

in white, "*And what is in that room at the end of the passage?*"

This was coming to close quarters; it was in fact, in legal phrase, a leading question, too leading for Kitty, so she ran down stairs screaming, and when she got to the bottom she gave way to the most bitter lamentations. She would "not stay in the house another night, just as if a dacent woman could not go about her business without being molested in that way. It was only natural that the poor craythurs would be allowed to go back to their quiet graves—to sleep in peace—and not be mayandering round the world to try and find where they belonged."

It certainly was very extraordinary where that female had come from. It seemed utterly impossible that any living being could find his or her way into that passage. The only possible entrance seemed to be by the big front door, or down the chimney, and out through an eight-inch stove-pipe hole! The Doctor came in at 9 o'clock and joined in the chase.

It is not very pleasant to know that the sanctity of home can be invaded mysteriously by a woman—even in white. If by a woman, why not by a man—why not by burglars?

A careful search was made at once, at which every one in the house assisted.

"In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
We sought for her wildly, but found her not."

At length our efforts were rewarded, and the mystery solved. Four unfinished doors and some loose boards stood on end against the partition in the passage; on removing these we found another door, exactly parallel with the door of the dissecting-room, and which this lumber had hidden. A panel had been recently removed from this door, and in the dust on the floor were plainly to be seen the marks of fresh footprints. As the door was fastened from our side with screws, it was soon taken down, and the footsteps fol-

lowed. Such a pile of dust, such curtains of cobwebs, and such a musty, sickening smell! But down we went in Indian file—the stair was too narrow to admit of any other line of march—until at last we heard voices, and saw a light through a keyhole. The Doctor knocked and a woman within said, "Oh, Mrs., don't let them in; it's me they're after." But the Mrs. opened the door and the mystery was explained. While the family were out in the afternoon, the servant girl being of an inquiring turn of mind, determined to open a door in a deserted corner—and see what was beyond. "No sooner said than done." She had her reward in a stairway full of dust and cobwebs. Up she went until something barred the way. She had no light, but groping about carefully she loosened and removed a panel, squeezed herself through and was rewarded by coming out in the dark passage above, close to the dissecting room door. Looking through the keyhole made her wish to "enquire within,"—but at that very moment Kitty came up to the store-room door. She could at the same time gratify her curiosity and establish friendly relations with the stranger; so accordingly, but with timidity, she diplomatically asked: "Who lives here?" and "What is in that room?" When Kitty screamed and ran away—to give the alarm, as she supposed—she ran away too. "She meant no harm; she was only lonesome, and hoped to be forgiven," and she was. It was a pleasant solution to what promised to be a very great mystery. The doctor had lived for ten years in that house, and knew nothing of this dark stairway, and the dwellers in the lower regions were equally ignorant.

The discovery of this dark passage, however, was not without further result, for one of the students hearing of Kitty's adventures, and being blessed, or otherwise, with a most inordinate amount of curiosity, went down one day to see what he could see, and re-