

who could resist—met her ears, she sank down, never to rise again other than I had seen her,

She was, they told me, perfectly harmless, tractable, and docile. Her desire to frequent the rink was humoured from a feeling of universal commiseration which her case aroused. Absence from the place had been tried, with an unfavourable result. An eye less practised than mine could have seen that her hard probation in this world would have a speedy ending. The winter when I saw her was the one succeeding the catastrophe. She had gained admittance that evening unnoticed. No one ever spoke to her, and she spoke to no one out of her own house. All she was ever heard to say was, "All wet and cold! all wet and cold! all wet and cold!"

NO GHOST.

I don't know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloomsbury Street, and within a few doors of Oxford Street. There were at that time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn down, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The great bill,

TO LET, UNFURNISHED,

was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and grey with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner by a single wafer when the rooms were taken: at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognise if it was that of a man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbours, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning, when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the