

ing not to remain in that room, he went to the dining room, when the chairs in that, his favorite room in every house, went through the same performance. Feeling hungry, not yet having had his breakfast, he sat down to a good substantial meal, Esther sitting directly opposite. After pouring out his coffee, she handed it to him with the remark, "Oh, you will soon get used to them; I don't think they like you." "No," he replied, "I do not think they do either. In fact, I am satisfied they do not; but, having come here to investigate, I shall remain until they drive me from the house." While eating breakfast the ghosts commenced to hammer on the table. By the system in use by the family when conversing with them, he carried on a long conversation, they answering by knocks on the bottom of the table. Before entering into the conversation, however, he sat so that Esther's hands and feet were in full view. The ghosts told the number of his watch, also the dates of coins in his pocket, and beat correct time when he whistled the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Chairs continued to fall over until dinner, during which there was a slight cessation of manifestations.

After dinner, the author lay down upon the parlor sofa to take a nap, as is his custom in the afternoon. Esther came into the room for a newspaper. He watched her very closely, keeping one eye open and the one next her shut, so that she would think he was asleep. While watching her intently to see that she did not throw anything herself, a large glass paper weight, weighing fully a pound, came whizzing through the air from the far corner of the room, where it had been on a shelf, a distance of fully fifteen feet from the sofa. Fortunately for the author, instead of striking his head, which was evidently the intention of the ghost who threw it, it struck the arm of the sofa with great force, rebounding to a chair, upon which