

only chance is the ghost. So I wrap my hood close in, that he may not see my face, and press straight on. You take the way of it ?—how it happened . . . ?

"Then his voice comes in a cry—all his own voice barring the terror in it—and his words come quick 'keep off—keep off—keep off—keep off—keep away' and then, 'Ah—ha—ah !' a cry with no word in it, only fear ! His hands were thrown out forward—to stop me like—as he stepped back quicker and quicker.

"Had I spoke out then and there, in my own voice, I might have saved him. But one is wise when all is over, and time comes for thinking. All my thought was to get by him, and away into hiding.

"He saw me coming, and went back and back. So far only as the parapet. It tripped him, and he fell backward across what there was of water, striking on a stone edge-up, some leaving of the figure that stood there once—no shape in it ! It struck well into his back, below the shoulder.

"That was all I saw. But I heard him cry out : 'What—what is it all ? Lucy, where are you ?' But it was pain, as well as terror, that time.

"I heard them come from the house ever so soon as I could listen through my window slot. I heard them and him, and my lady a-crying out : 'Oh, my love—my love ! They have killed him.' For she thought him murdered. She was in a great taking. But what rights had she in him that I had not ?"

"This foregoing was written by me, Absalom Price, on July 12, 1692, word for word as it came from the lips of the old woman who was called Dame Rackham, who lived with John Rackham, the caretaker of the New Hall at Croxley Thorpe, through all the years in which it stood untenanted, and afterwards by the bounty of Sir Ralph at a