

I stooped over to replenish it. Just then I heard a low moan back of me. I turned my head quickly, and my eyes became transfixed. The story of the native Yntali flashed through my brain, and although I am not as a rule superstitious, yet the sight I saw there made the cold chills creep over me.

The same weird, whitish light played over a spot on the floor of the cave, while under the light appeared two skeletons from whose every joint issued the ghostly flame. The eye sockets seemed on fire also, for at intervals they shot forth tongues of flame. At times the light would change, and then the skeletons would glow like burnished copper, until again they would burst forth with even a greater brilliance.

Almost unconsciously I continued looking, and what was that—did the figure move? Even, while the thought shot through my mind, the change had taken place. Erect they stood, statues of living fire, their arms waving towards the walls of the cave, and the eyeless sockets staring at me. Then the figures became rigid, the arms before so active now outstretched and motionless. As one in a trance I followed the directions with my eyes, and lo—the walls appeared to shine with the mysterious light.

With a shriek I started up and fled while from within came a mournful wail ending in a yell. On I flew, the story of the native causing me to see vague shapes pursuing me. On I ran, stumbling, recovering and speeding on again until I dashed against a boulder and I knew no more.

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When I became conscious the sun was rising over the mountains, and hungry, footsore and trembling I made my way back to camp.

Jack, who was just preparing to go in search of me, greeted me with a shout, but seeing how haggard I looked, he made me sit down while he prepared me some breakfast. When I had eaten I felt much better, and then told my story.

During the recital the native shivered and trembled and when I told about the skeletons he jumped to his feet and ran, letting out a screech that would have waked the dead. I resumed the tale and when I had finished, there was a smile on Jack's face. "Jim," he said, "how much of that did you dream?" I showed him my condition but said nothing. Finally, he admitted that I had seen something out of the ordinary, but he persisted that Yntali's story had filled my brain with nonsense.