

to my surprise the response came at once,—“Well, thank the Lord.”

I knew the voice. It was human after all. It lifted a load of anxiety and fear from my heart. It was the most welcome sound I ever heard, and yet I became so weak I could scarcely walk.

There are hundreds of people still living who will remember, a respectable old religious enthusiast who made his home somewhere about New Perth. At one time in his life he was a bright intelligent man, but through religious excitement he lost his reason, and on occasions went about dressed in a most fantastic garb, preaching and erecting altars on which to offer sacrifices. Indeed, I have heard, and think it was true, that he once built a pyre, set it on fire, and was about offering up a neighbor's child as a sacrifice, and was only prevented from doing so by the arrival of the child's parents on the spot. I once before had seen the old patriarch dressed in his long white robe with a little white skull cap on his head, but it was in day time. It was the same dress he wore the night he appeared to me in the graveyard. He was there no doubt performing his oblations among the graves of the departed. For years he went by the name of “crazy Donald Gordon,” but he was scarcely ever before seen in the vicinity of Orwell head.

To-day I am a stronger disbeliever in ghosts than ever before, and I am convinced that all the stories that have been told about the appearance of spirits, ghosts, and hobgoblins originated by some such things as I witnessed in the old graveyard by the road-side. Had I ran away when I first saw this hideous spectre, I suppose I would to-day be a believer in all the supernatural stories told me in my youth. I am therefore glad that I remained to see this mysterious something solved.

Allow me to say in conclusion, that I have been in many perilous places since that memorable night. I have stood in the open prairie, heard the wildest bursts of thunder, and saw the lightning dance a zig-zag waltz on my eyelids; I have stood in the midst of a howling blizzard with the thermometer at 40 below zero; I have travelled the dark streets of a rough mining camp when revolvers snapped as I passed along, and people