

wolf borne on the wintry midnight air of a boundless forest; then louder, as if the pack of wolves had scented human blood and burst full cry over the ridge to gallop down the slope in hot pursuit; and then still louder, until the groan echoed through the empty house and was answered by a thousand wailing, helpless cries, and fiendish snarls and growls that fairly raised my scalp. I tried to move, but the effort was useless. I seemed to be bound down by some irresistible, supernatural power. I tried to shout, but the sound stopped in my throat. Even my tongue was powerless. But listen! Something was coming up the cellar steps—thump, thump, thump. It reached the top. Which way would it go? It seemed to hesitate. O, if it would go the other way! But no, it was coming down the hall—thump, thump, thump. What should I do? What could I do? I made one more mighty effort to move. Useless. A cold perspiration burst out on my forehead. My hair was on end. A horrible deathly feeling, like the slimy coil of a snake, was creeping along my body. I felt it coiling about my neck. It was choking me. And still the thing came on down the hall—thump, thump, thump. It reached the door. It stopped. Silence. Then the door began to open slowly. It opened wide. And then with a groan more horrible than all the rest it came through the door, and then,—”

“What did it do? What did you do? What was it?” asked a chorus of subdued voices after a moment’s pause.

“What was it? Why, ’twas *imagination* of course,” replied Tony as he made a dive in the dark for the door.

But the groans and cries and bombardment of pillows which followed him was neither a joke nor a dream.

F. T. C., '00.



A MEETING ON THE RIVER PATH.

HE turned and entered the church, why, he could hardly tell, for a long time had passed since he had last heard a sermon; but a sudden impulse impelled him to go in; so he entered and was given a seat near the rear of the house, for the service had already begun.