

that's only a Scotch superstition. What an absurd idea. And then the thought struck me, 'why don't you prove its false?' I argued it would be too much trouble of course; but the more I thought about it, the more I disliked the idea of spending a night all alone in the house. And I finally concluded that I must be afraid and I couldn't stand that, so I swore I'd do it."

"Well, Saturday night of that week was Halloween, so filling my pockets with something to eat, and packing some blankets and books and a pipe in a small telescope, I started out to investigate."

"I found the house all right, and had no difficulty in getting in. It seemed to be an ordinary house, but in a damp, cold, and dilapidated condition. I picked out the sitting-room, which had a fire place, as the best room in which to spend the night; and gathering up some wood, I soon had a bright fire roaring up the old chimney. I then gathered up a quantity of wood to last through the night, fixed up a bunk on an old discarded sofa, and after eating my lunch, took up a book to wait for the shades of night,—also the ghosts."

"In reading and smoking, I passed the evening away, and, getting used to the unearthly silence, laughed to think how foolish these simple farmers were. But that hollow laugh echoing through the empty house made me feel creepy, and I caught myself listening for some horrible sound. But you see it was too early for that, and everything was as silent as a tomb. So I read and smoked, and smoked and read, and all the while I kept thinking more and more about some blamed superstitious story and 'losing my nerve.'"

"Finally about eleven o'clock I decided I felt sleepy, so filling the grate with wood, I crawled into my bunk. I told myself I wasn't scared, that I didn't care for a whole host of ghosts. But I wanted to jerk the blankets over my head just the same, and only refrained from doing so by feeling for my revolver. But everything was quiet, and after awhile I fell asleep."

"Suddenly I was awakened by a noise. I sat up and listened. Silence. The fire had burned down to a few half glowing coals, and I thought about getting up and putting on some more wood. But hark! What was that noise? Great Scott! it made my blood run cold. From some far corner of the cellar, a hollow, sepulchral groan sounded, at first faint, like the far away cry of a