an unearthly laugh broke forth, apparently from within the tomb; and to add to the terror of the moment a fierce gust of wind, snatching my umbrella, turned it inside out with a bang. The rain beat down on my head, and I was about to rush from the place, when another glance in the direction of the tomb disclosed to me what was worse than all before. The door was thrown violently open, and the sight that met my eyes was one that I never shall forget. As the light shot out into the darkness, the first object that I was able to distinguish proved to be a man, roughly clad, and to all appearances a tramp, who, catching sight of my dim outline, was about to beat a hasty retreat, when on second thought, seeing I was but a mortal like himself, he paused, took a good look at me, and then said in a gruff, good-natured sort of way, "Hello, guv'nur! Want a roof, like us, do yer? This here's a rum place, but a mighty good 'un on a night like this. Come inside, won't yer?" My fears had vanished by this time; so I thanked him for his hospitality, and out of curiosity I climbed over the slippery fence, and made my way through the wet grass to where the man was. As the door was low, I stooped down and looked in. There on the floor, at the back of the vault, was another man, his legs spread out, his back against the wall, and before him a flickering candle, some greasy cards, and a gin-bottle. He looked up and grinned as he saw me in my dripping condition. "We're better off than you," said he. "This here's a queer place to lodge, but it's a dry one, anyway." Then they told me how they had sought shelter from the storm, and seeing the tomb, decided that a dry bed would suit them better than a wet one, even if it was in a dead man's house. Having heard the noise caused by the collapse of my umbrella, they decided to investigate, with the result as I have given.

After a few more words with them about ghostly neighbors and such things, I repaired my umbrella as best I could, bade them good-night, and went on my way enjoying the joke, making bold resolves never to be scared so easily again by such vagabond specters. I arrived at my destination in good time, and related my adventure to the amusement of my patient, who, I found, was none the worse for my delay, and who enjoyed the joke as well as myself.

In a graveyard still,
Was a cold, damp tomb,
Which for years had held its dead;
And had kept its peace with the country round,
That the worms might well be fed.

But a tramp, one night,
For shelter from storm,
Made bold to enter within;
And now that tomb its romance has lost,—
All caused by a flask of gin.

P. W. S.

A Tale of Ancient Rome.

Of all species of popular amusement, none appears to have been so favored by the Romans as the exhibitions of the amphitheater; indeed, the extravagant and ferocious delight which such scenes excited might have been perfectly unintelligible in these days but for the histories we have received of pastimes somewhat similar among peoples of modern Europe.

It was to a spectacle of this nature, given by the Emperor Caligula, in the amphitheater of Statius Taurus, that a Roman noble, Metellus, was conducting a friend of his, Caius Coelius by name, who was in Rome at that time on a visit from the Gallic provinces. They descended the Palatine together, and passing through the magnificent porticoes of the Roman Forum, entered the Via Lata. Here they fell in with a vast throng of citizens, of all ranks, who were pressing on to the scene of amusement. The more wealthy and effeminate were borne in "selle;" the rest of the company were on foot. For the space of more than an hour this immense concourse of human beings had been pouring through the street. The slaves, forbidden by the Roman laws from being present at these amusements, were eagerly gazing from the tops and lattices of the neighboring houses upon the multitude as they passed along; every countenance beamed with delight. When the