

The Cats' Ghost Story

By LOUIS WAIN.



THE GHOST STORY—I.

On Christmas Eve Papa told us a ghost story, with the lights turned down low. It was very creepy, and our fur stood on end, but of course we knew that there are no such things as ghosts. Suddenly there was a terrible noise in the chimney and a dreadful, hoarse voice said: "I am thy father's ghost."



THE GHOST STORY—II.

With a chorus of "Miaows" we ran head over heels for the door, and Papa got there first. But the next minute he picked himself up and laughed, "You silly kits!" he cried, "to take Mama's parrot for a ghost." He did not say what he took it for.