for his wife to get the dinner—a division of labor which he seemed to enjoy as he leaned back in his chair, rubbing his shins together, and reflectively chewing a pine stick, while he told stories which, as he said, "you might think wan't so if you didn't know they was true." We found no fault with them nor with the dinner, which was dispatched in short order. There was so much wind in the afternoon that we decided to lay over, and after getting the boat in trim, we threw ourselves once more on the hospitality of the Aliens. The first thing we looked after was supper, after which we had a "smoker" in the kitchen, with our host as conversationalist. He told us stories of all kinds, but principally of the adventures of members of the Allen family; from the Allen who fought in the old French War, down to his wife's cousin who kept a contraband establishment during the evil days of the Neal Dow administration, not forgetting his grandfather, who commanded a privateer in the last war with England, and his uncle who was a traveling Methodist preacher.

During a lull in the monologue one of us made a fresh start by asking, "Do you have any ghosts hereabouts, Mr. Allen?"

"Well," said our host, "ghosts are things that most people don't take any stock in, and I can't say myself as ever I seen one; but as sure as you're sitting there this house has been haunted, and it's haunted now for all I know or you know either. It was before I owned the place, and then that thought they knew the truth of it are all gone where they can find out why for certain; but as near as I recollect from what was told me the story is like this, if you would like to hear it.

"One night something like to-night, only a plaguy sight stormier, maybe a hundred and fifty years ago, the people that lived in the house here—the same ones that built it, sort of cousins of mine they were—heard somebody knocking at the door, and sort of moaning and groaning. People in them days weren't very particular about unbarring the door after sundown, mostly on account of Indians and wild varmints; but pretty soon one of the young ones said it sounded like a woman crying, and so finally they opened the door. It was pitch dark outside, and first along they didn't see nothing; but finally they made out somebody lying in the path about ten feet from the house. They went out to see, and brought in what they thought was a dead woman, and no doubt of it; but with the help of all the women in the house she come to at last, and said something or other in an outlandish lingo, by which they took her to be French. They got her to understand that they wouldn't turn her out, and put her to bed, expecting to find out what was to do in the morning. Their curiosity had to wait, though, for in the morning the poor woman was in a raging fever, and so crazy she could not have told her own name. She talked enough, though, and too much for comfort, shrieking out now and then as if she was going to be killed; but everything was in Spanish or French, that nobody was able to make out. As for her looks she was rather small and dark, and good-looking, but for a wild expression, as if she had been hunted, and was afraid of being run down by some one. Well, she was sick for a long time. While she was being tended by her new friends she picked up enough English to make