

place with shifting shadows, and half concealing, half revealing the gaunt outline of my silent, uncanny host. So I soon let the fire die out, but in its brief glow I had discovered a rude emblem carved upon the stone that closed the doorway. I failed to make it out distinctly, but it appeared to be a huge Indian arrow, pointing downward, only the feathered ends being visible, and the rest buried out of sight beneath the gravel. Attaching no importance to my discovery, I retreated to a corner, crouched down and prepared to wear out the long hours of the night. Presently it became so densely dark that I could see almost anything that chanced to suggest itself to my imagination. You can imagine that in my excited state of mind I had a lively time of it. My fancy was rife with speculations about the dead man over in the other corner. Who was he? How long had he lain there? Had he been all alone when the supreme summons came? It would seem so, I argued, from the fact of the entrance having been closed from the inside. Had anyone gone out since his death the stone would have been displaced. He must have closed it himself and then illness must have followed and prevented his liberating himself.

"I conjured up the lonely death scene, and shuddered at the thought that if I should fail to move the stone mine must be a similar fate. The reflection was disturbing, to say the least, and I longed for the light of day that I might begin my task.

"Finally, after what seemed hours of torture, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed things that were a fitting sequel to my waking visions.

"I saw two unearthly eyes flaming at me through the darkness, and that fleshless form advanced, receded, advanced again, and finally pausing, pointed at the closed doorway and said, in a hollow, far-away voice—

"'At the arrow's point!'

"Then a horrid nightmare laid hold of me, and I struggled in a vain endeavor to lift the stone that stood between me and liberty. Tons of weight seemed to hold it down, and strive as I might I could not move it so much as the breadth of a single hair. In that moment I think I suffered the condensed agony of a lifetime.

"But it was of short duration. Something struck me in the face—something hard and cutting—and in an instant I was broad awake.

"The darkness was absolutely impenetrable, but after listening a few seconds I found that fragments of gravel were falling around me, and a familiar sniffing sound from above introduced a new source of peril. Pedro, in his wanderings, had drawn near the hole in the top of the dug-out, and, unaware of danger, was nibbling grass around its edge. His weight was likely

at any moment to bring down the remainder of the roof, himself with it, and then where would I be!

"This new and very tangible danger frightened some of the superstitious nonsense out of me, and in a remarkably short period of time I was at the opposite end of the room making grim overtures to the skeleton. Breathlessly I awaited the crash that I thought must come, but, to my great relief, the sound of Pedro's grazing operations grew gradually fainter with distance, and I knew that for the time being that danger was averted. Thus relieved, drowsiness soon returned and I slept again, only to dream once more that same ghostly dream. Again the dead man transfixed me with a pair of burning eyes, and advanced upon me with arm extended, while from his grinning, lipless mouth came those seemingly senseless words—

"'At the arrow's point!'

"The tone was one of almost heart-rending entreaty, and, obeying his gesture, I seemed to struggle again with the stone by the doorway. But, as before, I failed to move it, and in the frenzied despair of the moment I once more awoke.

"My frame was convulsed with a nervous chill, and clammy drops of perspiration clung to my face. The storm was evidently over, for a shaft of moonlight was streaming down from above, casting a pale, cold glow around and revealing the skeleton once more at rest in its favorite attitude. I resolved that I would sleep no more, as to do so would probably be to invite a return of that ghastly vision. So, from time to time I arose and stumbled about in the semi-darkness to keep awake, and at last the welcome light of a new day crept in upon the scene of my unrest.

"Urged by hunger, thirst and anxiety for the safety of the provisions that had lain in the pack all night at the mercy of marauding animals, I seized a rusty old frying pan that lay near and made it do duty as a scoop in my onslaught on the gravel pile.

"Gradually, as I worked and bared the face of the stone, the emblem rudely carved upon its surface was brought wholly into view. It was an Indian arrow pointing directly downward, the spear terminating abruptly at the lower edge of the stone as if its point were broken off or buried in the earth beneath. Near it was a device consisting of three uncouth-looking letters that might, or might not, be of the English alphabet. I was not just then in a mood favorable to the deciphering of hieroglyphics, and lost the least possible time in dragging the stone aside and squeezing myself through the small aperture it revealed. My exit had to be made with caution, as outside there was barely standing room on a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the stream, and it was all I could do to stand erect while I inhaled a full breath of the sweet morning air, and sent up something into space very