

quenched; how strange noises were heard; and how there occurred twenty other such unaccountable circumstances as are usually narrated in such connection. Curdzon was wrought into a high pitch of excitement, his eyes peering forth into the enveloping darkness as if in search of expected apparitions. As the speaker proceeded his imagination became more vivid; his language, more forcible and earnest. He was apparently becoming interested in the fabrication of his own fancy. They had reached a secluded part of the road, enclosed by dense bushes, when Hardy arrived at the chief point of his narration. Turning towards his frightened companion, with suppressed but emphatic tone of voice, he proceeded to introduce his principal character. "We had been but half an hour in the deserted building," he continued, "when just as the old time-piece in the corner had struck the hour of midnight, in the entrance of the adjoining room, great Heavens! there suddenly appeared——"

But, he never finished his story. At this juncture he was strangely interrupted by a low sepulchral groan, issuing from the back of the waggon. Curdzon and Hardy turned suddenly around when to their utter amazement, a vivid glance of lightning flashing through the trees, displayed standing in the wooden box, and enveloped in the milk-white sheet, such a ghastly figure as was never before seen, even by the eyes of the melancholy Hamlet.

"The Lord help us! It's Squire Morton" exclaimed Curdzon, leaping from the waggon. Without waiting to halt the horses, Hardy followed, and both men fled to the woods, leaving Reddy Jordan, for he it was, complete master of the situation.

The stable-boy's presence is easily explained. Having returned from the hotel where Curdzon and Hardy were seated, he covered his face with the flour brought from the kitchen, and having quickly removed the corpse into the adjoining shed, took his position in the box, from which we have just seen him emerge, to the surprise and terror of the desecrators of the old Squire's grave.

With some difficulty Reddy gained control of the frightened horses, and turned their heads towards the hotel. The valuable span is still in his possession, no one having dared to claim them.