

"It proves what I told you," said Jut, in a tone of triumph, regarding the lights composedly. "I'll lay my life they are dancing Jethro's funeral dirge with those unnatural fires."

As they looked, the lights, darting from their shuffling track, rose high in air, and breaking into a thousand scintillations, totally disappeared.

"What a strange appearance," said the landlord.

"Very, very," added the others, as they shook their heads dubiously.

"Let us go out into the lake," said Neil, and watch the motions of the thing.

"I'm agreed," said Joe.

"And I too," added Jut, "though I recommend we keep a proper distance from the devilish machinations."

"Tut your nonsense!" said the others, "we aint afraid of devils, nor anything else."

"May be so," returned Jut, as he followed on after the others, mumbling something to himself.

The three men jumped into their boat, and rowed vigorously towards the Owl's Head. A half hour brought them near its dark base, when all at once, the mysterious lights burst out anew on the mountain, at the foot of which lived the Indian. They ceased rowing, and looked with wonder at this phenomenon. The lights, at first, were several in number, small, and of a bluish color. They gradually approached each other, and joining themselves together, made one large, bright ball of fire. This rose slowly to a few feet above the top of the trees, when, winding round once or twice in a circle, it started off in a straight direction across the lake, towards the village. It rested in the top branches of a large elm tree that grew all alone at the north of the village, and not far from it, and around which, though in an open field, the dead of the village were buried. Here, blazing awhile, like a beacon light, it suddenly dropped to the ground and disappeared.

In the same instant a sudden concussion of the air took place. The water of the lake, which before was calm and still, now shook and boiled, as though in one tremendous heated cauldron. A dark cloud enveloped the summit of the bald mountain, which emitted frightful lightnings, and resounded with terrible thunders. Moving forward in the direction the ball of fire had taken, it gradually expanded over the whole horizon, and rising slowly into the upper skies, it gradually died away in a light haze; leaving the stars again to appear, as before they were, bright and twinkling; and all again was calm.

The men in the boat sat with raised oars regarding these phenomena in the utmost consternation and alarm. Not a word was uttered by

either one of them until long after nature had resumed its wonted aspect; and Jut was the first to break silence.

"What say you now, boys. Now, you'll believe what I've been telling you, won't you?"

"Don't know what to make of it," replied one, drawing in a long breath; "never saw or heard of the like afore."

"Nor I," said the other; "and I never wish to see the like again. How the water boiled and trembled!"

"And what thunder! and such forked lightning, too!" said the first.

"Ah! The cloud contained the mystery. Did you notice how it rose, as it were, out of old Memgog's rocky habitation? There's the mischief. The cunning old Indian is at the bottom of it all," added Jut. "But come, let us back to the shore, and go and see what has happened to the old elm tree in the burying ground, for it seems there is some connection between these infernal machinations, and the graves," continued he, as he turned the boat, and resumed, with the others, his rowing. They landed, and, in company with the landlord, and some others of the village who had been brought out by the unheard of noises, to see what was going on, they proceeded towards the burying ground, many with hearts quailing with fear.

As they came in sight of it, they saw, through the indistinct light, two forms, in human shape, at work at the foot of the elm; and, from certain sounds that reached their ears, like those made by shovels throwing up the soil, they conjectured they were digging up the ground. A nearer approach convinced them of the truth of this.

"Gracious!" said one of the neighbours, "if they aint digging up Sarah Hill's corpse, who died yesterday of the falling sickness, and was buried to day in that very spot!"

"It is certainly so," added another, as all huddled close together, "and what on earth can it mean?"

"Mean!" cried Jut, "Why, it means the devils are after her."

All stood agast, for none dared to advance, and their terror was now still more increased by seeing one of the men descend into the hole, and slowly raise the coffin to the surface. A crashing sound was heard, and then another as if the lid were wrenched off, and next, to their utter consternation, the shrouded corpse rose suddenly to its feet, and tearing the grave clothes from its arms and face, appeared to confront its robbers. A frightful shriek, and horrid cry, rent the air at the same instant. When one of the diggers dropped suddenly on the ground, and the other, taking to his heels, came