





his wife's apartment. Then the fun would begin.

Mr. Mathias dressed himself, and everything being all right, he tilted

As soon as he got into the alley he unfolded the ample shroud and tried to cast it around his shoulders. But the sheet was quite heavy, and he fail-ed in his attempt. Just as he was out to try it over he heard a voice be-

Not to realize what a disagreeable surprise this was, would be a certain proof that one had never been seen, at midnight, in a graveyard trying to put on one's shroud.

Mathias came from the sexton of the graveyard, Old Grimbot, an odd tish, well known in all the neighboring tav-erns. He drew near and looking Mr. Mathias full in the face, exclaime