

GHOST STORY

With Which Mrs. Susan M. Clay
Won a Prize.

Mrs. Susan M. Clay's ghost story with which she won second prize in the Louisville Evening Post contest, is here-with reproduced in full:

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

The incident I am about to relate happened in the summer of 1853, at a well known country house in the vicinity of Lexington, Ky.

I was sitting one evening in what was called the octagon parlor with two or three school girls and their hostess, my eldest daughter. The day had been intensely hot, and the close, sultry afternoon was followed toward evening by a heavy rain. As I sat talking with the young people it suddenly occurred to me that my husband was alone in his library, and I concluded to go and sit a while with him.

The library was in one of the wings of the house, and to reach it I went through a small reception room, into what was called the library hall. The door of the library stood open, and as I crossed the threshold I stopped in amazement. My husband, who had been writing, had just turned his chair toward a visitor—a most remarkable one in appearance. Seeing me enter, and knowing what my surprise must be, he said: "It is someone who has taken shelter from the storm." I then walked in and stood by the table, gazing with wonder and astonishment upon a man, evidently in the prime of a very vigorous manhood, dressed in the backwoodsman's style of over a century ago—buckskin hunting shirt, leggings, etc. He was sitting in a large leather covered chair by the library window, which opened to the floor and out upon a paved terrace, where the rain was falling in torrents. On the opposite side of the window a long rifle was leaning. My husband asked one or two questions of his strange guest, to which he replied in monosyllables, and then, after a visit of about two minutes, he suddenly arose from his chair and walked over to his rifle. There he turned around and paused, probably for the purpose of putting on his cap, and I found myself face to face with him. In the few seconds that we thus stood he was absolutely photographed upon my memory. He was tall and finely formed, and I think could be called athletic. He was as straight as an arrow, and there was an easy, graceful swing of the body as he walked across the floor. His complexion was evidently bronzed by exposure; his eyes were very dark, or so they appeared to me, and his well-shaped head, high from the ears to the crown, was set gracefully upon his shoulders. This strange visitor, even while my eyes were fixed upon him, did not seem conscious of my presence, although we stood face to face, and, without a word, he took up his rifle and

MRS SUSAN M. CLAY

Wins a Prize in Louisville Post Short
Story Contest.

The Louisville Evening Post's ghost story contest, which has been running for several weeks, closed Saturday and the paper announced the names of the prize winners in its unique competition. Lexington friends are pleased to note that the winner of the second prize is Mrs. Susan M. Clay, of this city, who lives on the Versailles road. Mrs. Clay is the mother of Miss Lucretia Hart Clay, Capt. Charles Clay, Messrs. James B., Thomas and George Clay. She is one of the brightest women for her years in the country and keeps well up on all the topics of the day as well as doing occasional literary work. The amount offered for the second prize was \$5.

walked out into the storm, from whence he had come.

As he did so, I said in a low voice to my husband: "Daniel Boone's ghost." And so this strange apparition has always been called by the members of my family.

As he walked into the library he said: "It is a rainy evening." And yet, coming in out of the pouring, drenching rain, he brought no traces of the storm with him. There were no streamlets of water falling from the fringe of his hunting shirt; no water ran from his rifle upon the carpet.

My husband made repeated inquiries in Lexington and in the country round about, but no one was found who had seen or heard of such a person as our mysterious visitor.

Was it the spirit of some pioneer whose camp had been located on the spot where the library is built? Or was it the spirit of the great pioneer, Daniel Boone, as he was in the strength of his manhood, come back to visit his old haunts?

S. M. C.

Lexington, Ky.