

der-graduates tell of his remarkable sixty-yard run and touchdown, thus saving the game when the college football team played Kelsey University, and also how his strong arm pulled the senior class boat to victory after three of the oarsmen had fainted and all hope seemed to be lost

Closing the door Sheffield threw his hat on the bed, renewed the fire in the grate, lit his pipe and proceeded to enjoy a comfortable smoke. Although he seemed to be undoubtedly the most popular man in school, yet he was not without enemies, and a recent encounter with one of them left him in no pleasant frame of mind.

The person in question was a classmate of Sheffield's named Horace Ramsey. Four years before, both had entered college together and for the first few months were very intimate, although many wondered why a bright, cherry fellow such as Sheffield was, could like Ramsey, who was quite the contrary in disposition. He was very handsome however, but possessed a very violent temper, and when you looked into his eyes they almost seemed to burn you, so intense was his gaze; they seemed to possess almost magnetic power and you felt somewhat uneasy when you looked at him. Indeed it was rumored among the students that he was a hypnotist, although none had ever seen him exercise his art. One evening the two were conversing in Ramsey's room when Sheffield observed a tall box somewhat resembling a coffin standing in a corner of the room.

"Why, Ramsey," he exclaimed, "what in the world have you in that box?"

"Oh," replied Ramsey indifferently, "that is a mummy, my uncle, who is traveling in Egypt, and who, by the way, is something of an archaeologist, sent me."

Sheffield was anxious to see the contents of the box, but Ramsey appearing to be desirous of his not doing so, mut-