our pipes, and the conversation turned upon Averill.

"Quite a genius," remarked Digby, "splendid habit, and far better known in the East than he was here, however."

"Showed his sense," returned Fletcher. "The artist, Mr. Averill, has an asphalt market is a fool for exhibiting in San Francisco."

"Not educated yet up to the appreciation of art," suggested Digby. "He's a bit of a European. Didn't associate much with anybody, did he?"

"A reclusie by nature as well as choice," returned Digby banteringly. "I don't know about your manifestation, and envy you your belief, and if Averill ever materializes or appears again, I can say is in the language of the poet, parting soon, but not to return."

"You can count me in, too," said I. "I have seen many counterfeit presentations of the dead, but never once did they put them absolutely beyond the imitation of fraud."

"Caval as you please, gentlemen," returned Digby. "I have my own ideas concerning the origin and only rational religion. Close the shutters on that window, won't you, Fletcher? You're nearest to it, and your sun is in your eye."

Fletcher got up and closed the shutters on the western window, through which the sun, now not more than half an hour high, was pouring full upon us, and cloaked my whole house under the shadow of northern shades of Tamarack.

Digby went to a sideboard, spread some cold edibles on a table, and, while Fletcher was at his task, set the sun just tipping the buildings on Alcataz with crimson, and the blue waters of the bay rippling past beneath the sun. The buildings and the water were glistening and the serenity of the scene. The table was a round one, and the portions were out. Digby's lighted self to the left, and Fletcher's to the right, viewed relatively the two windows on the north. The sun was just giving the apricot lights to the shutters, and directly at Fletcher's back. While Fletcher's chair faced directly north, Digby's was only a milestone field of vision embraced Digby's position as well as the northeastern section of the bay.

A motion of his arm, his eyes, his posture, and his face was unconscious, in my reverie, that he was reaching with his left hand for his pipe which was on one of the windowsill. The afternoons always set me unaccountable, and after many a solar smothered ejaculation made me instantly wide awake, and never shall I forget the expression upon Digby's face as my eyes, as my eyes, found it. Conversation, astonishment, and awe were all depicted upon it. His mouth was open, his features rigid, his hand left involuntarily my glance turned in the same direction, and there I saw something so utterly startling in character and form, my other senses left me, and all I could do was look.

There, in the aperture, or portiere, formed by the leaping up of the two curtains that separated the three of the front division, the rear portion of the room being lighted by a single window on the west.

"That," explained Digby, "is where I keep my tools, my unfinished studies, with such paraphernalia short, suggestive of art or beauty can be so arranged as to impress the senses with lofty idealism, whereas, if congruousness were the rule, such objects are calculated to excite an irritating train of thought.

Digby had proved himself an adept in the art of arrangement, and his window was evidently intended by the designer as the drawing-room or show-room of the house, which is one of those old, rosy residences of pioneer days, a few of which still remain in that quarter of the city. Being about twenty feet square, our friend had partitioned it into a heavy curtian, so as to form two distinct apartments as if desired. There being two windows looking north and west, this arrangement threw the latter, which was now regarded with a slight luminous outline of a human figure. The figure was standing profile-wise, looking straight before it with calm, unmoving eyes, a strange, uncanny, and unfamiliar character. My eyes were irresistibly ensnared to the spot, but I found myself straining them to the utmost, and there was nothing.

Suddenly recollection came upon me like a flash. The figure and feature were those of Averill, the artist, but the only one the artist upon whom the clothes, the hat, the hair, the somewhat stooping posture habitual to the man, were certainly those of Averill himself besides one. The apparition passed away, seemed to melt or dissolve before my gaze, and nothing remained but the dark aperture of the portiere.

My eyes, now released from the spell that had bound them, met those of Fletcher, which reflected the same expression which must certainly have appeared in my own.

"You saw it?" whispered Digby.

"Oh, yes. And I grew white, w'en I run out to the portiere and looked in. The obscurity was now much greater since the sun had set. There was a curtain that separated it from the room, and a curtain on the wall, which had been pushed aside and turned face to wall. Behind this again was an antique chiffonier with a Grecian urn and some other smaller articles of antique bric-a-brac upon it. I turned to Digby, who had returned.

"Never was there a more signal rebuke administered to skepticism," exclaimed Digby, who had now recovered from the wonder and amazement which we both felt. "I just now witnessed, Averill said upon his deathbed that he would come and see me if he could. He has done so. You both expressed a wish to be present at the manifestation. Your wish has been gratified."

The coincidence was so remarkable and inexplicable that for the moment we had nothing to say. There was no doubt about the apparition. We were all agreed that it was the very imagine of Averill, with all his old personal characteristics still intact as he appeared in life. Fletcher and I took our departure and the next evening with something to think about. We felt that there must be some solution of the mystery, but what? That was the question.

As may be supposed, the apparition in Digby's studio did not remain secret. J. W. inquired with inquiries, to which the only answer I could give was that I had seen it, and so had Fletcher. So there that the certainty of no personal delusion about the matter.

And the spectre appeared, abroad in the world, you say?" remarked Hayes, to whom I was narrating the occurrence the day after. Hayes pride him self on being something of a scientist, and seemed interested in the matter.

"Yes," said I. "We had closed the shutters of the south room. The sun was just setting, and to keep out the sun. It must have been just sunset."

"And the portiere curtain at the back of the studio, you know?"

"No, but I thought the curtains of the west room will have made any changes there yet?" he went on the question.

"In fact," I thought probably."

"I thought probably," he went on, looking at his watch. "An hour and a quarter yet till sunset. Suppose we take some dinner and then go up there. There is nothing to account naturally for the appearance of this spectre."

At seven we called at Digby's studio and found him at work at his easel and an old award in his friends. Hayes, who was engaged to be wed to the young lady, who had asked to be permitted to examine the back studio. Nothing had been moved, and Hayes, who was the artist for the premises, came back smiling through the portiere with the intelligence that the spectre would appear that evening without fail as usual. Digby looked at me as if undecided whether he was joking at his expense or not. However we all sat down at the table, in the position of the night before, and waited developments. Suddenly, about sunset, the spectre of Averill appeared in the portiere exactly as it did the night before in every respect.

"Come with me, gentlemen," said Hayes, rising up and walking straight to the portiere, to the intense horror of Digby, and right through the body of the spectre, disappearing into the obscurity beyond, the spectre remaining as visible as ever.

"I think we are getting awfully back," I said, as I turned to Digby. Immediately I went to Digby, and Digby mechanically followed. We found Hayes standing beside the easel, and Digby looking at the portiere, while Hayes was talking to the portiere. The face of the canvas bore a portrait of Averill, the face of the spirit of the spectre. Shining upon the easel was light enough for us to see the only object in the room, was the last effulgence of the dying sun. Upon the chiffonier it stood an antique cabinet, its face resplendent with the glow from the picture.

"That," said Hayes, pointing to the mirror, "is the witch that has raised this spectre. Your ghost, Mr. Digby, is merely a production of a common law of optics. This picture is in the focus of that mirror."

"It is the very ett.

"It is the etch the etch, Mr. Digby, is merely the production of an atmospheric phenomenon of unusual brightness and intensity."

"I am afraid, Digby, you must still seek for confirmation of your spiritual hypothesis."