

could see little figures flitting about in the blackness and soon could distinguish the shapes and forms of some of them. Still however, paying little attention to their antics I was surprised when one approached me and thus spoke. "I am one of the dream spirits, I see that thou wouldst be a dreamer and am come to serve thee." It did not seem to be for me to express any thanks for, and much less, any protest against this offer, so I was passive and simply waited in an uninterested way for what would happen. Again inky blackness palled my view, the air seemed to get thick and heavy as one finds it when in a descending cage, he is nearing the bottom of a deep shaft reaching down to the vaults where lie the treasures which are to warm the houses and drive the engines of men above. The idea of a coal-mine shaft was further brought home to me as I seemed to be gradually going down, getting lower and lower, drawn by some unseen force. And now again my sight pierced the darkness. I could see a wall of some kind on either side of me and could tell how fast I was descending by watching the jagged rocks which jutted out from a very smooth surface, where multitudes of little streams were tracing out a net-work on the red stone. In front and behind, however, I could see nothing; there was no foreground or background to the view, but blackness. I was going down slowly at first but soon the descent seemed to become more rapid. And now I could distinguish strange, fantastical shapes floating about. I saw horrible, derisive faces, ugly bony limbs, and anon a fiendish laugh would ring out and seem to fall in descending echoes down and down until it lost itself in the depth. A terrible fear came over me and I could only shudder as a hobgoblin face was thrust close to me and a skeleton-like hand stretched out to shove me against the wet stone wall of this terrible abyss. Often one of these demons would perch upon my shoulders from above in a crouching posture and then, like an immense catapult, would fling me fathoms and fathoms at such a tremendous rate that the heavy air cushioned the fall until I was making approximately the same speed as before, only faster after each fresh impetus. Faster always then, farther and farther down I went never stopping, with, it seemed, every sensation closed up and