

pearance from his knees down, quite a spooky effect, while the two points of hair showed up like horns, which with the pointed ears this gave him a decidedly wierd, and even terrifying look. It was certainly a most remarkable picture.

"Goldsmidt was surprised too, but pleased, and told me to help him get the picture and frame in a presentable condition, so as to be able to get the novelty hung in the gallery at the earliest possible date. We worked hard at it all day, and, by evening, we had it ready for the gallery. We left it there, intending to hang it in the morning.

"That night I was troubled with the most horrible and nerve-racking dreams. The man in the picture seemed to leap out of his frame at me, and, seeing me crouch in fear, laughed diabolically at my discomfiture. All night long the man stayed with me, doing first one thing and then another, and when morning broke I rose red-eyed and unrested, but glad to get away from the hateful features. When I reached the gallery, I was surprised to find Goldsmidt rubbing his eyes, which were red and swollen like mine. 'Goldsmidt,' I said, 'what's the matter?' 'I didn't sleep well last night, but how about yourself?' 'No more did I, that picture got on my nerves, as I suspect it did on yours. Suppose we hang the thing and get it out of the way?' He assented, and, in a few minutes, the monstrosity was hung in a room off the main gallery.

"Goldsmidt and I returned to our work and, later in the day, I took it into my head to take a look at the picture again, and see what kind of a crowd it had caused to gather. There were, perhaps, a dozen people examining the curious work, but I noticed three in particular. A red-haired man about forty, tall and well built, and an old man and his wife, at least sixty. These three were standing in the front row, seemingly more engrossed in puzzling out the meaning of the picture than anyone else. I looked at my watch, twelve o'clock—time for lunch.

"As I started away, I passed Goldsmidt coming to view the picture, but I at-

tached no special significance to it at the time.

"The day passed as days generally do, and towards eleven o'clock I went to bed. The picture had been out of my mind for some hours, but I had no sooner got to sleep than the horrible dreams of the previous night, again began to torment me with the result that I got practically no rest.

"When I reached the gallery next morning, Goldsmidt had not turned up; I worked alone for some hours, and, twelve o'clock arriving, I went out to look for him. Instinctively, it seemed, I made for the picture, and there, sure enough, was Goldsmidt, gazing away, as if it were nothing unusual for him not to turn up for work. I also noticed that the red-haired man and the aged couple were there too, and the eyes of all four were swollen and red.

"Then, and not till then, the truth flashed upon me, and like a thunderbolt it came. Half crazed with fear I seized Goldsmidt by the collar, and pulling him into a corner, began in such a break-neck fashion that I utterly failed to make him understand what I was trying to say. At last I calmed down enough to speak coherently,

"'Goldsmidt,' said I, 'how long have you been in this business?'

"'For twelve years, at least.'

"'Have you ever been in Florence?'

"'No.'

"'Do you know anything of the pictures there?'

"'Yes, something, why?'

"'Do you know one by Donatelli?'

"'Yes, but what of it?'

"'Do you know the story of his revenge?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well,' I said, pointing to the picture from which I had just drawn him, 'there is the form his revenge happened to take.'

"Goldsmidt was no fool, and it didn't take him long to understand the situation. He sat down on a chair and buried his head in his hands.

"'I would never believe that story,' he wailed, 'but I've learnt my lesson now.' He paused. 'It's a nice thing to have to see that picture every day as long