

SQUIRE MORTON'S GHOST.



It is a peculiar errand that draws mortals to a graveyard after dark. At any time the resting-place of the dead is an awe inspiring spot ; but in the darkness of night when the blanket of repose is spread over a slumbering world, the death-like calmness of the cemetery, occasionally disturbed by the mournful dirges of the winds as they whistle through the trees and around the crumbling tombstones, impart to a naturally weird scene an uncanny character, suggesting to ordinary minds horrid ideas of spirits and hobgoblins.

It was about ten o'clock one night in September that a span of horses drawing a wagg'on and driven by two men, halted on a quiet by-path which led from the main road around to the rear of Marklyne cemetery. The weather had been sultry since sundown and the dense clouds gathering in the west portended an approaching shower. Evidently expecting the rain, the drivers were comfortably wrapped in waterproofs and furnished with umbrellas. An occasional glimpse of the moon, darting through a rift in the clouds, showed both men to be of dark complexions, one apparently about 22 years of age, the other about 30. The younger man was the taller of the two, and wore an embryonic moustache, which however, sank almost into insignificance, when compared with the well cultivated product of his companion's upper lip. At times his bearing and conversation indicated education, but gave no signs of that refinement usually accompanying it. The other had a rougher appearance, his dark, heavy eyebrows imparting to his broad face an unprepossessing and rather sinister expression. The hushed conversation of both men, but especially the marked restlessness and caution of the older companion, whose attention was called to every rustle of the surrounding bushes, plainly intimated that they were engaged in some secret and hazardous enterprise.

As already stated the horses halted in an unfrequented locality. "We've struck luck," remarked the younger man leaping