

"All right," Tom cried; "it is now about half-past ten o'clock I believe," taking out his watch and holding it up to the light of the moon; "we will have an hour's tobogganing, and then Arthur and I will leave you to the tender mercies of the ghost."

I agreed to this arrangement, and between tobogganing and chatting, the time flew swiftly by, till Tom declared that it was fully five minutes beyond the time fixed for going home, and that they couldn't stay a second later; so bidding me "good-night," with many parting injunctions to take care of myself, they went off, and were soon lost to view among the trees.

For some time I stood and watched, expecting to catch another glimpse of them, when they reached the foot of the Mountain and turned into the road leading to the city. But I saw them no more. A kind of lonely, desolate feeling stole gradually over me, as I thought of having to remain there all alone; but it was too late to draw back now, so I determined to make the best of it.

As I found it was rather cold to stand still, I began to pace backwards and forwards like a sentinel, to keep myself warm, and after taking this exercise till I was tired, I was resting myself on a log of wood, wishing it was time to return home, when all at once I was startled at seeing a man moving slowly among the trees a few yards from where I was sitting. He was gradually coming nearer and nearer, so, springing up, I advanced and demanded what he wanted.

"Oh, nothing," replied he, "but I see you have a toboggan with you. Will you allow me to go and bring mine also, and then we will have a race together?" I said I had no objection whatever to his company, and departing, he soon returned; but what was my horror to see him dragging along behind him a coffin instead of a toboggan. His face and figure had changed also. He was tall and thin, while his face was of a deathly hue, and it was marked on one side by two bloody spots. His eyes were staring and bloodshot, and a sickly smile played over his distorted features. I stood gazing at this apparition, rooted to the spot, when suddenly he opened his lips and said in a low and sepulchral voice as if coming from the grave: "Young man, why do you hesitate? Come and have a ride with me and try my toboggan; I am sure it is better than the one you have," and saying so he clutched my arm with his long skinny fingers, while an unearthly laugh, which froze my blood with terror, rang out clear and distinct upon the midnight air. In vain I struggled to free myself from his vice-like grasp, but at length I succeeded by a violent effort. Now, I thought, was the time to make my escape from this dreadful being, so, breaking away from him, I jumped on my toboggan, which was fortunately lying near, and