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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

haunted with the ghosts of the old gods. I am sure—well, almost sure—I left the key in the door this morning. It is not there now. The maid knows nothing of it. It is clean lost, so thank the gods I am safe. Cheer up, Hugh, we can be as happy as we choose without danger."

It was impossible to resist her playful appeal. It routed the shadowy presentiments that haunted him, and for both the evening went by in unalloyed delight.

But the presentiments returned darker and more oppressive when he was alone in his room vainly striving after sleep, and when he slept at last his fears took monstrous shape, and followed him into his dreams.

The wide circle of the Coliseum spread before him—vaster than the vast reality. He was himself one of a great throng—a wide, white wall of faces that looked down into the arena. The crowd around him was vague and shadowy, but vivid in the pure white sunshine was the figure that stood alone in the centre of the arena amid that innumerable multitude. It was a girl's figure, and there was something in the pose of that averted head that made his heart's blood run cold.

Even as he looked, from out one of the low arches under the vast circle of seats a lion stole. Every movement of the great beast was plainer to the dreamer's inner sense than ever reality to his waking eyes.

The lion stretched itself as it emerged, and winking drowsily in the strong sunshine yawned slowly, showing the red cavern of its jaws. Then it caught sight of the girl, standing erect and distinct in the wide, vacant space of the arena, and there was a terrible change. The long pendulous tail of the beast stiffened and swung slowly from side to side. It crouched so low that the fur of its belly touched the coarse sand of the arena, and silent as death it crawled towards the unconscious girl.

The sleeper's soul was oppressed with horror. He strove desperately to cry out, but his voice seemed to be forced back and stifled in his lungs, while all the time the great beast crept slowly on its victim. Nearer and nearer it came. It is within striking distance at last. As it pauses to gather its huge limbs together for the spring the girl turns her head, and with agony of horror that was past all bearing, the dreamer saw that it was the face of Sybil. He awoke with the shock, and lay trembling and sweating with terror, slowly convincing himself that it was only a dream.

Then suddenly through the keyhole of his door light shone a bright speck in the blackness—and an old board creaked ever so slightly under a cautious tread in the passage outside.

Without waiting to think, Hugh leapt from his bed, and was just in time to see the stealthy figure of a man—almost stark naked—with a light in his hand, go swiftly down the corridor. As silently and swiftly he followed him. At a door near the end of the passage, which Hugh knew to be Sybil's, the figure paused, as if fitting a key into the lock.

As he stooped Hugh leaped upon him from behind and bore him to the ground. The lamp dropped from his hand and went out without a splutter, but not before Hugh recognized the face of Abdallah. Then straining every muscle to the utmost he strove to pin his enemy to the ground. He might as well have matched his strength against a tiger's. The Indian's bare limbs were slippery with oil. His muscles were ropes and springs of steel. Wriggling from Hugh's desperate hold he gained his knees, and in his turn gripped his assailant. For a space the two strained in a death grasp. Hugh felt his hold slipping, and put forth his whole strength in vain.

With a sudden motion the Indian writhed free, and the two men stood apart in the darkness, each holding his breath lest the other should hear. The next moment a silk noose slipped over Hugh's head and tightened on his neck like a band of steel.

His labouring breath was pent in his lungs. The blood was forced to his brain. There came a strange loud surging in his ears. He was

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