

I said, when we
y I speak now?

here's my hand.'
re's mine.'
le by side to his
s door, and sat
nd, sir,' he began,
e we were seated,
a little above a
not have to ask
I took you for
evening. That

se.'

r saw the face.
he face, and the
tly waved. This

my eyes, and it
sticulating with
hemence: 'For

aid the man, 'I
nd a voice cry,
oked up, looked
some one else
near the tunnel,
I you. The voice
ng, and it cried,
And then again,
out!" I caught
red, and ran
"What's wrong?
re?" It stood
the tunnel. I
that I wondered
ss its eyes. I
my hand stretch-
ay, when it was

annel, five hun-
held my lamp
the figures of
the wet stains
rickling through
aster than I had
horrence of the
l all round the
ght, and I went
lly atop of it,
ran back here.
An alarm was
wrong." The
ys, "All well."
a frozen finger

tracing out my spine, I showed him how
that this figure must be a deception of his
sense of sight, and how that figures, origin-
ating in disease of the delicate nerves that
minister to the functions of the eye, were
known to have often troubled patients,
some of whom had become unconscious of
the nature of their affliction, and had
even proved it by experiments upon
themselves. 'As to an imaginary cry,'
said I, 'do but listen for a moment to the
wind in this unnatural valley while we
speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes
of the telegraph wires!'

That was all very well, he returned, after
we had sat listening for a while, and he
ought to know something of the wind and
the wires, he who had so often passed long
winter nights there, alone and watching.
But he would beg to remark that he had not
finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added
these words, touching my arm:—

'Within six hours after the appearance,
the memorable accident on this line happen-
ed, and within ten hours the dead and
wounded were brought along through the
tunnel over the spot where the figure had
stood.'

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but
I did my best against it. It was not to be
denied, I rejoined, that this was a remark-
able coincidence, calculated deeply to im-
press the mind. But it was unquestionable
that remarkable coincidences did continually
occur, and they must be taken into account
in dealing with such a subject. Though, to
be sure, I must admit, I added (for I thought
I saw that he was going to bring the objec-
tion to bear upon me), men of common sense
did not allow much for coincidences in mak-
ing the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had
not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being be-
trayed into interruptions.

'This,' he said, again laying his
hand upon my arm, and glancing over his
shoulder with hollow eyes, 'was just a year
ago. Six or seven months passed, and I
had recovered from the surprise and shock,
when one morning, as the day was breaking,
I, standing at that door, looked toward the
red light, and saw the spectre again.' He
stopped, with a fixed look at me.

'Did it cry out?'

'No. It was silent.'

'Did it wave its arm?'

'No. It leaned against the shaft of the
light, with both hands before the face. Like
this.'

Once more I followed his action with my

eyes. It was an action of mourning. I
have seen such an attitude in stone figures on
tombs.

'Did you go up to it?'

'I came in and sat down, partly to col-
lect my thoughts, partly because it had
turned me faint. When I went to the door
again, daylight was above me, and the ghost
was gone.'

'But nothing followed? Nothing came of
this?'

He touched me on the arm with his fore-
finger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod
each time.

'That very day, as a train came out of the
tunnel, I noticed at a carriage window on
my side what looked like a confusion of
hands and heads, and something waved. I
saw it just in time to signal the driver,
Stop!'

'He shut off and put his brakes on, but the
train drifted past here a hundred and fifty
yards or more. I ran after it, and as I went
along heard terrible screams and cries. A
beautiful young lady had died instantane-
ously in one of the compartments, and was
brought in here, and laid down on this floor
between us.'

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as
I looked from the boards at which he pointed
to himself.

'True, sir. True. Precisely as it hap-
pened, so I tell it you.'

I could think of nothing to say, to any
purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The
wind and the wires took up the story with a
long, lamenting wail.

We resumed. 'Now, sir, mark this, sir.'
I judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre
came back, a week ago. Ever since it has
been there, now and again, by fits and
starts.

'At the light?'

'At the Danger-light.'

'What does it seem to do?'

He repeated, if possible with increased
passion and vehemence, that former gesticu-
lation of 'For God's sake clear the way!'

Then he went on. 'I have no peace or
rest for it. It calls to me, for many min-
utes together, in an agonized manner,
'Below there! Look out! Look out!'
It stands waiving to me. It rings my little
bell—'

I caught at that. 'Did it ring your bell
yesterday evening when I was here, and you
went to the door?'

'Twice.'

'Why, see,' said I, 'how your imagina-
tion misleads you. My eyes were on the
bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and,
if I am a living man, it did not ring at those