unobserved by the janitor, and was locked in. Cautiously feeling my way down the first flight, where it was darker, on account of the stairway being built against the side of the wall and paneled in, I was about to pass along the gallery, when I heard a sound of shattered glass below. Startled for a moment I remained still, and then leaned over the gallery and looked down into the hall, to endeavor to ascertain the cause. Smash, smash, and again the glass fell in fragments. It was directly below where I was looking over. I saw the pieces fly from the cabinet containing the human skeletons. Assuring myself that it must be a cat or a dog that accidentally got shut up there, and was wild to get out, and had broken the lights in its frenzy, I was about to call and run down, when I saw something step slowly out. Straining my sight and riveting my gaze on the thing, imagine my utter astonishment and fright to behold a bleached human skeleton stand boldly out on the floor! I was petrified with fear. My hair seemed to be endued with life, and crawled over my head like worms; and a death-chill crept over my whole body, crimping my skin into mole-hills of goose-flesh. Can such things be? Is there life in dry bones? The startling phenomena and vagaries of Spiritualism and its strange assertions, the marvelous stories of ghosts, apparitions, obsessions, demons, of which I had so often read, filled my mind in an instant. With eyes starting from their sockets, I stared down on the centennial miracle. It remained for a time quiet, and apparently glancing around; then, with a bony clatter, slowly strode toward some stuffed animals across the hall. Passing its long fingers over them, as if seeking a choice of something, at last I saw it deliberately dig out the glass eyes of one and fit them into its own sockets. It was evidently much pleased with this acquisition, for it seemed to have gained the power of vision from their possession, and walked around and glanced up along the galleries, to my dismay; and I trembled with fear of being discovered by it. Then, as if suddenly possessed with some purpose, I saw it approach the stairs leading to the galleries beneath me. I listened. It was positively coming up. My first impulse was to run around the gallery and escape down the other side into the lower hall, burst open a window, and leap to the ground. But, frightened as I was, my curiosity was intensely excited to know what next this frame-of-bones would do. I heard its hard tread enter the room below. On tiptoe I quietly and quickly arrived at the foot of the stairs, and pecked into the apartment, and to my utter amazement saw it crowding an extra-sized human stomach, with its accompaniments, under its ribs,—pushing it up as a schoolboy does a book or slate under his jacket. Having fitted the upper parts, it tied the dangling intestines around its back bone, and passed them through from one side of the sacrum to the other, till they were out of the way. After accomplishing this, it allowed the wind to escape by unwinding a string from the thorax, remarking in a horny, gristly voice (which sent a fresh chill through me), "I don't like wind on the stomach."

I had barely time to get into a corner of the stairway when it came out and remained standing, as if cogitating for a few minutes, within a few feet of me. Curiosity and terror were certainly strangely mingled in me in that dreadful position. Much to my relief it passed by me, and went around examining the contents of each room that it entered, till the large jars and bottles containing fish attracted its attention. With the utmost care I persisted in following, and observing its movements and actions. The contents of the jars were critically examined, and the labels carefully scrutinized. Having