

made such a kick I had to refuse, so he hit me up for one-fifty and promised to give it back the last of the week. I see *my* finish."

In explanation of this, I may state that Mr. Pidgeon who had entered upon the practice of law in that city a few years after his graduation, at the time of which I am speaking had gone actively into politics and occupied a responsible position in the civic government with full jurisdiction over the public institutions of the city. The asylum which he mentioned and through which he had taken me a few days before was a large stone structure just outside the city limits. At the time of my visit there were only about twenty eight inmates but they were an extremely interesting collection. One curious fact concerning them was that one and all wore immensely large straw hats with which they absolutely refused to part for an instant and the very sight of a man with a camera threw them all into violent convulsions. I was conducted through the building by the keeper who was also the chaplain and of whom all the patients seemed to be exceedingly fond. His name was Kierstead—Rev. Jacob Kierstead, formerly of Acadia and his work in this asylum, as I learned from one of the inmates, was chiefly of a philanthropic nature as he was in receipt of a large income from some electric light works with which he was connected.

Among the patients were men who imagined themselves to be reformers, one actually insisted that his name was Martin Luther; one thought himself to be Commander-in-chief of the British Army; another was fully convinced that he was a humorist while one or two labored under the absurd delusion that they were pugilists. It was all very pitiful and I was glad when the visit was over.

To tell the truth, I did borrow some money from Pidgeon but I honestly intended to return it sometime and his insinuation that I had purposely died to escape payment was unjust in the extreme. While he was in varied and picturesque language making this complaint to Dr. Webster the ambulance arrived, the object in question was bundled into it and drove off with my former classmate seated comfortably on a cushion composed of my anatomical structure.

The next day I had the privilege of listening to the learned gentleman lecture to a large class in anatomy, illustrating the same with moist sections of me. It was very interesting but at the time I was somewhat hurt at his devotion to science at my expense. However he amply atoned for it afterward, for the parts he did not use were accorded a magnificent burial the expenses of which were borne by himself. Mr. Pidgeon and two other old classmates of mine who were also citizens of the same place, and I had the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure of hearing the Rev. Horace B. Sloat, M. A., in the largest church in the city, preach most eloquently and pathetically my funeral sermon, after which I was tenderly and scientifically planted by the sexton of the same church whose name if I remember correctly, was Freeman.

I was very lonely for a time after this. I could find no one in the after-world whom I knew and really, ghosts are a very con-