

five seconds they remained thus stationary, and then it began to grow more and more indistinct; the forms grew shadowy and undefined, and began to disappear. Just before they vanished altogether, the faces of the wedded pair turned for an instant toward me; and in the bridegroom, Sybil, I beheld myself. The vapor lifted and lifted, until all was gone, and nothing was to be seen but the black walls of the room, and the glowing, fiery coals in the caldron.

"Again the Egyptian threw the incense on the fire, and again mumbled his unintelligible jargon. Again the thick black smoke arose, filling the room, and again became stationary, forming a shadowy panorama before me. This time I saw a prison cell—dark, dismal and noisome. A rough straw pallet stood on one side, and on the other a pitcher of water and a loaf—orthodox prison fare from time immemorial. On the ground, chained, as it were, to the wall, groveled a woman, in shining bridal robes, her long, midnight tresses trailing on the foul floor. No words can describe to you the utter despair and mortal anguish depicted in her crouching attitude. I stood spellbound to the spot, unable to move, in breathless interest. Then the scene began to fade away. The prostrate figure lifted its head, and I beheld the face of her who, a moment before, seemed to stand beside me at the altar. But no words of mine can describe to you the mortal woe, the unutterable despair in that haggard but beautiful face. Sybil! Sybil! it will haunt me to my dying day. I put out my hand as if to retain her, but in that instant all disappeared."

Once more Willard Drummond paused; this time he was deadly pale, and his eyes were wild and excited. Sybil stood near him, her great, black, mystic eyes dilated, every trace of color fading from her face, leaving even her lips as pale as death.

"The third time this strange enchanter went through the same ceremony as before," continued he; "and, as in the previous cases, a new scene appeared before me; now the time appeared to be night; and the place a dark, lonesome wood. A furious storm of lightning and thunder, and rain was raging, and the trees creaked and bent in the fierce wind. On the ground lay the dead body of a man, weltering in blood. A dark, crimson stream