

tered something about having lost the key, and abruptly changed the subject.

Some days afterwards these two friends got into a dispute which resulted in some very sharp words, and finally, his temper getting the best of his judgment, Sheffield slapped Ramsey in the face with his glove. As soon as he realized what he had done he impulsively grasped Ramsey's hand, saying: "I do beg your pardon, old fellow, for striking you. I am very sorry, but my temper got the best of me."

Ramsey vouchsafed no reply, snatched his hand from the other's grasp and strode away without a word, but with a dark, revengeful expression on his face and muttering something about "getting even."

Sheffield was considerably worried over the affair since he considered himself to blame, and would have apologized again, but after the manner in which Ramsey had treated his first overture, his pride forbade him to suffer the humiliation of being repelled a second time. They passed several times afterwards but neither spoke, and it seemed as though their previous relations were practically at an end.

One night some two weeks after the above scene took place Sheffield was walking along a street in the edge of the city, returning from visiting a sick friend. In passing a strip of woods on the side of the road he heard swift footfalls approaching from behind, and turning, perceived a long, gaunt figure approaching at a run. It seemed to be a skeleton except that it was not white, and with its arms outstretched and lean appearance, made a picture calculated to frighten the strongest heart.

Sheffield was not superstitious, but it must be confessed that he felt a cold chill creeping over him as he saw this strange and uncouth figure bearing down upon him. His first idea was to run, but on second thought he remained standing.