

and I saw that his body became phosphorescent or luminous, whichever you like.\*

"Have you seen enough?" he asked, his face strangely distorted.

I bowed my head, now thoroughly believing that I was in the presence of the Demon of Darkness.

"Good!" he exclaimed, squatting down on the floor before me, and once more riveting his piercing, black eyes upon mine. "Listen, I am going to tell you something that will surprise you. Do you remember," he went on, making certain movements with his hands before my face, "that night when two men were stabbed to death in Quebec?"

A strange tremor thrilled through my frame—a feeling that I had never before experienced.

I silently assented.

"Do you remember," he continued, "a man walking along the street, well-nigh penniless, and desiring, above all things, money to take him back whence he came—money enough to make him independent and happy for the remainder of his days—sufficient at least to keep famine from his threshold, and to carry him away from this cold and dismal wilderness? Cannot you recall that man—led by some irresistible agency—passing down a side street, and observing a light in a certain office, the windows of which were protected by heavy iron bars? How he wondered what was going on in that room when all the rest of the buildings were clothed in darkness, and the muddy streets were shrouded in gloom. Can you follow his cat-like tread as he approached the entrance to the building—which was guarded by an iron gate firmly padlocked? Suddenly the murmur of voices fell upon his ear, and the padlock of the iron gate was unlocked.

"Well, good-night," said a voice—

"Good-night," came the reply.

"That was the last 'good-night' that either voice uttered.

"Do you remember how the man, standing outside in the cover of the darkness, swiftly drew a dagger, decorated after the Indian fashion, and, with

the spring of a tiger on the deer's back, leaped upon the man who was emerging through the gate—one blow, and the poor wretch sank to the ground without even a groan. A second later, and the assassin was in the building."

Beads of cold perspiration gathered on my brow, as Yorston spoke with all the vividness of reality.

"You will remember," he went on, "how the tragedy was all accomplished—in an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—with the rapidity of the lightning flash. And how the blood flowed! The second victim had only time to give a short cry of alarm, and then the keen-edged dagger was buried in his breast, and he fell forward on his face; and, as he fell, what happened?

"The blade of the dagger broke off at the handle," I answered, with a shudder.

"Exactly! and then the murderer rushed into the room where the lamp was burning, and what greeted his eyes? Piles of notes! money! money! money! Heaps of English gold—sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones! It did not occupy the time of a heart's beat for the man to sweep away some of the packages of notes, to fill a satchel with English gold, and to fatten his pockets with the gems that glittered around!

"And now," continued my companion, rising to his feet, and breathing into my face, while his eyes shone like burning coals—"Look yonder!"—and he pointed to one corner of the room.

I turned my head in the direction which he indicated. At first I could only perceive what appeared to be a misty vapor rising from the floor. But gradually this vapor took the shape of dim figures—I could just distinguish the form of a man leaning over the body of another man lying prostrate on the ground, or rather on a pavement in a public street, and then slowly there loomed up a building; plainer and more distinct became the figures—the one standing up held a dagger aloft, which was dripping with crimson blood, the other remained immovable; and, as I gazed at the scene, my very limbs rigid with fear, the man holding the dagger glanced in my direction—Great God! could it be true? or was I stark, staring, mad? for, in the

\*Such feats are not uncommonly performed by native jugglers in India.