

but a feeble light here and there shining from the windows of the farm houses. I thought of the graveyard, but it would be cowardly to back out now. It was so intensely dark that it required all my skill and judgment to keep upon the road. As I neared the graveyard I began to grow nervous. I would stop and listen. The silence seemed to be painful. The quiet was as profound and holy as a temple. And then I would boldly move on again. I tried to keep myself from remembering the defiant things I had been saying on the ghost question, but like Banquo's ghost they would not down. Again I would straighten myself up and say: "be a man." Finally I reached the gate of the graveyard. I had made up my mind not to look in, but unconsciously, as it were, my head turned, when lo! in the centre of the ground there stood a tall white figure. In spite of my philosophy I felt my hat rise from my head. It is an illusion said I. No; there stood the tall figure clothed in white. There was no mistaking it. It is only imagination. I looked out into the darkness again. I saw it move! "My God," I said to myself, "can it be that I have been wrong after all?" I looked again. There was no mistake about it—the spectre continued to move! Can I be mistaken? It slowly began to advance toward me. It gradually appeared to grow taller and whiter. My God! it is a spirit in the form of a woman. Shall I run? No; that would be unmanly. It may be some one trying to scare me, and if I run I will never hear the last of it. So I resolved to stand my ground and die game, if die I must. Slowly it came nearer and nearer. It must be the troubled spirit of one of the dead. A cold chill crept over my body. I trembled from head to foot. All doubts were now dispelled—it was indeed a ghost. What must I do? I reasoned with myself: "Fletcher play the man. It will not hurt you. It is perhaps the spirit of a dead friend who wishes to communicate with you." For a moment my courage grew stronger, and I felt better. But the figure was so near that I felt I must do something. I saw it raise its arms above its head as though in the act of prayer. There was no longer any room for doubt. So gathering up all my strength, and summoning forth all my resolution, I decided to speak to it, and to speak in a defiant and fearless tone, and said: "How do you do?" And