

and hissed rather than spoke the words, "I wish Mary to come back to me."

I could scarcely believe my ears. His wife to come back to him! "No," I reasoned with myself, "she can't; no power of black magic can bring the dead to life; the idea is absurd; it can't be, it can't." And yet all the time I was afraid; yes, afraid.

We stood in silence for twenty minutes or so. I did not want to disturb Tom, and yet I did not want to leave him. The time dragged on. How quiet everything was! I found myself calculating how long it would take for one to come from the grave-yard; about half an hour, I thought. A clock struck three. How cold the room seemed to have become!

Tom jumped up with a half-articulate, mad cry, and ran to the door in the hall. "She is coming. She is coming," he kept saying, his voice quivering with excitement, and I could swear that I heard the gate open and shut, that footsteps were coming up the walk; yes! they seemed nearer and nearer; Tom was at the door fumbling with the lock—

My God! the dead come back? My reason was saying "impossible," but something kept hammering at my brain, insisting that it wasn't.

How would she look—two weeks in the grave—a white shroud surmounted with a death's head—the bones just holding parts of flesh to them—the eyes sunken—long, thin arms and fingers—I could almost see them stretching out to Tom—the bones rattling in their sockets—the—

I shouted to Tom, "For God's sake don't open that door, Tom," but he seemed not to hear me. He had the bolt shot back. and his hand was on the key to turn it—was that a moan I heard from the other side of the door, or was it only the wind—a long drawn out moan, as if from a soul in agony—perhaps it was only the wind—perhaps, but—

The fire lit up a little, and I saw the idol lying on the floor, where it had fallen from Madison's hands—was I mad? Maybe. but anything was reasonable if the dead could come to life. I clutched the idol in my fingers. Tom was turning the key; I could hear it grate in the lock. "I wish that she'll disappear forever," I almost shouted.

Madison grabbed the knob, threw the door open and looked outside. I ran to the door and looked out over Tom's shoulder. Snow had started to fall, and a low, mournful wind was blowing.