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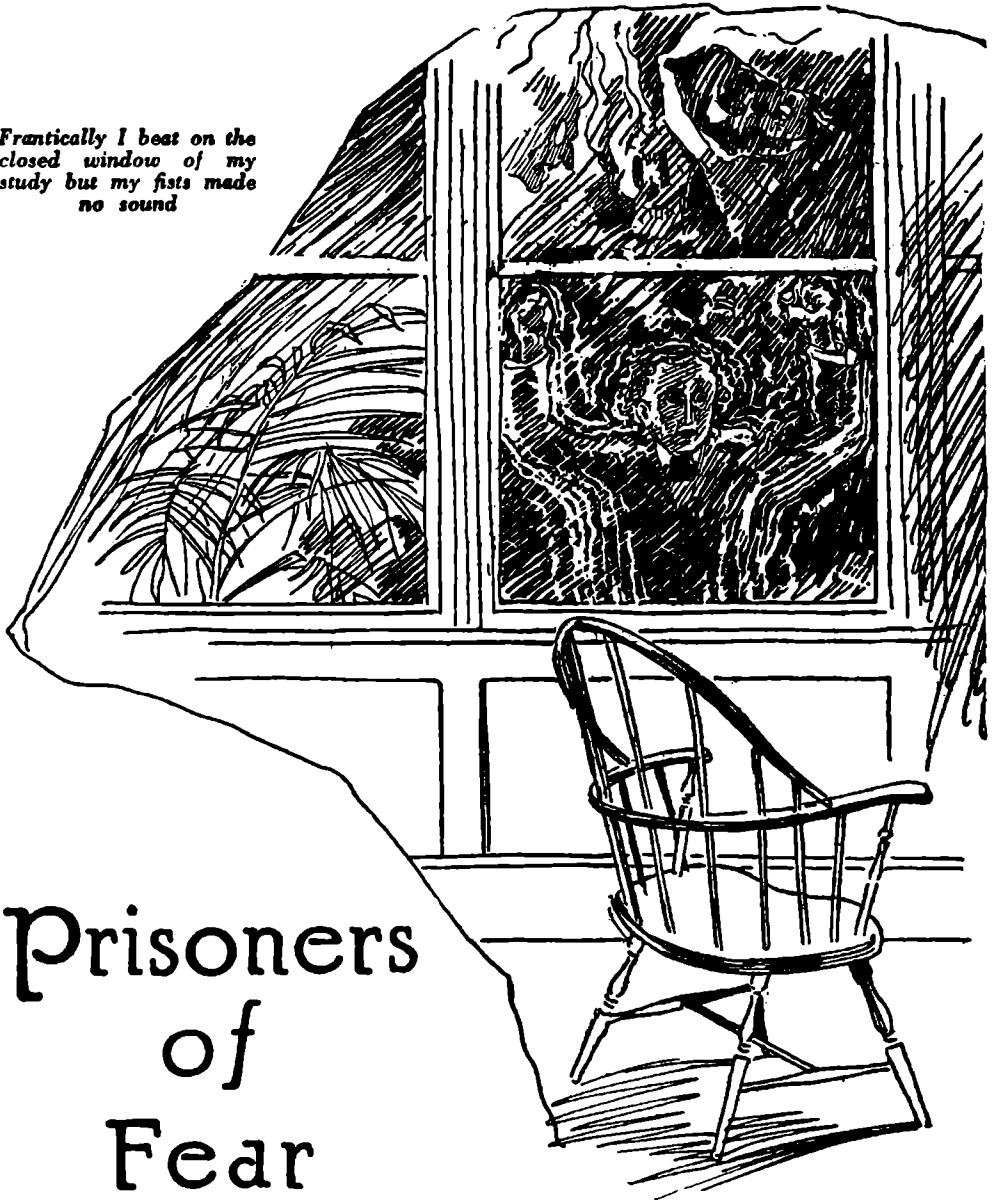
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Frantically I beat on the closed window of my study but my fists made no sound



Prisoners of Fear

By DOUGLAS M. DOLD

HIS STORY

IT WAS so ridiculously simple. Stupendous truths usually are after they are fully comprehended.

As I hovered above my body, my mind was filled with the joy of accomplishment. Success beyond my wildest dreams had crowned my persistent experiments. The mere thought of the terrific potentialities, the revolutionary character of my discovery, made me thrill with a gratified sense of superhuman power. For

was not I, Henry Corner, superhuman? Was not I an invisible essence comprising what men call the spirit?

There below me, proving it, lay my husk. How pale and still a thing it was! Men would call it dead. Yet I knew it was simply deserted, and that I was going to return to it shortly, in order that I might use it as my base of operations. For I had no wish to leave permanently my warm and kindly human life. I was an engaged man, very much in love.

*Not a story for midnight reading unless you want
goose-flesh all over you and your spine turned into an icicle—*



*Emily's father
seized her, calling
her to be sane . . .
she struggled; she
fought*

Hesitating there in the room with my body, I thought what trivial things determine cataclysmic and revolutionary changes. If it had not been for a chance juxtaposition of two common synthetic compounds which every one knows, together with the discovery of the true function of the cells of Purkinje, plus an unusual use and application of the sinusoidal current, none of the wonders I was gazing at would ever have been possible. Who would have even suggested such

an hypothesis? That the cerebellum with its arbor vitae instead of the cerebrum should be the determining factor! Seven months ago, even I, a cold, matter-of-fact pathologist, would have scoffed as much as anyone. And yet, to-day— Well, a chance series of investigations having to do with amino acids, had provided me with the first clue, the other work had followed, and now here I was.

Now I knew! As I hung there in my quiet study, above the husk, I began to

grow quieter presently, and took up the task of tabulating and docketing my sensations, my feelings, sense by sense.

In the first place, I felt like my normal self as to size and shape. But as to my orientation and position in space—the medium in which I found myself felt more like a fluid of very thin consistency than air. In this medium I floated, much as I had seen goldfish floating in a globe.

THERE was a slight sensation of chilliness. To my ears came a ceaseless, crackling, buzzing sound, which at that time I did not understand. Of all the senses my vision seemed most affected by the change, for I found that although, when I looked at an object, I saw its surface outlines just as any mortal would, if I continued looking, my gaze penetrated the object in a very singular way.

For instance, looking down on my own body, I saw the slight, average sized man whom many knew, and I noted in myself the resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe of which I had been so often told. Then, as my gaze kept right on, I saw, to my shock, first my eyes through the lids, the teeth behind the lips, then the brain, muscles and blood vessels, and finally the floor beneath the sofa on which my body was lying.

Having floated down to the table, I attempted to write, but found I had no power to do so. After a moment I looked up, saw a picture of Emily, and thought how proud she would be of me because I could command two worlds.

The exploring idea hit me, and proved fascinating. I drifted over to the door but found I could not open it. This annoyed me. But then I realized that the windows were open, and had little difficulty in floating through one, out of the study.

Few know the exaltation of the explorer—and God knows I *was* an explorer—in another dimension.

At first, as I stood on the sill of my second-story laboratory and study, I experienced both a rather silly fear of falling, and the still sillier fear of being seen by people in the street before my house. In a second, however, I knew that I was invisible, and that no bodily dangers could affect me. After that my self-consciousness was not long in giving way to curiosity and amazement.

For, from the narrow margin of my window sill, I faced Broad Street and saw visions so gloriously beautiful that no words at my command can, with any justice, describe them.

Down that street, blended with the drab colors and commonplace sights with which I had been familiar all my life, were incandescent hues which my retina hardly accepted. There were sounds which I seemed to *see* as well as hear, because when I closed my eyes and listened, I saw pictures, and when I stopped my ears and looked, I heard sounds. Then, remembering that I was not visible to humanity, I swam off my window sill into the ether.

To my new senses, the outside air was not the homogeneous, transparent substance I had been used to, but was made up of myriads of impalpable thread-like filaments, through which I seemed to float without disturbing their continuity.

All along and amongst these filaments, crackling and buzzing in regular rhythmic waves not unpleasant to hear, flowed ceaseless streams of small, lambent sparks. And my awareness of these filled me with an intense excitement.

I must float out, see more, go further!

Eagerly I drifted away, though just once, dominated by curiosity, I glanced back at my house.

It was at that moment that I became aware of the newest and most impressive phenomena I had yet witnessed. For as I looked, I saw that all about the house were gathered invisible ones like myself, only, unlike myself, the figures that appeared were the spirits of the real departed!

I DID not turn back to these, as was my impulse at first, for I had hardly become aware of them when I found still other spirit figures floating suddenly on all sides of me. A queer sensation gripped me for the moment—not fear exactly—and then I seemed to know that the thing I was witnessing was simply the normal, logical thing in the circumstances.

It was not until I had tried to speak to the nearer spirits, and found that they would have nothing to do with me, that the first feeling of naturalness went away and I became disturbed.

They would not talk to me! Some feeling which approached and surpassed earthly fear touched me for a flash. I

stopped and thought over what I should do.

As a result of the decision I reached, I forced myself on one old patriarch whom I recognized as the Reverend Doctor Fielding, who had died two years ago. I spoke to him quietly, and expressed joy at having found him once again, in a new life. But the words were no more than off my lips when Dr. Fielding turned on me in savage recognition, so unlike his former affectionate manner with me, and curtly pointed me back to my house. That was all. It was his warning and his threat.

How I wish I had heeded his mandatory gesture while there was still time!

As it was, rebuffed and ordered back, I was half-inclined to obey for a second, and should have done so had not the enormous exaltation and curiosity which had gripped me during my first moment in the spirit world, returned now. I knew that other spirits were crowding in ever greater numbers about me and about my house.

I knew that they were angry with me. And again I felt the premonition of disaster.

But curiosity rose up and flooded over me, and I became helpless before its urge. And suddenly I turned aside from the crowding spirits as well as I could, and floated away that I might be free to explore!

FOR the moment, I was allowed to go on in peace, and presently, as I floated by the bronze statue of General Lee in the town square, almost all thought of the hostile ones was driven from my mind because of a new wonder which came. My first impression of the statue was the usual one. Then, as I concentrated on the object, I saw that the metal was a mass of movement, that the whole thing was pulsing with energy and life; and I knew I was the first human ever to witness molecular and atomic movement.

I went on. And time passed, and one marvel was revealed to me after another. In the few short hours during which I was permitted to explore, I saw incalculable wonders. But not enough to

repay me for the misery which ensued!

Presently, my knowledge of earthly conditions told me that twilight was approaching, and I knew that I must return home before I should be missed—my body discovered—by my aunt, Mrs. Holderness, who kept house for me. So I made ready to float back. And then I began to understand.

THE first thing I felt was that returning was not going to be easy. Some force seemed to be exerting itself against me.

I had wandered across the James River, and the distance from the point at which I found myself to my house was, I calculated, about six miles. Six miles! And

I had no sooner turned to cover the distance than I knew force was against me.

Suddenly, darkness gained, and suddenly evil lurked everywhere. I no longer saw the beautiful hues. Nor felt superhuman sensations. I was

small and in peril. And then the night became filled with evil, flickering faces, lit by a fluorescent kind of glow.

Desperately I battled against the force. It was like breasting a strong current, with unknown dangers all about.

I could still see the city. But the kindly spirit land had vanished. I was in an evil country, where harm was meant me; and suddenly, in forlorn alarm, I understood why.

As an anarchist breaks the laws of orderly nations, I had broken the laws of earth. I had ignored the code whereby man is held down to human interests until he is forever done with earth! Such successes as mine would bring chaos into mortality. Who would be satisfied with the constricted powers of the body, if at will he could take up the unrestricted powers of the next plane of existence?

Too late, I was aroused into an intelligent appreciation of why kindly old Dr. Fielding had ordered me back to my house and corporeal form. Too late, I understood why the undead of the dark realm I had entered had been loosed against me. Incompassionate, envenomed, they were

**As I hung there in my quiet study
above my body I took up the task
of tabulating and docketing my
sensations, sense by sense**



*At the sanitarium
I found her under
restraint, tied down,
raving*

at my shoulder; their numbers were growing momentarily.

I do not know how long it took me—fighting all the ranks of the undead who stood in my path, fighting my own growing terror—to get back to the city. Judged by the standards of finite time, the terrific passage must have consumed hours. For I was exhausted when at last I drifted once more over Broad Street, and presently saw Staunton, the night editor of the *Leader*, going home. Yet somehow I *did* win that far, and for a moment, as I looked into Staunton's familiar face, I felt relief.

But that relief was not long in deserting me.

My first, natural action was to clutch at Staunton, to call out, imploring him to help me. It was when he paid no attention that the one last hope vanished, and I realized fully the hideousness of my predicament.

Those evil presences were many now. They sneered and grinned. And I, reaching my house in a panic of terror such as no human could feel, found the win-

dows shut—even as I had somehow known they would be.

I was powerless to get in.

What could I do? How could I enter? About the house I wandered, frantic, aimless. But no door, no window was open, and I had no power over matter. To add to my terror, I saw that my body had been found, that I was laid out, as if for burial. And I knew then that unless I entered and regained my corporeal body, I should be left forever amongst these malignant, sneering creatures pressing hard about me.

Oh, the abysmal horror of it! I was neither human nor spirit. I was a single transgressor of the laws of the universe. And unless a change came in the situation where no chance of change seemed possible, I was doomed to be utterly damned. Oh,

if only I could get back to my wonderful human body, my pulsing, kindly body through which I could feel the touch of living hands, and hear again the warm, sweet voice of the girl I loved!

Those who had refused to speak to me could have taught me how to pass through glass or wood or stone. But they were angry at my earlier refusal to heed their warning, and would not. And all I knew was how to slip back into my own form again.

FRANTICALLY, I beat on the closed windows of my study; for my aunt, Mrs. Holderness, was there, weeping bitterly over my body, now in its still unlidded coffin. But my beating fists made no sound; my frantic self took no shape to her flesh-clouded eyes.

Then Emily ran into the room, distracted, wild with anxiety. She darted to the coffin. She kissed the insensate body. She called and called to me in that sweet voice of hers.

Oh, how I answered her! How I prayed she might, with her spirit, feel my

anguished call. But no hope came to me from that attempt, either.

There was one dazzling moment when Emily *did* run to the window, and when I was more than half-certain that she— But she never gained the tight-shut glass. Her father was with her now. He seized her, calling to her to be sane. He thought her mad!

She struggled, she fought. Then, exhausted emotionally, she fainted, and it was over. They carried her away—my beautiful, true girl.

The haunting ghouls about me gibbered and giped at me, and I knew that they were glad, and that I was groveling on the ground in abject, pitiful fear.

I lay there on my own lawn and knew that my own dog, Rex, walked right through me. He alone seemed to know that all was not well. The hair on his back rose, and he ran howling to his kennel near the barn, while the unclean things at my shoulder chattered in vicious joy as they leaned over me.

I felt that I was slipping from one realm into another. The power to hear human sounds was less, while that to know and understand these vicious shapes was augmented.

The only light I could see emanated in a fluorescent, horrid way from the faces of the Things. How long this phase lasted I do not know. I know that the blackness was so palpable I could touch it. Then I knew nothing . . .

IT was day again, but dark to me; the sun was out but I could not feel its warmth. They had taken Emily away to an insane asylum. I had gotten up. I was able to move. I was in the house now. But too late. I saw myself in my heavily-lidded coffin.

I heard Dr. Marshall telling my aunt that the reason they were going to bury me so quickly was because of my poor

Emily. And I needed only a single moment of proximity to my shell of flesh to enable me to slip into it! But the coffin lid was tight; not even that fleeting moment was vouchsafed me. My body was left shut up, to decay, while for me was to be a ceaseless haunted wandering in a mid-region of blackness, tenanted only by malignant ghouls. In that room with my dead self, I raved in awful paroxysms, in helpless supplication and anger. But to what end? Nobody knew.

The time for the funeral came. I heard them say I had been a very promising young physician. I even read my own very laudatory obituary notice.

They took my body out of the house, carried it in a hearse to the cemetery, and buried it. In spite of my frantic efforts to knock the shovels out of the hands of those who were flinging dirt down on the coffin, they buried my body.

Then the cortege left, and I sank down on my own new-made grave in a helpless torture of despair.

There was only one thing left for me to do. People at the funeral had said that Emily was at "The Pines," a sanitarium, under the care of my friend Dr. Marshall; and there, to where the buildings stood on the outskirts of the town, I determined to go. Although I felt now that Emily could never help me, I could at least go and hover close to her until such time as the gibbering of the undead, my companions, robbed me altogether of human memory.

The demons crowded thick and ever thicker about me as I struggled up from the grave. As I half crept, half swam along, they mocked me until I shrieked at them, wondering sickly if a spirit could lose its mind, too. I longed for unconsciousness as a fever-parched human longs for water; and all the time I knew that unconsciousness would never come.

Yet even this was not the greatest depth

of misery which I was to plumb because of my transgression against eternal, universal law.

At the sanitarium, hovering helpless before Emily's iron-barred window, I found her under restraint, tied down, raving. For me it was the end.

"Oh, Emily—unless there is help in you, my girl—Emily——"

But what use to cry to her? Even if her senses came back to her, how could she hear my soundless, frantic call? How *could* she?

HER STORY

"HENRY is dead!" In a stunned way I, Emily Trigeau, kept saying it to myself. But it was too cruel to be true, too wrenching, too impossibly dreadful.

Oh, I had known that all those I knew and loved, especially Henry, would die. But not—surely—until they had grown old. Then I'd be old, too, and perhaps we'd all go together.

Then that day, suddenly called by his aunt to the house, I was standing beside Henry's body, a cold, dreadful thing, not Henry at all.

His aunt is a good church-woman. She put her dear arms around me and cried, between sobs, that his soul was in Heaven, where all is beautiful.

But that did me no good. What did I care about that? What right had Henry to be far, far away where things were all beautiful? I wanted him on the homey earth, able to put warm arms around me, as she was doing. Henry——

Oh, how could she talk to me of Heaven? I hated Heaven.

Then came my father, who had just heard. He took me out of Mrs. Holderness' arms and supported me in his. He said, almost sternly:

"Show your courage, Emily! Henry is annihilated. But for him all pain and sorrow are also annihilated. Be brave, and sane!"

My father is very intellectual, very self-controlled, very wise. But I am not intellectual, nor wise. Oh, how could my father talk to me of annihilation? What did I care about Henry's being free from pain? If only he were with me, he might have toothache and neuralgia and be cross as all creation. Oh, if Henry's voice could only be scolding me once more, as sometimes he scolded me for being slow,

and not following him in his queer scientific phrases! Why had I ever cared how much he scolded me those dear days when there was no talk of Heaven or annihilation, but just Henry, bringing me candy and reading me stuff I could not understand but loved, because his voice gave me little happy thrills!

I pushed my father and Mrs. Holderness aside. I sank down on a chair and sat gazing drearily at the thing which had been Henry.

After awhile they led me away. They tried to make me lie down. But I wouldn't go to bed. So we went into the library. Because upstairs the people who do such things were preparing what had been Henry for burial, and Dr. Marshall was writing a report of Henry's death, and ascribing it to unsuspected heart disease, because he smoked such a lot.

When Dr. Marshall came down to the library, he gave me a sleeping powder. I pretended I took it, and pretended to go to sleep, right there. But I was awake, and I heard Dr. Marshall saying to my father:

"Trigeau, I am going to tell you privately that it's just as well Henry Corner died. He wasn't the right man for Emily."

"Then there'll never be the right man for Emily!" I thought hotly. But Father was saying:

"Have you any reason for thinking so, Marshall?"

"Unfortunately, yes! Henry Corner's mind was always erratic——"

"Because he was agnostic! That's like you narrow-minded orthodoxies!"

"I don't mean that. He was not a true agnostic. Secretly, he was always hunting that most absurd thing, a sense-demonstration of the survival of personality after death. Under my promise of secrecy, which of course is released now, he told me the maddest tales of experiments whereby he hoped to release his spirit at will, explore the ether scientifically, and return full of information."

"THEN he certainly was mad!" ejaculated my father, staring. "Who'd have thought it! Henry Corner! Why, really, I had thought him remarkably well balanced. Poor fellow!"

But Dr. Marshall's words had shocked me into a strange new feeling. Bits of what Henry had read me, told me, came rushing back, wrapped up in the queer long

**Oh, the abysmal horror of it! I was neither human nor spirit. I was
the single transgressor of the laws of the universe**

words he'd used and which I only half understood even now. I sat up wildly, crying:

"Oh, Father, oh, Doctor, couldn't it be true? Couldn't it? Mightn't he come back?"

They jumped up and stared at me in anxious dismay. They came to me and soothed me, and they tried to smother my thoughts. But when I saw that was what they were trying to do, I slipped away from them and ran—oh, ever so fast—to where the thing they called Henry was lying.

They had put the cold thing into a coffin already. But the top was not on, and I flung myself on the casket, felt the hands, kissed the lips, called to him.

Even when I found he was not there, and Father and Dr. Marshall advanced to me to lead me away, I pushed at them.

"Look!" I cried out. "The house is all closed! Open his doors. Open his windows. How can he come in?"

There came over me a terrible feeling that Henry was outside, outside in the cold. I seemed to hear a voice. I knew it was Henry's. I shrieked at them.

"Open everything!"

"You poor, dear child," Dr. Marshall said. "Be calm! If his spirit were here closed doors and windows could not hinder it!"

"But they might!" I screamed. "If he's over there, he'd be so new to it all. He might not learn at once. The windows were open when we found him. I'll open them myself."

BUT before I could reach a window, father caught me sternly in his arms.

"Emily, I order you to be calm! Poor Henry is dead—dead forever. But keep your sanity. Such ideas as—"

For answer, I struggled, I fought, and then—I fainted. And when I knew anything again, I was in bed in Dr. Marshall's little private sanitarium. They didn't think I was conscious yet. I got up. I went out into the hall. I heard Dr. Marshall himself say:

"Yes, Corner's buried. I advised immediate interment on account of Emily. In such cases as hers I find that as long as the cadaver is above ground the delusion of the patient persists, and—"

"You had no right!" I screamed. "No right! He might have come back!" And I dropped into another faint, not even knowing who he'd been talking to.

WHEN I came to myself, sunshine was shining in my window. I sat up and—remembered. Henry was dead! I saw presently the early spring countryside beyond the bars which held me in the room; saw how the little buds outside, so like what my little hopes had been, weren't yet unfolded.

One thing seemed plain. I gained nothing by shrieking or fainting. Besides, I must have been raving. They had a "camisole" on me, a very different thing from a lace camisole. This thing was really a straight-jacket. Even to breathe was difficult. One of my first calm thoughts was the decision that I must be rid of the restraint at once.

So, when people came presently, I was very nice to them; very, what they called "rational." I said of course I knew that Henry was either gone to Heaven or annihilated. That I was going to be sensible. I said I didn't intend to grieve. And Dr. Marshall patted me. The "camisole" was taken off. Then, lying back in the pillows, I smiled gently, and told them a few more lies, and soon pretended to go to sleep. But all the time—all the time—something was outside . . .

After awhile the moon rose. The yellow sunlight was quite gone. The air was cold, the little buds seemed to quiver, the shadows in the wood made great, crooked black splashes. I know, because I was among the shadows out there, running through the misty, chilly hollows and the briery uplands, running toward the spot in the earth where they had put the cold thing they called Henry!

I had stolen a shovel from the tool house, and I was barefoot and clad only in my nightgown and a thin old coat I had found

in the wall just outside my room. But I did not know the shovel was heavy, or that I was cold. I knew it no more than I knew how I had pried open the bars at my window and gotten out while they thought I was sleeping.

The one thing I *did* know was that I had nothing to do with their talk either of annihilation or of Heaven and stiff, quiet saints whose sandals pattered along golden streets. Henry had *called me!* I had heard! That was what I knew—and must remember.

I WAS going to Henry! I must not think of what the others said. I must not think at all. I must just trust my belief! I must open what they had closed, and I must not be afraid.

Futile and small I was in the moonlight. I realized that. But Love went with me . . . the only friend I had.

Yes, and Love stayed with me, even when the way, which had been natural and familiar at first, presently became darker, as though shadows were crammed across it, and when my heart would have grown faint because of sinister feelings which I could not keep out of it.

It took so long, so long to get to him through stretches so cold and grim. Yet Love went with me.

Love brought me at last to the big cemetery. And crying to my heart there came to me, even as I reached the cemetery, the thin call of his voice, like the sound of a bell under water.

It was that cry alone, I think, which kept me from falling. For now that I was here, the fact that my feet were torn, and that I had suffered moments of horrible fear as I had run, was as nothing compared to the overpowering, evil hindrances which I somehow sensed I must still cope with.

The place where they had left Henry was far in toward the center of the graveyard. As I started toward it, something seemed to try to drive me back, and a crushing load seemed to be on me. By the time I reached the soft, fresh mound of earth under which I knew his body lay, the sensation I suffered of being surrounded by hostile presences was almost unendurable.

I had stopped hearing Henry's voice long ago. As at last I drove my shovel into the earth, and began to fling clods right and left, digging furiously, the final

faint silver of the moonlight faded out. I knew it wasn't really dark. Yet, for me, blackness was everywhere. Not a peaceful blackness! The darkness was peopled with shapes, with—Oh, how can I find words for such things! Shapes! I could feel them. They clutched at me!

But then when madness and unconsciousness seemed my only possible portion, my shovel struck something—something hard! The cruel, ugly coffin in which they had locked his dear face, his dear hands, the coffin I must reach, must break: *That* gave me new hope and sanity and strength.

I dug as only one could dig who warred with all the noisome legions of the Pit. I saw half the coffin. I began to unearth the whole of it, and triumph flared in me.

But I had reckoned without a full understanding of the powers of my unseen adversaries. I had not known that, as well as hampering my physical movements, they could work to dim the light of my spirit. I cannot say exactly what happened. Suddenly it seemed as though the whole of the night was filled with sneering hisses, with mocking, jibing laughter.

Doubt. . . Doubt came to me. . . The shovel slipped from my hands. . .

What would I find in the coffin? If I broke through the dreadful lid, would my dear, dear love come back into his own? Or were these things, now screaming in my ears, right? Was I only a forlorn, mad girl, desecrating a grave, breaking into the decencies of the dead, dragging to light again what light should never see? My love, my belief, were they lies? Should I go on? Or should I. . .

NOTATION FROM THE DOCTOR

EXCERPT from the case of Miss Emily Trigeau, taken from the journal of Dr. Marshall:

April 15. The sudden, unexpected death of Henry Corner has cast a gloom over my whole day.

Regrettable as were his drifts toward impossible speculations on futurity, he was, nevertheless, a brilliant pathologist, experimentalist, and my friend.

His death was a shocking surprise to all of us. I pray God it may not prove too much for the nerves of high-strung, sensitive Emily Trigeau, his fiancée.

April 16. Emily has gone to pieces over Corner's death. She is quite unbalanced mentally. For her sake I had Cor-

ner's burial hastened. He was interred this afternoon.

Her case, on a snap diagnosis, is an acute, maniac attack, with a favorable prognosis. She is in my sanitarium now, and I am using opiates, cold packs, and some forms of restraint.

April 17. Emily Trigeau, in spite of cold packs, soporifics and so forth, remained in a state of acute delirium, and was very noisy. In fact, the poor child had to be continually restrained. We used a camisole.

At five, however, or possibly a little after, in the evening, she ceased shouting and became calm and quiet. When I visited her, at fifteen minutes past seven, she spoke to me rationally, and asked to have restraint removed.

This I had done. Her pupils were slightly enlarged, and her color was pale. Pulse and respiration regular. Her recovery seemed complete. She smiled pathetically over her delusion that Corner's spirit might yet return to his body, and showed perfect rationality.

I sat with her until nearly eight, as I am very fond of her. Then she declared herself sleepy, and went off like a tired child into what seemed a natural, beneficial slumber.

It was merely a ruse—that slumber. But she deceived me, and later, her nurse. I was so convinced that the slumber was real that I had no hesitation in leaving her; and the nurse, too, presently left the bedside to find a moment's relaxation in the corridor. It was when the woman returned to the bedside that she discovered we had been taken in, and that Emily was gone.

EMILY, being evidently fearful of the nurse in the corridor, had escaped through her barred window. Astounding! The bars were strong and heavy, yet they were pulled and twisted apart enough to allow the squeezing through of a human body. Even yet I cannot understand how that fragile girl could have developed such superhuman power.

Footprints—Emily's—were visible in the

soft ground outside the window and pretty prints they were, God bless her soul! But my relief at finding them was immediately clouded by the discovery that she had left barefoot, and with no other clothes than a long, thin coat which was found missing.

The night was raw and chill. Among my other fears for her, I thought it very likely she might get up a pneumonia, which in her debilitated condition, would in all likelihood prove fatal.

I KNEW that search must be begun instantly, and I turned out my whole staff. But results were only negative until about eleven, when I happened to think of the cemetery, and of some of Emily's earlier ravings in which she had uttered much about graveyards and burying.

As soon as that idea came, I went to my roadster, and taking only Miss Glynn, my head nurse, with me, I set out by the shortest route to Greencrest cemetery.

The journey through the winding roads which led finally to Corner's grave was an anxious one; for I feared, each moment, to find Emily collapsed on the way before us.

When we rounded one turn, and I stared sharply ahead, I nearly wrecked my car. For the earth had been dug out of a grave, the coffin wrenched and broken open, and hauled half from the ground. On a nearby mound sat two figures which sent my senses reeling, so that I barely stopped the car before—

Emily Trigeau and Henry Corner! Corner! And I had tested him for death! I had hurried his premature burial!

The man's hair was snow white. But he was alive, rational; and in his arms lay Emily Trigeau. On her shining face he was raining passionate kisses, in a wild abandonment of joy which superbly ignored the two of us who sat before them, gasping and unnerved.

April 23. All this occurred a week ago. Yet I am still shaking, still unnerved, to think what would have been if Emily had not answered, in the desperate courage of love, the call she believed she heard.



The bars were strong and heavy, yet they were pulled and twisted apart