

and now and then a slight rustling. Something snapped like a broken stick and Marion buried herself in the covers. An eternity passed and then someone or something stepped softly upon the lower porch. We heard the footsteps pass back and forth across it. Somebody tried the door cautiously and then, horrors! upon horrors! the burglar seemed to be climbing the porch post.

I am supposed to be strong-minded and have a reputation for independence but the suddenness of this danger seemed to paralyze me completely. As for Marion, she was a grovelling idiot by this time and was making her way toward the foot of the bed beneath the covers.

Then the noise ceased and after a second's silence was followed by a subdued thump. The footsteps died away around the corner of the house and our visitor, for the present at least, seemed to have taken himself away as mysteriously as he came.

A white face edged from beneath the cover.

"Has he gone?" whispered Marion. I nodded.

"Then lets us go," and she hustled for the hall. We saw no more of our burglar and finally mustered up enough courage to go out again and rescue our beds. This disposed of most of our sleep for that night and the next day Frank Sewell and Billy Long were down and told of seeing a dark figure stealing away from the house when they were passing along late the night before.

That night several of the crowd were down and the talk turned to ghosts. It was no use for us to object to the subject that only made matters worse.

Really it is surprising how many blood-curdling reminiscences are stowed away in the experience or imagination of the average person and some of our crowd actually attained heights of genius in their ghastly recitals.

That night a rather mysterious thing happened. We heard no unusual sounds during the night and indeed slept well, considering, but the next morning we found the hall door that leads out upon our terrifying porch bed room of the night before, standing wide open although both Marion and I could have sworn we fastened it the last thing before retiring.

That night we took special pains to lock it securely and in the morning by common consent we rose early and investigated. All was well and the door was tightly shut. Nothing occurred for two