

to open the door." If I had had my hat on I would have taken it off; I was so awfully civil. No, he never moved. I repeated my request, without result. So, losing patience, I pushed the door open forcibly. It opened back to its hinges, but the feet never moved. *The stove door went "right straight through" them!*

I stood up quietly—with my eyes fixed steadily on the figure. I had always heard that that was the correct thing to do when attacked by a lion! I had seen it recommended in books of Eastern Travel. I had never travelled myself much, nor was I ever attacked by a lion, but this man never moved—he was worse than a lion, and I might be annihilated at any moment. Oh! for a word from old Kitty. She would have prayed to the saints for me. I had to act for myself—and I acted quietly—oh, so quietly. I feared to disturb that "questionable shape." I retired backwards with my face to the foe—until I reached the foot of the stairs, and then! *then* I took about eighteen steps in three bounds! Never before was such "time" made on that stairway.

This was the first *ghost*—I may as well call it by that name as by any other—I had ever seen. I had not been eating cheese, and I had not, then, ever tasted beer. I firmly believe to this day that I saw what I have described, and as I have described it, "and further deponent saith not."

If tobacco had never been discovered, or if parlor matches had been introduced, and I had not been obliged to go to the kitchen for a light, would that "poor ghost" have been there?

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Years afterwards I saw another shadowy form, which I may as well get off my hands while I am about it. It was not in Quebec, but where I am living at present. Driving out professionally one summer evening, just before dark, as I was coming to a bridge over a tiny streamlet, I saw in

front of me, and not twenty yards off, a man in a nut-brown suit, with a pack on his back. He was in the middle of the road, and walked as if fatigued, so I said mentally, "poor old fellow, I must give you a lift." At the moment I had to attend to the bridge, which was narrow and had no railing; when I looked up the man was gone. It had been raining lightly—but there were no fresh footmarks to be seen, no stone or hillock or tree, behind which a man could hide. I got out of my trap and looked everywhere. *No pedlar! no pack!* Months afterwards I was passing that spot again, having with me a man I picked up, and whom I had known for years. As we neared the bridge he said, "*that is the spot where the man is seen.*" "What man?" "Oh, did you never hear of him; he has been seen off and on for years—dressed in a brown suit, with a pack on his back. He has never been seen for more than a moment at a time." I verified this statement afterwards, and declare most positively that I had never spoken of the circumstance to any one. It was said that years before, a pedlar, or backwoodsman, going to one of the lumbering shanties, had been murdered in the neighborhood, but nothing definite was ever known.

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For a couple of years, the united wisdom of the medical faculty on Mountain Hill was devoted to the case of Paddy Quin. As his name implies, he was by birth an Irishman, by occupation a stevedore, and he was the unfortunate proprietor of a pair of very poor legs. During the summer months he was at work loading ships engaged in the timber trade, and if there was a big stick, or a sharp-edged "*deal*" "*convaynient*," Paddy was sure to rub his shins against it, and this being repeated day by day, by the time the summer was ended, and Paddy's occupation gone, he was ready to spend the winter and all his earnings, in "undergoing repairs." Poor Paddy—as