but I came to it. I played truant, and went up the mountain-side, smoking as I went. I passed over the mountain, and went down into the village to dine at the barber's, intending to return to college toward evening. The barber made me welcome, for he drove a thrifty trade in the smuggling line, and we were always welcome to his little back dining-room. As evening drew near I set out upon my return. I retraced my steps, passing through the woods that skirted the base of the mountain on which our college was situated.

The ascent was lonely and steep enough, but I was young, and fatigue and college boys on truant days are strangers. It was some five miles by the devious path I had to take, for only by that route could I hope to escape detection; so I went on through the thick woods. Evening was going westward, I eastward—the sun of heaven one way, the son of my father another. I had my evening star, at the end of the tobacco-roll, in my mouth, and, amid a rolling cloud, his light glittered before my eyes. It was next to my last cigar. By and by it went out; but before it did, I lit my last, my best beloved. Gradually the evening thickened on my path, and the sun went down and left me with the twilight in the woods. On went the truant-boy, and on came the night. Up the mountain, holding on by old pine-boughs, clambering over rocks, I kept my way till I reached the summit. Beneath me was the broad valley, that was dim and indistinct; and between me and the valley was the college, hidden from my view by more than a mile of projecting mountain.

Between me and the college was the college church, and still nearer was the old church, then in ruins, with its old graveyard, where many a poor boy and many a poor peasant who had lived in the plain below lay buried.

By the time I had reached the ruined wall of the ruined church the moon had risen. There were stars out, too, and the wind among the thick forests began to moan.

My cigar was half consumed, and finish it I must before I slept that night; but where to finish it was the question. I was too near the seat of learning and religion to smoke it there. Some of the many college proctors might be about the new church, and the scent of tobacco would reveal me; so, without troubling my brains further, I climbed over the old graveyard wall and took my seat on a tomb. This tomb was a mere slab of freestone, supported by four pillars of brick masonry. The two pillars at one end had sunk into the earth, and caused the slab to slope a little. It was an old affair altogether, and I thought a little doctoring would do it no injury. Stretching my body out upon it I sucked at the cigar in my mouth, and smoked away, secure from observation, fearless of detection. The wind continued to moan—oh, how mournfully!—through the mighty forests on the mountain; but I was not afraid of the wind, for I was used to it in my early country-bred days, and knew all its echoes by heart. It increased in volume, and suddenly I heard the distinct tolling, as I then thought, of a bell in the deserted church. I listened, and the tolling went on, as if some one struck the bell, from time to time, with a hard and muffled hand. But I knew there was no bell in that old church, and so I put it down for what it was—the wind, among the ruins, going in and coming out of the broken walls.

The moon got higher up in the heavens, and bathed the briary old graveyard with its melancholy light. That brought out the ruined church full before my eyes. Ghastly it was, but I was too young to be frightened, too much in love with my cigar to give it up; but give it up I must, very soon, for it was nearly dead.

Suddenly I heard a moan beneath the entablature on which I was. I started from my recumbent position and listened. That was not the wind. I listened, and again a moan, full of pain and trouble, came from beneath the slab. I bent over the side, and there, boldly brought out in the full moonlight, was a human leg. It seemed as if it was full of the dust and dirt of the tomb, and it was clothed in a tattered garment and a torn, travel-worn boot.

As I looked in awe, with all my blood at that instant curdled about my heart, the dread moan