

"Once more there was silence, and then the Spaniard, in a still more solemn voice asked :

"You who have thus wished to know the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see ?"

"We all listened anxiously for the student's answer. He spoke very deliberately, and it was evident that he was describing what was just taking place, phase after phase.

"The vapor is rising and getting longer and longer—it has now taken the form of a phantom—there is a veil over the phantom's face—it is standing there quite still, just in the place where it rose from the ground."

"Are you afraid of it ?" asked the Spaniard, in a sarcastic tone.

"The young man's voice was quite firm, as he replied, calmly, 'No, I am not afraid of it.'

"We scarcely dared move—all of us—and we gazed in breathless amazement at the Spaniard. He was now waving his hands over his head in the most frantic manner, and afterward he called some strange, wierd-sounding name three times, and finished by chanting, in a much louder voice than before :

"The phantom said, as he rose from his grave :

"I will appear before my friend :

And he will know me, he will know me ;

He will recognize his friend."

"There was silence again, and the Spaniard asked once more, 'What do you see now ?'

"The phantom is moving—coming nearer—he has lifted his veil * * * It is Francois Vialat—nearer and nearer he comes—he is at the table—he is writing something—he has written his name——"

"Are you afraid yet ?" asked the Spaniard, and there was an expression of anger in his voice. Another terrible silence, and then the student replied, in a voice which this time was just as loud but scarcely as firm as before :

"No, I am not at all afraid."

"This time the Spaniard almost yelled as he waved his hands about in the air, and then, suddenly dropping his voice, he chanted very slowly :

"The phantom said to the young man :

"Come closer, come closer, my friend,

Give me your hand, and put your fingers so warm

Into my cold clammy ones—

I want to touch you, my friend, my friend."

"What do you see now ?" stormed the Spaniard in a voice of thunder.

"He is coming close . . . close . . . ah ! he is pursuing me . . . his arms are stretched out . . . horror . . . horror . . . open the door !"

"Are you afraid ?" cried the Spaniard with ferocious excitement, holding the handle of the door.

"A piercing scream was the only reply, followed by a fearful groan.