



A Ghost Story

A picturesque village near Trowbridge - a well-to-do place where modern houses rub shoulders with the half-timber and thatch of other days - has recently been visited by a "ghost", and the incident has aroused a good deal of interest and amusement among the inhabitants.

An old lady and gentleman declared that strange sounds were audible within their cottage, sounds which resembled a human voice. Of course the thing grew. Before long there were some who declared that the "voice" was that of one who had come back from the Beyond in search of hidden gold. Such good credulous souls were thrilled, felt a tremble, blanched as to the face, and may have raised the invocation: "Angels and Ministry of Grace defend us." Secretly they rather enjoyed it. But the villagers are altogether too hard-headed and sensible for such a belief to become general. They laughed at the "ghost". Investigations were made and we are informed that the "ghost" is now, "laid" as surely as though done by bell, book and candle. The roof of the cottage was opened and inside was discovered an owl's nest, the occupant of which was (as one resident suggests) an "educated owl" whose imitations of the human voice had raised in the minds of the credulous ones visions of a ghastly. Glassy-eyed ghost, glimmering in the gloom of the gable, and groaning and gibbering as it grovelled for gold.

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