

killed herself two hundred years ago, 'tis time her was laid peaceful an' reg'lar as by law appointed. 'Tis all us can do for ghostes; to lay 'em; an' even then it axes a clergyman. An' the holiest have got to mind theer *p*'s an' *q*'s, for, make a mistake, an' so like as not they'm tored to pieces for their trouble."

"I'd rather not hear tell no more about it," answered Jenifer, shivering and looking uneasily about her. "But this I know; Parson Yates ban't the man for the job — so meek as Moses he be, an' would run from a goose, let alone a ghostey."

"If 'tis proved his duty, he've got to faace it, however, — same as all of us has got to faace our duty," declared Mr. Bluett.