

"The interpreter, who stood behind, opened the scene by asking me my name, age, birthplace, and divers other questions of a like nature, which he wrote down in some sort of hieroglyphics and handed to the Egyptian. Then bidding me advance and keep my eyes fixed on the calendar and not speak a word, the interpreter left the room.

"My heart beat faster than was its wont as I approached this strange being, and found myself completely alone with him in this ghostly, weird place. He took a handful of what I imagined to be incense of some kind, and threw it on the red, living coals, muttering some strange sounds in an unknown tongue as he did so. Presently a cloud of smoke arose, dense, black, and suffocating, filling the whole room with the gloom of Tartarus. Slowly, as if endowed with instinct, it lifted itself up and spread out before me. And, looking up, I beheld—"

Willard Drummond paused, as if irresolute whether to reveal the rest or not; but Sibyl grasped his arm, and in a voice that was fairly hoarse with intense excitement, said:

"Go on."

"I saw," he continued, looking beyond her, as if describing something then passing before him, "the interior of a church thronged with people. Flowers were strewn along the aisles, and I seemed to hear faintly the grand cadences of a triumphal hymn. A clergyman, book in hand, stood before a bridal pair, performing the marriage ceremony. The features of the man of God are indelibly impressed on my memory, but the two who stood before him had their backs toward me. For about five seconds they remained thus stationary, then it began to grow more indistinct; the forms grew shadowy and undefined, and began to disappear. Just before they vanished altogether,