But when I cum to, thar lay the deer, about ten feet off, stone dead, an' the old sycamore had fetched up agin an old stump just beyond, and I then noticed that the old log had a big hole in the end of it. Wal, while I sot thar, wonderin' what an all-boppin' big piece of timber it wur, I tho't I hear a smothered growl. I jumped onto my feet, and the next minit thar cum rite straight out of that log the biggest bar I ever see, and about the maddest one, too. He wur terrible confused with the ride he'd had, and kept whirlin' rite round in a circle fur about five minits, as though he felt sorter dizzy. This give me time to streak it, and git behind the nearest tree. Wal, purty soon the varmint got sight of the dead buck, and that cooled him mighty quick; he give a grin, and went up an' smelt of him, lickin' his chops as tho' he wur mighty pleased. All this time I wur standin' behind my tree watchin' him, and wishin' I had my gun or knife, so I might put some cold metal in the beast, fur I didn't fancy his makin' a meal of my buck. Wal, I turned round to see if I couldn't git to the top of the bank, whar my rifle lay, without the varmint seein' me, when my foot struck agin somethin' in the snow, and on lookin' down, I'll be blowed if there warn't 'Old Betsey' lyin' rite at mzy feet. I tell you, I wur sum surprised then, when I seen her, but it were plain enuf arterwords; fur ye see, while I wur tusslin' with the old buck up above, the old shootin'-iron got knocked off the bank some way, and slid down till it stuck up agin that tree. Howsumever, I warn't slow in makin' good use of the old gal; I loaded her up, and soon had a bit of lead comfortably stowed away under the old bar's hide. He fotched me thirty dollars clear cash; an' I've allers considered that tumble, boys, the luckiest as well as the tallest one I ever had in my life.

The Lecture room of the K. Medical College.

As I was sitting in my study, the other night, smoking and lazily watching the blue rings curl upward to the ceiling, the door opened, and in walked my friend B., who is at present studying medicine at the K. Medical School. As soon as I saw him I noticed that he appeared rather blue; so thinking to cheer him up by making fun of him, I said,—

"Hello, old man! What on earth is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen the ghost of your great-grandmother."

He did not, however, reply immediately, but going over to the table, helped himself to one of my choicest cigars, lit it, and sat down. After he had smoked for a little time in silence, while I sat gazing at him in mingled awe and amazement, he suddenly said,—

"Harry, do you believe in ghosts?"

To this rather sudden query I cautiously replied that I had not yet seen one, and was unprepared to accept as truth any of the ghost stories I had heard.

"Well," said he, "ghosts, if such things be,—and I believe they are,—have their purposes to perform; and when we can ascertain by an illustration, by an unraveling of circumstances and events attendant upon their appearance, when we see that their coming performs something worthy of their coming, we dare not question their existence, because they may be as worthy agents in the hands of Heaven as any other we might offer in substitute. I have in mind now an incident that happened to me the other night, that illustrates the point in question. If you would like to hear it, I'll tell it to you now."

"Yes," said I; "go on; I am very much interested. I am sure it must be worth hearing, since you seem to take it so much to heart."

"All right, then; here goes," said he. "The other night Dr. S. came to me and said that he was going to dissect a body, that evening, in order that he might be ready to use it to illustrate his lecture of the next day. He wished me to come to the dissecting-room with him and assist him in his work. One of the other fellows was going to be there too. Having nothing particular to do then, I decided to go; so we went along together.

"I must tell you before I go on any further, that a short time previous to this, as perhaps