

remember what it said, except that it was a request for me to accompany it on some expedition.

Frightened though I was, I yet had presence of mind enough to attempt to pass it off as a joke.

Affecting a manner as light and airy as my costume, I spoke somewhat as follows: "Really, I am very sorry. I would like awfully well to go with you, but I don't see very well how I can. It's hard luck, but I have an engagement for this hour. I promised to meet a chum of mine here. He's a very nice fellow. Maybe you've met him; Morpheus is his name."

The ghost, however, did not seem much impressed. Without waiting to hear anything more, it reached out and grasped me by the throat. And then I discovered that it had another peculiar feature—its fingers were abnormally long, and cold and clammy beyond expression. Although the clasp was not at all tight, and I felt no sense of suffocation, yet I seemed paralyzed and wholly unable to offer any resistance.

I was picked up and carried out of the room. After that I became dazed, and realized nothing more for some time.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself leaning against a tombstone with the ghost standing over me. On looking around I soon discovered where I was.

A short distance southwest of the asylum is an old cemetery where are interred the bodies of such inmates of that institution as are not claimed by their friends. You can easily imagine, therefore, that it would be a particularly eccentric lot of ghosts that frequent this place. I was not at all reassured when I found out where I was,

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to comprehend anything, my conductor explained why I had been brought there.

It appeared that the ghosts of that place, with a few congenial spirits, were accustomed to congregate in a chamber in the center of the graveyard. While they were not exactly happy there, they had become

accustomed to their lot, and were fairly contented.

All this had been changed, however, by the arrival of a new spirit whose actions were beyond the comprehensions of the community in which it had come to dwell. After trying in vain to solve the problem, the ghosts had resolved to bring a mortal upon the scene to see if it could be explained. I had been brought accordingly.

Having furnished this explanation, my ghost (if I may so call it), led me to a large stone directly in the center of the graveyard. Here I saw what I had never noticed before, that there was a stone stairway leading down into the ground, and ending in a long, dark passage.

Along this I was conducted, and soon found myself in a large room which was filled with the same light which I have described before.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe this room. Grouped around in one end of it were a number of ghosts that did not differ materially from the one which I have described. They all seemed to have a haunted expression. It seems paradoxical to speak of a ghost as being haunted, but that word best expresses it.

I soon discovered the cause of it. At the other end of the long room was another spirit which I rightly presumed to be the one upon which I was to pass judgement.

Although I had become somewhat hardened by this time, I was almost overcome by this new apparition. It was evidently the spirit of some female, and while it very much resembled the others in appearance, its actions were horrible beyond compare. It would stand perfectly still for some moments and seemed to be reciting some sort of a chant. Then it would be taken with a horrible spasm and would go through all manner of terrible contortions. These spasms seemed to occur at regular intervals. It was awful.

I wondered what crime this person had committed while on earth to merit such a dreadful punishment. "Surely," I thought,