

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Rutherglen, in a whisper.

"I'm going to take you with me," answered Levity Hicks. "Are you ready?"

Rutherglen moved a few inches from the wall; it seemed as though he was preparing to spring at that grim figure standing behind the table. "I don't believe in you; you're not there. You died ever so long ago. I'm not afraid of you," he spluttered.

"Come on, then; I'm waiting," said Levity Hicks.

The other man made a rush at him; then stopped with a cry, and covered his face with his hands. Perhaps he felt that when he looked again the figure would be gone; but when his hands fell away from his face Levity Hicks still stood there, grimly waiting.

And then suddenly Rutherglen, with a sort of snarl, leapt forward, and snatched up that little phial from the table, and wrenched out the cork with his teeth. He laughed as he shot the cork out of his lips, and put the phial between them, and drained it. Then he flung the little phial into a corner of the room.

"Now—what will you do with me?"

"You know me now—don't you?" said Levity Hicks. "You are so near to death that you can see one who has touched death."

Rutherglen was swaying about drunkenly, and had slipped to his knees, holding on to the edge of the table. The figure of Levity Hicks seemed to loom larger over him. With a sudden desperate fear, Rutherglen staggered to his feet, just as Levity Hicks closed with him, and held him.

"Where are you taking me? Let me go," cried Rutherglen, struggling with him, and swaying about.