

been waylaid, assaulted, or carried off into higher latitudes by any ghostly visitant, and therefore they concluded that the spirits of those who had gone before them were either satisfied where they were, or were not permitted to cross the boundary line.

Suddenly an old gentleman who had been sitting by, enjoying his nightly smoke and scanning the columns of the daily paper, looked up and said: "See here, boys, there may be ghosts or there may not; but if there are none, then there are fairies, and they are worse. Just listen while I tell you a little story."

Eagerly we all gathered around him, and as he sat there in our midst his comely countenance beaming with pleasure and good will, he seemed as one inspired, for never was he so happy as when recounting to the young folks some tale of the time when other forms played an active part in daily life. After laying aside his pipe the old man began:

"I remember when I was quite a young fellow there lived not far from my father's house a man by the name of Roderick M.—He was a married man, and with his wife and small family lived comfortably on his farm. In meeting and conversing with him, one would not notice anything to distinguish him from other men of his calling; yet there were whispered tales of strange occurrences in connection with his life, and of remarkable absences from his home.

"For a long time we were inclined to credit all this to the imagination of the village gossips; but one night an event occurred that fixed the truth of these rumors so firmly in our minds that I, for one, have never since for a moment doubted them.

"On this night, a crowd of neighbors, both old and young, gathered at Roderick's house for a dance, Everything went on merrily, and all were enjoying themselves to