

"Contemplate death!" said a voice beside me in a hollow tone, "Oh Heaven! It is awful!"

I started. So completely had I been absorbed in the thought suggested by the descending darkness that I had not noticed the door open. Tisdale stood beside me, his face ghastly pale.

"Why Tisdale!" I cried, "What is the matter? you are ill!"

"It is nothing," he said, sinking into a chair, "my heart trouble—I am easily upset—As I came in—your face—so like my dead friend—Forgive me I pray."

"Calm yourself, Tisdale," I said, while getting some brandy from the sideboard. When he had drunk a glass or two he recovered himself, and before long we were sitting opposite each other, with bottles and glasses on the table between us, conversing as of old.

We sat thus for many hours, and it was nearly midnight before Tisdale rose to go. I accompanied him to the door, and, as we stood there talking, a flash of lightning lighted up the sky. Tisdale shuddered. "We are going to have a storm," he said nervously, "How I do fear these storms. Every blast of thunder seems directed against me, and every flash of lightning points at my heart. Do not despise me for my weakness, my friend," he cried imploringly, "but let me remain with you until the storm blows over."

So we went in again: at first vainly attempting to keep up a conversation, then silently resigning ourselves, each to his own peculiar thoughts.

We had been sitting thus for some time, and the storm was raging without, when there came a loud knocking at the door. I joyfully called out, "Come in, Bolt." The door opened and Bolton, carrying a huge valise, came into the room.

"This is a rough night," he said, placing his valise on the table.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, old man," I cried, as I pulled off his rubber coat.

I presented him to Tisdale, who shook hands with him, and again sank back into his chair, trembling with each new peal of thunder.

"But how did you manage to get the sub. away from the building?" I asked, pointing to the valise.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bolton, at the same time applying a key to the lock. "That was a splendid piece of business. I got a lot of the boys to line up, forming a screen between Dr. Primy and myself, and, while they were feigning profound interest in Primy's demonstration, I wrapped up my sub. in my apron and bolted down the stairs. At the foot of the stairs this valise was awaiting me. I popped my sub. in, put on my coat and hat and walked home as unconcerned as you please."

"And here you are," he said, while taking the subject from the valise and setting it on the mantel shelf. "There is as interesting a subject as either you or I have ever had anything to do with. *That man was murdered in cold blood!*" With his eyes fixed on the mantel shelf, Tisdale started from his chair, a ghastly pallor on his face. Bolton, who had his back towards him, did not notice the effect his words were producing.

"Six months ago," he continued, "that man was found, with a bullet in his heart, in the woods close to the city. The body was taken to the morgue, where it was preserved for a long time, till, when it was found that there was positively no means of identification, the corpse was secured by the medical school. I had taken a good deal of interest in the case, as you are aware, Ned, and you may imagine that I regarded it as a rare good fortune when it turned out that I was numbered off to work on this new sub."

"One day, as I was dissecting the arm, I discovered something that had escaped the vigilance of the detectives. (As there is a large reward offered by the city for the arrest of the murderer, I thought it just as well to keep the secret for a while.) On the under sur-