

along the lines of the ribs of the skeletons, and on the walls, until the whole room presented a brilliant phosphorescent display. Then I led Paddy Quin up, but I must confess that I did so in fear and trembling; I might be carrying the thing too far. It was cruel, I confess it, but I was young, and always rather too fond of a lark; but I poured balm into Paddy's ears, as I took him up, and vowed I would stick to him through thick and thin—like a brother!

When the door was opened, and Paddy looked in, he gave a jump back, and cried out in dismay. "Holy mother, I can't do it," but I said "I'll go in before you, to show you there is no danger. Don't look round; don't mind what you see—at all—you want your legs cured"? "Arrah" says he, "it's aisy for ye to talk, so it is." "Well, Paddy, it's getting on the edge of twelve; if you are going to do it, do it; if not, let us go." "Ah well, be aisy—be aisy a minute." Then he added: "You are not to look in, and I am not to have a candle; lave me to meself, but for the love of heaven don't stir out of this. If I want you I'll call." He then walked in with a courage equal to facing a masked battery.

I had a little peep-hole all ready, and this is what I saw!—

The brave fellow walked up in fear and trembling to the side of the table; he put his right foot on a low stool beside it, bared his leg, and then—*then* came the tug of war; but Paddy was equal to it; he took the right hand of the "subject" and passed it slowly down over his bared leg; when this was done he knelt down, crossed himself, said a "Pater Noster," and "Ave Maria," and then placed a small square of raw potato on the table beside the body. This he did nine times—each time *keeping tally with a piece of potato*.

Then he came to the door, and said in a dry whisper "LET ME OUT!"

As I look back upon that night, I regard that act of Paddy Quin's as one

of the grandest religious ceremonies I ever witnessed, grand in its simplicity and trusting faith. Many a soldier who had fought in the great battles of the world, would not have entered that room, at that time!

I did not meet Quin again for two years. I had been in Edinburgh, and on my return he was one of the first persons I met. "Well, Quin, I am glad to see you, and how are the legs?" "By St. Patrick, Sir, you did me a good job that time; they have never troubled me since that night—Glory be to God!"

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Next in order I must relate poor old Kitty's adventure with her own particular ghost, and how its appearance led to the discovery of the dark staircase that had been so long shut up as to be forgotten.

When describing the rooms in the attic, I should have stated that one small room—the first one—was finished; it had a door, and a lock and key, and was the store room of the house, and a very inconvenient one, too. If Kitty wanted a "drawing of Tay" she had to go up two pairs of stairs, to this store room, which was at the entrance to the dark passage; she knew what was at the other end! This passage was always dark, dark at midday, and she was most careful to get her supplies in the daytime.

One Sunday evening, however, she was obliged to go up for something; it was between the two lights—and as she was putting the key in the lock, a woman in white walked up out of the darkness. Kitty had a lighted candle in her hand; a lighted candle is by common consent admitted to be a protection to a certain extent against uncanny visitants. But the moment she saw the woman she dropped her candle. The woman smiled at her, and said, "Who lives here?" Kitty, thinking it wisdom in the face of the enemy to be civil, replied, "Doctor D—s," "Oh" said the woman