

voice of Merry Jonathan. "Be that Parson Yates huntin' ghostes again?"

"We have come to liberate these unhappy phantoms and so far failed. They passed before I summoned presence of mind to address them."

"Passed?" When? Why for didn't I see 'em?"

"You!" snorted Johnny Cramphorn. "Who be the likes of you to see such holy things?"

Jonathan growled and approached Jenifer and her mother.

"Best you women come home, else you'll get your noses frozen off, an' the spirits won't thaw 'em for 'e, 'cepting those at home."

"Let us have no irreverence, Jonathan Godbeer," said the clergyman. "You will do better to add your prayers to ours, that my courage may be sustained and my voice strengthened for the coming ordeal."

The captain of the smugglers did not answer, but strode forth and walked over white ground lately traversed by the procession of spirits.

"Doan't 'e cross theer track, my dear man," cried Mrs. Pearn; "else ten to one they'll blast 'e crooked for the rest of your days!"

But her caution came too late. Godbeer stood and gazed upon the snow where the spectral hearse had passed. Then he lifted his voice and shouted with all his might.