

tion of this magic word I felt a sudden wrenching of my frame, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was lifted completely out of my body, which now stood there motionless and lifeless.

The skeleton offered me his arm, which I accepted, and so linked we set off.

We had not gone far when my companion halted before a large black curtain, hanging on the side of the cave. This he drew aside and begged me to look in. I did so, and beheld a large field, surrounding which were many spectres; their eyes turned intently towards the centre of the field. I looked in the same direction, and observed about twenty skeleton monkeys in a scrimmage for a cocoanut. These, my guide explained, were in a previous state of existence, a team of collegiate football players, which, through a long process of evolution, had finally reached the advanced state in which I now saw them.

We passed on some distance and found in a remote cavern what seemed to be a large glassy square, upon which many spectral forms were gracefully gliding. Around this were burning piles of sulphur which cast a lurid light over the whole scene. I was standing for some moments, quietly and attentively watching these spectral forms, when all at once the skeleton broke out in a hoarse laugh. "Well, Skelly, old boy, what's the joke?" said I. "O, nothing," said he, "only that shade, R—n, made three rounds with that fairy before he knew he had the wrong gal."

We resumed our walk, and had not gone far when we came to a very small aperture in the side of the cave, not more than a foot in diameter. I passed through easily, but my skeleton companion experienced some difficulty: so he took himself apart and handed the pieces through to me, one at a time. No sooner had I received the last rib and shinbone, when he re-jointed, and we again set out.

He led me down a winding flight of stairs into a very dark, but spacious apartment. Here were the skeletons of four

baboons, actively engaged in tossing a puff-ball against a perpendicular rock. A shade, who was watching them with great interest, introduced himself to us as Darwin. He volunteered the information that these were a very rare species, having reached a perfect development through a patent process (himself the patentee) registered under the trademark of "Natural Selection," and traced this species back, morphologically and physiologically, through many types, including the ornithological, ichthyological, conchological and zoological, to their origin (long known as "a missing link"), certain bipedal monstrosities called collegiate hand-ball players.

We entered next a room in the upper part of the cave, well stored with the shades of musty tomes. "This," said the skeleton, "is our theological library." "Ah, indeed!" said I, looking around: "and where are your theologians?" "O, we haven't any," said he, "unless that's one," pointing to a shade at the farther end, surrounded by a small bevy of fairies. The shade, addressing one of these fairies in devout solemn tones, said, "Do you know that there is one who loves you with a tender, yearning and infinite love?" On hearing these words I would have agreed with the skeleton that he did belong to the "Order of the Superannuated Bredcloth Gentry" were it not that at this moment, from the point where he sat to the point where the fairy sat, he made a straight line and about this centre described a circle (which was not square) indicating clearly that he was a mathematical shade.

I was introduced next to "Poets' Corner." Here were the shades of Shakespeare, Milton, Lamb, Coleridge, Byron, and others. Lamb and Coleridge were indulging in repartee. "Lamb," said Coleridge, "how many races were there in the former world, and name them?"

"Just two," said Lamb, promptly, "those that borrowed and those that loaned."