

Silent as a dream and darker than night itself against the snow, a black pageant crept from the forest, and crossed the open land. One tall figure, above man's common stature, moved in front and, following him, came horses that drew a plumed hearse, while certain footmen moved orderly behind. Then did Dick Trout, with shaking blue fingers, strike tinder and make a flame, and Noah Collins prepared to beat a triple tattoo upon his bell. Only Mr. Yates himself unhappily failed at the critical pinch.

"Give it 'em; give it to 'em, my dear soul, or they'll be gone!" implored Mr. Cramphorn in frantic accents. But the little man had dropped his book from a numbed and shaking hand, and, by the time he had picked it up again, the ghostly funeral was sweeping along the church road, already half swallowed up by night.

"I lacked the power of speech," stuttered Mr. Yates. "I cannot deny it — the spirit of fear came upon me and I dropped my book."

"Give 'em a broadside coming back, your reverence — if 'tis true as they do come back," suggested Bluett.

Twenty minutes later a man approached by the road from the church, and Cramphorn eagerly enquired of him whether he had seen the funeral.

"Funeral? No, I seed no funeral," answered the