A Ghost Story?

IT was at the close of one of those chilly days we have in the latter part of October, when the clouds come scurrying across the sky, and the wind blows in fitful gusts, tossing the all but bare branches of the trees, and hurrying the leaves here and there in uncertain manner along the road. I had been called to visit a patient living at some distance; and as my horse was a little lame, having met with a slight accident a day or so previous, I decided, rather than to borrow from a neighbor, to answer my call on foot. As there was every appearance of a storm overtaking me before my return, I went prepared. It was dark when I started, and with difficulty I managed to pick my way along the uncertain path.

After having completed about half my journey in this manner, the rain, which had been holding back during the day, decided at last to fall. It was one of those drenching, misty rains that seem to wet one generally as much with an umbrella as without. The wind had increased in force now, and was blowing "a piping blast," and I began to feel remarkably uncomfortable. But this would soon be over; before me in the distance, I could distinguish a light, which I decided must come from the house in which my patient lived. I hurried on; one more hill to climb, and I should be there. At this point the road ran along through open fields, with now and then a house dark and still, the inmates quietly sleeping, unaware of the raging storm without. A half mile further, with the thought of a comfortable fire and a chance to warm myself, made me trudge on at a quicker rate of speed. I watched my beacon-light with longing eyes,—now bright and clear, now hid by some bush or shrub. I had reached the top of the hill by this time, and began to whistle a tune, the light cheering me in spite of the blinding rain. But my musical efforts proved to be short-lived; for to my surprise and wonder the light, instead of proceeding from the right of the road, as it should have done, came from the left. Now, to make matters worse, on the left of the road at this point was a graveyard, in the corner of which, near the fence, was a tomb—one of the old-fashioned kind, built of brick and sod, with grass and vines growing over it. To my horror the light seemed to come from the door of the place; yes, was actually shining through the cracks between the door and the lintel. I have never believed in ghosts or anything of the supernatural order, and would have laughed at any such thing before; but now that matter was entirely different. Here I was alone on a country road, at night, in a storm, with a graveyard looming up in the darkness, and a tomb from which gleamed a ghastly light that fairly stood my hair on end. Involuntarily I came to a halt, and gazed with wide-open eyes into the gloom; my feet seemed rooted to the ground. I am no coward under ordinary circumstances, but this was too much for my nerves. What would happen next? Was I to be the victim of some weird specter, or was I to be permitted to continue on in peace? At that instant, as if in answer to my question,